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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCLXIII. JANUARY 1871. Vol. CIX.

THE LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.

We doubt the propriety of writing detailed biographies of conspicuous statesmen within a year or two of their demise. We disapprove the publication of their diaries and private letters while many of the actors in the scenes which these describe are still alive. And we question the wisdom, not to say the justice, of stereotyping as their fixed opinions upon men and things, phrases set down by them in early life, which there is reason to believe, had time and opportunity been afforded, they would have subsequently modified, perhaps effaced altogether. Our views on these heads are not, however, it appears, quite in accord with those of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. He seems to think that caution and reserve in such cases are wrongs done to history. He undertakes a task, and makes up his mind to go through with it, putting as much as possible out of sight all except the principal end to be achieved. And looking to that end exclusively in the present instance, and shutting our eyes to the fact that no one man, however eminent his station, however large his opportunities, ever has made or ever will make history, it is not very easy to say that Sir Henry's argument is unsound. Yet the results are far from pleasant. Lord Palmerston, especially towards the close of his life, was a man in some respects greatly to be admired. His clear-sightedness appeared to become clearer as years increased upon him; while old principles, long put in abeyance, yet never absolutely thrust aside, came to the front again, and reasserted their influence over him. Lord Palmerston never served his country so well, nor showed himself better qualified to take a lead in the counsels of his sovereign, than during the six years of his continuous premiership, and they were the last of his life. The skill with which he baffled the designs of his nominal

The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston. By the Right Honourable Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. Bentley, London: 1870.

supporters was only to be equalled by the adroitness with which he held his ground against the untiring efforts of rivals and avowed enemies to trip him up. And the consequence was a lull in that tempest of constitutional and organic change that for thirty years had raged till he grasped the helm of state, and which began again with greater fury than ever as soon as he quitted the deck, and left to other and feebler hands the charge of the vessel. It was on that portion of his public life that our memory delighted exclusively to dwell, and we confess to a feeling of mingled annoyance and regret at having our thoughts diverted from it by other and less satisfactory reminiscences. If Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer had adhered to his original design, and in a second series of historical characters had sketched Lord Palmerston as he has sketched Mr Canning, we believe that he would have at once done more justice to his subject and given greater pleasure to his many readers. As it is, we have presented to us a work which, with all its excellences, offends continually both in matter and in manner; sometimes putting us out of humour with the hero of the tale as he is painted, sometimes making us angry with the limner. For example—and this is really a serious matter—the life of such a man as Lord Palmerston, if it must needs be published thus early *in extenso*, ought to have been published entire. Possibly, rather let us say probably, the volumes for which we still wait may correct the impressions, not always favourable to Lord Palmerston, which those upon our table have produced. Yet, being thus challenged to pronounce judgment in the case, we are constrained to go upon such evidence as our witness produces, even though more than half suspecting that it is incomplete. This is a pity, because there can be no wish on our part, but the contrary, to censure by anticipation either Lord Palmerston or his biographer; and it is neither agreeable nor easy, after a verdict has once been given in, to unsay what has been said without subjecting ourselves to the charge of self-contradiction. In the present instance, however, we cannot help ourselves. The goods which the gods provide, men are constrained to take; and this particular benefit, dispensed to us through the hands of a very pleasant writer, we accept with due gratitude, proceeding at once to sift and analyse it.

And here our readers must be advised *in limine* that for obvious reasons their attention will be confined in this paper almost exclusively to one or two points. The volumes before us tell little else than how Lord Palmerston rose by slow degrees from obscurity to eminence. They describe him, indeed, as he bore himself when for the first time he conducted the foreign policy of the country; and in that attitude we see about him a good deal to admire. But the story, as it is told, exhibits also a disposition on his part not to be over-scrupulous respecting the means by which he is to ascend the ladder of state, and a readiness, which we cannot sufficiently condemn, to attribute unworthy motives to his contemporaries. In particular, the outrages offered (for we cannot otherwise characterise them) to the memory of the greatest and most honest man England ever produced — are the more offensive to us that they are generally covert outrages. To these, then, and to the exposure of the worse than ignorance of facts on which they rest, we intend, after briefly noticing such details as lead more directly up to them, on the present occasion to limit our strictures. What else deserves to be said of the man will be said when

his career comes in its completeness before us.

Henry or Harry John Temple, fourth and last Viscount Palmerston of the peerage of Ireland, was born on the 20th of October 1784. He derived his descent from the younger brother of that distinguished Sir William Temple who had Swift for his *protégé*, and William III. for his friend. He received his early education partly in Italy—in which country his father, a man of great taste in the arts, was accustomed to spend a good deal of his time—and subsequently at Harrow, where he was contemporary with Lord Byron and Peel;—and last of all, in St John's College, Cambridge. He succeeded to the title in consequence of his father's death in 1802. His mother, to whom he seems to have been much attached, he lost in 1805. In 1806, being barely of age, he made his first attempt to get into the House of Commons, and shot high for the distinction. Young as he was, he aspired to represent the University, in which he was still only an undergraduate, and sustained, as he frankly admits that he deserved to do, a signal defeat. Nothing daunted, however, he fought and won a battle in the autumn of the same year at Horsham. But he won only by a double return; and, the House determining against him, he went back into private life a poorer man by some fifteen hundred pounds.

Lord Palmerston had been brought up in the school of Pitt. In 1806, when he made his first essay to cooperate with the party, the party was broken up. All the Talents were then in office, and to that circumstance, not less than to his own extreme youth, he attributed his place at the bottom of the poll. But in 1807 the Pittites were in power again; and the Duke of Portland, at the instigation of the Earl of Malmesbury, gave to Lord Palmerston, being still out of Parliament, a place in his Administration. From that date up to the day of his death, Lord Palmerston may be said to have been constantly in office. Short breaches in the official career did indeed occur, as in 1828, and again in 1842; but with these exceptions we find him, under various changes both of men and measures, still a placeman;—entering life as a Tory under the ægis of Eldon and Bathurst, and going out of it the accepted leader of Liberals of every shade of opinion, except perhaps the deepest.

Lord Palmerston's first seat in the House was for the pocket borough of Newton in the Isle of Wight. He had again, on the dissolution in 1807, tried his chances at Cambridge, and was again defeated, as he himself alleges, through foul play on the part of another Ministerial candidate. Be that as it may, he consoled himself under the misfortune by acceding to the terms on which Sir Leonard Holmes opened the doors of Parliament to ambitious statesmen—one of which was, that the candidate should never, even for the election, put his foot within the place. As was to be expected, the young Lord of the Admiralty gave his uncompromising support to his patrons. He defended the Copenhagen expedition in a speech, "upon which," he says, "I received much praise and many compliments." He advocated the rendering assistance to the Peninsular nations in their struggle to throw off the French yoke. He voted steadily against the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament—all the while, as his Diary assures us, believing their claims to be just. In the same beaten path of George III. Toryism he continued to walk after the Duke of Portland's death and the accession

of Mr Perceval to power. Indeed, so highly does he appear to have been thought of by the latter of these statesmen, that he was invited by him to take a seat in the Cabinet, and to exchange a Junior Lordship of the Admiralty for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. It speaks well for the modesty of Lord Palmerston at this time that he shrank from being brought into so prominent a position. He declined the Exchequer as too hazardous an attempt for so young and inexperienced a man, and accepted in lieu of it the post of Secretary at War, though warned beforehand that it could not carry with it a seat in the Cabinet. Lord Palmerston did excellent work in the old War Office. The place suited him well. It was one of detail, not too hard to master, yet sufficiently complicated to require both attention and firmness. He was ably supported in it by his brother-in-law, the late Right Honourable Lawrence Sullivan, whom he selected to be his deputy, and who proved himself worthy of the advancement. Neither did the duties of his office interfere with that love of pleasure, that delight in the society of clever men and women, which was natural to him. More than once offers were made to him of advancement—among other places, to that of the Governor-Generalship of India—but he declined them all. Becoming Secretary at War in 1809, he clung to the office for wellnigh twenty years; and exchanged it at last for a more conspicuous place in the Government, only after the Administration of which all that while he had been a member fell to pieces.

Up to the year 1812 the counsels of the Tory Government were, to outward appearance at least, pretty well united. Not that even then all the members of the Administration thought alike, or professed to think alike, on every State question. But decisions once arrived at after mature deliberation in Cabinet were held to be final, the minority yielding, as was fit, their judgment to that of the majority, or else retiring altogether from the Administration. In 1812 a new order of things was originated. Lord Liverpool, a conscientious but weak man, felt himself unable either to impress his own views of things upon his colleagues, or to do without the men themselves. The consequence was, the establishment of a principle of action of which it is not too much to say that to it we are mainly, if not wholly, indebted for the state of weakness into which the powers of Government have fallen in this country.

Open questions in a governing body, whether it direct the affairs of a railway company or of an empire, are fatal to mutual confidence, and therefore to vigour of action. They foster and encourage, if they do not practically originate, a spirit of intrigue wherever they exist, which is invariably the most active in ardent and ambitious spirits, leading sooner or later to confusion. The one point on which such spirits differ from, it may be, a majority of their colleagues, acquires in their eyes far more importance than all the rest on which they agree; and seeking to carry that point, or persuading themselves that no more is sought, they lay themselves out to supplant their rivals in the good opinion of the community out of doors. This was remarkably shown under the feeble *régime* of Lord Liverpool. Two Cabinet Ministers, both of them men of great mark, had been favourable, both in the Duke of Portland's time and in Mr Perceval's, to the repeal of the laws which excluded Roman Catholics from Parliament. They were both invited, and both accepted the invitation, to retain office

under Lord Liverpool;—though not before one—the more ambitious of the two—had made an attempt to be Mr Perceval's successor. The restraint heretofore laid upon them being removed, they both thenceforth supported what was called Catholic Emancipation, but with a marked contrariety in their mode of doing so strictly in accordance with the differences in their temperament. Lord Castlereagh voted, and even spoke, in opposition to his colleagues on that question, but there he stopped. Mr Canning spoke and voted in like manner, but did not stop there. He entered into cabals, not alone with other members of the Government, but both with Tories out of office and with members of the Opposition, with a view to defeat the adverse section; and by no means confined his hostility to the one point ostensibly at issue. Among others, he early obtained the support of Lord Palmerston. We perceive that Sir Henry Bulwer disputes this, on the ground that Lord Palmerston did not go out of office when Mr Canning retired, either at the time of his duel with Lord Castlereagh, or subsequently when the Queen's trial came on. But the inference cannot be accepted as a just one in the face of Lord Palmerston's distinct assertion to the contrary, when he says of himself and his party, "We came in as Canning's friends, and as Canning's friends went out again." Voting from 1807 to 1812, session after session, against Emancipation, Lord Palmerston followed the example of Castlereagh and Canning, and thenceforth voted for it. He did so, however, as late as 1815, and later, without any declination whatever from his fealty to Toryism. 'The New Whig Guide,' to which he contributed some of the best pieces (why has Sir Henry Bulwer forgotten to tell his readers so?), shows what his opinion then was of—"A was an Althorp, heavy and dull"—and the rest of the set to which he subsequently joined himself. But we are not, as it would seem, quite the masters of our own destiny. Lord Palmerston grew day by day more politically attached to Canning. He could not, of course, do this without gradually alienating himself from the other section of the Government; and the rupture became open—so at least he tells us—in 1825. Speaking of the contest for Cambridge, which was then going on, and the candidatures of Bankes, Copley, and Goulburn, coincident with his own, he says:—

"It was soon manifest that the object of certain parties was to eject me as well as Bankes; and the active influence of the anti-Catholic members of the Government was exerted in favour of Copley and Goulburn, and therefore against me.

"I complained to Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Canning, of my being thus attacked, in violation of the understanding on which the Government was formed, and by which the Catholic question was to be an open one, and not a ground for the exclusion of any individual; and I told Lord Liverpool that if I was beat I should quit the Government. This was the first decided step towards a breach between me and the Tories, and they were the aggressors."

It seems to us impossible to read the Diary which Sir Henry Bulwer has printed, brief and fragmentary as it is, much less to attend to the running commentary upon it which appears in Lord Palmerston's letters, without perceiving that, long before the crisis came, Lord Palmerston had made up his mind to break loose from all the traditions by which the party of which he remained ostensibly a member had heretofore been guided. Open questions had done their work on him as well as on Canning, and perhaps done it—though on that head the evidence is inferential only—even more decidedly. An advocate of Catholic Emanci-

pation and Free-trade, a propagandist of Liberal opinions abroad as well as at home, Canning continued to be an opponent of Parliamentary Reform to the last. Palmerston, when the convenient season came, renounced that article of his leader's creed. In other respects he did very much as Canning was in the habit of doing: passively he supported the Ministry to which he belonged; actively and intimately he sought his personal friendships among their opponents. His biographer says that his position was an isolated one. Who made it such? It is further insinuated that the King always hated, and the Duke of Wellington looked cold upon him. Probably both allegations may have some ground of truth in them, because it is not easy for people who are in earnest themselves to take to their heart of hearts those in whom they discover no sign of earnestness. Still we find nothing, either in the Diary or the Letters, to show that the terms on which the Duke and he stood towards each other, for the nine years preceding the death of Lord Liverpool, were other than friendly. But then a new condition of affairs is induced, and Lord Palmerston at once adapts himself to it. In 1827, as in 1812, Mr Canning intrigued for high office. Whether Lord Palmerston did or could serve him in that intrigue there is nothing to show; but in its success he rejoiced, as he personally profited from it. Canning's friends are, of course, his friends; Canning's opponents come under the lash of his censure. The following is the account which he gives of a series of transactions which took all England by surprise, and shivered the Tory party, never again as such to be reunited. He is writing to his brother William:—

"You must have been surprised," he says, "like the rest of the world, at all the resignations in the last week. Peel's was expected by Canning, as he had all along explained that, from his peculiar connection with Oxford, he should think himself obliged to go out if a Catholic were head of a Government; but the others were unexpected, and generally without a public ground. Westmoreland, indeed, stated fairly that he could not serve under a Catholic chief. The Duke of Wellington gives out that he went out because Canning's letters were uncivil; Melville, because the Duke persuaded him, and told him that if he did not go out now, he would be turned out six months hence; Bathurst, because his colleagues went; Bexley, that he might have the pleasure of coming back again. Peel is a great loss; but he parts with undiminished cordiality, and one understands and respects his motives. The Duke is *a great loss in the Cabinet, but in the command of the army an irreparable one;* and it is the more provoking that he should have resigned this office, because it is not a political office; and he felt this so strongly, that when it became a question, three months ago, on what footing he should hold it, he declared himself perfectly ready to quit the Cabinet, if it was thought not tenable with that situation. The King is very angry with him, and wrote a short and equivocal answer to his letter of resignation, simply saying that he received it with the *same* regret with which the Duke *appeared* to have sent it. I take it that this was worked about by Eldon; no doubt he thought it a master-stroke. In the mean time, however, I am glad to find that nobody else is to be appointed. The situation will be left vacant, and the duties done as in the last interregnum; and when arrangements for the new Government have been made, and personal feelings on both sides have cooled, I have no doubt the Duke will return to his command."

The preceding sentences, which Lord Palmerston's biographer takes no trouble either to controvert or to explain away, lay down this as a fact, that the Duke of Wellington had no just cause of severance from Mr Canning; that he was induced to act as he did by mere irritability of temper; that the ground of offence taken was a very silly one; and that the offended man, as soon as his anger cooled down a little, would without doubt come back, at all events to the Horse Guards. Now, whatever

Lord Palmerston's opinion on these matters may have been at the moment, Lord Palmerston's biographer has doubtless read the Duke's public despatches. Possibly he may have glanced through the last-published edition of the great Duke's Life; and, in either case, he can hardly be ignorant that the motives of action attributed to him by Lord Palmerston in 1827 were not the true motives. We should think, also, that Lord Palmerston himself before he died may have discovered his mistake, and that the last thing in the world he could have desired would be, that a rash opinion, expressed while yet he knew no better, should be set down as the deliverance of his matured judgment. There, however, stands Lord Palmerston's verdict, without any attempt at qualification, without a word of comment from the guardian of Lord Palmerston's fame, to show that the error into which his hero fell was at least an involuntary one. It is due to both parties,—not less to Lord Palmerston than to the Duke, that the true version of this curious story should be given; and this we propose to do as much as possible in the words of the chief actor in the scene, rather than in our own.

When the Duke of Wellington first entered the Cabinet, he found Mr Canning already a member of it. They acted together for about two years, at the end of which period the determination of the Government to proceed against Queen Caroline by a bill of pains and penalties, induced Mr Canning, who strongly objected to the proceeding, to send in his resignation. There is the best reason to believe that the Duke and Mr Canning never took very heartily to one another from the first. Their characters both as public and private men were cast in different moulds. They both had their faults, they both had their excellences; but the lines that ran between them were too broadly marked to admit of the growth of anything like real confidence on either side. "Idem velle idem nolle" was no watchword of theirs. The Duke, the very soul of truth and honour, could never lend himself, either as a politician or a member of society, to any course of conduct which in his opinion savoured, be it ever so slightly, of bad faith. He had his own opinions on many points of policy in which his colleagues differed from him. He argued each case as it came before them in Cabinet, but would have no more considered it right, the decision being against him, to aim at thwarting that decision by underhand means, than he would have stirred up a mutinous feeling in the army with a view to overawe the Government and carry some point of his own. Mr Canning took a different view of the moral fitness of things with regard to public affairs. Whatever he believed to be for the good of the commonwealth, he was ready by any means to bring about, were it even necessary for the attainment of his object to play fast and loose with his colleagues. Mr Canning, moreover, was as ambitious as he was able. He had aspired in 1812 to take Mr Perceval's place, and failed; yet continuing to persuade himself that, as Prime Minister, he would be able more than any other living man to benefit the State, he never for a moment ceased to meditate and work out plans for the achievement of that great object of his ambition. With this view he laid himself out to make friends in every party and section of a party in both Houses of Parliament. In this respect, not less than in many others, the Duke and he were antipodes to each other. The Duke had no personal friends, he had few familiar acquaintances among the Whigs. Meeting them continually

in society, and greeting them at all times with kindness and urbanity, he never, while serving under the leadership of Lord Liverpool, permitted himself to go further. Mr Canning's intimacies, on the contrary, were dispensed with absolute impartiality among persons whom he thought it worth while to cultivate, whether they were Whigs or Tories. Indeed the former being, it must be confessed, for the most part the better company of the two, seemed to enjoy at least as large a share of his confidences as the latter. To what extent these confidences were carried, will probably not be known till private correspondence still held sacred shall see the light. We do Mr Canning no wrong therefore; we merely repeat what his friends have said before us, and what the letters of one of the most devoted among them, now for the first time published, seem to confirm, that long before the break-up of the Tory party in 1827, Canning had at least as many confidential supporters among the Opposition members in both Houses as he had among the noblemen and gentlemen who sat beside him upon the Ministerial benches.

Between two men so circumstanced, the one guided in all his proceedings by an unyielding, perhaps a stern—call it, if you will, a narrow—sense of duty; the other holding that to be right, and therefore consistent with duty, which is expedient or suitable to occasions as they arise,—there could be very little cordiality of sentiment. They might meet, they did meet, and consult together, and they could act together up to a certain point. But it was not in the nature of things that either should so trust the other as under any circumstances to be prepared to acknowledge him as his chief, or to follow him as his leader.

The Duke, though mistrusting Mr Canning, fully appreciated his talents, especially as a Parliamentary speaker. He felt that in losing him the Cabinet had sustained a serious loss indeed; and the more so that he looked forward to the time when impatience of a false position and the consciousness of power kept down would probably drive Mr Canning into the ranks of the Opposition. Perhaps if Mr Canning's appointment to the Governor-Generalship of India had taken place earlier than it did, the Duke would have got rid of those impressions. Whatever his disposition might be, Mr Canning's opportunities of damaging the Government from which he had seceded would have been comparatively fewer, he being in Calcutta, than if he had remained in England; but matters were not so ordered. Recommended by the Court of Directors, and accepted by the Board of Control, he was just about to sail for the seat of his government when Lord Castlereagh's melancholy death occurred, and the place of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs became vacant. Lord Liverpool, a man, as we have already seen, wanting in self-reliance, and who, in losing Lord Castlereagh, had lost his mainstay, thought at once with bitter regret of Canning's severance from his Administration, and yearned to bring him back. But the King was at that time strongly prejudiced against Mr Canning, and Lord Liverpool had no influence over the King, with whom, indeed, he held little except the merest official intercourse. The consequence was that the Duke, called in to advise, considered the question in all its bearings, and came to the conclusion that, in spite of the risk attending it, the gain to the Government would be greater from the readmission of Canning into the Cabinet than from his continued exclusion. They needed his eloquence in the House of Commons.

They would be able—so at least the Duke persuaded himself—to baffle again, as they had baffled before, his constitutional shiftiness. He accordingly undertook to get the better of the King's antipathies, and he succeeded. Thus it was by the Duke's means principally that Mr Canning, instead of getting shelved at Calcutta, returned to the Cabinet, of which Lord Liverpool was the ostensible head. Why he was appointed to the important office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs the Duke explains in a memorandum, of which we subjoin a copy:—

"*7th September* 1827.—When the misfortune occurred (the death of Lord Castlereagh) it was necessary for the Government to consider what measures should be adopted for its reorganisation. We could look to two persons to take the lead in the House of Commons. If we looked to Mr Peel we had only one individual who could pretend to take a great lead in Parliament; and giving him every credit for talents, we could not believe that he would prove himself more capable than the man we had lost to carry on such a concern alone and unsupported. His health is not very good, and he had more than once complained in the last session that he was not equal even to the moderate share of the labour which had devolved upon him, and we could not expect that alone he could be equal to the whole.

"Then we knew and were informed that a large number of the supporters of Government, some even in office, had, during the last session, lamented that a person of Mr Canning's Parliamentary talents should have been allowed to go away; and it was found that many individuals, some in office, declared that they could not support us if, under existing circumstances, an attempt was not made to detain Mr Canning in the country. These individuals were principally those who favour the Roman Catholic cause, and what I should call the *Liberals* among the supporters of the Government; and I entertain no doubt that if we had determined to carry on the Government without making an offer to Mr Canning, we should have lost the support of all those and of Mr Canning's particular party; and we should, moreover, have left ourselves in respect of Parliamentary talents in a situation far inferior to that in which we had been for many years. It was determined to recommend the King to recall Mr Canning to his counsels. When this was determined the question was, to what situation he should be called. Upon this point, common-sense, strengthened by former experience, could have no doubt. Nothing can be so erroneous as to place any individual of great activity and talents in a situation in which there is no scope for his activity, and in which he must feel that his talents are thrown away. His views must always be directed to disturb rather than to preserve the existing order of things, in order that out of a new arrangement he may find himself in a situation better suited to him. But there exist other circumstances which render it impossible to appoint Mr Canning to any other situation. He must be the leader of the House of Commons, and as such he must be either Chancellor of the Exchequer or Secretary of State in one of the three departments.

"I believe it would be impossible to place two leading men in the Treasury. There remained then only the office of the Secretary of State. Mr Peel cannot talk French, and is totally unaccustomed to foreign affairs; and Lord Bathurst's office in time of peace is certainly less important than either of the others. It is therefore deemed advisable to place Mr Canning in the Foreign Office, on the principle above laid down (which is undeniable) of placing him in the situation in which there shall be ample scope for his activity and talents."

So much for the part taken by the Duke of Wellington in bringing Canning back to the Cabinet. It is quite evident from the tone of this memorandum that the measure was adopted only as the lesser of two evils. Canning had his own party within the Tory circle—strong even in numbers, stronger still in talent. The open secession of these men, in disgust that their chief had been thrown over, would render the position of the Government extremely critical. On the other hand, a prompt and complete tender of renewed confidence, such as was involved in the appointment of Mr Canning to be Lord Castlereagh's successor, could not, it was believed, fail of securing the absolute good

faith of both the person so treated and of his followers, if of absolute good faith, in the well-understood sense of that term, he as a politician were capable. Whether Mr Canning saw into the real motive which swayed the more influential members of the Cabinet to vote for his return, and resented it, we cannot pretend to say. Proud men—and Mr Canning was proud—are apt to take that particular view of arrangements of the sort which best flatters their self-esteem, and to regard, rather with deeper dislike than the contrary, those who seek them out more because they fear than because they esteem them. Be that as it may, the Cabinet had not been long reconstructed ere signs of disunion more ominous than ever began to appear in its proceedings. To speak the truth shortly, two separate camps—each held by its own garrison—were almost immediately formed, between which, with the simple view of keeping them from an open rupture, the Duke happily and assiduously negotiated.

We come now to the incidents which followed the political death of Lord Liverpool, and find in them, as we imagine the bulk of our readers will likewise find, the fullest justification of all that has just been stated. Lord Palmerston, as we have seen, attributes the Duke's resignation of his office to personal pique. "The Duke of Wellington gives out that he went out because Canning's letters were uncivil." Canning's letters were certainly not such as it became him, all things considered, to have addressed to the Duke;* and the Duke felt this, and made no secret of so regarding them. But other and graver considerations moved him; and Lord Palmerston himself helps us to dis-

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* The correspondence between Mr Canning and the Duke is well known. We must, however, insert it here, in order that there may be no obscurity in the references made to it in the Duke's letter to the King:—

"Foreign Office, *April* 10, 1827.

"My dear Duke of Wellington,—The King has, at an audience from which I have just returned, been graciously pleased to signify to me his Majesty's commands to lay before his Majesty, with as little loss of time as possible, a plan of an arrangement for the reconstruction of the Administration. In executing these commands, it will be as much my own wish as it is my duty to his Majesty, to adhere to the principles on which Lord Liverpool's Government has so long acted together. I need not add how essentially the accomplishment must depend upon your Grace's continuance as a member of the Cabinet.—Ever, &c. George Canning."

"London, *April* 10, 1827.

"My dear Mr Canning,—I have received your letter of this evening, informing me that the King had desired you to lay before his Majesty a plan of an arrangement for the reconstruction of the Administration, and that, in executing these commands, it was your wish to adhere to the principles on which Lord Liverpool's Government had so long acted together. I anxiously desire to serve his Majesty as I have done hitherto in his Cabinet with the same colleagues. But before I can give an answer to your obliging proposition, I should wish to know who the person is whom you intend to propose to his Majesty as the head of the Government.—Ever, &c.

"Wellington."

"Foreign Office, *April* 11, 1827.

"My dear Duke of Wellington,—I believed it to be so generally understood that the King usually intrusts the formation of an Administration to the individual whom it is his Majesty's gracious intention to place at the head of it, that it did not occur to me, when I communicated to your Grace yesterday the commands which I had just received from his Majesty, to add, that in the present instance his Majesty does not intend to depart from the usual course of procedure on such occasions. I am sorry to have delayed some hours this answer to your Grace's letter, but from the

cover what these were. In the same letter which we have already quoted, Lord Palmerston says:—

"Canning has all along received from the Whigs assurances of their support in the event of his forming a Government of which he should be the head, even though he made no stipulation on the Catholic question. . . . My own opinion is, that some of them ought to be brought into the Cabinet—Lansdowne or Holland, perhaps, in the Lords, and Abercrombie and Tierney in the Commons. I should not be surprised if this were to happen. . . . Do not mention to anybody the assurance of support from the Whigs which Canning has received."

If unprejudiced observers fail to see in these revelations a perfect justification of the Duke's want of confidence in Mr Canning, we really do not know how any truth is to be established on moral evidence, however strong. All considerations of party honour, all thoughts of imperial policy, come second in Mr Canning's eyes to the gratification of his over-mastering desire of power. "Canning has all along received from the Whigs assurances of their support." Canning had received these assurances long before the crisis came. His correspondence with the Whig leaders, when the whole of it sees the light, will tell—or we are misinformed—a very curious tale. Meanwhile, it may be well to place side by side with Lord Palmerston's account of the transaction an extract from a letter addressed by the Duke to the King, on the 12th of April 1827:—

"Mr Canning will, I doubt not, have submitted to your Majesty the letter which I have written to him, in answer to the one announcing to me that he had been appointed by your Majesty to be at the head of your Government. I have frequently had occasion to express to your Majesty my most grateful acknowledgments for your Majesty's most gracious favour and kindness towards me; and your Majesty can now more easily conceive than I can express the pain and grief which I feel upon requesting your Majesty to excuse me from attendance on your councils; and in consequence thereof, and adverting to the tenor of the letters I have received from your Majesty's Minister, by your Majesty's command, when asking your Majesty's permission to lay at your feet those offices which connect me with your Majesty's Government.

"I had considered it necessary, for the reasons stated in my letter to Mr Canning, of the 11th of April, to decline to sit in the Cabinet; and of course my office of Master-General of the Ordnance was at the disposal of his Majesty. I remained still in the office of Commander-in-Chief, which I might have continued to hold, whatever

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nature of the subject I did not like to forward it without having previously submitted it, together with your Grace's letter, to his Majesty.—Ever, &c.

"GEORGE CANNING."

"LONDON, *April* 11, 1827.

"MY DEAR MR CANNING,—I have received your letter of this day; and I did not understand the one of yesterday evening as you have now explained it to me. I understood from yourself that you had in contemplation another arrangement, and I do not believe that the practice to which you refer has been so invariable as to enable me to affix a meaning to your letter which its words did not, in my opinion, convey. I sincerely wish that I could bring my mind to the conviction that, with the best intentions on your part, your Government could be conducted practically on the principles of that of Lord Liverpool; that it would be generally so considered; or that it would be adequate to meet our difficulties in a manner satisfactory to the King, and conducive to the interests of the country. As, however, I am convinced that these principles must be abandoned eventually, and that all our measures would be viewed with suspicion by the usual supporters of the Government—that I could do no good in the Cabinet, and that I should at last be obliged to separate myself from it at a moment when such separation might be more inconvenient to the King's service than it can be at present—I must beg you to request his Majesty to excuse me from belonging to his councils.—Ever, &c. WELLINGTON."

might be the difference of my political opinions with his Majesty's Minister. But, in addition to political differences, the tenor and temper of Mr Canning's letters, and of that of the 11th particularly (which had been previously submitted to his Majesty, and which, therefore, was a communication from the King), were of a nature which rendered it impossible for me to retain the command of the army. I could not exercise that command with advantage to his Majesty, the Government, and the public, or with honour to myself, unless I was respected and treated with that fair confidence, by his Majesty and his Minister, which I think I deserve; and nobody will think I was treated with confidence, respect, or even common civility, by Mr Canning in his last letter.

"But it has been stated by Mr Canning's friends, as I understand, that in my letter to him of the 10th I had given him cause of offence, and had provoked this answer; and it is but fair to consider whether the letter which he had received from me does give to Mr Canning any ground to complain. My letter of the 10th is a clear, distinct answer to the one from Mr Canning of the same date, in as polite terms as it could be written, and in the usual form of my correspondence with Mr Canning. I stated my anxious desire to remain in the Cabinet *with my colleagues;* and, for the purpose of receiving information, I asked who was to be at the head of the Government, hoping always that the information I should receive would enable me to belong to the Cabinet.

"Mr Canning had, in a conversation which I held with him on the 2d of April, explained to me that, in case his Majesty should commission him to consider of a scheme for the reconstruction of the Government, one of his designs was to propose that Mr Robinson should be removed to the House of Lords, and be made First Lord of the Treasury; and if the answer to my letter had been that this was the plan which he still intended to follow, it would then have been suggested by me that he should think of an arrangement which might have been better calculated to keep the Government together. The question, therefore, in my letter was fairly founded upon a former communication from Mr Canning. The question was likewise fully justified by former practice.

"In 1812 Mr Canning was the channel of communication from Lord Wellesley to Lord Liverpool respecting the formation of an Administration. Mr Canning apprised Lord Liverpool upon that occasion that the Prince Regent had laid his commands upon Lord Wellesley to form a plan of Administration to be submitted for his Royal Highness's approbation. Lord Wellesley, upon the same occasion, waited upon Lord Grey and Lord Granville, by order of his Majesty, then Prince Regent, with a view to consider of the formation of an Administration; and Lord Wellesley, in the course of the discussion, stated that he considered himself merely as the instrument of executing his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's commands on that occasion, and he even went so far as to say that he neither claimed nor desired for himself any share in the Administration. Subsequently, in the year 1812, Lord Moira had the Prince Regent's instructions to take steps towards the formation of a new Ministry. It does not appear that Lord Moira, or Lord Grey, or Lord Granville, to whom he addressed himself, considered that he was the head of the Ministry which he had a commission to form. In speaking in the House of Lords on the 12th of June, he says: 'I came to the subject unfettered in any way. Not an individual was named for a seal, and no place was pointed out even for myself.'

"How then could I take it for granted that his Majesty had nominated Mr Canning to be his Minister merely because Mr Canning informed me that his Majesty had signified to him his commands to lay before his Majesty a plan of arrangements for the reconstruction of the Administration?

"Before I could give Mr Canning an answer to his proposition that I should be one of the Cabinet, it was necessary to ascertain who was to be the Minister, and this it was which induced me to ask the question. I will now show, from the best authority possible—viz., Mr Canning himself—that the question asked by me in my letter to Mr Canning might be asked without offence. On the * May 1812, Lord Liverpool waited upon Mr Canning by command of his Majesty, then Prince Regent, to invite Mr Canning to become a member of his councils. Mr Perceval had just then been assassinated.

"The first question, it appears (from a memorandum drawn by Mr Canning himself), that Mr Canning asked was, 'Who is to be the First Lord of the Treasury?' and it does not appear that Lord Liverpool rebuked Mr Canning for asking that

* Blank in original letter.

question. The negotiation failed for other reasons not worth discussing now, excepting to observe that Mr Canning then thought that the influence of the head of the Government was likely to be paramount in the discussion of the Catholic question. Surely, then, I could not merit a rebuke for asking Mr Canning in 1827 the same question, under nearly similar circumstances, which he asked Lord Liverpool without offence in 1812.

"I must also add that Mr Canning's letter of the 11th convinced me that on the 10th he had not been appointed his Majesty's Minister, nor had received any commission from his Majesty, excepting the one to suggest a plan of arrangement for the reconstruction of the Administration. If Mr Canning had, on Tuesday the 10th, been appointed his Majesty's Minister, he might, without reference to his Majesty, have stated the fact in his answer to me with as much of rebuke as he might have thought proper to use. I cannot believe that he referred to his Majesty in order to cover this rebuke with his Majesty's sacred name and protection. This step must have been taken because, in point of fact, he was not his Majesty's Minister at the moment at which he received my question.

"Upon the whole, then, I considered that there was no very cordial desire that I should be a member of the Cabinet; and that, in the course of the communications with the Minister whom the King had honoured with his confidence, I had not been treated in a manner calculated to render my continuance in the command of the army satisfactory to myself or advantageous to his Majesty.

"WELLINGTON."

Out of the dilemma into which this document thrust him, Mr Canning never, as far as we have heard, succeeded in escaping. Either he was not the King's Minister when he wrote his letter of the 10th of April, or he was. If he was Minister, why did he not say so, without further reference to the King, in his letter of the 11th? Not being as yet Minister on the 10th, did he, on the 11th, refer the Duke's letter to the King, with the view of working upon his Majesty's temper for the accomplishment of his own end, and, at the same time, making his Majesty a party to the rebuke which his letter of the 11th conveyed—and was meant to convey—to the Duke of Wellington? If so, the Duke was not only justified, but in honour bound, to withdraw entirely from the King's active service. If Mr Canning became Minister only on showing the correspondence of the 10th, then the tone of his letter of the 11th clearly shows that he had managed, by means of that correspondence, to poison the King's mind, and to make the Duke's resignation of every office which he held under the Crown unavoidable. In either case Mr Canning's conduct was directly at variance with the Duke's keen sense of honour, and the effect of it was to impose upon him the moral obligation of acting as he did.

Lord Palmerston, we find, had all along been marked by Mr Canning for high office under himself. It would almost appear—we do not go further—that he was early admitted into the confidence of his future chief. "Canning," he says in his Diary, "had some little time before desired me not to leave town for Easter without letting him know; and upon the break-up he sent for me to offer me a seat in the Cabinet with the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer." Difficulties came in the way, however; and though Lord Palmerston had at once accepted both offers, only one could be realised. He entered the Cabinet still retaining his old post of Secretary at War. His correspondence shows how heartily he threw himself into all Mr Canning's projects. There is no regret on his part at being separated from his old friends. On the contrary, he seems to rejoice as if some incubus had been removed from his shoulders, and a fair field, for which he had too long waited, was opened to his ambition. We believe that he was in constant communication at this

time with Mr Croker. They had been *collaborateurs*, in former days, in pleasantly libelling the Whigs. They were ready now, or equally seemed so, to act with the objects of their bygone sarcasm. One of their great *coups*—and of that, we rather think, the merit belongs exclusively to Croker—was getting the King to appoint his brother, the Duke of Clarence, to be Lord High Admiral of England. "There," said Croker, coming straight from the Royal Duke to Mr Canning at the Foreign Office, "I have got his consent to serve, and it will be your own faults if you don't retain power through two reigns." Lord Palmerston assigns a different reason for approving the measure, which may be more statesmanlike, but is much less candid—"The appointment of Clarence to the navy has given great satisfaction to the service, and is certainly a wise measure. The heir-presumptive cannot be always quite passive, and it is useful to bring him into action by placing him in official communication with the King, and by giving them, as it were, a community of interest, prevent the heir being drawn into cabals and intrigues."

We have gone into these details, not with a view to condemn, in the abstract, this or any other attempt on the part of public men to get, if they honestly can, the chief management of public affairs into their own hands. Changes both of Ministers and of policy are inseparable from the conditions of government in a free state; and in the present instance no course of conduct could be more legitimate than that pursued by the leaders of the great Whig party. They had been long kept out in the cold; they were impatient under it, and only obeyed a natural instinct in striving to escape from it. They had a perfect right, also, to make use of whatever instruments came first to hand with a view to accomplish their purpose. But there we must stop. Old-fashioned moralists, as we admit ourselves to be, we find it impossible to discover so much as the shadow of a justification for the conduct of those who played their game for them, as Mr Canning and his friends undoubtedly did. Canning was Pitt's disciple and early follower. Palmerston was the disciple, and, in later years, the follower of Canning. They both professed a Toryism which was not that of Lord Liverpool, certainly not that of Lord Eldon, nor of Lord Bathurst, but which was absolutely and entirely antagonistic to what they knew to be the principles of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, Mr Tierney, and Mr Calcraft. Read Lord Palmerston's letter of the 4th of May, however, and you will see that the prospect of acting with these gentlemen and the party of which they were the leaders was treated with exuberant delight.

"All arrangements are now settled as to general principles. The Whigs join us in a body, and with zeal, and some of them come into office. These, namely, who are not to be in the Cabinet: Tierney, I believe, Master of the Mint; Calcraft, Woods and Forests; and Abercrombie, Judge Advocate; William Lamb as Secretary for Ireland, not as a Whig, but on his own account as an individual. The provisional members of the Cabinet are: the Duke of Portland, Privy Seal; Dudley, Foreign Affairs; and Bourne, Home Office. Who is to succeed them I do not know; but at the end of the session Lord Lansdowne will come in, and, I suppose, some others of his party. I should think Lansdowne would be Home Secretary, and Lord Holland Privy Seal; and then Canning will probably resume the Foreign Office, if arrangements can be made by which all the patronage and influence properly belonging to the situation of First Minister can be attached to that appointment. In that case the First Lordship of the Treasury will also be disposable. I am in the Cabinet, but continue Secretary at War till the end of the session, having, in addition to my

own duties, those of the Commander-in-Chief to perform. This is the natural constitution of my office, that, in the absence of a Commander-in-Chief, the patronage of the army devolves on the Secretary at War. At the end of the session I shall be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then, in my opinion, some military man ought to be placed in command of the army; and if the Duke of Wellington cannot be brought back again, some general officer high up upon the list ought to be placed on the staff. The advantage of the present arrangement is, that it leaves the door open for the Duke of Wellington's return, when the other arrangements are made, without dispossessing any other individual. You will see by the debates that the Whigs have joined us manfully, and have boldly faced all charges of inconsistency. . . . The Tories are furious at this junction, because they see that it puts the Government out of their power, and excludes them from a return. Peel parted good friends with Canning, but it is easy to foresee that their lines of march must daily diverge, and yesterday showed a good deal more personal opinion between them than might have been looked for. Indeed, Peel's speech, two nights before, was rather of a hostile complexion. His reference to Canning's correspondence in 1812 was needless; and such a reference where not necessary is always more or less personal. If Canning had blamed Peel for retiring, then Peel would naturally have defended himself by referring to Canning's former career; but as Canning had, on the contrary, gone out of his way to acquit Peel of blame or any want of perfect candour, the reference could only be looked upon as unfriendly.

"The Duke is, I think, very sorry now that he gave up the army, and I am sure he was worked upon to do it by the old Chancellor. The King, however, is very angry with him, and return at present is impossible."

It is really worth while to contrast for one moment the conduct of Canning with that of the man whom Canning's follower charges, in these terms, with lack of candour; the circumstances into which both were thrown being in most respects identical. Canning, successful in an intrigue against his Tory colleagues in Cabinet, becomes Prime Minister, and invites the Whigs to join him. They accept the invitation, because "they agree with him on almost all great questions of foreign and domestic policy; and because, if they did not support him, he could not, by reason of the defection of his colleagues, maintain his position." Some years later Peel is at the head of a Tory Administration. He sees reason to change his opinion upon the single question of domestic policy in regard to which his party think as one man, and which alone may be said to have kept them together. Does he look apart from his own friends for support? Does he invite the Whigs to join, or encourage them to make advances to him because, "if they do not support him, he will be unable, by reason of the defection of his colleagues, to maintain his position"? No. He might be right or he might be wrong in his determination to repeal the Corn-laws, but he applies himself to the task, in spite of strong opposition in his own party, without entering into any negotiation whatever with the opposite party, and, carrying his point, ceases to be Prime Minister. Canning wins the chief place in the Government by driving the Duke and Peel and others out of the Cabinet; and keeps it, or strives to do so, by forming new alliances with old political rivals. Peel, lifted into power by a party the most powerful that had come together in recent times, breaks with his friends, and sacrifices himself for what he believes to be the good of his country. Observe that we are not considering here whether or no Peel treated his own party well—that is a matter foreign to the present discussion—but at least he did not enter into a close alliance with the enemy in order to gratify his own ambition, professing all the while to seek only the welfare of the State. It is a striking and curious contrast.

Observe next the terms in which Lord Palmerston speaks of the Duke,

"The Duke is, I think, very sorry now that he gave up the army;" "the Duke is also a great loss to the Cabinet;" "but the King is very angry with him, and return at present is impossible." A few months pass, and Canning, worn out with anxiety, and deserted at a pinch by his new friends, dies. Difficulties occur as to the reconstruction of the Government, but they are surmounted in a way. Lord Goderich (the same who as Mr Robinson had been designated for the post by Mr Canning) became First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Palmerston shall himself continue the story. After telling us that he was himself personally obnoxious to the King, and that the King would not therefore sanction his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer; that the King preferred Mr Herries, because he had objects of his own to serve, and could count upon that gentleman as a compliant finance Minister,—Diarist proceeds thus:—

"Huskisson blamed me for not having stood out. He said if I had insisted on the fulfilment of Goderich's promise, that promise would not have been retracted, especially as it was spontaneously made, and Herries would not have been thrown like a live shell into the Cabinet, to explode and blow us all up.

"At the appointed time he did explode. He picked a quarrel with Huskisson, who, having been abroad at Canning's death, returned soon afterwards, and took the Colonial Office. Goderich had not energy of mind enough to determine in favour of one or the other, though the question was literally nothing more than who should be proposed as the chairman of a finance committee to be appointed next session. Instead of going to the King and saying, 'Sire, Mr Huskisson and Mr Herries have differed and cannot serve together, and therefore I propose to you to appoint A. B. instead of one or the other,' Goderich stated the quarrel, the impossibility of the two going on as colleagues, and gave the King to understand that he had no advice to give, and did not know what to do. But George knew very well what he had to do: he bade Goderich go home and take care of himself; and he immediately sent for the Duke of Wellington to form a Government."

Lord Palmerston is now in difficulties. He begins to find out that the King had not been quite so angry with the Duke as he supposed, and he drops the tone of regret in which he had not very long before spoken of the Duke's secession, both from the Cabinet and the command of the army. The Diary runs on to quite a different measure:—

"One of the first acts of Goderich's Administration had been to ask the Duke of Wellington to be Commander-in-Chief. Lord Anglesey had been sent to make the offer. He travelled without stopping, arriving at some country-house, where the Duke was staying, about three in the morning; found the Duke in full uniform, just come home from a fancy ball; obtained his immediate acceptance, and arrived with it at Windsor while we were sitting in council on the memorable day in August, at which Lord William Bentinck also was present to be sworn in Governor-General of India. Lord Anglesey said to us, 'Well, gentlemen, I have done what you sent me to do. I have brought you the Duke of Wellington's acceptance as Commander-in-Chief, and, by God! mark my words: as sure as you are alive he will trip up all our heels before six months are over your heads.'

"Before six months," continues the Diary, "were well over, the Duke was in and our heels were up; but what share he had in that I cannot say. The King was the great plotter; and Holmes and Planta worked upon Goderich and persuaded him he could never overcome the difficulties he would have to encounter."

In regard to the taste of these sentences we express no opinion. It strikes us that, if we had undertaken to be the guardians of Lord Palmerston's good name, we should have suppressed them. They exhibit the Diarist in the character of a man growing day by day more ambitious, and praising and blaming all with whom he came in contact, according to the measure in which they happened to promote or to defeat his plans. The King, whom—though never professing formally to

admire—he had spoken well of in a previous page, as justly indignant with the Duke, is now "the great plotter." The Duke, whom he did profess personally to admire, and whose return to the Horse Guards, if not to the Cabinet, he anxiously desired, comes back for the sole purpose of "tripping up the heels of the Ministers," and immediately does the job. Did it not occur to Lord Palmerston at the moment—was the fact entirely overlooked by Lord Palmerston's biographer—that not the King only, but the country, had been indignant at the destruction of the Turkish fleet—the fleet of a power with which England was not at war, and which it had been the long-established policy of England to support as the best check upon Russian ambition? Was it not natural, likewise, that the King, who had been cajoled by a palace camarilla into Canning's promotion, should have returned, as soon as the object of that domestic plot was taken out of the way, to his senses? that so returning he should have been anxious to see around him again as his trusted counsellors men who, at all events, knew their own minds; and that, almost as much in disgust at the weakness of Lord Goderich as because old feelings of affection and confidence were reawakened in him, he should have thrown himself on the firmness of the Duke of Wellington? Lord Palmerston evidently did not take these matters into account forty years ago; neither, as it would seem, does Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer remember them now; for thus he comments on the Diary:—

"The projected arrangements ended, as we know, by the Duke of Wellington being named Premier instead of Lord Goderich, though the post of Premier was one for which he had declared himself a short time previous wholly unfit."

We fancy that we have studied the Duke's career and character at least as carefully as Sir Henry Bulwer, yet we are unable to discover in his letters, in his speeches, or in his memoranda, a single sentence or expression which corroborates the above statement. It is quite true that in 1827, when Mr Canning's friends went about proclaiming that he had intrigued for the Premiership—when they charged him with resigning his seat in the Cabinet because a higher place was refused him—he repelled the calumny in the language of strong "indignation."

"Does any one believe," he said, "that I would give up such a gratification" (the command of the army which had recently been conferred upon him) "in order to be appointed to a situation in which I was not wished, and for which I was not qualified?"

And that the calumny could not be other than groundless Lord Palmerston himself testifies, when, lamenting the Duke's resignation of the army, he says, as we have just seen—

"It is the more provoking that he should have resigned this office, because it is not a political office; and he felt this so strongly that, when it became a question three months ago on what footing he should hold it, he declared himself perfectly ready to quit the Cabinet if it was not thought tenable with that situation."

Is it to be credited that the same man who in January had preferred the command of the army to a seat in the Cabinet, should, in April, scheme and plot for the office of Premier, knowing that by gaining that he must necessarily lose the army? The idea is monstrous. And as to the phrase so much and persistently dwelt upon, "in which I was not wished, and for which I was not qualified,"—to what did it amount? To this, and this only,—I had never so much as thought of aspiring to the first place in the Administration. None of my colleagues

proposed to me that I should do so. It did not enter into my imagination to conceive that I, the Commander-in-Chief of the King's army, and heretofore only a subordinate in the Cabinet, possessed the qualifications necessary for such a position. For I saw round me many men, better trained, as I believed, by long years of political experience, than I, to guide, control, and come to compromises with others. I should have been mad if in 1827 I had entered into competition with them. I never did, nor ever thought of doing so.

But men like the Duke learn a great deal in a year. The result of the struggle in which he had played but a secondary part showed him that he had at once under-estimated his own qualifications, and over-estimated those of others; so that when the Premiership did become for the second time vacant, he no longer scrupled, his political friends urging him on, to accept the trust which the King committed to him. Is there anything contradictory in this? Does it justify Sir Henry Bulwer in affirming, as he does, that the Duke was wholly unfit to be First Lord of the Treasury?—that he knew himself to be unfit?—yet that, swayed by some motive about which we are left to guess, he grasped at power?

Not content with reasserting a fiction, on which all the world besides had long ago put its right value, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer proceeds still further to cast reproach upon the memory of the Duke,—a proceeding in which, to our very great surprise, we find a writer in a recent number of the 'Quarterly Review' concurring. Commenting upon his own story Sir Henry says:—

"I have been told by a gentleman yet alive, and likely to be well informed on the subject, that Lord Wellesley expected this appointment, and had been encouraged by his brother to do so—that when the Duke was summoned by the King it was understood that he should recommend the Marquess as more fit to take the lead in civil affairs than himself—that the Marquess expected the Duke's return with much anxiety, anticipating his own elevation—and that the disappointment that ensued occasioned a coolness between these two eminent men. Whatever may be the precise truth of this story—and such stories are rarely told with perfect accuracy—I venture to express an opinion that it would have been, on the whole, fortunate for the Duke's reputation, great as that reputation is, if he had followed the course which I have heard he at one time intended to pursue."

Whereupon the 'Quarterly Reviewer,' for the purpose, as it would seem, of rendering more credible this extraordinary story, appends a note to the page on which it is printed, as follows:—

"Count d'Orsay's well-known portrait of the Duke was in progress when the Marquess died. The day after his death the illustrious sitter, much to D'Orsay's surprise, came at the usual hour and took his seat as if nothing had occurred. His sole reference to the event, after a short pause, was: 'You have heard of the death of the Marquess of Wellesley;—*a very agreeable man when he had his own way.*"

From which, of course, we are expected to draw the inference that the rupture between the brothers, occasioned by the treachery of one of them, continued through life, and that the Marquess died at enmity with the Duke.

The anecdote connected with Count d'Orsay's portrait may or may not be authentic. The inference obviously intended to be drawn from it by the publication of the note which we have just quoted, is without justification. The Duke of Wellington was no sentimentalist; he never allowed personal feeling to interfere with duty. If he took his sitting the day after Lord Wellesley's death, he did so because he had promised to sit, and because his

failing to sit might have proved inconvenient or hurtful to the artist. If he made the remark which Count d'Orsay is described as repeating, it was either uttered gratuitously, or the course of conversation led up to it. But in either case it tells nothing, as far as we can see, respecting the terms on which the brothers had lived together. On the other hand, we have the best reason to know that during the last years of Lord Wellesley's life, he and his illustrious brother lived on terms of the closest intimacy and affection; and if any of our readers hesitate as to the degree of credence which is due to one or other of two statements so directly opposed to each other, we recommend them to refer the point to the present Duke of Wellington, by whose decision we are ready to abide. Doubtless, when the proper time comes for giving the later portion of the great Duke's correspondence to the world, the fact will be made clear to all the world. Meanwhile we cannot sufficiently condemn the bad taste of a note which insinuates so much, without directly alleging anything.

But the charge brought by the biographer, as it is at once more grave and more direct, so the evidence on which it rests puts it well-nigh beyond the reach of controversy.

"A gentleman yet alive" may be anybody or nobody. If the former, why is he not named? And whether named or not, how is it that we have no better proof advanced of a very improbable story than the *ipse dixit*, at second hand, of a man in a mask? It is proverbially hard to prove a negative; yet in the present instance we fancy that in the very nature of the transaction there is enough, and more than enough, to show how entirely "the gentleman yet alive" is to be mistrusted. Lord Wellesley might be all that Sir Henry Bulwer describes him to have been, but his political views were certainly not identical with those of his illustrious brother. He had been in the Cabinet before, and got on but indifferently with his colleagues, some of whom being most in the Duke's confidence, he was desirous to see again in office. Neither can it be said of Lord Wellesley that he was a follower of Canning, with whose personal adherents, on the break-up of the Goderich Administration, the Duke and Peel had agreed that a coalition should if possible be effected. No doubt Lord Wellesley and Canning took the same line on one occasion, when both were out of office. But there had never been that cordiality between the two men which would have induced Palmerston, Huskisson, Grant, and Lord Dudley to act under the survivor, towards whom, moreover, the Duke very well knew that the King had in 1828 no special leaning. Looking to all these circumstances, it is, to say the least, highly improbable that the Duke could have proposed to Lord Wellesley that he should become the head of the Government. That they were frequently together at this time is true enough. Scarcely a day passed in which the Duke omitted to visit his brother. They may have differed also to such an extent as to produce a momentary alienation. But we decline to believe that their difference originated in the cause assigned for it by "the gentleman yet alive;" and we know that long before Lord Wellesley's death, it had given place to renewed affection.

That the Duke added nothing to his great reputation in the two years during which he conducted the affairs of the Government, his most ardent admirers are ready to admit. Indeed they go further.

They allow that his administration was a failure; that with the best and noblest intentions in the world, he passed measures, one in particular, of which the consequences have been most disastrous; that being thwarted in the details of the plan on which he proposed to act in passing that measure, he ought at once to have abandoned it, even if by so doing he threw power into the hands of those whom he believed prepared to abuse it. But this is quite a different matter from the moral delinquencies with which Sir Henry Bulwer and his reviewer charge him. The Duke might miss the mark as a great constitutional statesman: he never missed it as a man of honour.

The Duke formed his Government, and a very motley affair it proved to be. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, Charles Grant, Lord Palmerston, and Mr Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne, composed a camp of their own. The Duke, Lord Aberdeen, Lords Ellenborough, Melville, Bathurst, and Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, pitched their tents for the most part together, and in a position of their own. From the very outset there was discord. The entries made in the Diary which Sir Henry Bulwer has published are, we suspect, unique of the kind. We doubt indeed whether any other Minister of the Crown ever considered it justifiable to set down in his note-book, day by day, the points discussed in Cabinet, and the details of these discussions, to be disposed of by his executors, after his demise, as they might consider expedient. And yet the public has every reason to be grateful, for the story told is not only curious but instructive. We certainly learn a good deal from it, the reverse of favourable to attempts at coalition administrations.

"The Cabinet has gone on for some time past as it had done before, differing upon almost every question of importance that has been brought under consideration; meeting to debate and dispute, and separating without deciding."

The above entry occurs in Lord Palmerston's Diary under date 2d of April. In May, he and his friends quitted office together. It had been made clear from the first that a body so heterogeneous could not long hold together; yet the immediate cause of the severance was very extraordinary. A particular arrangement had been agreed to, after much discussion, in a Cabinet which met at 3 P.M. on the 19th of May; and the same night, without any previous notice given, both Mr Huskisson and Lord Palmerston voted against their colleagues, and in contravention of the point settled only a few hours before. It is curious to see how Lord Palmerston in his journal labours to justify the act. Huskisson, to do him justice, saw the matter in a different light, and on the morning of the 20th, before lying down, wrote a letter which put the disposal of his office in the hands of the Duke. The Duke, doubtless glad enough to get rid of a colleague who had already given him no little trouble, at once treated the communication as an act of resignation—a view of the case in which Peel heartily sustained him. And looking back upon the transaction as a mere incident in history, it is impossible to deny that Peel and he had right on their side. Lord Palmerston, of course, argues differently. He even justifies himself in censuring the Duke by referring to a case, between which and the party-treason of Huskisson there is no parallel. Lord Lowther, we are told, being Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, Sir John Becket, Judge Advocate-General, Mr George Banks, Secretary to the Board of Control,

and Mr Holmes, Treasurer to the Board of Ordnance, all refused to vote for Catholic Emancipation in 1829, yet were allowed to sit in their offices. Quite true. But, in the first place, the Catholic question was in 1829, as it had been in 1820, an open question; and, in the next, these gentlemen were not in the Cabinet. Whereas the Cabinet of which Mr Huskisson and Lord Palmerston were both members, had agreed on a particular line of action, and Mr Huskisson and Lord Palmerston the very same night took a line diametrically the reverse. "Well, to-night at all events," said Mr Huskisson, as he passed out of the Cabinet-room, "we may stand upon the ground that the Lords have not disposed of Penryn;" and that self-same night he, and Lord Palmerston with him, departed from that ground, and voted with the Opposition. What could the Duke do except receive Mr Huskisson's communication as the only amends which a recalcitrant Cabinet Minister could make to his chief? The resignation was accepted, and the whole of the Canningites retired in a body.

In acting as he did, the Duke carried public opinion with him. Huskisson lost credit by the attempts which he made to explain away a document which admitted of no explanation, and his friends suffered with him, though not, perhaps, to the same extent. It appears, too, that one of them, at least, suffered rather against his own will. Lord Palmerston, describing what passed between Lord Dudley, Mr Lamb, and himself, while the resignation was yet in suspense, thus speaks:—

"We all," Lord Dudley, and Mr Lamb, and he, "left Huskisson together, and Dudley proposed we should walk up a little, our cabriolets following. He was in the middle and said, 'Well, now we are by ourselves in the street, and nobody but the sentry to hear us, let me know, right and left, what is meant to be done.' I said 'Out;' and Lamb echoed 'Out.' . . . Dudley said there was something in attaching himself to so great a man as the Duke. 'For my part,' said Lamb, 'I do not happen to think that he is so great a man; but that is a matter of opinion.'"

If Mr Lamb gave utterance to so silly a speech, it must have been under the influence of passing ill-humour. Certainly the sentiment was not his own, and the words ought never to have been put on record. But this is the great fault of the book throughout. Lord Palmerston's habit, not a good one, of making notes of incidents which neither deserved nor warranted being admitted into history, seems to be regarded by his biographer as a peculiarly valuable trait in his character, of which the consequence is, that he is continually made to say and do things which must bring him into discredit with all right-thinking persons. Whatever Mr Lamb may have said in 1828, we know that Lord Melbourne, when at the head of her Majesty's Government, held the Duke of Wellington in the highest admiration; going to him for advice on many occasions when the honour or interests of the State were threatened, and always receiving from him such counsels as only great wisdom and the purest patriotism could suggest.

We have already so far exceeded the just limits of a magazine article, that we cannot pretend to speak of Lord Palmerston, on the present occasion, either as a member of society, or as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. We hope to make good these grave omissions when the concluding portion of the biography comes into our hands. Meanwhile we content ourselves with saying that in the two volumes now before us will be found a great deal to interest and amuse, especially the

uninstructed reader,—with not a little which both offends and surprises persons who, like ourselves, happen to have lived through the events recorded, and to have known something both of the actors in them, and of their motives and principles. Indeed we may go further. In spite of strong objection to some of its details, we have ourselves read Sir Henry Lytton's book both with pleasure and profit, and can therefore honestly recommend it to others as an extremely agreeable and well-written piece of biography.

NEW BOOKS.

It has become a fashion of late years for men of distinguished scientific and literary reputation to give to the world what may be supposed to be a succinct statement of their views on certain important subjects in a form less laboured than a scientific lecture, and adapted, if not to the meanest capacity, yet to the rapid survey of the public, which has not time to investigate closely or reason deeply. It would be wrong to class such expositions among the works of light literature, or even to call them popular in the common acceptation of the word. Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, for example, cannot be supposed to be addressed to the people; nor are these solemn brown volumes of a kind to attract the frivolous reader. Yet they are far removed, on the other side, from those expositions of real science which tax all the faculties of the listener, and demand not the glance of the passer-by, but the gaze of the student. Professor Seeley,* however, has thought, as Professor Huxley did lately, that the passer-by too might be the better for a certain acquaintance with his views upon some subjects which occupy the mind of the modern world, and accordingly has here collected into a volume certain fugitive Essays and Sketches, which, to a great many readers used to lighter fare, will be the *pièce de résistance* of the winter banquet—the one halfpenny-worth of bread in the enormous quantity of washy liquid which is their ordinary literary sustenance. The fact that this is the case—that such books do reach minds little accustomed to sound literary provision, and form a sort of dignified top-dressing upon the light soil of popular libraries—gives them a certain importance independent of their individual merit. They explain in some degree the odd surface-strata of very lofty notions which is to be found in the present day often adorning a deep foundation of ignorance. They are very readable, and they propound theories which sound very sublimely to the uneducated ear—theories of education above all, such as come quite natural to professors, and are highly appropriate to the academical class whose aim in life is learning; but which are whimsically, amusingly inappropriate to the mass of half-educated hard-working persons to whom learning can never be more than a dream. Probably it is these books more than any other which produce the curious mixture of intellectual pretensions with the simplest ignorance which is to be found at the present day, especially among women — those women who feel themselves awakened, by the new impulse of the age, to new ambi-

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* Lectures and Essays. By J. R. Seeley, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1870.

tions. In this way Professor Huxley's favourite panacea of the Erd-Kunde — the science of the earth —is received with enthusiasm by people who have travelled over half the surface of the earth without ever finding out any difference, except that of costume, between one place and another—but who immediately hurry their daughters (sons being happily out of the way) to the Professor's lectures, hoping for a sort of collodion process of instantaneous culture; while Professor Seeley's conviction that the knowledge of history is the best guide to the enlightened understanding of politics is warmly taken up by many who know indeed the difference between Mr Gladstone and Mr Disraeli personally, but know no more. Perhaps it would be wrong to say that the top-dressing is of no use, or that the mind is not the better for it, however thinly laid on. Sound judgments and right views are always good, even in their slenderest application; but it is amusing to note the immediate effect of their popular diffusion. The perusal of one such work as Professor Huxley's or Professor Seeley's is justification sufficient for ever so much novel-reading, and supplies the novel-reader with superior subjects of conversation all the same.

The Professors, however, though they (or their publishers) choose to take advantage of the present appetite for philosophical sentiments at small cost, and thus present themselves on the debatable ground between grave and light literature, are not to be dealt with unceremoniously. The name of Professor Seeley is associated in the public mind with one of the most striking attempts which has been made in modern times to conciliate the old-fashioned assertions of Christianity with the new advancing tide of thought. It is not within our range to comment upon a book which is no longer new, which has been subjected to the elaborate criticisms of a Prime Minister, and which, at the same time, has never been publicly acknowledged by any author; but yet its prevailing purpose throws a certain light upon those Essays in the present volume which are likely to be most interesting to the public. We are not at all sure, in our own mind, that to translate the old and well-known statement, that "God so loved the world that He sent His Son," into the new one that Christ was penetrated and impelled to a great work by the Enthusiasm of Humanity, can bring the fact more closely home to the most modern of intelligences; but at the same time we have not the slightest doubt that the writer believed it did so, and meant it in that sense. For our own part, the Enthusiasm of Humanity, notwithstanding its capitals, is less impressive and less intelligible than the other statement. The use of it reminds us much of the advice said to be given by a celebrated clergyman of the Broad Church party to one of his disciples. "When you go to visit working men," said this authority, "go in a shooting-coat and wide-awake, with a short pipe in your mouth." This advice is thoroughly characteristic of much that has been done in the way of conciliating the working man in actual life, and the secular mind in literature. It is, in plain words, put on a disguise—delude the one or the other into the idea that you are *bon camarade*, anxious to be on friendly terms, without the least ulterior motive; and when you have made the requisite impression — then! It is strange that a class which more than any other preaches straightforwardness, and honesty of speech and meaning, should be unable to perceive the insincerity of this mode

of dealing—though perhaps it is significant of the fundamental simplicity of character which they retain under their cleverest devices, that it never occurs to them to imagine that the working man, for instance, who is in his way as astute as a Lord Chancellor, and finds out a masquerade with the quickness of a child, should discover and laugh in his sleeve at the transparent humbug. Something of the same idea pervades Professor Seeley's Essay upon the 'Church as a Teacher of Morality.' Here he takes up a great subject, and professes to treat one of the most important of modern difficulties. There can be no doubt of the profound seriousness of the question, nor of the writer's desire to consider it with the gravity it deserves. He proposes what is nothing less than a total revolution in the matter and manner of our public religious teaching. The disestablishment of the Church itself would be a trifle in comparison with the change he suggests; and yet, though he is thus wildly revolutionary in his proposed system of reformation, he is animated by no unkindly feeling towards the Church; and his dissatisfaction with its present position is one which most reflective persons share. He does not make any suggestion so undignified as the one we have quoted, and yet it is evident that a certain lingering tenderness for the shooting-coat and the short pipe are at the bottom of his thoughts.

Mr Seeley's starting-point is a very simple one. He sees a trained body of educated men spread over the kingdom, placed exactly in the most suitable positions for guiding and influencing the mind of the country, arranged according to ancient strategical principles, which have as yet been unsurpassed by anything the modern world has invented. It is as if poor France in her agony had in every arrondissement a skilful and brave veteran, who could stir up the sentiments of patriotism in the hearts of her people, and teach them to defend her. Our continual fight with ignorance, selfishness, wretchedness, and want, is as desperate, and we have need of every available instrument against these gigantic foes. Our organisation for the strife is in principle excellent—every parish has its general, its *cadre*, its recognised agency. And yet all these captains to the manner born—these men, trained and maintained to no other purpose—what is the effect of them upon the character of the country—what do they do for us? Do they keep our enemies Misery and Ignorance at bay? and if not, how can they be made to do so? Such are the questions he asks. In our own corner of the world most of us have feebly or warmly echoed the same inquiry. Are our clergymen worth the cost of them? Does it pay us to subtract so many good heads and warm hearts from the common service of the world? Does it pay them to commit themselves to lives limited within bounds which do not tie other men, and in the majority of cases to scanty means and an unimprovable position? All this it is noble and satisfactory to undertake when the result is worth the sacrifice. But is it so in their case? This is really the question which Mr Seeley discusses under the simpler pretence of considering the Church as a teacher of morality; and we do not know that there is any question more momentous in the entire round of social problems.

There are few people who have not looked on with a silent wonder, often respect, sometimes simple incomprehension, at the life of an earnest clergyman. He has his own bit of intellectual work to do every week—his sermon, or brace of ser-

mons—which, if he is a man of ordinary intelligence, without any consciousness of eloquence or popular talent to lend him a little heart, he does under the most discouraging circumstances, knowing that, though it may be his very best, it will be listened to merely as a duty, and with the coldest indifference by the people to whom it is preached. Perhaps the natural *amour propre* which throws to every human being a certain halo round his own individual exertions, may extract some of the sting from this thought; but yet a reasonable man who has listened to other people's sermons cannot refuse to be aware of the fact, which besides is urged upon him in half of what he reads and what he hears. He is probably at the same time quite aware that his talents, such as they are, are not literary; that his stock of ideas is limited enough; and that, were his profession other than what it is, he would never take pen in hand save to write a domestic letter. Yet with all this want of impulse and absence of encouragement, he has the weary drag of routine upon him, and must compose something every week—something which everybody is disposed to be contemptuous of beforehand, yet which all condemn him for allowing them to despise. When this work is over, what is it that he has to do? To go forth into the world like other men compelled to literary exertion—to fill his mind with new images—to refresh his soul with the higher ideas and stronger vitality of other men? Alas, no! He has to go into the parish; he has to move about among the most sordid needs of humanity—to hear a succession of old wives' tales—to mediate in petty quarrels—to sicken the very soul within him in an attempt to discriminate which is true and which is false of the plaints that rise all around as he approaches. The man who really devotes himself to this life is a wonder and a mystery to the sympathetic lookers-on. Perhaps he is young, in the bloom of his life, with youth's expectations still strong in him, and a longing after all that is noble, and lovely, and of good report; but all his aspirations must end in those courts in his district where swarms of human beings struggle for mere life, and where the scanty contents of his pocket, the aching anxieties of his heart, the strain of his faculties how to get coals for them, and bread for them, and hospital tickets, replace all the higher thoughts and schemes and dreams of national influence and world-amelioration which encouraged his beginning. This is no fancy picture, but one upon which the writer has looked with that mixture of aching wonder, disapproval, admiration, and pity, which must always move the spectator of a bitter but ineffectual sacrifice; for the sacrifice is, in every wide and important sense, always ineffectual. The utmost the man can accomplish is to keep the wolf so far from the door of his parish that his poor shall not absolutely starve. This task strains his utmost faculties. He has to leave his well-to-do people in great measure to themselves—he has to leave the higher education of his district to itself. To snatch the rudiments of instruction for the children of his poor, and to help their parents sufficiently through the vicissitudes of life—through sickness, want of work, temptations to idleness and vice—that they shall keep out of the workhouse and under an honest roof,—is all that he can find time to do. The race of gay rectors and croquet-playing curates express but the inevitable reaction against this strain of hopeless labour: for it is just its hopelessness which makes it terrible—

the pretty pictures with which we are all familiar of the difference made in a parish by an energetic and hard-working parish priest are for the most part fancy pictures; except, indeed, in the depths of the country, where the harms of civilisation are not so apparent, and the primitive balance is more easily re-established. In all towns the population shifts and fluctuates too constantly to afford any hope of absolute improvement. The clergyman feels that he must do what he can, in the very face of his own conviction that he can do very little. Thus it is the most disheartening, the most depressing, of professions. It is a fight out of which men seldom, very seldom, carry any laurels. It is a life-long struggle against, not the principalities and powers of spiritual wickedness alone, but the rudest demons of destruction, brutal misery, and want—a struggle scarcely less tedious and disheartening than is that of the victims themselves, who are always on the edge of ruin.

This is the life which a large proportion of the clergy of England,* if they do their duty conscientiously, are called upon to live. A few incumbents of chapels in fashionable districts, a few country clergymen in favoured regions, are exempt from it. So are, no doubt, the dignitaries of the Church, the peaceful prebends, and learned canons, and all the aristocracy of the Close, upon whom ought to fall the duty of maintaining the literary reputation of their cloth. But the working men of the Church, who preach the bulk of our weekly sermons, have had their lives taken out of their hands, as it were, by the second trade of charity. "They are the almoners of the people," Mr Seeley allows; and he is willing to grant that their preaching on this subject has not been without force or effect. "The charitable institutions with which it" (the Church) "has covered the country are visible to all. This one great and undeniable achievement of the Christian Church seems to me instructive, as showing what sort of enterprise the Church may engage in with real hope of success. . . . In such a case, so far from preaching to deaf ears, it wins an obedience which is excessive and unreasonable. Men give and give, in defiance of reason and political economy." In another place he acknowledges, with equal candour, "a moral sense really awakened" (by preaching), "but instructed only on one point—namely, the duty of relieving distress." This point, on which the Church does well, and too well, according to Mr Seeley, is the point round which, as on a pivot, the lives of the clergy are made to turn; but this curious connection of their one success with their absorbing occupation does not seem to strike our Professor as a natural and reasonable sequence. He takes the two points as totally separate things that have no connection with each other, and, missing his point as completely as if he were a man of very inferior ability, or even—save the mark!—a woman, goes on to tell us how our preachers fail.

Now we all know very well that our preachers do fail. There is no doubt on this subject; and there is, in our opinion, a very clear and substantial reason for it—the reason we have just referred to. In Mr Seeley's opinion, however, this has

* We say England pointedly, excluding Scotland, where the habits of clerical life are to some extent different, and where the pulpit has always held a more important place; notwithstanding which, we recollect a very eloquent sermon of Dr Chalmers which takes up this very subject.

nothing to do with the matter. They fail, he thinks, because "the special training of the clergy in England is very slight"—because they are required to be acquainted with Biblical criticism—to deal with Scripture characters flourishing in a totally different society from ours, instead of English history and the lives of modern men—and to employ Oriental figures of speech and circumstances of existence instead of nineteenth-century Saxon and the incidents of common life.

"As the poets (of the last century) described imaginary shepherds and shepherdesses living in scenery partly Sicilian, partly Italian, and partly English, a state of things answering to nothing in their reader's experience, so are we still introduced in sermons to an artificial and conventional world. We are sometimes warned against the sin of idolatry, which has been extinct in England since the time of the Saxon Heptarchy. We hear declarations against Babylon, which lost all independent power to do mischief about 2400 years ago. Of course these phrases are not used literally: in the same way the shepherds of the old pastoral often stood symbolically for lovers or poets; but such symbolism serves not to illustrate but to darken thought."

Now there is, no doubt, a certain truth in this, but at the same time a much greater mistake; for the shepherds and shepherdesses were essentially false and unreal, whereas that tendency in the minds of men which our preachers treat under the name of idolatry, is absolutely true: and the figurative meaning of it has so completely eclipsed the actual, that we do not believe one person in a million, and certainly not Mr Seeley himself, would ever for one moment think of the stocks and stones of the Heptarchy did the preacher in their parish church give forth as his text the old command, "Keep yourself from idols"; nay, more, we are perfectly convinced that a forcible and earnest address on this subject at the present day would make many a heart tremble and quake as much as that of Felix did when Paul preached to him of temperance and judgment to come. The subject is as much modern as ancient, and will flourish, in despite of philosophy, to the end of the world. Blame, however, is the easiest of all things, and scarcely ever fails to have some truth in it. It is more trying when the reformer sets forth his way of mending the matters, which he does as follows:—

"Teaching, in all subjects, proceeds as much by example as precept; in morals, the importance of example is even greater than in other subjects, and it is characteristic of Christianity that it makes a greater use of example than any other system. Christianity starts from the unbounded admiration of a Person, and it seems to me that all true moral progress is made through admiration; in other words, that before you can rise to a higher moral standard you must become aware, by actual experience, of the existence of that higher standard. Now, while all Christian schools have agreed in putting forward Christ as the supreme example, no Christian school has ever treated Him as the only one. The early and medieval Church surrounded the central figure with a host of inferior objects of admiration. Protestants have put aside this ancient calendar, but they have not repudiated the principle of it. They hold the admiration offered to have been excessive in degree or superstitious in kind, and the objects of it to have been, in many instances, ill chosen. But the principle of setting up objects of imitation other than Christ is admitted by them as much as by Catholics. The lives of Moses, David, Ezra, St Paul, furnish the material of a large proportion of Protestant sermons. Nor does any school theoretically maintain that such objects of imitation are to be found only in the Bible. No preacher is blamed for referring in the pulpit to modern examples of virtue; but it is supposed to be advisable, in the main, to keep within the limits of Scriptural history.

"This notion seems to me to have the same origin as the notion which almost brings Christianity into contempt—that all sermons should be of an extreme simplicity. It arose in the missionary preaching of the Methodists of the last

century. Addressing an almost barbaric population, they naturally simplified their teaching to the utmost limit; and for the same reason they confined themselves to the one book which they knew thoroughly themselves, and had any chance of making their disciples know. But a practice which in such circumstances was inevitable, is very ill adapted to preaching addressed to the educated classes, and therefore to preaching generally in the age to which we look forward of universal education. To an intelligent audience, the best examples of virtue are not, as a general rule, those of the Bible, but examples taken from modern time, and from a society like our own. The men of the Bible lived, in the first place, in circumstances unfamiliar to us; it follows that it must cost us an effort to realise their actions and characters. Nay, more than this follows. It follows that we may often make mistakes in estimating their characters, and conceive them not merely imperfectly but wrongly. Must not this frequently happen to a preacher of only ordinary intelligence and information? Do not persons acquainted with antiquity often smile at the innocent modernism with which the acts of Jacob or Deborah are discussed in the pulpit? Do not travellers tell us of the contempt with which, after becoming acquainted with Oriental manners, they recollected clerical interpretations of Old Testament history? Now there is no reason why the clergy should expose themselves to the risk of making such mistakes. Incomparably the larger portion of Scripture history is entirely unnecessary for the establishment of any theological doctrine. When it is discussed in the pulpit, nothing is drawn from it but example; and this might be drawn equally well, and without running any risk, from modern history.

"The most impressive and practically useful of biographies, *cæteris paribus*, are those of fellow-countrymen of the most recent date. Their characters are legible to us without effort; their conduct imitable without much modification; and everything about them is interesting to us. The places where they lived we have seen or may see. We may stand where they stood, or touch what they touched. Their *relics* are among us, ready for a worship which must not be pushed to extravagance. To disregard all these moral influences, to suffer the great and good to pass away from among us without any memorial that really keeps them in memory—unremembered by three-fourths of the population, and unknown in the next generation to all but a few students—and in the meanwhile to concentrate our admiration upon the Hebrew judges and kings of an epoch separated from us, as we may say, by three civilisations,—what does this involve? It involves an enormous gap or break in the gradations of our moral feelings, which should extend in regular series from what is near to what is remote. From our family affections and admirations we ought not to pass abruptly to the largest and most comprehensive admirations. Cosmopolitanism, said Coleridge, is not possible but by antecedence of patriotism. And patriotism is only another name for the worship of relics. We should begin by admiring all the virtue which is near us in time and space. We should contemplate all the greatness which appears in our neighbourhood, until, as in natural course it will, the very land which has been the stage of it acquires a sacredness. From this we should pass regularly backward through time, adding our great fellow-countrymen of a past age to those of the present; then we should pass to other countries and times, rising to those names which are highest of all, but remote, through those which are less high but near to us. We should form, as it were, a national calendar—consecrate our ancestors—keep their images near to us—and so reap the inestimable advantage of living always *coram Lepidis*.

"I suggest, then, that the clergy should draw largely upon English history and biography for illustrations of their moral teaching."

This is an opinion very frankly stated, and without any ambiguity. It involves, as will be seen, a very sweeping change of manners and modes of thought. Mr Seeley in another place informs us that newspapers take the Church's office of "moral guidance." "Most Englishmen probably get their morality from their paper, as exclusively as they get their religion, when they get it at all, from their favourite preacher"—a very astounding statement, it seems to us. We gaze at it confused, and rub our eyes, and ask whether it is possible that Mr Seeley can have forgotten to put the little syllable "im" before the big word "morality"—in which case

we should perfectly agree with him. However, this is not the question in hand. As the Professor considers journalism to have thus compassionately taken up the work in which the Church fails, so he would not unnaturally have the eyes of the Church reverently directed towards the manner in which that superior agency fulfils its high office. And it is evidently the particular example afforded by those rapid biographies with which the journalist hails the departure, or supposed departure, of any celebrity from the world, which has shaped the advice of the philosopher. This is his ideal of the preaching of the future. We may not be quite capable of it now; but when the days come in which everybody shall have learned something, and all men will read and think, the discourses to be delivered from our pulpits will be in the style of Miss Martineau's biographical sketches. We instance these, in order to do Mr Seeley's suggestion the fullest justice, as being the best works of the class with which we are acquainted. They are model representations of "the virtue which is near us in time and space." The age to which Mr Seeley looks forward will no doubt be an age very superior to this; the world will have gone farther on the path of progress; and we will not be so disingenuous as to suggest that the life of a defunct churchwarden, or even beadle, might be virtue still nearer the parochial mind than that of a statesman or a poet. Let us take the highest type to be followed in the reformed art of preaching. The age will be more elevated, as we have said, and instead of confused speculations about the troubles of human existence, or the possible explanation of our sorrows and struggles which may be coming to us, or the support God can give and has promised under our burdens, we shall have little sketches of Baron Bunsen and Lord Palmerston. For our own part, we frankly allow that we should prefer either Moses, or David, or Ezra (not, by the way, a usual hero of preaching), or Paul; but that is not to the purpose. Mr Seeley here has allowed himself to be led into one of the strangest mistakes which a man of high intellectual power, not destitute of imagination and sympathy, could fall into. He has mistaken the exterior for the interior, the apparent for the real. We can understand these men better, he says. We are likely to have our minds exercised with difficulties similar to theirs, and consequently we can learn more from their example. There is a specious appearance of truth about this at the first glance, for naturally the circumstances of the nineteenth century should be more like our own than those of the first; but is it really so? Baron Bunsen, for example—and we take him not as a typical modern hero, or one whom we feel the slightest temptation to worship, but merely because he is the first whose name occurs to us—has left us a great deal more material for judging of his character than Paul has done. Do we know it as well? We are aware of his prosperous progress from a low grade to a high one — of a very smooth, genial, well-rewarded existence, occupied with some great objects and a great many small ones, and distinguished by a large amount of human kindness, and a considerable margin of amiable humbug. But will any one say that the man is known to us as Paul is known, or as David or Moses? His temptations, if he had any, are veiled in that haze of the present which is more blinding than any mist of the past; if he ever fell and rose again, be sure we are not told of that; his blunders are carefully explained

to us, if, indeed, we are permitted to suspect that he ever made any; anything we know about him is outside—it is the man clothed in all his external garments, his ribbons, stars, authorships, importances. He never "speaks as a fool," never forgets himself in the vehemence of his recollections, never confides to us his thorn in the flesh. If he had been sharp and hot of temper as Paul was, poor in appearance, bigoted in his own way, should we ever have heard of it? and without hearing of that, how could we have understood the self-conflicts, the humiliations, the relentings, which must, without their *raison d'être*, have been concealed too? The value of Scriptural examples is that they are set before us with the severest impartiality and openness—qualities which are impossible in the case of a contemporary, and difficult to be obtained even in history. Had David even been Henry III.—far enough back, one would think, to secure full honesty of speech—should we have known as we do that tragic crime of his, and Nathan's parable, and the king's humiliation, and the great cry of his penitence, which from that day to this has rung through all the echoes of a wondering, sinning, repenting world? What contemporary would dare to reveal the existence of such a blot in the life of a man for whom he expected respect or admiration? Even Mr Carlyle, the boldest hero-worshipper that ever existed, does not dare to say of his Cromwell or his Frederick, "Here the man sinned!" No; rather the austere enthusiast himself will force his honesty into the celebration, as of the acts of a demigod above mortal judgment, of the massacre of Drogheda, and the rape of Silesia. He dares not throw off the veil and acknowledge the flaw. He does not venture to say, "In other scenes, in other acts, my hero is spotless—here he is guilty." This is an effort, as it seems, beyond the power of any one of those bards who sing the deeds of heroes. Only Scripture is calm as death, and deifies no man—save One.

The persistence with which our Professor takes the outside for the in, is evident again in his sneer at the "innocent modernism" of the ordinary pulpit explanations of Oriental life. He is quite justified in sneering. Nothing can be more strange than the foolish look of wisdom with which some bit of Eastern circumstance is often elaborately brought forth in the pulpit, as if it could possibly throw any light upon the moral meaning of a human story—except the fact that our Professor actually thinks it does, and sympathises with travellers whose contempt for "clerical interpretations of Old Testament history" has evidently led them to contempt for the history itself. The preacher is foolish who tries to envelop the real man or men whom he has to deal with in the prosaic wrappings of an Egyptian or a Bedouin. What do we care about Abraham's dress or Paul's tent-making? But Mr Seeley argues with the preacher, and thinks we ought to care, and that Paul's example would be lessened in its effect upon us if he were represented as using canvas of the nineteenth century! This is the very triumph of the accidental and temporary over the real and everlasting. Mr Seeley's advice, to prefer the "virtue which is near us," and his examples drawn from our contemporaries, are as if a painter should advise his pupil to make all his studies from a decorous, full-draped, amateur model, and to shun the rude nature of the life-school.

It does not, however, lessen the force of the fact that preaching is to a great extent a forgotten art, that

the advice of the present counsellor fails in meeting its real difficulties. Mr Seeley's purpose is a thoroughly good one, though he has been strangely unfortunate in his practical advices. He is strenuous that individual and specific vices should be assailed from the pulpit, without considering that it would be hard upon several hundred honest folk to hear themselves specially denounced for the sins of the one or two adulterators of their food, from whom they suffer more than any one else can. If he had said that it is the duty of preachers to explain and expound, in season and out of season, those vast but imperfectly-taught principles of human truthfulness, which make not only every false oath and lie, every false measure and weight, but every false pretence, hateful in the sight of God and man—would not that be more to the purpose? The following piece of counsel as to the preaching of politics shows how little he, who at other moments gives circumstance so much weight, is disposed to take it into consideration when it comes in the way of his own theories. The sublime position which he supposes the clergy to be able to hold in respect to this exciting subject is strangely inconsistent with his opinion of them in other respects. If they were archangels, serenely above all party views, perfectly able to discriminate what was fundamental from what was superficial, and independent of all those prejudices of merely human upbringing and association which often, without any conscious will of his own, mark a man with a certain stamp of Whig or Tory—in these very desirable and very superior circumstances we should certainly advise the clergy on this subject to take Mr Seeley's advice:—

"Politics, then, should be a part, and a principal part, of the studies of the clergy. To discover and popularise the lessons that may be drawn from our history, to idealise the nation, and familiarise it in its unity to the minds of its members, is a most vital part of the moral teaching of the community. The phrase, political religion, may have very different meanings; there are two senses in which it signifies a hateful thing, but there is a third sense in which it is an admirable and necessary thing. It is a hateful thing when it means religion made the tool of a political party or governing class, as when the Church consecrated the absolutism of the Stuarts, or, on a smaller scale, when the parson preaches submission to the squire. It is a hateful thing when it means the Church interfering with public affairs merely with a view of strengthening its own position, of preserving its own influence, or privileges, or endowments. But when a Church is independent of political parties, and sure of the respect of the people, when it can speak with impartiality and with authority, then political religion means only the purifying of politics by connecting them with duty, honour, and piety; it means only the discouragement of faction, the assertion of general principles, the keeping before the eyes of the people a political ideal. And as in the former senses political religion is only another name for corrupt religion, in the latter sense it is another name for worthy and noble politics."

Something more, however, must be done before the ordinary parish priest will be able to fill the place which is here chalked out for him. If he is to preach and preach well, his whole life and powers must not be swept away in the whirl of parochial management. If it is hard for a man to do his intellectual best when he has to keep the wolf from his own door (a common opinion, in which we agree but slightly), the matter can scarcely be mended when he has to help to keep the wolf from a hundred doors, and has his heart torn asunder and his faculties confused in the process. Political economy does not create the wretchedness which it classifies and explains, but neither does it lift a finger to mend; and all the weight of the burden left by its cruel laws

—along with all the terrible suggestions raised by its teaching that the humanity which breaks these laws does more harm than good—is more than enough to send any ordinary brain reeling. If the clergyman were relieved of this weight, or at least of the more serious part of it, there might then be some hope of his succeeding in other matters as well as in that one matter of charity which Mr Seeley acknowledges he has succeeded in — an acknowledgment which seems to us rather to convey the promise that our poor priest might be able to teach tolerably well if he had time, than that his mind was utterly vitiated by his education and the vile habit of referring to the Bible on all subjects which he has acquired.

We must add, however, our conviction that preaching of a high class is not to be looked for from the man of ordinary endowments who has chanced to be brought up a clergyman. He *must* preach dully, as his parallel man who is not a clergyman would of necessity write dully —the thing not being his vocation. Bishops once were great in this matter; but that was in a day when bishops were not chosen because they were distinguished schoolmasters, nor because they were gentlemen of bland manners and harmless intellect. If the Church of England were but wise enough to follow the example of wise Rome in her great ages, and establish a distinct class or order of preachers, giving her poor clergy liberty to close their mouths if they liked, then we might hope for good work in England, such as it was before the hard and needful rush of charity had overrun all other uses in the life of a parish priest.

It is curious to turn from this book, which contains, let us say, the instructions of modern Intellectualism to the modern preacher, to a volume called, not very appropriately, 'Christus Consolator,'* which is an exposition of the uses and meaning of preaching as they appear to a Dissenting minister of rising reputation and considerable intellectual power. Professor Seeley is instructive and professorial, but Dr Macleod is apologetic. The one takes it for granted that the pulpit has lost its ancient power, and, without an entire change of character, is not likely to regain it. The other is confident that the pulpit is as powerful as ever; speaks of "the utter and scandalous falsity" of the sneers which are generally levelled at it, and "the meanness, shallowness, and ingratitude" of those who make them; yet devotes a dozen papers to the elucidation of his own views as to what its work ought to be, the reasons of its occasional failure, and the remedies for them. In this gentleman's statement of his own theoretical position and purpose, we recognise in a moment the real preacher to whom Mr Seeley's book is addressed. There are, doubtless, men in the Established Church as free from the distracting cares of parochial work, but their number must be few in comparison. The Dissenting preacher occupies a different standing-ground. He is not an officer of the State, pledged to certain labours of which no one attempts to ease him, but which, on the contrary, grow heavier as the world goes on. He has none of the snares or cares of parochial work. The poor do not lie on his hands a vast and helpless burden, as they do on the hands of the parish priest. His congregation, even when it is not rich, is well to do. A few respect-

* Christus Consolator: the Pulpit in Relation to Social Life. By Alexander Macleod, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1870.

able widows and orphans, or a stray ne'er-do-weel, are all that he has upon his mind; and the very fact of this general comfort brings his social work within very small limits. We do not for a moment imagine that the claim of sickness and sorrow is made to him in vain, or that he does not minister to the minds diseased of his little community when his services are called for; but in an ordinary community not burdened with too lively an intellectual life, and not worn by want, such calls are not beyond a man's strength. When he has dined with the richer and taken tea with the poorer, he has done the most that his congregation requires of him socially, and his hands are free for that which is their chief requirement, and in which his highest ideal of his own duty is embodied. This is a very sufficient reason why he should give the profoundest study of which he is capable to this subject; and though we are not aware that he often attains the highest rank of preaching, we believe that his average production of clever sermons is higher than the average of the Churchman. The book before us, which would not naturally come under our notice but for its relations to the other which we have just discussed, is full of fluent and agreeable writing, and curiously agrees with some of Mr Seeley's views, while utterly differing from him in every suggestion he makes. "Has the pulpit lost its ancient hold on the people? Has the right hand of the preacher forgot its cunning?" Dr Macleod asks.

"Amid many suggestions, . . . and many views of earnest men recommending this or that, I venture here to declare, and with unabated confidence, for the old instrumentality of Gospel preaching. Men run to and fro, and up and down, in their anxiety to mend the world, just as in earlier times. In their impatience of the evils in the lot of particular classes, they utter the cry, 'Who shall bring heaven down into debasements like this? Who out of such awful depths shall bring light and healing into the lives their inhabitants are leading?' The reply to this despair now, as in the days of Paul, is nearer than men think. It is not in the height nor in the depth, but in a possession we already know, in 'the word of faith which we preach.' . . . For far and near, for rich and poor, for workmen and for employers, for man and for nations, there is but one power under heaven which can bring us to the better time. That is the power that resides in the Gospel of Christ."

Mr Seeley holds a different opinion. He thinks it is to be done in other ways. He considers that the preaching of political economy and sound social principles would reconcile the questions between masters and men, for instance, and throw light upon all that darkness which produces trades-unions. Dr Macleod also thinks that preaching has to do with this great question, but in a different way. This would be his manner of treating the question:—

"Look once more on that immense breadth of our social life which is filled by the employer and employed, and consider the character of the relations which subsist between the two at present. In the ideal or perfect state of these relations there should be no contention between master and workman, except the contention of rendering the noblest service to the country. Their interest is one, their labour is one. But at this moment they are hostile camps. The employers are combined to protect themselves against the workmen; the workmen to defend themselves from the employers. It is not to the point to raise the question, Who is to blame? It is not necessary in dealing with the problem of education to determine this question. Determining this question would leave still the main, the momentous part as it stood; and employers and employed would go on suspecting, fearing, and warring against each other. The underlying question is this: What is it in employer and employed which has led to this alienation. What sustains it? It is this, that the eyes of the dwellers in this entire world of labour are still shut to the fact of the Lordship of Christ in their domain. The one side does not

see its obligation to serve Him in their daily works—Him and not man. The other side does not think that Christ is Lord over capital as well as labour, and for the interest of labour as truly as of capital. . . . Both require to be instructed in the blessed and healing wisdom that Christ is Lord over all to bless men in their daily tasks; Lord over rich and poor, and rich in mercy to both: and that they, both masters and workmen alike, are responsible to Him for the rendering a just hire, a just reverence, and a just consideration of the difficulties on either side."

Such are the very different judgments given by the essayist and the preacher upon this great subject. We do not pretend that the voice on the one side is either so potent or so valuable as that on the other. But Mr Seeley's appeal is not to the man of genius, but to the average man whose office is religious teaching. We have endeavoured to show how little chance the clergyman, with his hands full of parochial labour, has to enter upon the career of secular instruction which his lay adviser indicates to him: the Dissenting preacher, however, has full opportunity to do so. But here is the very different conclusion to which he comes. Thus the public teacher in one kind runs full a-tilt upon the public teacher in the other. And which is right? We believe that the general voice, notwithstanding all pulpit failures, will still be for the Gospels in preference to the Biographical Sketches, and for the revelation of God instead of the counsel of man.

The life of Madame de Miramion * is one of those quaint and pretty sketches of Catholic Puritanism which we have lately become acquainted with by means of several similar publications. It comes to us under the warrant, as it were, delivered with the gentle authority of a feminine Pope, whose recommendation is naturally expected to go a long way—of Lady Herbert of Lea. It is written in what would be very bad English were it not made rather graceful and conciliatory by the pretty flavour of French which clings to the translation. The book altogether bears on every page the gentle dignity and grace of those long-past days, in which a lady now and then, with much diffidence, put forth a delicate volume intended for ladies, which both writer and reader felt to be a little exceptional, a flower of literature to be plucked daintily, to be sent from one hand to another with loving inscriptions and pretty names upon its title-page, and to be associated always with the recollection of some gentle reader. As we open it we feel the pleasant temptation to write "To Blanche," "To Margaret," upon the book, and send it away to the place it belongs to. Alas! they say girls are not to be so treated nowadays; we are not to be allowed to think of them as we think of the flowers, but, on the contrary, to deal with them rather more severely than with their brothers. But it was not always so; and this book, which is full of sweet impossible piety, and that romance of benevolence, which is also impossible, but which, like the other impossibility, comes true now and then, breathes the very essence of that perfume of womanhood which we humbly believe belongs to nature, and cannot be abolished. This is none the less real that it is a kind of saint's legend, framed on the principle that it would be profane to suppose Madame de Miramion ever did anything in her life which was less than perfect. From the time when, a girl in her teens, she "wore under her dress a thick iron chain which she had procured in secret; and if she went to the theatre she shut her eyes, but when her aunt laughed, she turned round and laughed also (pious little humbug!),

* Life of Madame de Miramion. Edited by Lady Herbert. London: R. Bentley.

as if she were paying attention to the play,"—until the moment when, having spent fifty years of a devoted life in the service of the poor, she died amid the tears of all Paris, there is nothing but sanctity in her story. There are no sins in it, and consequently no struggles to speak of. When we say this we do not mean to infer that its perfection carries it beyond the range of sympathy and interest; but only that, as is the case in almost all biography, those shadows in life, which are to every individual its most momentous fact, are inevitably softened and brought into concord with the story as soon as it gets into the hand of literature. In this way, if Professor Seeley were ever to succeed in his attempt to introduce biography into the pulpit, and the contemplation of "virtue near us in time and space" as our best example, nature would balk him as she always does, and deluge his unhappy audience with a characterless succession of eulogies. It is the inevitable tendency of this branch of literature.

But let us not suppose that the woman who died Superior of a convent of charitable sisters, and who gave her whole mature life to the service of the miserable, had nothing else in her existence. It is one of the favourite fallacies of the British nation, and we suppose more or less of all Protestant peoples, to believe that women devote their lives to charity, especially under a monastic form, only when life contains nothing else for them—when they have been "disappointed" or deserted, or at the very least have lost their husband or lover in the less humiliating way, by death. Nothing can be more in opposition to fact, and nothing can be more absolutely persistent than this opinion. Women who are ugly, and hopeless of the attentions of "the other sex;" women who are broken-hearted; women who have allowed the chances of life to go past them,—such are nuns and sisters of charity according to the English idea. Mr Trollope makes his fathers and mothers grow anxious as soon as their Emily or their Madeline takes to a very devoted visiting of the poor. It is a sign that things are growing very serious indeed, and that the girl's heart is broken — a broken heart apparently being supposed the natural fount of that energy and patience which are required for the hardest and most disheartening work in the world. We are aware that it is useless to protest against this obstinate prepossession; but the story of Madame de Miramion, with its prematurely-ended romance, is tolerably strong testimony on the other side of the question. She belonged to the *noblesse de la robe*, the Parliamentary party, in the early days of Louis XIV.—a pretty pious young creature, who made at sixteen the nearest approach to a love-match which was practicable to a well brought up and carefully guarded French maiden. Mademoiselle de Rubelle, deep though her piety was, must have had youthful eyes which sometimes strayed from her prayer-book; for she had early remarked in the parish church where she went with her aunt to their frequent devotions, a certain M. de Miramion, "who often accompanied his mother, a lady of exemplary piety and charity." She remarked (was it not sinful in the midst of her religious duties?) the tender deference with which this young man treated his mother, a sight always prepossessing to a woman; and when in the list of suitors for her hand she heard his name, "her blushes discovered to every one the person whom her heart had chosen." They were married, and for six months lived in the midst of their family after the patriarchal French fashion—happy and making happy—when

sudden darkness came upon the bright beginning; the young husband was seized with inflammation of the lungs and died after a short illness, leaving his poor young beautiful despairing widow, not yet a mother, to fight her way through the half-century of life which remained to her. The story of her grief, the crushing of her happy existence, is very pitiful and pathetic, though it is hard to believe that this early union, which ended on her sixteenth birthday—an age at which we are reluctant to allow that a girl is able to choose for herself—was enough to close her heart against all further thoughts of earthly love. Her biographer assumes it was, with a pretty womanish faith in unalterable attachments; and it is certain that the young widow never listened to love-tale more. She was not only young and beautiful, but very rich; and was assailed by crowds of suitors, among others by the gallant and haughty Count Bussy de Rabutin, the cousin of Madame de Sevigné, a man of the highest race and connections, who went so far as to carry her off on her return from a pilgrimage to Mont Valerien, then the object of expeditions very different from those which have now made its name so familiar to us. Her resistance to the abduction, and determination to accept no favour, not even food, but only her freedom, from the hands of her too enterprising lover, seem to have confounded that gallant; and his narrative of the whole affair, in which he lays the blame upon a priest who had encouraged him to the undertaking, comes in oddly enough, with a certain confused masculinity in the feminine record. The young widow, however, carried the day, got safely out of his hands, leaving the valiant party who had carried her off covered with shame and ridicule; but paid the penalty of a bad illness for her courage and self-possession. This adventure was followed some time after by a gentler but much more severe trial. M. de Caumartin, her husband's cousin and dearest friend, who had been brought up with him, and since his death had lived in unbroken family intercourse with her, sought her one day in the garden, where the young creature, just twenty, was walking with her little girl. The child held out her arms to the trembling lover, who had been watching for his opportunity for hours. The anxious family indoors — grandfather, mother, all the relations—waited with anxiety to hear the result. Madame de Miramion heard his declaration of love to an end; and then, speechless and weeping, hurried away with her child in her arms without making any reply. "There was in the same family with me a person who urged me greatly, and all the family desired it. I required a great deal of courage to resist him," says her own brief and simple story. These were the preliminaries to her self-dedication, which certainly was not made for want of appreciation from "the other sex."

We cannot enter at length into the graver conclusion of the tale. How she threw herself into the labours of St Vincent de Paul, founded hospitals, established orphanages and schools, and herself worked in them with unfailing energy; how she importuned all her religious friends, her confessor, and the saintly women, themselves already in the cloister, who were in her confidence, to permit her to become a nun of the severe order of the Carmelites; and how, balked in that by the better judgment of her advisers, she became a humble "Grey Sister," a lay-woman having no religious rank, yet utterly dedicated to the service of the Church

and the poor,—are all set forth with charming simplicity. She was so wise and unexaggerated in her ways, that when she had drawn together a few penitents—the first attempt to reclaim fallen women which ever seems to have been made—she gave them no uniform dress, but "had them neatly clothed according to their condition;" and this spirit of moderation and good sense she seems to have taken with her into all her undertakings. At a very early period she gave up her fine dresses and jewels—a resolution, no doubt, strengthened by her widowhood; but it was some time before she could be weaned from the love of fine furniture and elegant surroundings, which was a special feature of the age. She had a pretty bed-chamber hung with velvet, in which she was in the habit of receiving her guests, until one day a visitor whom she held in high consideration rebuked her luxury. "I should not have thought, Madame," he said, coldly, "that the room of a Christian widow would be so magnificent." After that day the hangings were changed to simple grey cloth, and the pretty things were sent away. But she was still a great lady notwithstanding all. When her daughter had attained the proper age, the sister of St Genevieve put off her charitable uniform, and appeared again "in the world" by the side of her Marie. The daughter was not so beautiful as the mother, but she was young and sweet, and at fourteen and a half she was married. This event left the mother still more time for future self-devotion, and her life thereafter is but a chronicle of institutions created, and the most patriotic of good works. She seems to have had a hand in the foundation of half the charitable institutions now existing. She was one of those who, under the direction of the Abbé Vincent de Paul, formed the nucleus of the great Foundling Hospital. She it was, as we have already said, who drew together the first little company of reclaimed penitents among women. She invited the girls whom she saw laughing and gossiping in the streets to come to her home and learn to work—thus establishing those homes for young needlewomen which are so beneficial to this much-exposed class. She established schools, orphanages, and every kind of good works. "I occupied myself in having missions preached, in establishing schools and charities for the sick poor in villages. I learned how to doctor and bleed, and distributed clothes among the poor. I had a closet where I had all sorts of things for them. . . . I always wished to be a nun, but it was not judged advisable by my superiors." Such is her own most brief narrative of her life. At sixty-six she died, universally lamented. The whole neighbourhood of her home had been thronged for days with anxious visitors. When it was known that she was dead, "the people insisted on seeing her, and forced the doors of the community." Her contemporaries, among them Madame de Sevigné, and even the Duc de Saint-Simon, call her the "Mother of the Poor." Such was the life which begins like a Quaker romance. Its union of Puritanism, quaintly and sweetly excessive in all the whims of an old-fashioned piety, and of the fullest energy of work and that kind of stateswomanship in the great business of charity which has distinguished so many women, are set forth in this volume in that slight but significant frame of gentle miracle, prayers answered, and deliverance given, which becomes the subject. To the writer and to the translator it has evidently been a

work of love; and it is not for us to judge such a production by ordinary rules. It is charming in spite of, or even perhaps in consequence of, its indifferent English, its foreign fashion, its devoutly-submissive spirit. It belongs to the same class which includes Madame Craven's 'Recit de Deux Sœurs,' and the Life of Madame de Montagu. They are as intensely French as a novel by About, as profoundly Puritan as Newton or Wesley. Stories of such women might be gathered out of the Paris of to-day to neutralise a hundred stories of very different women who are better known to the public, but are not more, perhaps are not half so much, types of national character as these.

A very different kind of life was that of the gay and genial English Churchman who is known to the world chiefly as the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.'* Mr Barham requires no interpreter to the public so far as his authorship is concerned, for few publications have had more complete success. Their extraordinary power of versification, their unfailing fun and vivacity, have secured an amount of public appreciation that might not have fallen to their share had their pretensions or qualities been greater. They do not reach the level of the 'Rejected Addresses,' or of those wonderful outbursts of wit and high spirit, the 'Ballads of Bon Gaultier.' But such as they are, in their fluency and power of utterance, in their wonderful fertility of rhyme, and unbroken jingle of rhythm, they are unsurpassed in the language. The faculty which is so prominent in them was evidently as natural to the author as breathing is to ordinary men. Not only in print, and for the eyes of the public, but on every accidental circumstance in his life he seems to have poured forth the same flood—sometimes ringing the changes upon one rhyme for hours together, sometimes bursting into the wildest originality of jingle. Here and there a break of more dignified verse occurs throughout the legends, but we doubt whether these serious lines would ever have gained any attention by themselves. It is the mingled daring and fluency and fun, always accompanied by the frankest consciousness that the whole is nonsense, which gives a charm to these productions. They go dancing and frisking through one's ears after the bewildered mind has lost all sense of the meaning, everything is so easy, so spontaneous, so smooth; even the most fictitious and strained rhyme falls naturally into its place. The subjects are nothing; the stories of next to no importance. It is the fluent utterance which is everything. It may be said that this is not very high praise; but there is always a certain attraction to the English mind in that sense of overflowing force and fertility. It conciliates at once and fills with admiration a mind not generally too ready to express itself. In its way it is wealth, profuse, and lavish, and freely flowing; and we all love wealth, in whatever way it shows itself. The fictitious Ingoldsby is never afraid of tackling anything. He enters upon any theme suggested to him with perfect humility and honesty. He does not care to invent, to frame the story for himself, or mould its moral. All that he wants to do is what he knows he can do—to rhyme. It is not a great gift, he is well aware; but he is also aware that he has the fullest command of it. Thus a faculty which cannot in any way be represented as great, has

* Life of R. H. Barham. Bentley: 1870.

caught the ear and apparently the heart of the public; and while books of much higher quality stand still in the market, the Ingoldsby Legends pursue each other through a host of editions. At this we can only wonder and admire, we cannot tell the reason why.

Mr Barham himself seems to have been one of those good and worthy, but somewhat secular clergymen, whose work was, no doubt, done in the most conscientious manner, but whose favourite tastes led them more to the world than to the Church. He was a neighbour fellow-canon and friend of Sydney Smith, and the two men were not unlike each other. Neither could be blamed with any dereliction of duty, or want of conscientiousness in their profession; but the place to which they seemed most appropriate was not the church, or the parish, but rather the club and the dinner-party. They were both wits, *pur et simple*—not men of genius; but possessed of that temperament which is often more influential than genius, and which combines natural high spirit and lively talent with a certain confidence in the world and itself, such as puts timidity to flight, and encourages every characteristic quality. In such characters success is the true seed of success, and the self-confidence which we can scarcely call self-assurance gets the better of every opposition. Mr Barham does his rhyming, it is clear, without ever stopping to ask himself what is the good of it or the meaning of it. His mind did not require any meaning or object. He has a certain modest yet exultant sense of the supreme cleverness of his work; and his confidence is so strong, so blithe and pleasant to behold, that he carries us with him. There is no resisting that cheery honest sense of his own power. He was a friend of Theodore Hook, which doubtless strengthened his tendency towards the mystifications and practical jokes which were so much enjoyed in those days, but which sometimes fall a little flat now. The book is full of such stories, and some of them are fresh and clever; indeed it is altogether a very amusing book. Perhaps it would be too much to say that the world wanted two volumes about Mr Barham; but yet, as books go, these chatty cheerful volumes, full of stories which can be retailed for the benefit of one's neighbour, have their own attraction. The biographer does not assert that he has much to tell—he has had perhaps a little trouble to fill up the necessary amount of copy—but on the whole he has done his work modestly and well.

Richard Barham was born to a modest fortune, and was so far fortunate in his life that all his undertakings prospered, and good things fell in his way almost without his asking. Thus when he wanted a living he met by chance a friend who had (by chance) passed the post-office on his way to post a letter, inviting another friend in the country "to stand for a minor canonry in St Paul's." The half-dozen steps which the first had taken beyond the post-office decided Barham's fate. The letter was never sent off, and he, the stranger, became minor canon of St Paul's instead. One wonders what were the feelings of the clergyman in the country when he heard of it, or if he thought it "providential." This position secured him the town life which must have been essential to such a man, and opened the door to many other pieces of preferment. He established himself in a house in St Paul's Churchyard, and there began a genial pleasant life, which was broken by many and severe domestic sorrows, but by no other disturbing influences. In the year 1826 he began his connection with this

Magazine—a connection which lasted for several years, and during which one novel, called 'My Cousin Nicholas,' and many poems, saw the light in these pages. The way in which his novel found its way to 'Maga' may amuse the reader, as showing at once how much more warmly the bud of literary talent was encouraged in those days, when such blossoms were not so plentiful as now, and the prompt and energetic proceedings of the originator and first editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

"The completion and publication of 'My Cousin Nicholas' was immediately owing to the kindly interference of Mrs Hughes. Having read 'Baldwin,' and having learnt that another tale was lying unfinished in Mr Barham's desk, she prevailed upon him to lend her the manuscript. So favourable was her opinion of its merits, that, without more ado, she submitted it to the inspection of Mr Blackwood; and the first intimation the author received of the circumstance was conveyed in the shape of a packet containing the proof-sheets of the opening chapters. As his zealous friend had pledged her word for the continuance of the work, all retreat was cut off; there was nothing for it but diligently to take the matter in hand, and endeavour to surmount those obstacles which had caused him to lay his pen aside. Whatever the difficulties may have been, they were speedily overcome. 'My Cousin's' adventures were carried on monthly with spirit; and the catastrophe was worked up in a manner that certainly brought no discredit on the earlier portions of the work."

We are tempted to quote, at the same time, a little poem of very high qualities which was also published in 'Blackwood,' and which we almost think superior to any 'Ingoldsby' that Mr Barham ever wrote. Its severe simplicity and fine incisiveness are beyond competition.

"NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

"I remember, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindliest mood.
'There,' he said, 'you little Fat-head—
There's a top because you're good.'

Grandmamma, a shrewd observer,
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervour,
'Oh, how kind of Uncle John!'

While mamma, my form caressing,
In her eye the tear-drop stood,
Read me this fine moral lesson,
'See what comes of being good!'

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings,
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb;
She exclaimed with fond affection,
'Gracious goodness! look at *him!*'

Pa cried, when he saw my garment—
'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
'Oh, you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess?'

Then he caught me by the collar—
Cruel only to be kind—
And, to my exceeding dolour,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
'Little rascal! *serve* him right!'

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember; thus they said—
'Little boys when they are naughty
Must be whipped and sent to bed!'"

At a later period Mr Barham became concerned in the beginning of 'Bentley's Miscellany,' and it was for that publication, since deceased, that the 'Ingoldsby Legends' were brought into being, along with the half-fictitious, half-real figure of Thomas Ingoldsby, through whom Richard Barham shines distinctly enough. Notwithstanding the charm of fluency which we have re-

marked on, there is no doubt that these ballads are heavy reading as a book, and we doubt whether the tendency much encouraged in them of turning romance into burlesque has had a very good effect upon the popular mind. They seem at the time, however, to have been received with unbounded applause, and their popularity evidently turned the author's mind entirely into this channel. Mr Barham was one of the founders of the Garrick Club, where he found a congenial retreat, being essentially social in his character. Thus his life ran on between duties of the most serious description and sorrows of the heaviest on one side, and the most jovial and genial social interludes on the other. The book is full of the witty nonsense of Hook and Matthews, and not less of Barham's own jokes and mystifications. Here is one of the most successful of the latter :—

"William Linley, brother to the first Mrs Sheridan, . . . was a man of great good-nature and simplicity of mind. . . . One day in this month he had begun to spout from the opening scene in 'Macbeth,' and would probably have gone through it if I had not cut him short at the third line—'When the hurly-burly's done'—with 'What on earth are you talking of? Why, my dear Linley, it is astonishing that a man so well read in Shakespeare as yourself should adopt that nonsensical reading. What is hurly-burly, pray? There is no such word in the language: you can't find an allusion to it in Johnson.' Linley, whose veneration for Dr Johnson was only inferior to that which he entertained for the great poet himself, said:—

"'Indeed! are you sure there is not? What can be the reason of the omission? The word, you see, is used by Shakespeare.'

"'No such thing,' was the reply; 'it appears so, indeed, in one or two early editions, but it is evidently mistranscribed. The second folio is the best and most authentic copy, and gives the true reading, though the old nonsense is still retained upon the stage.'

"'Indeed! and pray what do you call the true reading?'

"'Why, of course, the same that is followed by Johnson and Steevens in the edition up-stairs—"When the *early purl* is done,"—that is, when we have finished our early purl, *i.e.*, immediately after breakfast.'

"Linley was startled, and after looking steadily at me to see if he could discover any indication of an intention to hoax him, became quite puzzled by the gravity of my countenance, and only gave vent in a hesitating tone, half doubtful, half indignant, to the word 'Nonsense!'

"'Nonsense? It is as I assure you. We will send for the book, and see what Steevens says in his note on the passage.'

"The book was accordingly sent for, but I took good care to intercept it before it reached the hands of Linley, and taking it from the servant, pretended to read—

"'When the hurly-burly's done.' 'Some copies have it—"When the *early purl* is done:" and I am inclined to think this reading the true one, if the well-known distich be worthy of credit—

"Hops, reformation, turkeys, and beer,
Came to England all in one year."

"'This would seem to fix the introduction of beer, and consequently of early purl, into the country to about that period of Henry VIII.'s reign when he intermarried with Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare's great friend and patroness, and to whom this allusion may perhaps have been intended by the poet as a delicate compliment. Purl, it is well known, was a favourite beverage of the English court during the latter part of the sixteenth century. . . . Theobald's objection, that whatever may have been the propriety of its introduction at the court of Elizabeth, the mention made of it at that of Macbeth would be a gross anachronism, may be at once dismissed as futile. Does not Shakespeare in the very next scene talk of "Cannon overcharged with double cracks?" and is not allusion made by him to the use of the same beverage at the court of Denmark at a period coeval, or nearly so, with that under consideration—"Hamlet, this purl is thine——"'

"'But, dear me,' broke in Linley, 'that is pearl, not purl. I remember old Packer used to hold up a pearl and let it drop into the cup.'

"'Sheer misconception on the part of a very indifferent actor, my dear Linley, be assured.'

"Here Beazley, who was present, observed, '"Early purl" is all very well, but my own opinion has always leaned to

Warburton's conjecture that a political allusion is intended. He suggests "When the Earl of Burleigh's done"—that is, when we have done, *i.e.*, cheated or deceived, the Earl of Burleigh, a great statesman, you know, in Elizabeth's time, and one whom, to use a cant phrase among ourselves, you must get up very early in the morning to take in.'

"'But what had Macbeth or the witches to do with the Earl of Burleigh? Stuff—nonsense,' said Linley indignantly. And though Beazley made a good fight in defence of his version, yet his opponent would not listen to it for one instant. 'No, no,' he continued, 'the Earl of Burleigh is all rubbish; but there may be something in the other reading.'

"And as the book was closed directly the passage had been repeated, and was replaced immediately on the shelf, the unsuspicious critic went away thoroughly mystified, especially as Tom Hill, for whose acquaintance with early English literature he had a great respect, confirmed the emendation with—

"Early purl? Pooh, pooh! to be sure it is early purl; I've got it so in two of my old copies."

The letters, in which more than anything else this curiously composite life is told, are chiefly addressed to Mrs Hughes, a lady of great accomplishments and the kindest sympathies, who was very well known in literary circles, and whose grandson, Mr Thomas Hughes, the accomplished author of 'Tom Brown,' has carried out and brought to fruit the ripening intellectual life of his family. A curious beginning of that famous story is referred to in the second volume of Mr Barham's life in the account of an abortive project of his for a novel to be called the 'Modern Rake's Progress.' This was to have been written by a number of different contributors, each taking that portion of the hero's life which he might be considered to know best. Mr Barham was to furnish the opening chapters, in which the birth and earliest days of the young heir were to be described. Mr Hughes, the father of the author of 'Tom Brown,' was to describe his life at a public school. Of this book, which was never written, we are told a little further on—"Mr Hughes went more steadily to work, and the portion of MS. forwarded by him, and supplied, I believe, by one of his sons, then at Rugby, was of remarkable quality, and produced a most favourable impression upon those to whom it was submitted." This was in the year 1838. It is seldom that the efforts of a boy are so clearly traceable in the work of the man.

There is one other remarkable quality in this book which should make it particularly attractive at a season which, from time immemorial, has had a sacred corner for everything weird and supernatural. It is full of capital ghost-stories—some of them quite fresh and novel, which is very unusual. Nothing, for instance, could well be more striking, or (to all appearance) more fully authenticated, than the following:—

"During the American war two officers of rank were seated in their tent, and delayed taking their supper till a brother officer, then absent upon a foraging party, should return. Their patience was wellnigh exhausted, and they were about to commence their meal, concluding something had occurred to detain the party, when suddenly his well-known footstep was heard approaching. Contrary to their expectation, however, he paused at the entrance of the tent, and, without coming in, called on one of them by name, requesting him with much earnestness, as soon as he should return to England, to proceed to a house in a particular street in Westminster, in a room of which (describing it) he would find certain papers of great consequence to a young lad with whom the speaker was nearly connected. The speaker then apparently turned away, and his footsteps were distinctly heard retiring until their sound was lost in distance. Struck with the singularity of his behaviour, they both rose and proceeded in search of him. A neighbouring sentinel, on being questioned, denied that he had either seen or heard any one, although, as they believed, their friend must have passed close by his post. In a few min-

utes their bewilderment was changed into a more painful feeling by the approach of the visiting officer of the night, who informed them that the party which went out in the morning had been surprised, and that the dead body of poor Major Blomberg (their friend) had been brought into the camp about ten minutes before. The two friends retired in silence, and sought the corpse of the person who, as both were fully persuaded, had just addressed them. They found him pierced by three bullets, one of which had passed through his temples, and must have occasioned instant death. He was quite cold, and appeared to have been dead some hours. It may easily be conceived that a memorandum was instantly made of the request they had both so distinctly heard, and of the instructions attending it, and that, on the return of the regiment to Europe, no time was lost in searching for the papers. The house was found without difficulty, and in an upper room, agreeably with the information they had received in such an extraordinary manner, an old box was discovered, which had remained there many years, containing the title-deeds of some property now in the possession of Dr Blomberg, who was 'the lad' mentioned by name by the voice at the tent-door."

If we might venture to use commercial language in connection with wares so fragile, we should be disposed to say that, at this moment, novels are dull. The fact is not unusual in a literary sense; but the season seems to be so unusually unpropitious, that we find ourselves concentrating our attention upon a novel* which is not new, which has somehow managed to get through its first three-volume stage without attracting any particular notice, but which now, in a cheap edition, has mysteriously asserted itself and taken the world by storm. 'Lorna Doone' has several disadvantages that might well discourage the ordinary reader. It is very long, it is historical, and it is extremely minute in all its details. Something of the elaboration of a child's story of country-life—its love of details simply as details, its narrative of every walk taken, and every change of season—encumbers the tale; but all these details, or almost all, contribute to the making up of so wonderfully harmonious and real a whole, that its historical date is lost in the truth of its actual life, and we cease to be conscious that there is anything antiquarian in the manners depicted. The historical novel proper is seldom a very satisfactory production; but there is more than one way by which its disadvantages can be neutralised. One of these methods of making an old-world tale as real to us as if it had happened in our midst, Thackeray has made use of in the story of 'Esmond,' the skill of which is simply extraordinary. It is an unpleasant story, but the workmanship is so exquisite that we can but stand and gaze at it in wonder. It has the air of a book written not in this but the previous century. The present, no doubt, intrudes into it by moments; but as a whole it reads as the sketches of the 'Spectator' read—like a book really belonging to the period it describes. The charm of 'Lorna Doone' is not of this kind. The scene is laid in wild Exmoor, in that dreary period of history which embraces the end of Charles II.'s reign, and the beginning of his unfortunate brother's—as unattractive an age as can be imagined. But there is no antiquarianism about it. "Why, here are men with helmets!" we heard a reader say, looking with visible dismay at the frontispiece. But the fact is, the men in helmets occupy so little space in the story, and the life of the farmhouse in which the scene is laid is so entirely simple and true, that one forgets it is not of one's own age. Perhaps, for anything we can tell, people live at the present day in Exmoor as

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* Lorna Doone. By R. D. Blackmore. Sampson, Low, & Co.

"Girt" or "Gurt" in Devon dialect

people lived in the days of Great John, otherwise ~~Grit~~ Jan, Ridd. There seems no particular reason why it should not be so; for it is a real life that is set before us—not certain tricks of manner which pass away, but an absolute living, such as changes but little from century to century. Even the melodrama with which the book is full comes natural. We may here and there make a faint objection to it, as in the case of the villain of the piece, who is a very big and a very black villain indeed; but there is nothing which strikes us as monstrous in the existence of the robber clan in the midst of these wild and peaceful solitudes.

The story of the Doones is, as we are told in the preface, a real story. They are represented as a rebellious and lawless but noble family, driven out of the society of their kind by their reckless life, and living intrenched in a natural fortress—a glen locked fast among the hills, with but one narrow entrance, which is perfectly defensible. They are safe in this retirement as in a castle; and their houses occupy the banks of the brawling mountain-stream which runs through it, and are dotted about the green slopes. Here they live in idleness in the midst of the hard-working agricultural population, making raids upon passing travellers, and sometimes even upon the farmhouses, if there happens to be either money or a pretty face to tempt them. They are the natural enemies of everybody around them, hated but also feared. There is no authority in law which can reach them—or at least no magistrate has power or inclination to carry the penalties of justice to the Doonegate; and there they dwell accordingly, a gigantic race, stalking about the moors with their long carbines, or riding out in wild parties to carry murder and destruction around. The story of Lorna Doone is told by the young yeoman John Ridd, himself more gigantic in natural stature and strength than any Doone of them all, although the reivers were all picked men, subject to a certain standard of size. "There was not one among them," says John Ridd, "but was a mighty man, straight and tall and wide, and fit to lift four hundredweight. If son or grandson of old Doone, or one of the northern retainers, failed at the age of twenty, while standing on his naked feet, to touch with his head the lintel of Sir Ensor's door, and to fill the door-frame with his shoulders from side-post even to side-post, he was led away to the narrow pass which made their village so desperate, and thrust from the town with ignominy to get his own living honestly. Now the measure of that doorway is, or rather was, I ought to say, six feet and one inch lengthwise, and two feet all but two inches taken crosswise in the door—not that I think anything of a standard the like of that," adds great John Ridd, "for if they had set me in that doorway at the age of twenty; it is like enough I should have walked away with it on my shoulders, though I was not come to my full strength then."

This young giant lost his father at a very early age by the hand of the Doones; and would no doubt have grown up their determined enemy, but for an adventurous raid which he made while a boy by means of the wild chasm through which the river escaped from that terrible valley into their territory, where he found Lorna Doone, a child of only eight years old, but yet old enough to become at once the princess of his life. Lorna is supposed to be the granddaughter of old Sir Ensor, and is to be the queen of the wild community, which, however,

she hates. This little lady is a very precocious child, and she is rather modern in her ways when she grows up; but nothing can be more charming than the story of the love which takes hold of the young rustic, filling him with all manner of beautiful thoughts, ripening and strengthening with his strength. His home and his mother and sisters form the constant light in the picture of which the Doones are the shadow. The innocent, honest, and blameless family, with pretty Annie, who has a genius for cookery, and whose "equal had never been seen for making a man comfortable;" and Lizzie, who loved books, and was undergrown, and "knew that the gift of cooking was not vouchsafed by God to her; but sometimes she would do her best, by intellect, to win it, whereas it is no more to be won by intellect than divine poetry;" and their mother, who is very kind and sweet and loving, but fancifully jealous, as good mothers always are, at least in novels; and the warm and kindly home-light which surrounds them, which is as genial and real as if we could see it shining out of the quiet old farm-kitchen, not etherealised nor over-refined, but full of savoury smells, and homely activity, and substantial food,—is set forth before us in the most lifelike and charming reality. John Ridd is no intellectualist, though he was a scholar of Tiverton, one of the Blundellites of that famous centre of learning. He sets very little store by his younger sister's books; and his own devotion to Shakespeare, which is a little dwelt upon at the end of the book, is evidently an after-thought, by way of giving some higher gifts to the honest yeoman, and is not at all in harmony with the rest of the picture. But he is full of mother-wit, and that minute rustic observation of every change of atmosphere and natural appearance which is the poetry of the rural mind. Curiously enough, though the book is full of stirring scenes, there is none sufficiently striking in itself, as detached from the general thread of the story, to be quoted as an example of the real power in the book; unless it were, perhaps, the account of John's interview with Judge Jeffreys, which is perhaps the only favourable appearance ever made by that personage in print. However, as Judge Jeffreys has nothing to do with the story except in this accidental interview, we prefer to quote the introduction into the tale of Tom Faggus, a renowned highwayman, whose position among honest people is one of the most curious things in the book. Tom is the cousin of the high-minded and honourable Ridds, who are perfectly aware what his profession is, and yet are on the whole very proud of him. The first mention of him occurs in the time of John's school-days, when we are told,—"The day-boys had brought us word that some packmen, intending their way to town, had lain that morning at Sampford Peveril, and must be in ere nightfall, because Mr Faggus was after them. Now Mr Faggus was my first cousin, and an honour to the family, being a Northmolton man of great renown on the highway from Banner town even to London. Therefore, of course, I hoped that he would catch the packmen; and the boys were asking my opinion, as of an oracle, about it." The way in which this gallant makes his first appearance at Plover-Barrows farm is as follows:—The river is in full flood after rain, and the ducks of the farm have just given utterance to certain cries of distress, which have called forth John and Annie, aged respectively fifteen and thirteen, to see what is the matter. It is then found that a

real catastrophe has happened in the duck world. "The old white drake—the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barleymeal and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family,—this fine fellow and a pillar of the state was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly." He had got jammed in by the corner of a hurdle which was stretched across the stream at ordinary times, but was now dangerously rising and falling with the swollen tide.

"Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horseback suddenly came round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"'Ho, there!' he cried; 'get thee back, boy! The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble.'

"With that he leant forward, and spoke to his mare—she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful; and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job: yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood with her dainty fore legs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush by the pressure of his knees on her. Then she looked back, and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders, and she tossed up her lip, and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her fore feet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a way which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried down-stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

"They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen-garden, where the winter cabbage was: but, though Annie and I crept through the hedge, and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"'Sweetheart, I know thou couldest have leaped it,' he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her, 'but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it.'

"She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail-feathers, and then away into the courtyard; and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, to thank God for this great deliverance.

"Having taken all this trouble, and watched the end of this adventure, the gentleman turned round to us with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were highly amused with himself; and we came up, and looked at him. He was rather short, but very strongly built, and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly, although his legs were bowed with much riding, and he looked as if he lived on horseback. To a boy like me, he seemed very old, being over twenty, and well found in beard; but he was not more than four-and-twenty, fresh and ruddy-looking, with a short nose and keen blue eyes, and a merry waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything misliked him, and we knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than to buffet him.

"'Well, young ones, what be gaping at?' He gave pretty Annie a chuck under the chin, and took me all in without winking.

"'Your mare,' said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now. 'I never saw such a beauty. Sir, will you let me have a ride of her?'

"'Think thou could'st ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou could'st never ride her. Tut! I would be loth to kill thee.'

"'Ride her!' I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; 'there never was horse upon Exmoor foaled but I could tackle in half an hour—only I never ride upon saddle. Take them leathers off of her.'

"He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches-pocket, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed and approved her for doing so. And the worst of it all was he said nothing.

"'Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I'm a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her and I will not override her.'

"'For that I will go bail, my son. She is like to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbage. And the mellow straw bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows; and this is my young mare Winnie.'

"What a fool I must have been not to know at once! Tom Faggus the great highwayman, and his young blood-mare the strawberry."

Tom Faggus has no inconsiderable part in the tale; and we learn with much interest how he retired and lived a "godly life," and got his pardon, and married the pretty Annie; though to the end of his career his highwayman-days return to his memory as a kind of golden age. It is, however, John Ridd himself in whom the interest of the story centres; and it is, as we have said, not an interest which belongs to striking scenes, but to the minute production of the man and his ways upon the canvas before us. We are as much interested in the way he digs out his sheep from the snow as in his rescue of Lorna from the hands of her clan. His size, and his strength, and his good farmership; his love of the animals who are his friends; his delight in the prosperity of his fields—as if they were friends too; the dumb-loving motherhood with which all nature seems to his eyes to surround and cherish him,—are wonderfully real, and tenderly touched. He is a man of the moors and fields, with a fresh breeze blowing about him, and all the yeoman's cares in his mind. We do not venture to say that 'Lorna Doone' will ever take a strong hold upon the popular mind. Its historical character alone would hinder this, and so must its close texture—if we may use the words—the minute and elaborate composition which defies the art of skipping. Even its close printing is a mistake and drawback to the book; we should have had it in large print, with a cheerful breadth of margin to beguile the reader—though in that case we tremble to think how many volumes there would have been. It is, in short, too long, even by the most indulgent judgment, and had it been presented to us under the most favourable circumstances. But though it may never secure universal popularity, it is a book far above the standard of the ordinary novel—a book full of the truest nature and beautiful thoughts.

NARRATIVE OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—PART II.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

In our last number we sketched out the circumstances that led to the French half-breed rebellion in the north-western territory, resulting in the despatch of an armed force to that country, for the purpose of re-establishing her Majesty's sovereignty, and for protecting her loyal subjects from the cruelties and plunder to which they had been subjected by Riel and the other rebel leaders.

The force consisted of the 1st Battalion 60th Rifles, two battalions of Canadian Militia, a detachment of Royal Engineers, and a detachment of Royal Artillery, with four 7-pounder guns.

Navigation opens usually on Lake Superior about the 8th or 10th of May; and it was essential that the troops for the Red River Expedition should rendezvous at the earliest possible date in Thunder Bay, on the western shores of that lake.

As described in the previous article, all ships sailing from Collingwood for that place must pass through the canal at the Sault Ste Marie, which runs exclusively through United States territory. It had never been contemplated to send soldiers through that canal. They were to be landed on our side of the Ste Marie River, below the rapids, to march up the bank about three miles, and then embark again in the same steamers in which they had sailed from Collingwood, and which in the mean time were to have gone round through the canal. During the war between the North and South, we had never made any remonstrances when the Washington Government sent warlike material up the St Lawrence through our canals into the lakes; in fact they had once sent a gunboat by that route. It was hoped that similar facility would be allowed to us, and that as long as no armed men violated their territory, no difficulty would be raised against our sending stores of all descriptions through the Ste Marie Canal. As, however, faith is seldom put in the political honour or generosity of the United States, it was determined to send through the canal, as soon as it was open for traffic, laden only with a purely mercantile cargo, one of the steamers that runs every summer between Collingwood and Thunder Bay, and, when once on Lake Superior, to keep her there until it was officially ascertained whether the Americans intended to be obstructive or not. Having even one steamer on that lake would render us independent, as she could be kept constantly running across, taking men, horses, stores, &c. &c., from the Sault, to which place they could be brought by other vessels from Collingwood, whether the Americans wished it or not. This was carried out successfully. The steamer was allowed to pass through the canal, the United States officials there being rather taken by surprise, and having no instructions on the point; the next steamer which attempted to pass about five days afterwards was stopped, although she had no warlike material on board; and the American authorities stated that no more British ships, no matter what their cargo might be, should for the present be allowed to pass into Lake Superior.

This obstruction was as futile as it was unfriendly; for if the Minis-

ters at Washington had but reflected for a moment, they would have realised how utterly impossible it was for them to put a stop to the Expedition by any course they might adopt short of actual war. They could certainly prevent our vessels going through their canal, but they could not possibly prevent us from buying or hiring steamers belonging to their citizens on Lake Superior for use there.

No matter how anxious the nation as a whole might be to thwart British interests, and throw every impediment in the way of the little army ordered to the Red River, still the love of gain being much stronger than any such national sentiment in the heart of the true dollar-loving Yankee, we should always be certain of obtaining any required number of their vessels. As long as the rebellion lasted in our north-western territories, there was always a chance of their dropping, from exhaustion and inability to defend themselves against Indians, into the hands of the United States. It was said that Riel, or at least some of his gang, had been coquetting with the American authorities upon the subject of annexation. The press throughout the western States openly declared a desire to hinder the British troops from getting to Fort Garry.

For years back the Red River Territory had been coveted by our Republican neighbours, and it was supposed that it would fall to them in the natural course of events. This Expedition was therefore regarded by all classes of Americans as injurious to their future prospects — a feeling which, apart from the pleasure with which the American people generally contemplate any difficulties we may be exposed to, will account for their anxiety to throw every possible obstruction in the path of the expeditionary force.

As it was thought that the single steamer which, as already described, we had succeeded in placing upon Lake Superior might not be sufficient for our own requirements, an American propeller was hired at Sarnia, and sent up empty to Lake Superior through the canal, her master swearing to the United States authorities at the Sault that he had not been hired by the Canadian Government, and that he had nothing whatever to do with the Red River Expedition. This declaration was entirely spontaneous on his part, and not the result of any instructions received from us. When he had passed through the canal, and was seen to steer over and anchor near our shore, the wrath of the chief United States official was beyond all bounds, and deep was the vengeance which it was said should be taken upon him when he returned that way. A protest having by this time been sent to the President by the Governor-General of the Dominion, all restrictions upon British trading vessels having no warlike material on board were withdrawn.

This affair of the canal had the effect of retarding for some time the departure of the Expedition, but it was not the only cause of delay. As this was the first military expedition ever undertaken by the Government of Canada, excuses can easily be made for the ignorance displayed by its Ministers upon all points connected with army matters, or the requirements of troops in the field. They cannot, however, be so easily pardoned for having failed to recognise their ignorance, and for having neglected to avail themselves of the military talents of the able soldier who had been sent out from England especially for the occasion. General Lindsay was most anxious to relieve them of all responsibility regarding the organisation, equipment, and despatch of

the expeditionary force; but such an arrangement did not suit their political ends. A large outlay of money was to be made, and they wished to spend it as much as possible amongst their political supporters. When therefore the General, with the thoroughness and energy for which he is celebrated, went to Collingwood on the 5th of May, and made all the necessary arrangements for the despatch of the troops by steamer from thence, and telegraphed for permission to close the bargains, he was told by the Ottawa Government to do nothing in the matter, as all such arrangements would be made by their own agents. The result was, that instead of starting about the end of the first week in May, the first detachment of the expeditionary force did not leave Collingwood for Thunder Bay until the 21st of that month.

The steamers used on these great Canadian lakes are a sort of cross between the ocean-going and the ordinary American river-steamboats. They have their state-rooms and their bars, so that in calm weather one can enjoy all the luxuries that are so dear to our Transatlantic cousins; whilst their hulls are strongly built, and capable of enduring the heavy weather so often encountered on these inland seas. The scenery has been so frequently described, that we make no apology for landing the reader without more ado, together with the expeditionary force, on the western shore of Thunder Bay, about four miles north-west of where the Kaministiquia River flows into Lake Superior, the place being now known as Prince Arthur's Landing. There was but a small clearance in the woods when we landed, where a few wooden shanties had been erected, and all around the prospect was extremely desolate. One of those dreadful fires which occasionally sweep over whole districts in Canada, destroying houses, crops, cattle, and sometimes many human lives, had raged over the country between the landing and Shebandowan Lake, destroying small bridges, culverts, and cribwork on the road already partly made between those two points. No lives had been lost, and the two large bridges which had been erected during the winter, and most of the public property, had been saved by the exertions of the workmen. The forest, which came down to the water's edge all round the bay, presented a pitiful sight. Nature never wears a more sombre appearance than when the fiery element has swept over a forest, burning every leaf, every small branch, and every blade of grass, leaving nothing but the tall dismally blackened trunks and burnt-up rocks around them.

Such was the first impression upon landing: it had a depressing effect on our spirits, for go where we might, the scene was one of funereal mourning, whilst here and there the peaty soil still smoked heavily, showing that although no fire was visible on the surface, the elements of destruction still smouldered beneath it. During our subsequent stay at Prince Arthur's Landing, we had more than one opportunity of witnessing great fires in the woods; and the imposing grandeur of such scenes may be imagined, but words cannot describe them. To be surrounded by a forest, and to hear the roaring, crashing, crackling sounds of a raging fire borne by a high wind in your direction, is, we feel sure, the most appalling of all human sensations. The smallest and most despised insect seems grown superior as it flies away out of harm's reach with what sounds at the time like a chirp of mocking disdain and pity for your earth-bound impotence. Your only hope of safety is either a change of wind, or being able to

reach a swamp, a lake, or a large river, before your swift pursuer overtakes you.

Any one who has ever witnessed the landing of an army at a point which is to become the base of further operations, will easily understand how little time was left for either mournful or poetical reflections upon the manner in which such a fair spot had been converted into a dismal wilderness. Work, work, work, from daylight until dark, and often even until late at night, getting stores, horses, waggons, &c. &c., ashore, and conveying them from the beach to the several depots appointed for their reception. Road-making and opening out communications between the camps, which the nature of the ground rendered it impossible to have in one place, gave employment to a large number daily. It was intended to establish a large depot of supplies and ammunition there, which we could draw upon in case of need, or upon which we could fall back in the event of any untoward disaster; a hospital was to be equipped for the reception of the wounded if there should be any, and to which all who fell sick during the advance were to be sent back. As the Fenians had declared their intention of fitting out an armed vessel on Lake Superior for the purpose of attacking our storeships whilst *en route*, and of falling upon our depots when left unguarded by the advance of the Expedition, it was considered necessary to construct a redoubt for their protection. This entailed considerable extra labour upon the soldiers; but notwithstanding the frequent rains, the work went on merrily, so that when the force left Thunder Bay, the rear with its stores was perfectly secure from any attack that could possibly be brought against it by this Hibernian brotherhood. A company of militia was left behind, with two guns, as a garrison for the redoubt. Of all known parts of the world it may be truthfully stated that the Thunder Bay region is the most subject to violent thunderstorms, whether owing to metallurgic influences or to geographical position we do not know. Many officers who had been "all over the world" admitted they had never heard such appalling claps of thunder before. On some occasions trees were blown down, on others they were split into shreds. At times, especially at night, the noise was such that the ground seemed to shake, and it sounded so close that one expected to see the tent-pole riven in two. Now and then these storms were accompanied by rain of quite a tropical character, after which the numerous streams became so swollen that bridges were swept away, and long portions of the road, which had been constructed with infinite toil, were completely destroyed. Every such misfortune retarded progress.

The Hudson Bay officers best acquainted with the country, reported that we could not calculate upon being able to get through the higher region over which the route lay after the end of September. Every day was therefore of consequence; for although it was intended to leave the militia regiments at Fort Garry for the winter, instructions had been received from the home authorities desiring that the regular troops should be brought back from the Red River before the winter set in, if it was possible to do so. This was not the only incentive to haste; for every mail from the north-west brought urgent appeals from its inhabitants, praying for the earliest possible arrival of the force amongst them. Alarm, and a dread of some unknown evil, seemed to have possessed

their minds; men had begun to suspect one another, and no one knew to whom to look for either comfort or safety: all eyes and thoughts were bent upon the expeditionary force as the sole chance of deliverance from the bondage, both of mind and body, to which every loyal man was there subjected.

As stated in our previous article, the Ottawa authorities had announced that the road from Thunder Bay to Shebandowan Lake would be fit for traffic before the end of May; whereas by that date not more than thirty miles of it were finished, and many miles were still uncut through the primeval forest. A rumour got abroad amongst the regular troops that the Canadian authorities were not very anxious to hasten the operation, lest by so doing they might make it possible for the regulars to get back before the winter set in; and every one knew that the Dominion Ministry were most anxious that they should be kept at Fort Garry for at least a year.

The construction of this road was under the superintendence of the Public Works Department, the gentleman representing which in the Ministry was a French Canadian, and known to be heart and soul with the priestly party in Quebec, and therefore most favourably inclined to Riel. Men of a suspicious turn of mind began to say that the fact of there being no road ready for our advance was part and parcel of a political scheme whereby the departure of the Expedition might be stopped altogether. Fortunately those who had charge of its management were not men to be turned from their plans by any ordinary difficulties; and as the promised road was not likely to be ready in time, another route to Shebandowan Lake was sought out and utilised for the conveyance of the boats, &c. &c.

A large-sized river flows out of that lake, and being joined by two others of about equal magnitude, empties itself into Thunder Bay: it is known for the greater part of its course as the Kaministiquia River. The difference of level between Shebandowan Lake and Thunder Bay is more than 800 feet, and in descending from that great height the water passes over some very fine falls, one of which is about 120 feet high, being one of the most picturesque spots in British North America.

The officials of the Public Works Department who had been employed for several years exploring, surveying, and road-making in that district, had impressed upon the military authorities, when the plan of operations for the Expedition was being decided upon, that this river could not be made use of owing to the dangerous nature of its rapids and the magnitude of its falls. However, when it was found that the road could not possibly be ready in time, an exploring party of one company, under Captain Young, 60th Rifles, was sent up it in boats to ascertain the practicability of using it for the conveyance of boats and stores. The weather was most unpropitious; it poured continuously: the men were never dry, having constantly to work up to their waists in water; the labour was excessive, but the perseverance of the abovementioned officer, capable of overcoming any difficulties, was duly rewarded. This discovery was a happy event, as it rendered us independent of the road.

As numerous portages have to be got over before we land the reader in the province of Manitobah, it is perhaps better to describe here the mode of crossing one, the work on all being alike in character, and only varying in amount according to the distance to be traversed and the

nature of the intervening ground. The bulkiest articles taken with us were the boats, which were all about 30 feet long, and made in proportion. They were built with keels, and in form were very much like those used in our navy. Each boat carried eight or nine soldiers, and two or three Indians or civilians, who had been especially engaged as skilled in managing boats in rapid water. The stores were sixty days' provisions for all embarked, consisting of salt pork, beans, preserved potatoes, flour, biscuit, pepper, salt, tea, and sugar. The heaviest of these articles was the pork, which was packed in small barrels, weighing 200 lb. each, the others being in much lighter and much handier packages. Besides food, there was ammunition, intrenching-tools, camp equipment, cooking utensils, waterproof sheets, blankets, &c. &c.; and with the artillery, two 7-pounder bronze guns, and their ammunition, material, &c. &c.

The boats were distributed into brigades of six, to each of which a company was allotted. With each brigade were boat-builders' tools, and all sorts of stuff for repairs, besides spare oars, sails, &c. &c. Once started, it was known that we should have to rely upon ourselves and the stores we took with us; for such was the utter barrenness of the wilderness through which we were about to penetrate, that nothing but wood, stones, and water were to be had there.

Every probable, indeed almost every possible, contingency had to be thought of and provided for; and it may be confidently asserted that no expedition has ever started more thoroughly complete or better prepared for its work.

The brigades of boats were to move singly or in groups of two or three, according to circumstances; but three was the largest number that could work together on a portage, two being the best. When one of these detachments reached a portage—which it generally did before the one immediately in front of it had got all its stores, &c., over, and had again started—the boats were at once drawn in to the shore as close as possible and unloaded, the stores belonging to each boat being put in a separate pile. These were covered over with tarpaulins if the hour was too late for work, or if—as was always the case with the leading detachment, consisting of three brigades—the road over the portage had to be opened out, and rollers for the boats laid down upon it. At other times the men began to carry over the stores without delay, piling them in heaps, one for each boat, at the far end of the road. The ordinary method in vogue with Indians and the regular North American voyageurs for carrying loads, is by means of a long strap about three inches wide in the centre, where it is passed across the forehead, but tapering off to an inch in width at the ends, which are fastened round the barrel or parcel to be portaged.

Men accustomed to this work will thus carry weights of 400 lb., and some 500 lb., across the longest portage, the loads resting on the upper part of the back, and kept there by the strap going round the forehead. The great strain is thus upon the neck, which has to be kept very rigid, whilst the body is bent well forward.

As it could not be expected that soldiers untrained to such labour would be able to carry loads in that manner, short pieces of rope with a loop at each end were supplied to the boats, by means of which two short poles—cut in the woods at the portages as required—were easily converted into a very efficient hand-

barrow, of just the dimensions required for the conveyance of the small barrels in which our pork and flour were packed.

After, however, a little practice, a large proportion of the men soon learned to use the common portage-strap, their officers setting them the example by themselves carrying heavy loads with it. As soon as all the stores had been conveyed across the portage, the boats were hauled ashore, and dragged over, their keels resting on small trees felled across the path to act as rollers. The labour involved by hauling a heavy boat up a very steep incline, to a height of about a hundred feet, is no child's play. In each boat there was a strong painter and a towing-line, by means of which and the leather portage-straps a sort of man-harness was formed when required, so that forty or fifty men could haul together. Say the portage was a mile long (some were more), and that each man had to make ten trips across it before all the stores of his brigade were got over, he would have walked nineteen miles during the operation, being heavily laden for ten of them. At some portages considerable engineering ingenuity was required—small streams had to be bridged and marshy spots to be corduroyed over. By the time our men returned many of them were expert axemen, and all were more or less skilled in the craft of the voyageur and American woodsman.

The country between Prince Arthur's Landing and Shebandowan Lake is wild and rugged. The road between those two places runs W.N.W., and may, for purposes of description, be divided into three sections—the first extending to Strawberry Creek, about eighteen miles; the second to the Matawan River, about eight miles further on; and the third from thence to Shebandowan Lake, about twenty-two miles more.

The first section is very hilly, the soil near the bay being sandy, with a surface-covering at most places of from six to twenty-nine inches of peaty mould. In the valleys between the hills are deep swamps, over which roads can only be made with considerable labour. The timber has been entirely destroyed at some places by fires, so that every now and then the road emerges from the thick forest into clear open spaces sometimes of many hundreds of acres in extent, where the ground is covered with the burnt trunks of fallen trees, piled up at places one over the other like spillikins, an occasional pine of great height being left standing as it were to show the traveller the vastness of the destruction. These places are called *brulées* in the language of the country; and in a few years after the fire has passed over them, are so thickly covered by raspberry and rose bushes that it is difficult and tiring to cross them on foot. The timber consists of white and red spruce, pitch pine, balsam, cedar, tamarack, white birch, and poplar, the latter being at some places along the road in large quantities and of a great size. The rocks are trappean, a hard compact slate, with numerous veins of amethystine quartz and jasper, and jasper conglomerate, running through them in irregular directions. Many silver-mines have been discovered in the neighbourhood, and galena, plumbago, and copper in several forms are known to abound; so that no prophetic powers are necessary to foretell the great importance that this country will assume ere long from the development of its mineral resources. About midway in this section is the most rocky district traversed by the road, where it ascends through a rugged and hilly country to a height

of many hundred feet above Thunder Bay. This region is also heavily wooded, so road-making through it was no easy matter. At many places large-sized boulders had to be removed from the road; and at others, where great rough rocks cropped up in the way, they were broken up by lighting huge fires around them, and by throwing water over them when thoroughly heated. This caused them to split up into pieces, reminding one of the method said to have been adopted by Hannibal in crossing the Alps.

Some half-dozen emigrants had settled along this first section of the road, the *brulées* enabling them to establish themselves without the labour of felling timber; and their little shanties were, when we arrived, already surrounded by potato-gardens, whilst here and there the rich greenness of a patch of oats gave an air of civilisation to the scene. Numerous small rivulets are crossed in this section, over which bridges and culverts were constructed; also two streams, one about 30 and the other about 40 yards wide, requiring more substantial work in carrying the road over them.

As you approach Strawberry Creek, which separates the first from the second of the three sections, the general aspect of the country changes completely, and a red clay soil takes the place of the sand, rock, and peat passed over up to that point. The whole of the second section is composed of hills formed by this red clay, which, although admirably adapted for bricks and pottery, is extremely bad for road-making. When hard and dry, it was good for traffic; but after a shower of rain it became so slippery that horses had much difficulty in keeping their feet, and a regularly wet day caused the wheels to sink so deep, that the horses struggled through it with difficulty, losing shoes at every stride. A few days' rain renders it impassable for wheeled transport, so that during the operation of forwarding stores over it in waggons, all traffic was stopped several times for days together.

The valley of the Kaministiquia, where the road crosses it, is extremely pretty: the hills around are sufficiently rugged to be picturesque; whilst fires have for generations back so frequently swept over them that their surface is tolerably open, with rocks cropping up here and there, as if to give shadows to the picture; clumps of willow are scattered at places, whilst the river's edge is fringed with bushes and stunted trees. The river is about 107 yards in width, and unfordable. The Matawan falls into it about half a mile above the bridge; above that again is a succession of heavy and imposing-looking rapids, over which our boats were tracked with difficulty, and with trying labour to the men.

The second section ends where the road crosses the Matawan by a bridge about 70 yards in length, constructed, like the previous one, during the preceding winter. The distance between the two bridges is about five miles, the road running through some deep valleys and along the sides of rounded hills of red clay, the timber of which lay about in decaying logs, bearing witness to the many fires that have swept over the district at various remote periods.

As the road descends into the valley of the Matawan and enters the third section, the character of the soil and scenery again changes—the red clay is left behind, and one enters a rolling country of rich clayey loam, with sandy rises here and there, all thickly wooded over. Two unfordable streams, one of 24, the other of about 33 yards in width, had to be bridged over in this sec-

tion. As already stated, nearly the whole of the last eighteen miles of road, including these two bridges, had to be made after our arrival, which retarded our progress to an extent that had not been anticipated.

The road is much more level in this section than in the other two; but at many places the natural drainage is so bad, that even up to the date when the force had finally embarked at Shebandowan, the track cut through the forest was useless as a highway for constant and heavy traffic. Had it not been discovered in time, as already detailed, that the river could be made available, particularly along parts of this third section, for the transport of our boats and stores, we should have been delayed a month or six weeks still further than we were, and could not possibly have reached Fort Garry in time to have fitted up barrack accommodation for the troops before the winter set in, or to have brought them back before the frost had closed the rivers and small lakes to be passed on the higher portions of the route.

It was the knowledge of these facts, and the consciousness of the emergency, that justified those responsible for the success of the Expedition in calling upon the men to undergo the unceasing labour that was entailed upon them. "Sunday shone no Sabbath-day for them." From the time the troops began to advance, "Push on, push on," was the hourly cry of the officers; and every one, down to the youngest bugler, being taken into the leader's confidence regarding the necessity for haste, recognised the urgency of the case, and put his shoulder to the wheel with a will and a cheery energy that bid defiance to all obstacles. We treated our men not as machines, but as reasoning beings, having all feelings in common with ourselves; and they responded to our appeals as British soldiers ever will when under men in whom they have unbounded confidence.

Before a start could be made it was essential that at least two months' supplies for the whole force should be collected at Shebandowan Lake.

Our transport horses were very fat when they landed, and had to begin work at once, so that, although allowed to eat as much oats and hay as they could, they quickly fell off dreadfully in condition. The badness of the roads rendered the work very severe upon them, and a large proportion were soon unfit for draught, owing to sore shoulders. Two causes contributed chiefly to this: first, the badness of the collars; and secondly, the carelessness of the drivers.

The harness had been provided by the Canadian Government, and, like all the military stores supplied by it for this Expedition, was of an inferior description obtained by contract. The military force in Canada was to be reduced in the summer of 1870; and orders had been received by the general commanding, desiring him to dispose of, on the spot, or to send home to England—according as he might think best for the public interest—all the military stores, giving the Dominion Government the option of buying at a valuation all or any portion of them. We had in store plenty of harness and every description of article required for the equipment of the force, the regulation prices of which were considerably below what similar but vastly inferior articles could be obtained for in the open market.

It did not, however, suit the Ottawa Ministers, whose province it was to obtain the required stores, to get them from our magazines; they preferred purchasing the inferior and dearer articles through their own agents from their own

political friends and supporters. When money is to be spent in Canada, the opportunity is seldom lost for furthering party objects. As a stronger illustration of this, we may here mention that the boots supplied to the militia regiments were so utterly worthless after a few weeks' wear, that, upon arriving at Thunder Bay, it was found necessary to send back to Canada for new ones from our stores—so that the country had to pay for two pair per man instead of one.

The men for the land transport service were especially engaged for this duty by the militia department; and, with some exceptions, a more worthless set as drivers and horse-keepers it is scarcely possible to imagine. Men of all sorts of callings, except those accustomed to the care of horses, were enlisted, so that some of them did not even know how to put a set of harness together. As soon as these men got clear of a station on the road, and out of view of the transport officers, they played all sorts of pranks, and instead of going at a steady walk, chose their own pace, sometimes amusing themselves by racing. It was found necessary to make some examples amongst the worst-behaved before anything like discipline could be maintained amongst them.

As a protection for the horses against the heavy rains, ranges of rough stables were erected at several places along the 48 miles of road between Prince Arthur's Landing and the lake—the planks for those at the former place being brought from Collingwood in steamers, those used elsewhere being sawn from trees cut down where required. The Canadian axeman is very handy at constructing shelter for either cattle or stores: the bark of trees, particularly of the birch and tamarack, is largely used instead of planking. A roof is also quickly and efficiently made with troughs hewn from logs of American poplar, placed, as tiles are, in rows alternately convex and concave, each trough being cut of sufficient length to reach from the apex to the eave of the roof; and one large one, cut from a tree of greater diameter, being placed longitudinally at top, along the ridge, so as to cover up the ends of the troughs of both sides of the roof where they meet above.

During the month of June, and half the month of July, the work on the road went on unremittingly, "corduroying" being alone attempted; ditches were made at points only where they were essential to prevent flooding. As few of our readers have ever seen a corduroy road—may none of them ever have to drive over one!—a few lines describing its construction may not be out of place. The course to be followed through the forest having been marked out by "blazing" a line of trees, the required breadth of road is cleared of timber and all serious obstructions, and partially levelled. Logs of from six to nine inches in diameter are then cut ten feet long, and laid close together side by side, small branches and sand or earth being strewn over them to fill up the unavoidable interstices. Such was the rough method pursued by us; but in Canada more careful labour is bestowed upon roads of this description when they are intended for more permanent use.

Before leaving Prince Arthur's Landing, a deputation of Indians from the neighbourhood of Fort Francis arrived to inquire what we were doing, and what were to be our intended movements. The party consisted of three men, two boys, and a squaw. Few of us had ever before seen the pure heathen

North American Indian, and we cannot say that any of us were very favourably impressed by these specimens of that people. When near our camp, the speaker of the party, called "Blackstone," having lagged behind the others, was overtaken by an officer who was driving towards the bay, and who volunteered by signs to give him a lift; the offer was good-humouredly accepted. This Indian chief had never been in a wheeled conveyance before; and having, like all these wood savages, an instinctive horror of horses, the drive was gone through with more solemnity than pleasure. When he came in sight of the tents he requested permission to dismount where there was a little stream of water. Pulling from his pocket a small piece of soap, he wet it, and plastered down his long, straight, black hair with it, and tied round his head a mink-skin, from which at the back stood up a row of eagle's feathers, with here and there an ermine-tail hanging from them. Having thus completed his toilet, he came into camp.

An English missionary who had recently arrived from Canada, and who lived close to the beach, invited the whole party to his tent, where he gave them a good dinner —no easy matter, as an Indian will eat as much as four white men if allowed to have as much as he likes. The feast over, the zealous clergyman thought he might improve the occasion by administering to their spiritual wants; but they no sooner understood his object than they hastily bolted from his tent as if it had been infected, such is their horror of those who seek to convert them.

The deputation was formally presented to Colonel Wolseley, and a great deal of talking ensued. The Indians call such an interview a "pow-wow," and are very fond of making long speeches at them. Many of the chiefs have great oratorical powers, and use much gesticulation when declaiming. They expressed astonishment at finding us making a road through their country without having previously made any treaty for their lands, and were very anxious to enter upon the subject of the terms we intended proposing for the extinction of their territorial rights. These men had really no just claim to the land near the bay, nor, indeed, one might say to the land lying between the hills and Lake Superior, as they never hunted there; and beyond those hills, until you reached Rainy River, there was no land worth making a treaty about. They were told that there was no intention whatever of making any arrangements on the subject at present; but that hereafter, should the Canadian Government require any of their land, a suitable treaty would be made, when ample justice would be done them. They expressed themselves as devotedly loyal to the "Great Mother"—meaning the Queen—and anxious to assist their white brethren to the utmost of their power. They were made to understand that we merely wished for a right of way through their territory, and that we had no intention of occupying their lands. Promises were made to them that their head men should receive suitable presents; but that as we were pressed extremely for time, and would have great difficulty in carrying enough supplies with us to last during our tedious journey, they must not expect to receive them from the soldiers this year; that the officer who was then representing Canada at Fort Francis would arrange all particulars as to the quantities of things they were to be given, and when and where they were to receive them.

They said they would go back and inform their friends of what had been told them, and in the mean time we were welcome to help ourselves to as much wood and water along the line of route as we might require daily.

These representatives of the once flourishing tribe of Ojibewahs—or Chippewahs, as they are indifferently called—were fine straight-looking men, and moved about with a certain dignity of bearing. Never but once did any of them express astonishment at what they saw, when the oldest of the party, after long and silent contemplation of the busy scene at our crowded wharf, said, "What a number of white men there must be in the world!" They were told to help themselves to a suit of clothes each from a shop which an enterprising tradesman had established near camp; and, with the usual childishness and improvidence of their race, they seemed to select those articles which, of all others, were least suited for the life they had to lead—a frock-coat of the finest cloth being the garment most dear to them.

Early in July our headquarters were transferred to the bridge over the Matawan River, a most picturesque spot. Immediately below the bridge there was a fall, and below that again a series of rapids for many miles. The banks being wooded down to the water's edge, there was some difficulty in clearing sufficient space for the camp of two battalions, and the large mass of provisions which it was found necessary to collect there. Here we erected stables and rough storehouses, so that the place quickly assumed the appearance of a little village busy with life, where the noise of the blacksmith's hammer resounded from early dawn until dark. The departure of empty waggons, and the arrival of loaded ones, went on at all hours; and the noisy scene at the falls, where the boats arriving by river from Thunder Bay had to be portaged over about fifty yards, impressed upon the stranger visiting our camps the earnestness of the work before us.

The black flies and sand-flies were very troublesome at times, but a merciful Providence has only given them power to annoy man by day, so that, except occasionally, when the never-flagging mosquito buzzed round our heads at night, our sleep was undisturbed. Before leaving Canada we had heard such "travellers' yarns" about the positive torture we should have to undergo from flies, that considerable trouble was taken to design, as a protection against them, a veil made of net, shaped like a bag open at both ends: it was to be worn round the head, with which it was prevented from coming in contact by hoops made of fine crinoline wire. Much expense had also been incurred in providing each boat with a can of stuff known to all salmon-fishermen in North America as mosquito oil. It is made with creosote and pennyroyal; and when the face is well anointed with this disgusting unguent, no mosquito or other winged torment will touch you as long as it is fresh. The parties engaged in bringing up the boats by river, and some of those stationed at places along the road, were occasionally glad to use the veil towards evening; but after the final start of the force from Shebandowan, the only use they were put to was for straining water through on the Lake of the Woods, where, as will be hereafter described, the water was almost opaque from the vegetable matter it held in suspension. The oil came in useful for burning in the lamps when the supply taken for them had been expended.

Although the extreme measures of

veils and oil were not found necessary, yet whilst we were encamped in the woods, the mosquitoes were always sufficiently annoying to render it desirable to have as much smoke as possible round where you sat in the evening, to keep them at a distance. In front of each tent-door, as soon as the sun went down, you generally saw what the backwoodsman calls a "smudge" smouldering away, filling the tents with the volumes of steamy smoke which it emitted. A smudge is simply a small fire, on which is put damp moss, or wet rotten wood or bark, which in burning gives out clouds of vapour laden with carbolic acid gas. To impregnate the air more effectually, the smudge was frequently placed actually inside the tent, the door being left open, so that the flies incommoded by the atmosphere might escape. When the tent is completely filled with smoke, the door is fastened up for the night, so that no mosquito can enter.

The stores were brought by our land-transport waggons as far as the Matawan camp; the road as far as that being in fine weather very good, all things considered. The great nut to crack was to get them over the twenty-two miles between there and Lake Shebandowan, a small portion only of that distance having a practicable road over it. Every mile of navigable water on the river was therefore made use of, the stores being sent up for the first few miles in boats, then conveyed a few more miles in waggons, then in boats again for about eleven miles, then a short distance again by waggon, and finally by water again for the last three miles to Shebandowan Lake: there they were collected on a sandy beach, previous to being distributed amongst the brigades as they started finally for Fort Garry.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the mercantile reader that this "breaking bulk" so repeatedly, injured the stores considerably, and entailed much labour on the soldiers.

The only recreations enjoyed by our men were bathing and fishing. Of the former, whilst working in the boats, all had more than enough, for the men had constantly to work in the water; but whilst employed at road-making or moving stores on shore, a swim after the day's work was ended was most enjoyable. The water in Lake Superior is always very cold; but that in some of the rivers — the Matawan, for instance — was positively tepid, so that the men would roll about in it for a length of time without feeling any ill effects. The strangest phenomenon was in M'Neil's Bay, on Lake Shebandowan, when, in swimming, at one moment you passed through a narrow strip of very cold water, and the next instant you were in water as warm as the human body. The effect was most curious, and is supposed to come from springs rising from the bottom of the lake in that shallow portion of it. When encamped at Prince Arthur's Landing the men caught immense quantities of lake trout, many of them weighing ten or twelve pounds, those of five or six being considered small. They are without exception the most tasteless of the finny tribe. There is nothing repulsive about them, either in appearance or in flavour; but still, as food, we know of nothing which is less palatable without being positively nauseous. At the various other camps along the road, and subsequently during the advance upon Fort Garry, the men used to catch pike by trolling from the boats. Those with black backs were fair eating; but the other sorts were bony and soft, with a muddy flavour. Each brigade was fur-

nished with a fishing-net, as it was expected that large quantities of fish would be obtained along the line of route to vary the daily diet: but it was subsequently found impossible to use them; for, being so pressed for time, we never halted for a day until we reached Fort Alexander, close to Lake Winnipeg; and as every one worked hard until dark every evening, there was never time for net-setting.

Headquarters were moved on the 14th July, to a spot within about three and a half miles of Shebandowan Lake. The 16th of that month had for some time been named for the departure of the first detachment; but as the day grew near, so much still remained to be done, that few believed it possible to carry out the programme laid down. The spot on the lake selected as the starting-point was at its extreme eastern end, where there was a beach of bright yellow sand for some hundreds of yards devoid of rocks or stones. The forest reaching down to the water's edge, entailed a considerable amount of clearing before sufficient space for a small camp, and for the marquees to hold the perishable stores, could be obtained. A wharf was soon run out into deep water, alongside of which the boats were to be loaded. A cooper's shop was established, where all the barrels that had received injury during their many changes from carts to boats, and *vice versâ*, were re-hooped, those from which the brine had leaked being refilled. Carpenters were hard at work repairing the boats, many of which leaked considerably, all having suffered more or less from the sharp-pointed rocks of the Kaministiquia. According to the arrangements made with the Canadian authorities, the boats were to have been handed over to us complete with all their own stores; but unfortunately, from want of an organised system, and from the lack of an efficient staff to carry out the instructions received from Ottawa, the details of all such arrangements throughout the progress of the Expedition invariably fell to the ground. The result was, that according as every six or eight boats arrived daily, they had to be fitted with rowlocks, masts, sails, rudders, &c.: those made for each individual boat were not to be found; so that really the *onus* of fitting out the boats devolved upon the troops, each captain looking after the equipment for the boats of his own brigade. This occasioned some delay; for as the boats were of many different models and sizes, rudders, &c., required much alteration before they could be made to fit boats of a different class from those for which they had been constructed.

During the progress of this Expedition, we had many opportunities of observing from behind the scenes how Government affairs are managed in Canada, where every day the corrupt practices common in Washington are being more and more adopted. The gentleman who represented the Public Works Department with us was a most hard-working man, who never spared himself in any way. If he was always over-sanguine, it was at least an agreeable failing, and perhaps arose from calculations based upon the belief that other men would work as hard as he did himself. He had his hands always full, and had as much to do as any man, aided by the most efficient of staffs, could possibly do well. Alas for his sake, for the good of the service, and for the progress of the Expedition, those under him, with one or two exceptions, were the most helplessly useless men that it is possible to imagine! Instead of being permitted to choose his own assistants, he had all sorts of hangers-on about the Ministers forced upon him. Some were broken-down drunkards who

it was thought by their friends might be reclaimed, if they could only be sent on an errand into a country where no whisky was to be had. All more or less belonged to the class known in America as "loafers" —men who lived no one knew how, spending nearly all their time in bars "liquoring-up" and smoking. We were much amused one day upon entering into conversation with a young gentleman who called himself the "book-keeper" at one of the roadside stations. He, upon being asked the employment he had been hired for, said, most *naïvely*, that having a brother in Manitobah whom he desired to see, his uncle, the Minister for Public Works, had placed him upon the staff of that department, so that he might be taken there in one of our boats without expense to himself. When appointments are to be given away, it is not a question of obtaining good men, but of how party purposes may be served by a judicious allotment of them amongst political supporters and their relations.

Strong westerly winds prevailed on Lake Shebandowan whilst the final arrangements were being made for our start, so that upon some days such a sea came rolling in and breaking upon the shore that it was impossible to load boats, or to get them off had we even succeeded in equipping them. Most fortunately these "blows" seldom became powerful until about nine or ten A.M., and generally wore themselves out towards four or five P.M., so that we had almost always several hours in the morning and evening for pushing on our work.

On the night of the 15th July we had the most violent thunderstorm experienced during the entire operation. The heavens seemed at times as if to open and let fall great crushing weights of exploding substance upon the earth beneath, which they struck with blows that made all nature shake and tremble. Then followed what is commonly known as rain, but which in this instance was as sheets of water tumbling upon us in rapid succession, beginning suddenly and ending as abruptly. The morning of the 16th was, however, fine, with a bright sun shining, and a strong westerly wind blowing, which, although it served to dry up everything, raised such a sea on the lake that wave after wave rolled in towards shore, breaking with a heavy surf over the sandy beach in M'Neil's Bay. Whilst this lasted little could be done: the empty boats were either kept moored out in deep water in strings one behind the others, or were drawn up high and dry on the shore. Its force lessened as the sun approached the horizon; and as the lake became sufficiently calm, boat after boat was brought alongside the wharf and received its allotted cargo. Such a scene of bustle and excitement is seldom to be witnessed. Each boat had to be complete in itself with 60 days' provisions for all on board, with ammunition, camp equipment, and a hundred other things all essential for health and safety. Every one felt that their comfort and preservation would be endangered if any of the articles selected after so much careful thought by General Lindsay were forgotten; for we all knew that in a few hours we should have bid a long farewell to civilisation, and that ere many days had passed we should be beyond the reach of all assistance from the outside world. Officers and non-commissioned were running about in all directions, some searching for oars, others for missing sails, &c. Here a sergeant came to say that the spare rowlocks issued to his boat would not fit; another reported that although he had been given a lamp, he had not received any oil for it,—and

so on; staff officers running about in all directions, endeavouring to rectify mistakes and smooth down difficulties. To a civilian unacquainted with the working of an army, and the manner in which various duties are classified, divided and subdivided amongst ranks and individuals, each having their special work assigned to them, such a scene must have been like Pandemonium let loose.

The boats being duly loaded, the crews were put into them. In more than one instance it was found that the men when placed on the thwarts had no room to stretch their legs so as to enable them to row, and a restowage of cargo had therefore to be effected. All were laden to the utmost extent compatible with safety. Up to a late hour the proper number of voyageurs had not arrived. The original intention was to have three in each boat who were to steer it, and manage it when in rapid water—an art of itself requiring great nerve as well as lengthened experience.

At the last moment the number per boat had to be reduced to two, more not being forthcoming.

The sun had disappeared for some time ere, all being in readiness, the order was given for this first detachment to "shove off." It consisted of two companies of the 60th Rifles, a detachment of Royal Engineers and of Royal Artillery, with two 7-pounder guns, all under command of Colonel Feildon of the 60th.

The wind had died away completely, leaving the surface of the lake calm as a mirror, wherein was reflected only the mist of the approaching evening. There was no hum of birds or insects from the woods which fringed its shores, no swallows rippled its smoothness in their hunt after an evening meal. Except at this little spot, where we were all bustle and excitement, the scene had the stillness of death about it, which in the distance seemed all the more deathlike from the contrast between it and the noise immediately around us. This absence of animal or even insect life in the North American woods is one of their most striking characteristics.

It was a pretty sight to see this little flotilla of boats row off over the lake whilst it still glowed with the golden tinges of the sun's last rays. It called to mind many an account read in early youth of very similar scenes, when freebooting Norsemen weighed anchor and shook out their sails in some secluded inlet bent upon adventure. Except that we had rifled guns and cannon, our equipment and our arrangements for overcoming the obstacles of nature were of a most primitive description. It seemed curious that a military expedition should be fitted out in such an advanced era of civilisation, in an age so justly celebrated for its inventions and its progress in those arts and sciences which now enter so largely into the organisation of armies, and yet that it should not be possible to enlist into its services the aid either of steam or of the electric telegraph. The sail and the oar were to be our means of propulsion, as they had been those of the Greeks and Romans in classic times; and when arrived at the end of our 600 miles' journey, we should have as much difficulty and as far to send in order to communicate with even the nearest telegraph office, as Cæsar had when he sent a messenger to Rome, announcing his successful descent upon our shores more than 1900 years ago.

All sorts of melancholy prophecies had been published in the papers as to the dangers we should have to encounter. We were to be devoured by mosquitoes and other flies. It was said the Indians themselves could not live in the woods during

July; others who knew the country declared that the heat was then so stifling that the most acclimatised hunters had to forsake them, and seek for air and breath along the shores of Lake Superior. Many asserted that the Indians would never permit us to pass through their country without enforcing the payment of a large subsidy; whilst many laughed at the notion of ever attempting to make the journey to Fort Garry in anything except bark canoes manned by Indians. When told of the description of boats we were taking with us, some pitied us as poor deluded people, totally ignorant of what was before us; whilst all these wiseacres seemed to consider us as men whom the gods having doomed to destruction had first becrazed.

Sensible men who had but recently returned *viâ* the United States from Manitobah said that our force ought at least to be three times stronger than it was: that Riel was on the look-out for our advance, and intended to defend step by step and mile by mile the difficult country we should have to pass through, where a few good huntsmen, accustomed to the woods, could annihilate an army; in fact, that General Braddock's fate was in store for us, &c. &c. Never did any expedition have more lugubrious prophecies made concerning it.

From time to time the soldiers were, however, encouraged by intelligence received from Red River announcing Riel's determination to show fight. The work on the Kaministiquia River had been so very severe, and that of road-making —always distasteful to soldiers—so very wearisome, that all looked forward to the embarkation at Shebandowan Lake as a relief from toil, or at least regarded it as a new phase in the undertaking whose novelty alone would compensate for any drawbacks attendant upon it. From the 1st June to the 16th July (when this first detachment started) it had rained upon twenty-three days. Fine weather always cheers men up when in the field; and as the embarkation took place on a lovely day, this fact, added to the novelty of the operation, raised our animal spirits. Even the few of a desponding temperament, who for some time before had never ceased repeating that a start was out of the question "for a long time"—even these men were seen to smile with gratification as the boats pushed off from shore, the men cheering for "Fort Garry."

No men ever began an undertaking, notwithstanding the evil forebodings of croakers, with lighter hearts; every man seemed as if he was embarking at Richmond for a pleasure-trip on the river; and all, the private just as much as the officer, appeared to take a real earnest interest in their work. They were pictures of good health and soldier-like condition. Whilst stationed at Prince Arthur's Landing, and the other larger camps, the men had fresh meat, bread, and potatoes every day. No spirits were allowed throughout the journey to Fort Garry, but all ranks had daily a large ration of tea. This was one of the very few military expeditions ever undertaken by English troops where intoxicating liquor formed no part of the daily ration. It was an experiment based upon the practice common in Canada, where the lumbermen, who spend the whole winter in the backwoods, employed upon the hardest labour, and exposed to a freezing temperature, are allowed no spirits, but have an unlimited quantity of tea. Our old-fashioned generals accept, without any attempt to question its truth, the traditional theory of rum being essential to keep British soldiers in health and humour. Let

us hope that the experience we have acquired during the Red River Expedition may have buried for ever this old-fogyish superstition. Never have the soldiers of any nation been called upon to perform more unceasingly hard work; and it may be confidently asserted, without dread of contradiction, that no men have ever been more cheerful or better behaved in every respect. No spirit-ration means no crime; and even the doctors, who anticipated serious illness from the absence of liquor, will allow that no troops have ever been healthier than we were from the beginning to the end of the operation. With the exception of slight cases of diarrhœa, arising from change of diet, it may be said that sickness was unknown amongst us.

The same busy scene was repeated daily up to the 2d August, when the last detachment started. The weather had improved greatly, and remained good until nearly the end of August, when it again turned to rain. The expeditionary force, from front to rear, covered the route for 150 miles; but as arrangements had been made for communicating and sending messages either backwards or forwards, and as the officer commanding the whole force travelled about in a bark canoe, well manned by Indians, going from one detachment to another as he considered necessary, all were well in hand, and under his control for concentration at any time, should circumstances have required it. The officer commanding each brigade had been furnished with a map of the route, which, although far from accurate, gave a sufficiently detailed delineation of the country to enable them to steer their course by compass across the large lakes. We had been promised an ample supply of guides, but only very few were forthcoming when required.

The officer representing the Canadian Government with us, whose duty it was to have furnished them, found at the last moment that the Indians he had depended upon to act in this capacity held back, and refused the "job" upon all sorts of excuses. As described in the previous article, the priesthood of Canada being much opposed to this Expedition, had preached it down everywhere; and there can be little doubt that priestly influence was brought to bear upon the Christian Indians settled near Fort William, to prevent them from acting as our guides. These Indians are partially civilised, many of them speak French, and a considerable proportion can write their own language in a character which has been invented especially for them. They live in houses clustered together on both banks of the Kaministiquia, a few miles above where it falls into Lake Superior. The village, for such it may be called, is known as the "Mission," from the Jesuit establishment there. They cultivate small patches of ground; but their chief means of obtaining a livelihood is by hunting and fishing, and by working for the Hudson Bay Company as voyageurs on the inland rivers, transporting goods from one post to the others. This Expedition to Red River would have been a godsend to them if they had not been tampered with, as it would have afforded them lucrative employment. They know every river, lake, and portage in the country as far as Fort Francis; and in previous years, when exploring and surveying parties had been at work in their country, they had done good service in a most willing and cheerful manner.

They are a simple-minded but very superstitious race, easily ruled by the Jesuit Father who has spent his life amongst them doing good.

Rumour was busy at this village frightening them with stories of Riel's determination to fight, and of the great numbers of armed men at his back. These Christian Chippewahs have an extraordinary dread of war—so much so, that when we had reached Fort Francis, the few who did accompany us so far became terror-stricken by the warlike reports that Riel's emissaries had spread amongst the Indians in that district, and positively refused to go any further. When a little coercion was tried by telling them that we could not afford to give them any provisions to take them back to their homes unless they kept with us, they bewailed their fate, many of them with tears, saying they would risk anything sooner than go on where there was to be fighting — their determination was not to be shaken by any arguments or promises. The warlike characteristics for which the North American Indian was so celebrated, if they are faithfully described in "Hiawatha" and Cooper's novels, have disappeared even from the once celebrated tribe of Irroquois. Of this latter race we had a considerable number as voyageurs, a large proportion of whom were most anxious to turn back from Fort Francis when they heard the startling accounts of the number of Riel's followers, and of his determination to fight. Their minds were only to be quieted by assuring them of the falseness of these rumours.

Shebandowan Lake, about 20 miles long and a few wide, running in a W. by N. direction, has no striking features to distinguish it from thousands of other lakes in Canada. It has about the same proportion of islands, and the same cliffless shore common to nearly all of them. As it is almost at the summit level forming the watershed between the basins of the St Lawrence and the rivers which flow into Hudson Bay, no mountains abut upon it, although there are some hills in the distance. The north side had been burnt over for miles inland, where blackened trunks stood up against the sky-line as one viewed the shore from the boats. For miles raspberry-bushes had taken the place of the destroyed forest, the fruit of which supplied a good supper to the several detachments that had to spend the evening there. The southern side is thickly wooded with very poor timber, poplar being the prevailing tree; indeed there is so much rock and so little soil everywhere in this vicinity, that it is only wonderful how anything can grow. A portage of about three-quarters of a mile took us into another lake about 8 miles long, our course over which was due north; Lac des Mille Lacs was reached from it by a portage of over a mile in length. The latter is a curiously-shaped and straggling expanse of water, in which there are islands without number, many being of sufficient size to have great bays stretching for miles into them. One island so closely resembles another that it is wonderful how any of us found our way over the 20 miles to be travelled before we reached the next portage. Even the brigade, furnished with the most experienced guides, strayed sometimes for hours out of their course. Steering solely by the compass took one repeatedly into these large bays; and nothing is more disheartening than finding one's self in a *cul de sac* after a pull for many miles up one of these bays, and having to row back again to search for another passage. Immediately as we passed out of this lake we had the stream with us all the rest of our voyage.

Having steered for about the first 5 miles over this lake a N.W. course, the general direction for more than 100 miles is S.W.: a

slight detour is then made to the south, and the rest of the journey as far as Fort Francis is in a N.W. direction.

We shall not weary the reader with descriptions of the many lakes and rivers and dreary portages passed over during the journey, but in order to give a general idea of the country, we shall divide it into three sections: the first, between Shebandowan and Fort Francis; the second, from thence to Fort Alexander; and the third, from that place to Fort Garry, the objective point of the Expedition.

The first section is a dreary region; unfit, from its sterile barrenness, for man's habitation. Rock, water, and stunted trees everywhere. When it was necessary to pitch tents, we seldom found enough soil for the pegs to support them, and were forced to use large stone instead. The surface is covered with moss, which in some places was so thick that, with a blanket rolled round one, our bivouac had all the softness of a luxurious spring bed. The blueberry-bushes were in full fruit as we went along, affording us many a good meal, and enabling us to vary the usual *menu* of salt pork and biscuit. We met numerous families of Indians, who thronged round our boats begging for provisions. They were an intolerable nuisance, and so very dirty that their presence gives one a sort of creeping sensation. It was curious to see them arrive at a portage, a family travelling generally in two or three canoes. The lord and master would step ashore, pull his canoe up, and shouldering his gun would stalk off to the other side, leaving his wife or wives, as the case might be, and perhaps his mother, to carry over the canoes and all their worldly goods.

We were once pointed out an old woman who some years ago had supported life, when in a starving condition, by eating human flesh—by no means an extraordinary or unusual occurrence amongst those people when in such straits. She was certainly a most loathsome creature to look at; her face was so deeply wrinkled, and the wrinkles so full of dirt, that she seemed as if tattooed.

We generally spared these poor creatures a little from our ration; whatever we gave them was put into a pot, in which was boiled together pork, flour, blueberries, fish, biscuit, &c. &c. No two things could be too incongruous to be boiled at the same time. They never roast, grill, or stew, boiling being their sole idea of the culinary art. They were very fond of the water in which the pork was boiled, drinking it freely, as if it was some delicious beverage. They generally carried in their canoes a fish-skin bottle filled with sturgeon-oil, of which they took copious draughts at times. The women wear their hair in one long plait hanging down behind, the men in two, very often joined at the ends. So very beardless are the men, that when one meets a canoe with Indians sitting in it, there might often be difficulty in distinguishing the sexes, if it were not for this variety in the number of plaits with which they are *coifés*. The women always wear leggings from the knee to the ankle, with a petticoat reaching to the calf of the leg; an open cloth jacket, with a sort of boddice supported by braces over the shoulders, completes their costume. The men were generally clothed in woollen garments, mostly of quaint old-fashioned patterns purchased at the Hudson Bay posts. Having become accustomed to the coats made in the style common here a hundred years ago, the Indians will not purchase those of any other pattern; so that the Company, who have their tailoring done in London, have to get the clothes they require for exportation made accordingly. Unlike their squaws,

they almost always wear some sort of shirt; and although they are frequently without trousers, they never, from earliest boyhood, go without a breech-cloth. They seldom or never build a hut of even the roughest description, living, as their ancestors have done for centuries, in wigwams made with birch-bark stretched over poles driven into the ground in a circle, and all meeting at the top. An aperture is left to serve as a chimney, for they light a fire and cook within during cold weather. The space left as a door is closed by a curtain. Altogether it is a cold residence in a climate where the Fahrenheit thermometer ranges for months from zero to many degrees below it.

During the whole of our journey to Fort Francis we seldom had a favourable wind. Although this added greatly to our labour at the oar, still it blew us fine weather. Easterly winds in these regions bring the evaporations from the great lakes, which break into heavy showers of rain against the hills forming the height of land. Most of the rain we had fell at night; and if we occasionally had a wet bivouac, wood was plentiful, and we were able to dry ourselves easily before large fires. Now and then we got a slant of wind, and when the weather was fine there were ample materials for the artist's brush, the white sails standing out so well against the dark-green foliage common to every island and shore throughout the route.

The only difficult and dangerous rapids in this section were on the Sturgeon River, where extreme care is necessary in running them. A number of Irroquois were permanently stationed there until all the troops had gone by, who took down every boat, only one being totally wrecked. It is a fine sight to watch these splendid boatmen taking a boat down. Four generally rowed or paddled; two others steered, with large-sized paddles—one in the bow, the other in the stern. The post of honour is in the bow; and it was curious to see how their eyes sparkled with fiery enthusiasm as they approached the roaring, seething waters, where the breaking of a paddle, or a false movement of any sort, would send the whole crew to certain death. They seemed thoroughly at home at the most trying moment; for there is generally in all rapids one particular spot—perhaps where some back eddy from a rock tends to suck in everything that approaches—that is the climax of the danger, which, if passed safely, the rest is easy sailing. The intensity of the look with which they regard the rushing water in front of them whilst every fibre in their powerful frames is at its utmost tension, is a thing to be admired, but not to be described in words, nor even on canvas. There is a mixture of extreme, almost unearthly, enjoyment, alloyed with a realisation of the danger to be encountered, in their expression, which we never remember having seen in any face before, except in the countenance of soldiers at the hottest moment of a storming-party. It bespoke the earnestness of men prepared to dare anything, and who gloried and revelled in the attendant danger.

Our daily routine was as follows: At the first streak of daylight (occasionally long before it) the *réveillé* was sounded, followed quickly by a cry of "Fort Garry" from every tent or bivouac fire. This was the watchword of the force, as "Arms, men, and canoes" ("Arma virumque cano") was the punning *motto* adopted for us by our witty chaplain. Tents were struck and stowed away in the boats, and all were soon on board and working hard at the oar. We halted for an hour at 8 A.M. for breakfast, and again for another hour

for dinner at 1 P.M., and finally for the night about 6 or 7 P.M. It was surprising, after the first week's practice, to see the rapidity with which the men cooked: they quickly became most expert at lighting fires, cutting down trees, &c. &c. The sun soon burnt them a dark colour; indeed some became nearly black, the reflection from the water having a very bronzing effect upon the skin. The wear and tear upon their clothes was excessive: carrying loads on their backs tore their shirts and coats, whilst the constant friction from rowing soon wore large holes in their trousers, which, being patched with canvas from the bags in which the beans or other provisions had been carried, gave them a most motley appearance. Leading a sort of amphibious life, they were well nicknamed the "canvas-backed ducks." This constant pulling was very monotonous employment; but we had a goal to reach, and all felt that every stroke of the oar brought us nearer to it. The long portages were most trying to the pluck and endurance of our men, and it is very questionable whether the soldiers of any other nation would or could have gone through the same amount of physical labour that fell to our lot daily. It is upon such occasions that we learn to appreciate the full value of the British officer. He may be idle in peace, but the very amusements of his idle hours—boating, shooting, hunting, cricket, &c. &c.—fit him to shine, when hard work has to be done, in a manner that would be impossible to the spectacled bookworm of Germany or the café-lounging *flaneur* of France. Our officers carried barrels of pork and other loads on their backs like the men; and the emulation and rivalry between the captains of companies, each being afraid that he should be passed in the race, soon spread to all ranks. You had only to tell a detachment that some other company had done a thing without any great effort, to insure its prompt execution. There was also called into play the rivalry between the regulars and the militia. The latter were determined that, no matter what the former did, they would not be beaten. The regulars were in front all the time. One had only to tell them that they were making so little progress that the militia complained of being kept back by their slowness, to cause them to push ahead at any required speed; and, *vice versâ*, if you told the militia that the regulars were running away from them, each successive company hurried on until those in the immediate front were overtaken. Indeed it may be said that each detachment trod upon the heels of the one before it, all were so eager to get on. At some shallow places the men had to get into the water, and pull their boats along after them. Occasionally it was necessary to unload them partially or entirely, the boats being then run down rapids, or hauled over the shallow spots into deep water, where they were re-loaded, their cargoes being carried along the banks by the soldiers. At times it blew very hard from the west, so that many detachments were detained one or two days on some of the large lakes, unable even to start.

A voyage W. by N. of forty miles across Rainy Lake takes you to Rainy River, upon the right bank of which stands Fort Francis, two miles from the lake. The leading detachment reached this post on the 4th August. They had done two hundred miles in nineteen days, having taken their boats, stores, &c. &c., over seventeen portages in that time, and having made a good practicable road at all these

seventeen places. The troops in rear of them were able to make the journey quicker, as they found a made road and rollers laid down for the boats at every portage.

Fort Francis, a Hudson Bay Company trading post, is exactly due west from Shebandowan Lake. It is a collection of one-storied wooden buildings surrounded by palisading. Although dignified by the high-sounding title of fort, it has no military works whatever about it. The river bends here, so that immediately in front of the place is a very fine fall, about twenty-two feet in height, from below which the broken, boiling, bubbling waters send up volumes of spray, covering the land, according to the direction of the wind, with a perpetually-falling rain. This, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil, causes the banks near it to be clothed with grass of the brightest green, affording the richest of pasture. After the wilderness of water, rock, and scrubby wood that we had passed through, the sight of cattle grazing, and of ripe wheat bending before the lightest wind from the heaviness of the ear, was most refreshing. Only a few acres were under cultivation, although there was a considerable clearance; and a large extent covered with bushes bore evidence to there having been here at one time a good-sized farm. There was a garden close to the dwelling-house, where there were peas, potatoes, and onions growing, and apparently going to waste, until we arrived to partake of them.

A mill for grinding corn had once existed here, there being water-power enough on the spot to drive every mill in America, but it had disappeared. There was an air of decay and neglect about the whole place that bespoke either poverty or want of energy on the part of those in charge. The half-breed race to which the officers of the Hudson Bay Company at such posts generally belong now, is extremely apathetic—there is no go-aheadness about it; and in these out-of-the-way localities the half-breeds quickly go back to the manners, customs, and mode of living of their Indian mothers. They live upon fish as their Indian ancestors did, and, like them, have no appreciation of the value of cleanliness or order.

By the rules of the Company it is compulsory to have at each post an ice-house, a garden, and a few cows; so they have them, but they seem to care for none of these things.

The fertile belt of land along the north bank of Rainy River is only about a mile in width, great swamps existing between it and the chain of lakes which lies to the northward. There had been a large Indian encampment here during the early part of July, it being a great annual resort for the surrounding tribes; but this summer, as they expected our arrival amongst them, they had collected from all quarters in the hope of obtaining presents. They also wished to appear imposing by their numbers, so as to enhance the value of their goodwill towards us, and to impress upon the white-faced soldier how formidable they might be as enemies. Unfortunately for the success of their intentions, we were not able to start for at least six weeks after the time originally proposed for our departure from Shebandowan; so that as days wore on and there was no sign of our arrival, the crowd grew weary of waiting, particularly as the supply of fish in the neighbourhood became exhausted, there being so many mouths to feed. The Government had early in the preceding winter sent a gentleman to Fort Francis for the purpose of keeping the

Indians of that district quiet, and preventing them from being tampered with by Riel. He had exerted his influence—which was considerable—to induce them to disperse, fearing that their presence might lead to collision with the soldiery when engaged in carrying stores and boats over the portage on which stood the Indian wigwams. His persuasions, and that most potent of arguments, an empty stomach, soon caused them to leave; so that when we arrived not more than about a dozen lodges remained, although their uncovered poles stood thickly around, reminding one of the way poles are piled together in a field at home when the hops have been picked.

Colonel Wolseley had several "pow-wows" with those that remained. A hideous old chief named Crooked-neck, from the manner in which his head was set on his shoulders, was the principal speaker. He was very old and very dirty, and, in the name of his people, made most exorbitant demands in stating the terms on which they were prepared to allow us permanently to open out a route through their territory. There was much difficulty in making them understand that the military necessities of our position rendered it impossible for us to have brought them up large presents, but that whatever it was settled by the Government of Canada they were to receive should be given to them next year. There was the usual talk about loyalty to the Great Mother, and of their desire to live on good terms with their white brothers. They said that the passage of so many boats through their waters had frightened their fish, so that but little was now to be had; and complained of our men having at many places thrown empty barrels into the rivers, which scared the pike and sturgeon, alleging that even the grease from these barrels had been generally destructive to fish of all sorts. Some one had put this idea into their heads, and there was no eradicating it.

The costumes of these people were very grotesque, and all the warriors painted their faces most fantastically with red, yellow, or green. A fine tall fellow had one side of his face painted black and the other red, his coat being also of two colours similarly divided. All wore a blanket wrapped round their bodies, which gave them the appearance of height.

Fort Francis, or rather the ground about it, has a sacred repute with them; and here take place annually their medicine ceremonies, a sort of secret orgie, beginning with eating the flesh of dogs—white ones if they are to be had—and ending by initiating those anxious for instruction into various mysteries, and the use of many herbs.

Previous to leaving Prince Arthur's Landing, Colonel Wolseley had sent a proclamation into the Red River Settlement, informing the people of the objects of the Expedition, and calling upon all loyal men to assist him in carrying them out. Copies of it were sent to the Protestant and Roman Catholic bishops, also to the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Garry, who were at the same time requested by letter to take measures for pushing on the road to the Lake of the Woods, already partially made. It was never anticipated that this road could be completed in time for us to use it, even should there be no hostilities; but it was considered advisable to impress Riel with the idea that we intended advancing by that route, so that, in case he was bent upon fighting, he would frame all his calculations upon a wrong basis, and make his preparations along it for our reception. This ruse was successful; for we learned at Fort

Francis that he had armed men on the look-out in the neighbourhood of where he thought we should disembark on the shores of the Lake of the Woods. A loyal half-breed of undoubted character had been despatched early in June from Prince Arthur's Landing for the purpose of going into the Red River Settlement by the Lake of the Woods road, and of obtaining reliable information as to the state of affairs there up to the latest possible date that he could remain, compatible with his meeting Colonel Wolseley at Fort Francis on the 31st July. This service was faithfully performed. He had left his home in the Indian settlement on the lower Red River on the 20th July, bringing letters for that officer from the Protestant bishop and others, containing information as to the supplies of fresh beef and flour we could calculate upon obtaining at Fort Garry, and interesting but melancholy accounts of how things stood there. It was essential that the commander of the Expedition should have the latest and most reliable information as to the rebel movements and Riel's intentions before leaving Fort Francis; for it was necessary to decide upon the final plan of operations there, as beyond that place we should be, one might say, in rebel territory, or at least where it would always be possible to attack us. The scanty intelligence supplied by the Canadian Ministry was not to be relied upon, as it came chiefly from disloyal sources, and had always percolated through rebel sympathising channels before it reached us. Under any circumstances it is difficult for a civilian to collect or to convey useful military information. General Lindsay had therefore sent a sharp, intelligent officer, who knew the north-west country and its people, round through the United States to Pembina, with instructions to act upon his own judgment as to his further progress from thence, but under any circumstances to adopt measures for communicating with Colonel Wolesley at Fort Francis. He was most successful, having managed to get to the Lower Fort, where he remained some days amongst the loyal inhabitants. Leaving on the 24th July, by travelling incessantly he reached Fort Francis on the same day as the leading detachment of the force. He described the people as panic-stricken—the English and French speaking populations being mutually afraid of one another, and both being in the direst dread of the Indians. The messages sent to us verbally, as well as by letter, were all in the same strain—"Come on as quickly as you can, for the aspect of affairs is serious and threatening." Riel and his gang had been for some time past busy in removing their plunder from Fort Garry, distributing it amongst his friends, and in places of safety within the United States territory. This looked as if he was preparing to bolt, although he still ruled every one most despotically. His great anxiety — now that the rebel aspirations had been satisfied by the Manitobah Bill—was that he himself should have an amnesty for the crimes he had been guilty of. The Government would have willingly given him an amnesty for all his political offences, but such would not have protected him from the charge of having wilfully and in cold blood murdered a loyal subject. Therein lay the difficulty; for, anxious as the Cartier party might be to secure him from all punishment, it was known that the English-speaking people of Canada would not tolerate his being protected from legal proceedings in that matter. The rebellion had obtained for Bishop Taché and his party all that even the most sanguine had expect-

ed from it; and he was naturally afraid lest Riel, from personal motives and fear of punishment, might upset the whole arrangement by attempting to resist. He was wise enough to know that nothing was to be gained, whilst everything already gained was to be lost, by an appeal to arms. He therefore strained every nerve at this juncture to keep Riel quiet. He had left for Canada with the especial object of procuring an amnesty by which he should be held entirely blameless; and this wily priest had impressed upon him the certainty of his being able to obtain it, his influence being so powerful at Ottawa. Riel knew not what to do: at one moment he talked of resistance; then, when the word amnesty was whispered in his ear, and visions of future political greatness came up before him, he would announce his intention of coming out to meet us for the purpose of handing over the government of the country to the commander of the Expedition. The result of this hesitation was that he did nothing; and his followers kept dropping off from him daily in consequence.

He still held Fort Garry with an armed garrison, and his published proclamations at the time, although indicative of declining power on his part, were by no means sufficiently reassuring or peaceable in their tone to warrant any departure from all military precautions by us. Orders were therefore given to the leading detachments to approach Rat Portage, at the entrance to Winnipeg River, with the greatest care, and to take measures for guarding against surprise or ambush, as it was a very likely place for an attack, should Riel mean fighting. The first detachment having arrived at Fort Francis on the 4th of August, and portaged its boats, &c., round the falls there, started again that same afternoon.

A narrative of our further doings during the journey will be given in next month's number.

FAIR TO SEE.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE shooting season of the year 186–, — the great and glorious "Twelfth,"—was drawing near, and the prospects and the hopes therewith connected were one wet Sunday afternoon the subject of deep discussion in the mess-room of the —th, then quartered in the New Barracks at Gosport. The regiment had very lately returned from a tour of foreign service; and this circumstance entitled the officers to two months' extra leave of absence, as soon and in such proportions as they could be spared from "duty." About half of their number, made up of those who did not specially affect sport, and of those whose juniority deprived them of a voice in the matter, were already availing themselves of this privilege; and thus the approaching months of August and September were left open to those who remained behind—gentlemen for whom the crow of the "muir-cock" and the whirr of the partridge were that very soul of music for which they had been yearning all the last four years in a tropical station.

The company, therefore, lounging in the mess-room after church-parade and luncheon on the Sunday in question, being mostly of one persuasion as to sport—with one faith, one hope, and, for the present at least, one idea—formed a harmonious and happy assemblage, and the common idea was very thoroughly ventilated. The special qualities of the old "muzzler," the various modifications of the "pin" breech-loader and the "central-fire," the rival merits of Henry, and Dickson, and Purdie, and Dougal, were gone into at full length; pointers and setters, retrievers and terriers—dogs of all degrees — had their due share of attention; nor, in the exhaustive treatment of the subject, was a place denied to the minor equipments of the "shikari," which were all laid on the *tapis*, and sat upon with the solemnity befitting subjects of such grave importance.

Sportsmen—or, as we should perhaps rather say, men talking about sport—are apt to repeat themselves; and undoubtedly this tendency to iteration is one of the deadliest nuisances to which flesh, in club and smoking room, is heir. Who does not tremble when the hunting Munchausen gets into his saddle? when the nautical proser clears out of harbour? when the shooting Bore plants his foot upon his native heath, and opens fire with his monotonous barrels?

But here, all being of the same mind, none were dissatisfied; and though every one who had an idea or an opinion repeated it emphatically not less than seventeen or eighteen times, the hearing vouchsafed to each successive utterance was perfectly patient and respectful. Why not? Here all interests were respected, here perfect reciprocity was established; and under such circumstances, this conversational method has the very tangible advantage of killing a wet afternoon with a minimum tear and wear of mind, of which we can never be too saving. By degrees the conversation passed to the plans and prospects of individuals for the next two months.

"What lucky fellows are going north for the 'Twelfth'?" asked one of the party.

"I am," and "I am," and "I am," rose from several voices.

"AND I AM!" cried Fuskisson, a little white ensign, speaking in large capitals with a voice like a Jew's harp.

"And I am NOT!" shouted M'Niven, the adjutant—a large, loud, red, portentous-looking Scot, whose nationality, combined with certain peculiarities of diction, had procured for him the sobriquet of "Ossian."

"But I AM," persisted Fuskisson, as if in that fact M'Niven ought to find ample compensation. "Old Gosset, my father's partner, has again come to the front; and this will be my second innings at Braxy. Luck for me, isn't it? Braxy *is* something like a billet. You can bag your five-and-twenty brace there any day, don't you know? besides hooking your salmon in Kelt water in the morning, don't you see? and then the feeding and the liquor, mind you! Pass that bottle of sherry, some one, that I may drink old Gosset's health."

"Pearls cast unto the swine!" thundered M'Niven. "Pearls cast utterly to a very foul sort of swine, pale-faced descendant of the Fuski. It has now come to this, that huckstering aldermen,—bloated, gouty-hooved, asthmatic, turtle-eating aldermen, with their puny brood of aldermanikins like you, desecrate the heather, demoralise the game, and suck up all the ozone from Scotia's violated breezes; while I, Niven, sad son of Niven and of the mountain, pine grouseless in this southern cell."

"Are you going really to pine all the leave-season in your southern cell, Ossian?" asked Fuskisson, who took the adjutant's magniloquent personalities with perfect composure.

"'My poverty, but not my will, consents.'"

"Neither my poverty nor my will consents," said Bertrand Cameron, a handsome, smart-looking subaltern; "but, all the same, it seems as if I were doomed to share Ossian's cell with him. Here am I with the frugal savings of two years, saved for the very purpose of getting some shooting in Scotland when we came home; here am I, author of seven advertisements on the subject, still unprovided with a moor; that is, Pigott and I—for, of course, I could not go in for the whole thing by myself; so as Pigott is in the same boat with me, he will make a third for the cell, if something doesn't turn up soon."

"Have you looked in to-day's 'Field'?" asked one of the party.

"No, I haven't. Has it come?"

"Yes; and I heard some of the fellows at breakfast reading and laughing over an advertisement of a Scotch shooting in it."

"Oh! a 'Tommiebeg,' I suppose."

"I don't know: you'd better have a look at it."

"I wonder where it is."

"Dent took it to his room after breakfast," said Fuskisson. "I saw him going away with it."

"Well, as he's your captain, you're responsible for him; go and bring it, and tell him he's fined."

"I daren't go near him just now; he's awfully savage at me. Fancy his cheek! he ordered me to come and load cartridges for him till luncheon; and when I told him it was against my principles to labour on Sunday, he said, 'All right, it's against my principles to pay the company for the next fortnight, so you must do it, my boy.' And when I said, 'D—n it, that's fagging,' he said, 'Mr Fuskisson, you mustn't swear on the Sabbath-day in your captain's quarters; leave them, sir, and pay the men for the next three weeks; another oath and I'll make it a month,

and cut you out of Braxy altogether.' The beast! why did you post me to his company, Ossian?"

"Dent is wise!" thundered M'Niven—"Dent is a philosopher; Dent, by the Mass, is Scriptural! he spares not the rod, lest he spoil this Cockney bantling."

"I'll send a mess-waiter for it, then," said Cameron; and in due time the paper was brought and examined by one of the party.

"Here it is," he cried, with a laugh, after scanning the columns for a minute or two. "Here it is—and the very thing, Bertrand, for you and Pigott. Shootings in the bosom of a family of distinction; a happy hunting-ground, combined with a happy home! Everything extra; all questions to be asked by the advertiser, and none answered by him; verified copy of pedigree to be forwarded, and sketch of armorial bearings. Capital! capital!"

"What does the fellow mean?"

"Listen"—and he read as follows:

"TO SPORTSMEN.—SHOOTINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—A gentleman of fortune and position, having rented for the ensuing season the celebrated shootings of Cairnarvoch, in the county of ———, which are too extensive for his requirements, in consequence of his having been disappointed of the partnership of his son and another gentleman, is willing to sublet shooting for two guns at £100 per gun. The MANSION-HOUSE OF CAIRNARVOCH is large and commodious, and having more accommodation than is required by the advertiser, he would be prepared to admit gentlemen sharing the shooting to a share also of the house; and as his establishment is on the handsomest scale, an arrangement might be made whereby the gentlemen (on terms hereafter to be agreed upon) should, to obviate the inconvenience of separate establishments, join his family circle; but in this case, as there are ladies of refinement in the family, the most satisfactory references as to position and character would be required. Application to be made to Messrs Buncombe & M'Nab, Solicitors, Gray's Inn, London."

"That sounds an odd sort of proposal," said Bertrand.

"To me it sounds very eligible," said another.

"How about the family circle, though?"

"Oh! that would be the best of it. Only read that advertisement; mark the suggested glories of the advertiser—his wealth, his social position, the size of his household, the refinement of his ladies—and say if it escapes your eagle eye that this man would be a mine of fun? and the ladies, Bertrand, think of *them;* if the shooting is only passable, *que voulez-vous?*"

"You seem to forget," said Pigott, "that *my* object *is* the shooting, not to trot out ridiculous old gentlemen, or to flirt with their daughters. One can do that here, anywhere, without the trouble and expense of a journey to the Highlands. The shooting must be much more than passable to satisfy *me*, I can tell you. Now I should not expect this shooting to be much; the man is in a hole, and wants to get out of it as cheaply as possible, small blame to him—but the whole thing smacks of 'Tommie-beg.' Does any one know anything about Cairnarvoch?"

"Know Cairnarvoch?" thundered M'Niven. "Ay, well I know it—paradise of sport; look you, a paradise. Grouse, capercailzie, ptarmigan, blue hares, black-game, and rabbits, woodcock, snipe, and roe, swarm on its hills and make the welkin black."

"Which being interpreted means that the shooting is first-rate?"

"All that the sporting heart desires. Too good, alack! if gouty hooves of pampered aldermen and the be-turtled——"

"Oh! spare us, spare us, Ossian: you can recommend the shooting, seriously?"

"On soul and conscience, Cameron, I can."

"Come, that alters the case," said Cameron.

"What do you think of it, Pigott? After all, the people won't matter much, if they give us plenty to eat and drink; open air all day and early hours at night; what do you say, Pigott?"

"I can't say anything about it till I've thought it over, talked it over, and smoked over it. I'm going to my quarters now: you can come if you like, and we'll do all three together." Whereupon the two friends left the mess-room together.

As these two gentlemen are to play conspicuous parts in our story, it may here be as well to say something of them by way of introduction—albeit it is far from our intention to act the part of the master of ceremonies in the unsophisticated days of the drama, shouting, at each new entrance, "Here cometh in 'Spotless-Modesty'!" "Enter the 'Soul-of-Honour'!" "Listen to 'Refinement-of-Manners,'"—and so on. It is no part of our plan to thrust upon readers an inventory of all the vices and virtues, graces, adornments, specks and flaws of each character at the outset, and so to send each character "on" with his *raison d'être* hung as a foregone conclusion about his neck.

Our *dramatis personæ* shall speak and act for themselves; and every one shall be at liberty to refer the deeds and words reported to such springs as may appear to each to be their legitimate sources. In this way the reader's right of private judgment shall not be filched from him, and in one respect, at least, the writer shall avoid committing himself.

But as in everyday life, before presenting one person to another, we commonly, when we have the opportunity, furnish each with some slight *renseignements* of the other; so it is necessary to say something by way of introduction to the personages who from time to time make their appearance on our little stage.

On this principle, let us introduce the two gentlemen who have retired for consultation; and first, Lieutenant Bertrand Cameron, of H.M.'s —th Regiment of Infantry. He was the only son of a gentleman of very ancient and distinguished family in the Scottish Highlands, who, in addition to a long yet authentic pedigree, had inherited a property not only magnificent in territorial extent, but yielding a revenue which, even according to Low-country standards, was magnificent. These combined advantages made the Laird somewhat of a *rara avis* in the Highlands; and it would have been well for him if he had been satisfied with that distinction; but it was not so. If his fortune was large, his ideas were on a much more extensive scale. He aspired to be a *rara avis* wherever he went. The prestige of his feudal grandeur in the north he supported in London and in Paris with a splendid recklessness; and what with that and the turf, and play, and an extravagant wife, and that *laissez-aller* easiness of disposition as to the state of his affairs, which marks its possessor as a sure prey for every class of marauder, a very few years had reduced the Laird to a state of desperate embarrassment. The nursing and retrenchment which might in time have restored the property was impossible to him; a run of luck at the tables, a fortunate *coup* on the turf,—such are the only resources which appear available to men of his disposition and training; and just at this time railway speculation, which was at its most frenzied height, offered him an obvious sandbank wherein to drop the mangled remains of his fortune. Of course he availed himself of it, and six months thereafter his property was

brought to the hammer, and, followed by sincere regret, Mr Cameron disappeared from the social orbit in which he had been some time a particular star.

From a rental of £20,000 a-year nothing was saved—absolutely nothing. It was, indeed, fortunate that his wife had a few hundreds a-year in her own right; for on this pittance they had to depend entirely for subsistence, and on this they settled down in an obscure little town in France—to "make the best of it." When calamities of this sort come upon people well advanced in years, they have some consolation in feeling that they have had a long spell of the brighter side of life, and that, if the evil days have come at last, their duration cannot be very protracted; but here was a couple not yet near middle life, with a very short and very brilliant past behind them, and a very long and very dreary future in front, quite without hope of a change for the better. The prospect was too much for Mr Cameron. He "made the best of it" by declining to face the situation, and died in a few months of that mixture of regret, disgust, *ennui*, and despair which constitutes a very real and fatal disease, however much it may be sneered at when described as "a broken heart." His widow settled at Brussels with her only child Bertrand; but she did not very long survive her husband and her fortunes; and before he was ten years old Bertrand was an orphan, left to the guardianship of his uncle. This uncle was Roland Cameron, who, though the younger brother of his ward's father, had also inherited a very good property in the Highlands. The estate in question had been for centuries possessed by the Camerons; and though it was not entailed, it had been the family custom, by a system not uncommon in Scotland (which has been a fruitful source of litigation and hardship), that it should be held by him who, for the time being, was next in succession to the principal estate.

This system had, however, been abolished by Roland's father in his favour; he, in consideration, it was supposed, of the greatly enhanced value of the first property, having devised to his second son absolutely the fee-simple of the second. Roland, although thus free from the usual hard conditions of younger sonship, had been endowed by nature with those qualities which frequently seem to compensate the cadet for the narrowness of his patrimony. He had intelligence, activity, perseverance, and energy—gifts which might have been allowed to waste themselves in inaction, wanting the spur of necessity, had it not been for his ambition, which was indomitable. This moved him to look about for a career with a wide horizon and large possibilities of eventual distinction, and he selected diplomacy as the profession in which he believed his talents would be most likely to find a suitable and congenial sphere. Nor was he mistaken. His progress was more than usually rapid; and in consequence of a contribution which he made to the literature of an important international question, at a time when it was dividing political parties in England, he attracted the attention of the leaders of that party whose views he advocated. A seat was before long found for him in the House, and, once there, he soon talked himself—as so many have done before and since—into office. An under-secretaryship in a hard-worked department probably looks more desirable at a distance than from the point of view of an incumbent. Roland certainly found it so; and scarcely appreciated, as of the nature of a reward, the incessant application to

laborious duties of routine which it imposed, or the official muzzle which forbade the free use of his versatile and discursive powers of talk. He gladly, therefore, when it came his way, accepted promotion to the governorship of a British dependency, which, although unimportant and not very remunerative, was the first step on the ladder by which he aspired to climb. Others were reached in due succession. He knew how to keep himself in the recollection of the Government and before the eyes of the public. If there was nothing stirring in his own particular colony, he was always ready with letters, articles, and pamphlets on the affairs of others. Sometimes his energy was of use, sometimes it was a bore; but either alternative conduces to advancement in the public service, and as each term of office expired, Roland was, as a matter of course, re-employed and promoted. At the time this story opens, he was governor of a most important colony in "Greater Britain;" he had been made a K.C.B.; and the value of his property in Scotland had been nearly trebled since his succession to it. Thus prosperity had hitherto shone upon him from every quarter. Up to this time there had been no check in his career; and if it came now, as come it did, he had the melancholy satisfaction of feeling that he himself, and no such intangibility as Fortune, Fate, or the like, was to blame.

We all have our weak points, and it was in the point of morality that Sir Roland displayed a somewhat deplorable feebleness. The most servile of colonial courtiers could not have otherwise averred; and in the fierce light which beats not merely on the throne, but on all governmental eminences, his Excellency's failings were conspicuously visible. Even in communities where the moral tone is not high, morality is exacted by public opinion from those who are set in authority—the reverse, at least, is always unpopular; and as Sir Roland, by successive promotions, came under the criticism of a larger and more civilised, and therefore more exacting, public opinion, his personal unpopularity increased. All his acts of government were accordingly criticised with an *animus* personally unfavourable to the Governor; and such as were unpopular in themselves were assailed with a vehemence and bitterness more than half-inspired by dislike to their originator. There was a turbulent legislature in Sir Roland's last and most important colony; a strong and vigorous party offered him a relentless opposition. Difficult questions of policy arose; and the good of the colony seemed at times a minor consideration with the Opposition compared with the defeat and humiliation of the Governor. His disposition, which was naturally haughty and autocratic, would not stoop to conciliation. He met the animosity of his opponents with fierce resentment; and in his measures of retaliation at last permitted himself to overstep constitutional limits. This at once embroiled him with friend and foe alike. The Imperial Legislature was appealed to, and Sir Roland found himself in danger of impeachment or of enforced retirement into private life. Thus matters stood with him at the opening of our tale; but we must not further anticipate his history.

At the time when young Bertrand was left to his guardianship he was still in a very minor colony, in a very remote part of the empire; and he at once arranged that the child's education should in the mean time be continued at Brussels; and having instructed his agent to select a suitable *pensionnat*, and establish

his nephew at it, he troubled himself little more about his charge. Once annually he wrote the boy a letter, and once annually he received an answer—so that twice a-year he was certainly reminded that he possessed a nephew. Sir Roland (having been for many consecutive years absent from Europe) did not see Bertrand till he was fifteen years of age—his last year having been spent at a military school in Germany. "The boy is growing up a d——d foreigner," was the verdict he pronounced on his young charge, in a tone of somewhat unreasonable displeasure. "We must get you home at once, youngster; and, by the by, what do you think of in the way of a profession?" Bertrand gave the answer which ninety young Britons out of a hundred would give at the same age. He unhesitatingly declared for the army; and his uncle making no objection, his future lot in life was thus summarily determined. He was at once transferred to Sandhurst, whence he was in due time gazetted to the —th Regiment, in which he had now served for five years—the two first with the depot of his corps in England and Ireland, and the remainder in that tropical station from which they had just returned at the opening of our story. It is only farther necessary to say something of Bertrand's personal appearance, which was extremely handsome and prepossessing; of that dark Celtic type which, with a clear complexion and grey hazel eyes, unites hair of the deepest and glossiest black. His features were refined and regular, the upper part of his face indicating bright intelligence; though perhaps the physiognomist might doubt, from symptoms of irresolution in the contour of the lower part of his face, and from the pattern of his mouth, whether this intelligence would not at times be scantily interpreted by his actions. A tall, lithe, active figure, the strength and symmetry of which were denoted by a singular grace, either in action or repose, completed a *tout ensemble* that would alike have delighted the eye of the artist and of the recruiting-sergeant. He was a favourite in his regiment; he had been a favourite at Sandhurst; and we need only farther add that we trust the reader's opinion of him may not altogether differ from that of his school-fellows and comrades. His friend Captain Watson Pigott was nobody's son in particular, and did not regret the circumstance in the least. If a man has a thorough respect for and appreciation of his own personal qualities, he is apt to undervalue family antecedents, particularly in these democratic days. He was four or five years older than Bertrand, and his personal appearance was neutral—eyes, mouth, hair, complexion, and height—all were neutral. Everything about him seemed to be devised to escape special remark; and, indeed, the only idea that occurred to one on first seeing him was, "What a clean-looking fellow!" But when you came to examine him more closely, from the cut of his hair and its faultless partition, down to his blameless boots, there was a quiet harmony in all his appointments that might lead one given to judge by externals to expect to find him a self-contained man, with a well-regulated mind.

His habits were not gregarious; indeed there was a certain *retenu* about his manner which was rarely laid aside, except in a *tête-à-tête*—and in *têtes-à-têtes* he almost never indulged except with Bertrand Cameron. His friendship for Bertrand, and his constant association with him, were perhaps the most salient points in his character in the judgment of his brother officers. They voted him a good-natured fel-

low, but suspected him of being intensely selfish, which may have arisen from the fact that he was rich, and yet not extravagant—a combination singularly grovelling and unlovely in the eyes of gentlemen whose meagreness of fortune was, as a rule, compensated for by a noble breadth of view as to the paternal relation in a pecuniary sense.

This will be sufficient as an introduction to the two young men whom we left retiring to consult on the Cairnarvoch question in Captain Pigott's quarters.

Bertrand Cameron, comfortably established in an arm-chair, with a cigar in his mouth, unfolded 'The Field' with solemn deliberation, and began to re-read the advertisement lately under discussion in the mess-room, approaching it with the air of one who has a knotty question to solve.

"I'll read it first, Pigott," he said; "then you shall read it, and then we'll compare notes and talk it over. It *will* require a deal of consideration, you know; we must do nothing in a hurry."

Bertrand's processes of thought must have been singularly rapid on this occasion, or his judgment arrived at altogether *per saltum;* for no sooner had he concluded the reperusal, than he jumped up with great vivacity, and thumping 'The Field' down on the table before Pigott, cried, "It's the very thing for us, Pigott—made for us, contrived for us—if we have only the luck to secure it. Let us write at once to these London lawyers and book it."

"I thought you had just said that it would require a deal of consideration?"

"So I thought, but I was mistaken. The second reading is everything: it gives one new lights, it opens fresh points of view; I see all the advantages of the plan now. Let's cry 'agreed,' and write to the lawyers."

"You forget I haven't had the advantage of a second reading yet."

"What a slow-coach you are! listen, then,"—and Bertrand again seized the paper and read the paragraph aloud, sonorously, enthusiastically, dwelling upon the points which he took to be most seductive, with the emphasis of a partisan.

"*Now*, what do you say, Pigott?" he cried, the reading concluded.

"My good man, what a hurry you're in!" replied his friend. "*You* may have inspirations—I haven't: give a fellow time to think."

"Well, well, what's your *primâ facie* view of it? Hang it! You must have a *primâ facie* view of some sort; what is it?"

"Some one in the mess-room said it sounded like a 'Tommiebeg;' perhaps he was right. I shouldn't wonder if that was my *primâ facie* view, if I had time to discover it."

"Tommiebeg! humbug! It's well known to be one of the finest shootings in Scotland."

"So the advertisement says, of course; just as I, if I was advertising for a brigadiership in the American army, would likely describe myself as 'well known to be one of the finest soldiers in the British army.' Of course I should be speaking the truth; but the Yankees would scarcely engage me upon my own certificate, would they?"

"Well, M'Niven says it is true."

"M'Niven is an Ossian, not a Solomon."

"The game-book would show, at all events."

"Precisely; the first sensible words you've spoken in the matter, Bertrand. In the first instance, we should require to see the game-book."

"Well, let us write and ask for

it, and engage the shooting conditionally on the book giving a satisfactory account."

"Ah! but there are other questions—the domestic, the financial."

"Well, what's your *primâ facie* view about them?"

"My *primâ facie* view about them is, that we have no means of taking any view of them whatsoever. Who is this 'gentleman of position'? who are his ladies of refinement? what does he define 'position' to be? and what is his notion of refinement? I confess to a certain inquisitiveness on these points—weak of me, perhaps, but I am a frail mortal. Then what is the entrance to his dress-circle to cost us? I am not a bloated aristocrat, as you know, and I don't think I'm a screw (though some asses say I am); but I must say I like to know my company, and I prefer to estimate the expense of a campaign before plunging into it."

"What a cautious old bloater you are! Talk of Scotchmen being 'canny'! Now look at yourself an Englishman, and at me a Scot; which of us two is the 'canny' one?"

"I sincerely believe and hope I am, Bertrand; but heaven forbid I should insult most grave and reverend Caledonia by considering a hare-brained lunatic like you a typical Scot! but that isn't the question. I am a practical man, and I want to know what you've got to say to *my* questions."

"Oh! I detest a practical fellow; you've got no go, no dash, no spirit of adventure about you; but I know you're a mule, so pray take your own way, only take action of some sort at once. Remember this day fortnight is the 'Twelfth.'"

"Very well, Bertrand, I'll meet you in that, at all events. I'll write to Buncombe & M'Nab, and make them disgorge all essential particulars. You needn't be in such a state of mind—there's lots of time; all the world is not so impetuous."

"Sit down then, at once, and write."

And down Pigott sat and wrote accordingly; and, after some days, particulars were obtained sufficient to enable him to form at least "a *primâ facie* view" of the matter. Bertrand's fears were not realised. The shootings were still to be had. Nor were Pigott's "Tommiebeg" surmises substantiated, for the game-book showed a really splendid average over the last five years.

The consideration to be paid for an entrance to, and residence in, the domestic circle of Cairnarvoch, was pretty stiff—an "eye-opener," Pigott said; but Buncombe & M'Nab pledged their professional reputation that there would be ample equivalents, and Pigott thought he might surmount that objection. As to the social question, the lawyers said that the advertiser was a most esteemed client, a most respectable and wealthy gentleman—M'Killop by name, a native Scot, but who had spent all his life in the colonies, whence he had recently returned with a large fortune.

It was his intention to purchase a landed property in the north, for which he was on the look-out, and in the mean time he rented Cairnarvoch Castle. In reply to a half-expressed indication of surprise on Pigott's part that a gentleman of wealth and position should care to sublet his shootings, and admit total strangers into his family as a kind of boarders, the lawyers admitted that, though by no means without precedent, it might appear strange; but Mr M'Killop was a mercantile man, and mercantile men were apt to prefer the utilitarian to the conventional view of matters. Owing to the unexpected departure of his

son and a friend for the colonies, he found himself with shooting on his hands three times as extensive as his requirements, and, as a man of business, he had resorted to the expedient in question. But it was not altogether by business motives that he was actuated. It would be a real benefit to him to have the society of some pleasant gentleman-like inmates; for a man, all his life in the colonies, found but few friends on his return home, and the district around Cairnarvoch had few residents, and at such distances as to render their society but little available.

The ladies of the family were three in number. Mrs M'Killop, her daughter by a former marriage, and Mr M'Killop's daughter, also by a former marriage, constituting in the opinion of Messrs Buncombe & M'Nab as truly charming a family circle as any gentleman could desire to be admitted to.

"It is something of a leap in the dark, Bertrand," said Pigott at last, after mature consideration of all these particulars; "but as there are a few streaks of light about it—the game average, for instance—I am prepared on the whole to take it. What say you?"

"What say I? what I said from the first; it's the very thing for us. We get rid of all the nuisance of servants and housekeeping, and stores and keepers and ghillies to look after, and a hundred other worries. We are certain of good sport, and if the society is not all we could wish, we can keep ourselves pretty much to ourselves. So it's agreed. Vive Cairnarvoch! Vive M'Killop! Vive Buncombe! Vive M'Nab! Vive everybody!"

All the arrangements were quickly completed, and ratified by an autograph letter from M'Killop, expressing his satisfaction and describing their route; and on the morning of the 9th of August, behold our sportsmen starting from Euston Square by the Scotch mail, accompanied by Pigott's valet, a nondescript lad, to look after the dogs, picked up at a livery-stable—quite a small pack of setters, pointers, and retrievers—and all the usual *impedimenta* of sporting youths of condition.

CHAPTER II.

The route by which Cairnarvoch was to be reached is one of the most delightful that can well be conceived — that is, after leaving Greenock, in which fetid and whiskyfied town our travellers found themselves at the close of their first day's journey. Here, rather than in Glasgow, they had resolved to sleep, so as to avoid an inconveniently early start on the morrow, when their journey was to be continued to Oban, in the far-famed steamer Iona.

Happy he or she who has yet to experience the first delights of that delectable voyage! and happier he or she who can look forward to repeating it, year by year, when summer days are fine! Given bright weather and a bright companion, the pleasure of that passage *is* something unique. The *mélange* of delights of which that steamer forms the nucleus is decidedly by itself,—and in this respect among others, that here almost every sort and condition of men must find some source of gratification and amusement.

"How?" "Why?" "What is there to do?"

You ask this, O *miseras hominum menteis?*—you ask this, O

pectora cæca? that have never thrilled in unison with the pulsing of the Ionian paddle-wheels!

What is there to do? What is there not to do? and to see? First, if you have ever so little of an artist's eye or an artist's soul—that is to say, if you love nature at all—very surely you will find that love stirred and quickened within you all the live-long day—if you only keep your eyes open—while threading with the Iona the wondrous labyrinth of her beautiful course. The mountain panorama which greets you as you start, noble though it be, is but the noble promise of still better things; for it cannot show you the exquisite variety, the contrasts, the combinations, the marvellous chiaroscuro, the subtle harmonies, the sublime discords, that meet you and thrill you at every turn, passing through the inner penetralia of all that is most glorious in the land of mountain and of flood.

Gliding through those strange sounds and estuaries, with their infinite sinuosities, traced about peninsula and cape and island—traced as it were with a design of delighting the eye with sudden presentments of scenic surprises, as it were with a design of furnishing not one, but twenty points of view, wherefrom to consider each salient wonder and beauty round which they seem to conduct you proudly on their glittering paths — there must be something far wrong with you if you find no delight in all this. For here, indeed, you have a succession of the noblest pictures,—no mere iteration of rugged mountains, monotonous in their grim severity and sublime desolation,—no mere sleepy tracts of unbroken forest, nor blank heaths losing themselves vaguely in the horizon, nor undulating expanses of lawn-like pasture land, but with something of all these features blending in each of the splendid series; every feature in turn claiming its predominance, when all the others seem to pose themselves about the one central object, sinking for the moment their own individualities that it may be glorified.

Something of this sort you may see at almost any point of the voyage; and then—as to what you may do—inspired by such scenes, you may well address yourself to

> "Feed on thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers."

Or if inclined for a grosser sustenance, down below you will find the best and amplest means of satisfying such requirements. Or if tired awhile of ministering to the hunger of the soul, and of quelling the more sordid rage of carnal wants, you may look about you on the decks and cabins, and there find a rare opportunity of considering your kind in right humorous aspects.

We once heard a fellow-passenger remark, "This Iona is far better than most plays;" and he was very right. You won't often meet with a quainter assortment of human units. The steamer is a moving stage, on which you can see going on, side by side, no end of little dramas; and as for the *dramatis personæ*, who are they? or rather, who are they not? Honeymooning couples huddled together under umbrellas to screen them from the sun, and from the world's garish eye; inevitable reading parties from Oxford and Cambridge; indigestive blue-stockings, "inverted" philosophers, smug parsons, and leathery-looking lawyers; sportsmen *en route* for their shootings, yachting men for their yachts, gamekeepers, ghillies, and figure footmen; bleary Germans, and dyspeptic Yankees, calculating the exact number of cocked-hats into which the Mississippi knocks the Clyde; jocund

schoolboys, bread-and-butter misses, "cock-lairds," and Cockneys; Highlanders and Mile-Enders, ladies and gentlemen,—all sorts and conditions of men, natural and artificial, shamming and detective, bragging and counter-bragging, appreciative and depreciative, a *farrago*, a *pot-pourri*, an *olla podrida*—a dainty dish to set before Democritus.

As these *personæ* shift about and interchange and intermingle, the scenes and acts of separate dramas get confused and entangled in the quaintest way. The hero of one walks into another and becomes its zany; and the high-life of a third suddenly appears cockaded and obsequious in a fourth. Look at two groups that are always to be seen on the Iona.

The first is ubiquitous—we meet it everywhere—the central figure being our old friend paterfamilias, with his semi-clerical look, his umbrageous "wide-awake," natty waterproof, guide-book, and eternal telescope. He is surrounded by his troop of rosy girls and smug youths, whom he dominates fussily. One of the boys has a contraband taste for tobacco, and preventive stratagems are in perpetual requisition. Another has an inquiring mind, and lurks dangerously about the engine-room. Then there is the waggish daughter—the female pickle—who never *can* see the particular point on which her papa desires to lecture; and the lackadaisical daughter, who requires constant rousing from her novel to contemplate the book of nature; and the mysterious female friend with a look of chronic sea-sickness; and the limp mamma, with a headache and slight infirmity of temper which requires coaxing. All these cares and troubles are on the shoulders of poor paterfamilias, and yet he contrives to explain everything to everybody who approaches. Who has not met this group at all sorts of places? Who has not seen this typical family tourist, with his fussy look of abnormal relaxation? But does any one "know him at home"? What is he? What does he do, and where does he do it, when he is not panting up the Righi, or expatiating at Ramsgate, or ogling the Rhineland? Does any one know him? or will Mr Pollaky undertake to run him to earth?

Down below in the cabin we have another group inevitable in the Iona, but not much met with elsewhere. It is a small tradesman's family from Glasgow "oot for a bit jant."

In this case the head of the family separates himself from his kith and kin, and keeps holiday independently in the fore-cabin. How he has amused himself we have a fair opportunity of judging at the conclusion of the voyage, when (but not till then) he emerges from his lair, solemn, sodden, staggery, with imbecile up-liftings of the arms and monotonous inarticulate murmurs, as who would preach—and without doubt that is what he is attempting to do; for, say what they like of "our own flesh and blood" in Scotland, their festal programme, simple though it be, is not absolutely fulfilled by whisky—a little theology is supposed to give "bite" and relish to the "barley bree." His "sonsy" wife remains mistress of the group in the saloon. It is large enough, luckily, to contain many groups, but hers is the most notable. She sits there in company with seven children, two quart bottles of milk, a soda-water bottle filled with a pellucid liquor, a paper containing some glutinous sweetmeat, a basket of gooseberries, another basket which is covered with a cloth, but emits pungent odours as of cheese. The youngest child is, of course, in arms; it is teething

before our very eyes, and is obviously the victim of intestinal pangs. It cries incessantly when it is not being nourished, and when it *is* nourished (in open court) it chokes. The other children, who appear to be *all* about five years old, play, romp, fight, scream, yell, finally are whipped in the old-fashioned style, with much preliminary untrussing of points.

Certain spinsters flounce from the saloon, a nervous fellow is *agacé* and swears, a coarse fellow laughs aloud. What does *she* care, this notable woman? She has paid her fare and will take her ease: "The baby canna dee o' hunger, and the bairns *maun* hae their skelps. Afore folk? Whatna folk? Cock *them* up." Accept these specimens, and then call up how whimsically in contrast all this sort of thing is to the scenery through which the steamer is gliding—scenery ever varying, unchanging only in its one fidelity to the beautiful and the sublime.

Oh! dear reader, we have ridden thus long on our Ionian hobby, and very likely we have bored you. But if you, too, are an Ionian, forgive our tediousness, appreciating our zeal; whereas if the Iona is still an untasted joy, accept our prolixity as a chastening and penal visitation, and next summer supply the missing experience.

On board this steamer, and surrounded by some such accessories as those above sketched, behold our two travellers embarked on the tenth morning of August—the brightest month of the Scottish year. Pigott's tastes as a devoted sportsman had frequently brought him to Scotland before, but it was Bertrand's first visit to the land of his sires. This (unacknowledged) circumstance was a secret and rankling source of grief and shame to him—that he, the scion of a thousand sons of the heather (not to speak of the mist), should never yet have planted his chieftain foot upon his ancestral hills, seemed to him to be indeed a woe and a disgrace to be carefully concealed; and his desire on this occasion to guard the secret from his companion cost him no small efforts of self-restraint and of finesse. Sore, indeed, was the trial to curb manifestations of excessive enthusiasm, which might suggest non-familiarity with Scottish scenery, and to repress eager questions which were for ever rising to his lips. Had his companion been as demonstrative a man as himself, his task would have been simpler; but Pigott was essentially of the "*nil-admirari*" school—surprise, admiration, excitement of any sort, appeared to be contraband of his mental laws, insomuch that any commendatory remarks elicited from him by a first view of Niagara or the Matterhorn would have differed but little in form and tone from his favourable verdict on the freshness of his egg at breakfast, or some extra radiance in the polish of his boots. Bertrand's secret had, of course, been fathomed by him, and he circled round and round it in his conversation, to the confusion of his friend and his own cynical amusement at the boyish absurdity.

But Bertrand had another cause of disquiet. With some palpitations of the heart he had that morning determined to array himself for the first time in the "garb of Old Gaul:" when, however, he had laid out the different parts of the dress (which had been supplied by a London tailor), a difficulty arose. A South-Sea islander of average intelligence might probably enough contrive without instruction to get himself inside a pair of trousers; but any one of us would find it a hard task to array himself in the beads, paint, feathers, and other paraphernalia of the savage, so as to pass muster as a gentleman-like,

well-dressed cannibal of fashion; and so in a minor degree is it with the Highland dress. Poor Bertrand looked at the kilt and could find no visible means of fastening it. In despair he essayed to gird it on with a portmanteau-strap worn *en ceinture;* but its dimensions were hopelessly voluminous, and he came to the mournful conclusion that he must have been accidentally supplied with a dress intended for some masquerading London alderman of especial obesity.

What was to be done? Time was flying. Must he relinquish his intention of entering the Highlands as a Cameron, glittering in the proud plumage of a mountain bird? Perish the thought! He would try very diplomatically to get a wrinkle from the waiter, whom he summoned accordingly. "Oh! waiter, I find I've got some one else's kilt sent with me by mistake; it's miles too large, and I wanted to see if you could contrive any dodge for tucking it in, so that I might wear it for the day. I hate travelling in trousers; and, by the by, there's nothing to fasten it with. I never saw such a kilt in my life."

The waiter, a stolid-looking West-Highlander, examined the garment, and then gave an inquisitive semi-comical glance at its would-be wearer. "I'll sort it for you, sir," he said; and in a twinkling the refractory garment was wrapped round Bertrand's loins and pinned with two big pins about the haunch and hip-joint. "There, sir, it'll no be getting lowse noo," he promised, when the investiture was completed. He then helped Bertrand to "do on" the sporran, hose, brogues, skien-dhu, &c. &c., to which our Celtic novice, in his innocence, added a belted plaid, brooch, and dirk. All that was metallic in his appointments was of silver, freely incrusted with rampagious cairngorms; and altogether his appearance was as gorgeous as the most florid taste could desire.

Thus equipped, with his bonnet (bearing a huge silver platter of armorial devices, and an eagle's plume) cocked jauntily on his right ear, Bertrand descended in mingled pride and perturbation to the coffee-room, where Pigott was already seated at breakfast. He posed himself seriocomically at the door to disarm the cynic by meeting him half-way. His friend looked at him and munched, and looking and munching, his eyes got a trifle larger, and at last, with a ghost of grin, he remarked, "In the name of the Prophet, how did you get into that thing?"

"If you mean the Highland dress," said Bertrand, flaring up at once, "I got into it, I suppose, as other Highlanders have done."

"One can conceive no limits to the eccentricities which other Celts may have performed, especially in their cups. Brian O'Lynn, for instance, had his coat buttoned behind, and turned inside out."

"And pray what has that got to do with me and my dress?"

"Only that you've been following in the Irish Celt's wake in putting your kilt on hind-side in front."

"Pshaw! nonsense!"

"I'll prove it; sit down."

Bertrand flounced himself down on a chair, and the heavy sporran swinging aside, up sprang the kilt in front, the plaits that should have been behind fanning themselves out like a peacock's tail. Up started Bertrand. "There *must* be something wrong, I suspect."

"I have something more than a suspicion to the same effect," rejoined Pigott. "Go and take it off; I wouldn't run the gauntlet of the Iona with a fellow rigged like that for a trifle."

"It's a new kind of kilt," faltered

Bertrand; "but I'll get accustomed to it. I won't take it off."

"Oh, if you're obstinate, at least let me put it on right for you. I flatter myself I know all the eccentricities of the garment. I used to wear it deer-stalking when I was young and foolish."

Here was a humiliation for the *de jure* mountaineer; but it was obviously necessary to get on a better understanding with his garments before starting, so he crept meekly up-stairs with Pigott, remarking, "It's wonderful how soon one gets out of the trick of a dress of that sort."

Two chamber-maids and the waiter looked out of a room as they passed, and retired sniggering violently, and Bertrand ground his teeth with rage as he recognised, and promised himself a future revenge for, the trick which the rascal had played him. After the kilt had been adjusted, Pigott persuaded him to tone down the rest of his appearance by suppressing plaid, brooch, dirk, and other superfluities; so that when he appeared on the quarter-deck of the Iona, barring that his unsunned knees were of a dazzling whiteness, that his jacket was velvet, and his kilt of full-dress tartan, there was nothing radically amiss with him in his quality of *montagnard*.

He was, as we have said, a very handsome fellow; and as he and his friend commenced their promenade on deck, he was quite a central object of observation, which was rather embarrassing at first, and every now and then suggested grave suspicions of the conduct of his kilt, which he felt to be a garment of terrible possibilities. But by degrees his self-consciousness was quieted down, and he was able to look the world boldly enough in the face. Of course the steamer contained the usual quaint groups and *outré* individuals; and as our travellers moved about among them, they found ample sources of amusement. Pigott, walking up and down with that abstracted air which seems to imply a consciousness of no other presence than the wearer's own, contrived, by a few rapid, sidelong glances, to take in the various humours of the scene, and fell to expounding *sotto voce* to his companion the conditions and characteristics of their fellow-voyagers, telling them off in short epigrammatic sentences. "Why, Pigott," he exclaimed, when a temporary cessation took place on their arrival at one of the numerous landing-stages, "you would make your fortune as a showman; but what an ill-conditioned ruffian you must be! you haven't got a good word to say for any of them."

"Why should I? I don't know any good of any of them; and even if I had said anything bad of any of them—which I deny—in groping for the truth, it is always best to err on the safe side."

"And the safe side is to make them all out bad?"

"Well, for choice, I should say so, decidedly; but I have done nothing of the sort; I have only pointed out their actual or possible absurdities."

"How would you like to be laughed at yourself?"

"Like it? of course I like it. I *am* laughed at, so are you, so is everybody, by some one or other. I laugh at a man for what I consider his absurdities; he believes in himself, and is all the while laughing at me for my ridiculous deficiency of the very qualities I deride in him. We are both pleased. We are all Ishmaelites in the matter of mirth. The doctrine is a great comfort to me. It teaches me that I violate no Christian precept—at all events, I do as I know I *am* done by."

"Yes, but every one doesn't think as you do. I don't go in for laughing at people myself, and I know I should hate being laughed at — not that I suppose there *is* much to laugh at about me, and I don't suppose I *am* laughed at. Should you?"

"Candidly, I should certainly say you are; and still more candidly, I should say you deserve it: that kilt, for instance——"

Bertrand stopped abruptly, and hurriedly examined the hinder portion of the garment with a renewed terror that it was repeating its peacock manœuvre in rear.

"Oh! bother the kilt. Don't let us prose! What a charming place! What a crush of people! but half your oddities are going out. Why, they're all leaving; look."

"Never mind, they will be replaced: the tide has just done ebbing, and here it comes flowing again." And truly the departing crowd were soon replaced by one similar in quantity and quality.

On they came, crushing breathless and eager along the gangway, with a brandished forest of walking-sticks, umbrellas, camp-stools, baskets, and so on—the Captain on the paddle-box looking like Noah passing his cargo into the ark.

"Holloa!" cried Bertrand, suddenly. "What's this?"

"Where?" asked Pigott.

"Why, there, on the pier, just coming in."

"Oh!" said Pigott, "that's a very nice point for consideration; don't hurry me. Not Helen M'Gregor—she's too old for that; nor Madge Wildfire, nor Meg Merrilies, nor Norna of the Fitful Head; she has a dash of all four, but—— No, I give her up."

The subject of these remarks was a tall, plethoric, elderly lady, in whose attire and complexion all the colours of the rainbow, and a good many more, met in a blaze of inharmonious combinations. A bright silk-tartan dress, involving stripes of the most contradictory tints, was surmounted by a black velvet tunic, over which was draped a shawl of another tartan — differing in all, save its variegated brilliancy, from the dress. A huge cairngorm brooch fastened the shawl under her chin, but its lustre paled before the superior brilliancy of the ample round red face, which wibbled and wobbled in its billowy fatness above.

Great saffron-coloured ogreish teeth flashed from a ravine bisecting the lower part of this ruddy orb. Two pale twinkling eyes, seeming for ever about to set behind high but full-fleshed cheek-bones, peered over a short up-turned nose; while above, a profusion of grizzled flaxen hair towered in fantastic coils, detaching one perfectly inauthentic ringlet to patrol the capacious shoulders. The whole edifice was crowned by a perky white bonnet, from which, as from a festive May-pole, streamed many a banneret of tartan ribbon.

This wondrous creature, posed in an attitude of command, stood looking down on the quarter-deck and its inhabitants, as if doubting their worthiness to be admitted to a closer contact with herself, and probably to give them an unobstructed view of the glory which was about to descend into their midst. But the steamer had embarked its passengers, the "dreadful bell" had jangled thrice, and the Captain, in that state of normal fuss and "boil-over" which belongs to his tribe, having shouted irreverently to the lady to "come along if she was coming," the paddle-wheels began to make some premonitory revolutions. Thus stimulated, and followed by a young lady and a maid of spectral aspect, who looked as if her substance and

colour had been absorbed into the luminary of which she was the satellite, the great being moved heavily across the gangway, sending Parthian shafts back to a couple of porters, who were staring with incredulous contempt at certain minute coins in their extended palms with which she had just failed to satisfy them.

Leaning on the maid, she sailed up the quarter-deck with a backward rake of the head; and, after a world of fussy arrangements of rug and shawl, came to an anchor in a prominent situation, and proceeded to "take stock" of her fellow-passengers haughtily, through a massive double eye-glass.

The effect upon them of this *entrée* was varied.

"Mair like a muckle plei-actress nur a dacent wummin," soliloquised an acid Glasgow matron, withdrawing her teeth from the recesses of a bun to make the remark.

"Oh! goot life," snivelled a delighted Celt at her elbow, "but she put the fear o' deas on the pit porter podies."

"Whew!" whistled Pigott, "Solomon in all his glory could have been nothing to this."

"I rather think, sir," said an ever-hovering paterfamilias who overheard the remark, and was, as usual, ready to supply information of the most dilapidated description, —"I rather think she is a chieftainess."

"She looks like one, don't she?" said Pigott.

"She does indeed, sir; and if my memory carries me aright—a relative of the Duke of Argyll's."

"I shouldn't wonder: he *has* a few relatives in these parts, I believe."

"Yes, and I really believe she must be *the* lady who owns several of the Hebrides; a very noble-looking person; so national, eh?"

"Oh! decidedly so," &c. &c. &c.

There was as strong as possible a contrast between the appearance and equipments of the chieftainess and those of the young lady who accompained her. The only bright colours which adorned the latter were to be found in the rosy bloom of her cheek, and in the golden sheen which rippled through the deep masses of her auburn hair. Her face was a most pleasing one; and if it was deficient of that severe regularity of feature which painters and sculptors are perversely supposed to desiderate, there was a frank, fresh, joyous simplicity looking out of her bright hazel eyes, and a genial kindliness about her whole expression, which might perhaps be more likely to win hearts worth winning than the most chiselled perfection of outline and proportion. Her height, though looking insignificant beside the colossal dimensions of her companion, was in reality above the average; and her figure, light, active, and graceful, was set off to advantage in a close-fitting tunic and simple skirt of a neutral colour.

The course of the great woman's inspection soon brought her to Pigott and Cameron, and she favoured them with a very protracted scrutiny, dwelling chiefly upon Bertrand, over whose equipments her eyes promenaded with looks of curious disapprobation. That foolish fellow found himself getting very red and uncomfortable. To be narrowly inspected by any one would have been embarrassing enough at the moment; but to be weighed in the balance and found Celtically wanting by a chieftainess 'to the Highlands bound' was woe indeed.

Presently she turned to her companion and made some remark which caused the young lady to glance quickly in the direction of the two young men; and then a

short conversation followed which they partially overheard.

"I'm certain it's them," said the elder lady. "Go and find out."

"Find out!" laughed the girl. "How? am I to go and ask them?"

"Ask the Captain."

"But the Captain is not the least likely to know."

"Go and ask him."

"Oh! please don't ask me to go. I should never be able to struggle through all these dreadful men on the paddle-boxes. And surely there is no serious hurry—if it is them, we are sure to know in plenty of time, and if not it won't signify who they are."

"Salfish! parvarse! as usual, I must go mysalf;" whereupon she rose and moved down the quarter-deck.

Presently she had got hold of one of the men of the steamer; and after some conversation, of which Bertrand and Pigott could perceive that they were the subjects, they saw her conducted to the stack of luggage, saw her halted in front of theirs, saw her deliberately read the labels thereon, and return in triumph to her companion, remarking, "I was right—it *is* them; I'll go and speak to them."

"Oh, please not!" said the younger lady.

"Why not, pray?"

"It looks so forward and inquisitive; and they must have seen you reading their addresses."

"Affectation! I have no patience with you;" and she turned and advanced upon Bertrand and Pigott. But Pigott, divining her intention, and remarking to his friend, "Without doubt a Highland kinswoman of yours, who recognises the family knee, and is coming to rend us," they broke and fled to the paddle-boxes, and there remained in safety till the vessel reached Ardrishaig, where disembarkation is necessary to cross by the Crinan Canal to the Iona's sister on Loch Crinan.

On their walk up to the Canal they overtook and passed the ladies. "Now, then," they heard the elder say, "I've got them; ahem!"

"No, no!" whispered the younger lady.

"I will; ahem! ahem! ahem!" and the latter sounds being obviously intended to attract their attention, Bertrand and Pigott turned round and were at once accosted by their pursuer. Her accent was extremely Scotch, and a grotesque attempt to veneer it with the tones of the Southron, and to gild it with a few French phrases, made her all but unintelligible. We shall only attempt in her first few sentences to represent the hideous sounds of which she was guilty.

"Meal perdong, jontlemen," she exclaimed—"dee meal perdong; a little burrd has whispered to me that you are ong root for Cairnarvoch; was the little burrd correct?"

Pigott replied that the bird's intelligence was accurate, with an involuntary glance in the direction of the younger lady, as if surmising that she was alluded to under the metaphor.

"Let me," continued the chieftainess, "jontlemen, let me introjooce you to my daughter, Miss Grant."

The two young men made their obeisance in great bewilderment.

"The little burrd," continued the chieftainess, archly, "has told me something else."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed—your names."

"The little bird seems to take a very flattering interest in us."

"Yes: you are Captain Pigott, neyspau?"

"I am indeed."

"And you," turning to Bertrand, "are Mr Cameron, neyspau?"

"The bird seems to be infallible."

"I could tell that you were intended to be a Cameron by your tartans, of course. Well, jontlemen, I'm deloited to make your acquointance, I'm shaw." The party then moved on together, the two young men much puzzled as to who this oracle might be who stopped them on the Queen's highway to tell them who they were and where they were going.

"We are most fortunate in our weather," remarked Bertrand.

"We are," replied the lady, eyeing him grimly all over; "and that, let me say, is very fortunate for your jacket—a velvet jacket—a silk-velvet jacket; you must excuse me for saying that it has a peculiar look in the morning."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Bertrand, blushing painfully.

"Yes," continued the lady, "out of all taste. How would I look in a silk-velvet gown on board a steamer?"

"There can be no question that the effect would be superb in any situation," said Pigott, gravely, coming to the rescue of his friend.

"Which shows that *you* know nothing about it," rejoined the chieftainess, ignoring the compliment. "Full-dress tartan, too! it is very suspicious—very."

"I trust you don't suspect me of being an accomplice, madam," said Pigott, gravely.

"I know nothing about you, but my suspicion is that he is only a Cockney Highlander after all."

"No, I'm not, indeed; I'm as Highland as—as—anything."

"As a peat, you would have said, if you had been *pure song*."

"To confess the truth, then, though I am *pur sang* a Highlander, I know nothing of the language, I am ashamed to say."

"That's honest, at all events; and, if you are a Highlander, we must teach you up at Cairnarvoch to look like one, and to speak the language, and how to dance strathspeys and reels and Ghillie Callum, and toss the caber and throw the hammer, and eat haggis, and drink whisky and Athole brose, and——"

"I am afraid it would take too long to teach me so many desirable accomplishments—that is, if I am to shoot any grouse; but am I to understand that we are to have the happiness of being your neighbours at Cairnarvoch?"

"Neighbours! why, aren't you coming to stay with us?"

"Ah! really — too kind — but ——"

"Mamma, you quite forget that these gentlemen can't possibly know who you are," said Morna.

"And why not, pray?"

"Unless they have the 'second-sight.'"

"You are forgetting yourself, Morna. Is this so, jontlemen? Am I not known to you?"

"A little bird," said Pigott, "has whispered to me that you are Mrs Grant."

"That's right and wrong."

"She must have been drinking before she came on board," thought both the men.

"Right, because I *was* Mrs Grant; wrong because I'm not."

"Fearfully intoxicated," thought Pigott and Bertrand—"a painful spectacle."

"I see, in introjoocing my daughter, I forgot myself. She is Miss Grant, my daughter by my *first*, Captain Grant; but I am now Mrs M'Killop, to whose house you are going." The young men expressed due satisfaction at the discovery, and she went on loftily: "The mistake is tickling; but one is so accustomed to be known in one's own country by every one, that it does not occur to one that one is not known by any one."

"It was deplorable stupidity on

our part," said Pigott, "and we beg to apologise."

"We'll say no more about it," said the lady, with magnanimity; "we were staying with some friends on a visit at Port Maikie; but I harrd two days ago from M'Killop that you were to arrive to-day, so we have returned to receive you; and here we are at the Canal and the steamer. Captain Pigott, kindly give me your hand up the ladder; Morna, take my parasol; M'Kenzie (to the spectre), run up and prepare a seat. Let me give you a hint, Mr Cameron, in ascending the ladder to be very careful. You look like a fish out of water in that dress; and an Englishman in a kilt is usually a shocking, indecent sight."

"I shall certainly spare you such an infliction," said Bertrand, in a rage. "I shall stay below. Pigott, you will find me in the cabin when you come down again."

"It is a wise plan," rejoined the matron, "for the sun will soon have blistered these poor white knees of yours—I can see that; and you will avoid impertinent remarks at the same time, which your appearance provokes. It would be unpleasant to have every one saying, 'Who in the world is *this* with Mrs M'Killop?'—would it not?"

"Very much so indeed; but you need have no fear of my compromising you — or myself." And Bertrand, torn with rage and mortification, increased by the tittering of some bystanders who overheard Mrs M'Killop's loud remarks, flounced into the little cabin and sat down in a corner, thankful for the small mercy of finding it empty.

Presently he was joined by his friend. "Well, Bertrand;" said he, "even you are laughed at sometimes, it seems."

"Yes," roared Bertrand, starting up; "but it's the last time I shall be laughed at for this infamous dress. It *is* a savage dress, an abominable contrivance of the foul fiend. I'll change it directly I get to Oban; and as for that she-savage, I wish she was overboard."

"I think she is rather a trump—mad, of course, but a trump."

"I admire your taste. This is one of your 'ladies of refinement' you've let me in for."

"Come, come, Bertrand, you're unreasonable."

"Not a bit of it; it was all your doing. You brought me here, but hang me if I stay here! I'll give up my leave and go back to-night—I tell you, to-night."

"In trousers, of course?" suggested Pigott.

"In trousers! I should rather think so."

While Bertrand was indulging in this childish ebullition below, the cause of his ire was being taken to task on deck. "Mamma," said Miss Grant, when Pigott left them, "what could induce you to be so rude to Mr Cameron?"

"I protest I don't understand you, gurl; I never was rude in my life."

"You told him he was a Cockney, that his dress was out of taste and ridiculous, and that it was unpleasant to you to be seen with him. It has hurt his feelings, at all events, whether it was rude or not, and made me feel—feel——"

"Oh, out with it; say it at once. You're ashamed of your mother—that's it; and this is what comes of your fine education, and living with your mother's enemies; this is the Grant spirit—quite the Grant spirit—most undutiful!"

"Mamma, you know I would rather be anything than undutiful; but surely you can't wish to say unkind things to people, or to hurt their feelings intentionally; and if I see you doing it without being

aware, it can't be undutiful of me to tell you."

"You are far too fond of lecturing. I saw this young man had a high look and a conceited manner, and I thought it my duty to put him in his place at once. Who is he? Some beggarly subaltern, who thinks, because he pays us a rent, that we are to be the dust under his feet! No, no; I've put him in his place, and in his place I'll keep him. He may be the son of a London shopkeeper for all we know."

"Well, mamma, I declare I saw nothing the least assuming or impertinent about either of these two gentlemen; and surely it would be time enough to put them in their places when they become so."

"I beg *your* pardon. We have too many of these sham Highlanders nowadays. It is most offensive to the old blood."

"You don't know that this gentleman is not of the old blood."

"What! and travel in a silk-velvet jacket and full-dress tartan?—preposterous!"

"At any rate, whoever he is, he certainly did nothing to offend you, and I am afraid you have certainly offended him. Is this Highland hospitality?"

"No one can say a word against my hospitality; and if you really think the poor creature takes to heart so much what I said, I'll put him at his ease again in a moment. I have tact."

This valuable quality she put in requisition on Bertrand's reappearance, which, however, did not take place till they were approaching the end of the voyage. Then advancing to him with a subtle smile in her pig's eyes, she peered into his dark countenance, and remarked mincingly, "Gloomy, gloomy face!"—an exhibition of tact which, though twice repeated, had not the instantaneous effect expected; on the contrary, Bertrand showed symptoms of retreat.

"A high temper is a sad curse, Mr Cameron," she continued. "I see you suffer from it; but if I had known its violence, my playful rub would have been spared. No person of tact would wantonly infuriate such a disposition."

To be grossly insulted, and then accused of having a furious temper because he had simply avoided his insulter, struck Bertrand as rather strong, and he replied with a dignified falsehood, "You must pardon me if I am quite at a loss to understand your allusions."

"Oh! don't attempt to deny it. In my playful way (I'm a sad joker) I rallied you about your dress, which is, you must feel, a little *bazarre*, and about your white limbs, and so forth, and you must needs fly into a tantrum and shut yourself up in the cabin, foaming and swearing, I've no doubt. It's choildish, choildish; we must all bear rubs, and to show temper to a lady is not, let me tell you, commy faw in a Highland gentleman, which seems to be the character you aim at!!"

"I flatter myself, madam, it is the character which I have the honour to possess," said Bertrand, loftily.

"Ah! perhaps, perhaps; but silk velvet in the morning, and a dress tartan, you must see that these are very suspicious."

"I don't really know what you suspect me of," cried Bertrand, bursting, in spite of himself, into a laugh at this singular moral and social criterion.

"That's right; another laugh, and the black dog will be off your back. It is suspicious, as I said. You see we have many London Cockneys coming down here dressed out like you, and we don't like it; the old blood doesn't like it: right or wrong, it is insulting to the old blood."

"You imply that I am one of the London Cockneys?"

"No, I didn't say *imply*. I said that there was a suspicious look about the whole thing."

"Then let me relieve you by saying that I believe in this very district there is no blood older than mine."

"Ah! yes, it's common to say that, and believe it too, I daresay; but when one comes to investigate, —to say, 'Show me your ruins, your tombs, your castles passed away to strangers and Sassenachs,'—there is often a hitch—a hitch."

"I daresay we can show tombs and ruins with our neighbours; as to castles passed away to Sassenachs, I am glad to say there *is* a hitch; but there is a castle in this county belonging to us, and I believe it has been some five hundred years in our possession. I had a notion *that* made us a pretty old family; but if it is necessary to sell it before we can be recognised as 'the old blood,' I hope we shall continue *parvenus* of the fourteenth century."

"It is a fair age, certainly," said the lady, "though nothing to the M'Whannels, my maternal ancestors; but there is no family answering to all this except the Camerons of Aberlorna, and there is only one old man in it."

"There you are mistaken; there is also a young one, and I am the individual."

"The relationship will be pretty distant, I'm thinking."

"Not so very far of; I am Sir Roland Cameron's nephew."

"His nephew?"

"Yes."

"Dear, dear! how stupid of me! Then you must have been an orphan?"

"I still am, unfortunately."

"And you didn't die, as was said, at the same time as your parents?"

"So it would seem."

"Oh! this is all very different—gratifying, indeed," exclaimed Mrs M'Killop, with enthusiasm; "we'll shake hands, if you please, and think no more of my little rub, which could never apply to a Cameron of Aberlorna. Satirical people like me are often led away into saying things they don't mean; and if your dress *is* a little fine, his most sacred Majesty George the Fourth landed at Leith in full dress, which ought to be a setting of the fashion; and it will be a pleasure to me to receive you into our house. Indeed it's a kind of revival of old times, for there is a connection between us.

"Really?"

"Yes; although there has been no intercourse and something more than a coolness between the families for generations, there *is* a connection. You must have heard of Tork M'Ouanall, who received thirty-seven wounds—all mortal—at the battle of Inverlochy?"

"I'm afraid not."

"No? how droll! well, he was my ancestor, and he married a Cameron (it was a great match for the Camerons, although I say it), and that makes the connection."

"It is the proudest moment of my existence," said Bertrand, his ill-humour vanishing at the absurdity of the whole scene.

"Morna, you must shake hands with Mr Cameron," said her mother.

Morna gave a look of half-annoyance, with which, however, fun was struggling, and held out her hand to Bertrand, who gallantly remarked, "Let the *vendetta* of generations die from this hour."

"A most extraordinary coincidence, I must say," continued Mrs M'Killop, "that we should become acquainted in this way. We are very clannish, we Highlanders, Captain Pigott; and I daresay you can

scarcely understand the feelings of delight which Mr Cameron and I are enjoying just now?"

Pigott confessed that, though enviable, they *were* a trifle beyond his depth; and here the voyage, like the *vendetta*, came to a close, and any hope our travellers might have cherished of escaping from the toils of their hostess were at once dispelled by her remarking, "M'Killop has arranged that we are all to dine here together, and drive home in the evening. He was to bespeak all necessary conveyances for the joint party."

"A charming plan," said Pigott; "and what is the length of the drive?"

"From three to four hours; but it is never dark at this season, and we shall all be refreshed by the cool jews."

Before long they were seated at an excellent dinner in the hotel, and its soothing influence very soon told upon the party. Bertrand forgot his sulks, his annoyances, even his kilt; and his heart was merry within him, as he sat amicably *vis-à-vis* to the descendant of the ill-fated Tork.

As for that lady, after a glass or two of champagne, she became more than ever communicative, pouring forth, in an unbroken stream, choice extracts from her personal and family history.

It was thus that our travellers became aware that her maiden name had been M'Kechnie (which was not to be confounded with M'Kechran or M'Fechnie, these being inferior septs), a clan of unusual antiquity and power, but which, surprising as it might seem, was not to her so great a source of pride as her descent maternally from the M'Whannels. Pigott gravely assented that he *was* scarcely prepared for *that*. It was true, however, she averred; but all their grand days were over. Clans and clansmanship were at an end. Their properties had passed to aliens. The M'Kechnies were landless as the Gregarach; and, to his undying disgrace, the titular chief of the M'Whannels was content to supervise the excise department of his native district for the meanest of stipends.

Washing away ancestral sorrows with a glass of champagne, Mrs M'Killop came to her own personal history, and explained that in their reduced state the daughters of her clan could not afford to be fastidious in matrimonial matters. Hence her marriage, contracted in spite of personal advantages which she need not dwell upon (but did, however, at great length), with Grant, a worthy man, and a cadet of a good house, but only a "marching captain." He died, and she had sorrowed for him—honestly and conscientiously mourned him—as long as was fit and proper, whatever a set of stuck-up vinegar old maids might say to the contrary; after whom" (with a fierce glance at Morna), "she hoped no daughter of hers would take,"—a remark which brought the young lady into action, her annoyance at her mother's absurdity being no longer repressible, and she said: "Mamma, I don't think our family matters can be very amusing to these gentlemen, and I do beg of you, at all events, to say nothing against my dear, kind aunts; you know how it vexes me."

"There!" said Mrs M'Killop, looking round at the two gentlemen, "there it is. This comes of living with aunts. Poor Grant had a fancy that this child should spend half her time with his sisters, and this is what comes of it—temper and insubordination which only a mother's tact and tuition could control. I will say nothing more of *your* friends, Morna, since it is un-

pleasant to you; but I will go on with my little story, as I take leave to think it will interest these gentlemen, both of whom are to be our inmates, and one of whom is in a manner connected." And this brought her to her marriage with M'Killop, a gentleman who had, a few years before, returned from the colonies. He had realised everything there, and resolved upon the purchase of an estate in Scotland, where, by a strange coincidence, his clan had also become as landless as any M'Kechnie or M'Whannel of them all. By another coincidence, M'Killop was a widower, with one son and one daughter. When he had urged his suit, which he had done with a very proper importunity, she had carefully weighed everything; and her daughter's interest being paramount, the circumstance that he, too, had a daughter, had told in his favour. "The companionship will be good for my child," she had said; "I will be a mother to his girl, he a father to mine;" and so had yielded. "I have not repented my decision," she continued; "like Auld Robin Gray, M'Killop has been 'a kind man to me.'" And she spoke as though the wedding had involved sacrifices on her part equivalent to those of the heroine of that tearful ballad. "My only regret is that we cannot suit ourselves with an estate. The M'Killop country has passed entirely into the hands of an English Duke" (and the probabilities are that his Grace did not find it a very heavy handful), "and there is no other appropriate settlement open at present. Cairnarvoch is a sadly dull place—the neighbours distant, and not to our mind; and so this plan of taking in our shooting tenants does not seem amiss. I am sure we shall get on very happily together. M'Killop has reserve, but he is quite the jontleman. My daughter is as you see her—too brusk—too outspoken. I wish she could take a little of the polish of her stepsister, keeping her own heart, which is a kind one, although she does her best to conceal it. But you will make allowances for her; it is all the wild M'Whannel blood, which is not tamed in a day, as I daresay *you* know, Mr Cameron." Thus appealed to, Bertrand gave a knowing look, intended to signify that any one who attempted to tackle a M'Whannel would, in his opinion, find tough work cut out for him; and Morna, jumping up, cried out, "Mamma, if you give such a dreadful account of me, these poor gentlemen will be afraid to drive home with us in the dark, and if we stay here much longer, it will be dark before we get home. Do order the carriages."

The order was given, and two large uncovered omnibuses were speedily at the door. In the foremost the ladies and gentlemen and the lighter baggage were bestowed, and the other being loaded with the servants, dogs, and heavier *impedimenta*, a start was effected.

It will not do to indicate their exact route. The Celtic imagination is highly pitched, and the temper of the race sometimes a little stiff, and if we were to particularise, who can say what might come of it? Who can say how many Mornas, and M'Killops, and M'Kechnies, not to mention untamable M'Whannels, might swoop upon us, terrible as the army of "the Phairshon," and strident as the overwhelming music of that celebrated host? Far from us be any such indiscretion. We may safely say, however, that the route was a beautiful one, though the road was hilly, and its engineering reflected more credit on the æsthetic than on the practical turn of its contriver.

The sun had just set behind the distant hills of Mull, but the sky was without a cloud, and glorious with that warm and mellow tint which comes not often on the northern sky, but coming casts on it a beauty unknown to the heavens of the South, where night usurps with indecent haste the kingdom of the sun, allowing no brief courtesy of twilight. Yet not to twilight does this mellow tint belong, but to a certain benign middle light between it and the sun's departure. Lacking the glory of the sun, yet lacking the mystery of the dusk, it withholds the ruder revelations of the one and the weird transformations of the other. Seen by it, every object retains its identity, but with each harsher detail refined and softened. Seen by it, the purple hills, though their outlines are severe as against a moonlit sky, may indeed be said to bloom; and the wild cataract, leaping in its glory, to cast itself down in softlier falling sheets of silvery tissue from the height; and the thousand variations of the forest foliage to blend into the one excellence of an ideal verdure; and the sunset breeze rippling the bosoms of quiet mountain-tarns, to lay on them a chastened lustre—the pathetic impress, as it were, of the sun's pure "good-night." "The stars of earth," as Schiller calls the flowers, may pensively veil somewhat of their brightness—a fitting tribute to him who is away—their glory and their life; yet from them, in their sweet eclipse, a compensating fragrance rises, and fresher than the incense offered to their present lord are the odorous sighs they breathe when he is gone—waiting for the sympathetic light of their sister stars above.

It was a delicious evening, and its soft influence, and the great beauty all around, and the stillness—the sudden hush which falls upon the world when the sun disappears, as if Nature paused a moment and muttered the breathless question—"Will he return?"—all the deep influences of the hour and scene might well make speech a profanation, and silence praise, and silence fell upon the party. It must be admitted that Pigott's taciturnity was probably due to a constitutional bias in that direction, and Mrs M'Killop's, without doubt, to the more sublunary influence of an after-dinner sleep. But Bertrand was in a seventh heaven. Nature and Beauty were revealing themselves to him in their most benignant aspects, touching his heart with the fire of a hundred enthusiasms, and stirring all the romance and poetry of his soul into a sort of rapturous life.

Looking over the splendid hills, his spirit swelled with a patriotic joy, and he thought, "At last! Scotland! *my* country!" Here he was living and moving amid scenes that hitherto had been but the shadowy accessories of a thousand day-dreams. On these very hills the mighty king of Morven had mustered his hosts to go forth to the battle with Lochlin; in these hollow glens they had gathered to the joyous "feast of shells;" across these shimmering waters they had sped their dark prows, burning to reap harvests of death with biting brands that "never gave a second wound"—Fingal, Ossian, and Oscar, and Gaul, the peerless son of Morni! The wild strains of ecstatic minstrels, the clash of armour, the battle-cry, the wailing dirge, seemed to live in his ears; the sheen of beamy spears, the waving of banners, the streaming locks of heroes rushing to the maelström of the fray, rose to his mental vision. The clear sky-line of the mountains seemed thronged with shadowy hosts, and on the margin of the sea stood the fair forms of other years—Bragela, and

Evirallin, and white-armed Strina-Dona. And who were these that came like the mists, hovering, slow——

"What a delicious curd there was on that salmon at dinner!" here broke in the rasping voice of Mrs M'Killop; and though the remark (no doubt from the depths of slumber) was not followed by another, but tapered off into a succession of snores, snorts, gasps, and wheezes, it acted as "a word of power." The shadowy hosts halted in their rush, when the salmon rose in its material curdiness; at the sound of the earthy artillery which followed, they fled quaking back to Valhalla; and Bertrand, tumbling headlong out of cloudland, "shocked" against the cold earth, as the eagle falls pierced by the bullet of prosaic man.

He glanced rapidly round at his companions, as if half fearing that they might be conscious of his fanciful excursion, and half indignant at his rude recall. Mrs M'Killop's eyes were closed, her head moved in a suave rhythm with the sound of her snoring; she was beyond suspicion and the reach of wrath, and a well-pleased smile on her full lips suggested that her late repast was being re-enacted in a succulent dream.

Pigott, cold and wooden, was fixedly staring at the rug upon his knees; but Bertrand found that Morna was curiously looking at him.

"I—I was admiring that mountain," he said, in an apologetic tone; "what is its name?"

"That is Ben Scarrig," replied Morna.

"It is magnificent."

"Yes, it is a very fine hill."

"And how beautifully clear the outline is!"

"Yes, but I prefer it with some mist. It is wonderful sometimes to see the mist marching up from the sea, stealing through these woods below, and creeping along the ridges, just as if it had started to reach the top, like something living—with a purpose."

"Like an army of phantom sea-kings storming the height," cried Bertrand, suspecting a congenial spirit.

"It moves too gently for that," said Morna, "more like a procession of phantom pilgrims visiting the cairn of some great soldier who had died a hermit and a saint, and been buried in his cell far away up there on the top of the mountain."

"Miss Grant, you are quite a poetess."

"No, no, I was only following your idea—only an imitator; it is the story of Columbus' egg."

"I wonder what Pigott's simile would be?" said Bertrand; "what is it like, Pigott?"

"Which? the egg, or the hermit, or the mountain, or what?"

"The mist."

"Produce the mist, and I may be able to tell you."

"There wouldn't be half the imagination, you wouldn't have half the credit, Captain Pigott, if you saw it before your eyes."

"Oh! I'm a prose author; but, if it must be a procession of some sort, I should say a string of phantom tourists, headed by the adventurous Cook."

"Doesn't he deserve to be among them, Miss Grant?"

"Yes, I don't really think he is half ethereal enough for our society."

"You should let me sleep, then, if I am not to be among the prophets; or, better still, will you let me smoke, Miss Grant?"

"Of course, pray do."

"Then I will, and listen dreamily to your sweet discourse."

"Oh! but we shall be too shy to say anything worth listening to, when we know that you are sneering at us all the time."

"Bertrand is too conceited to be silenced by anything," said Pigott.

"But perhaps I am not."

"Smokers never sneer."

"I won't trust you; you had better go to sleep."

"Until Mrs M'Killop awakes, I must watch over my young friend."

"Why, what *can* you mean?"

"I mean that after Mrs M'Killop's formidable account of your ancestors, whose fierce disposition you are said to inherit, I couldn't conscientiously close an eye upon the lad's safety. I once read a ballad—perhaps you know it—Glenfinlas by name. I have a shocking memory, but I think it tells how a gallant sportsman, Lord Ronald, went out to hunt the dun deer, and in his forest-hut was visited by just such a young lady as yourself, who, however, presently turned into a colossal lady-fiend, and made a light supper of the unhappy young nobleman."

"Pray, smoke, Captain Pigott."

"But listen. Your ancestors, the MacWanels——"

"*MacHoo-annel! MacHoo-annel!*" cried Mrs M'Killop, waking up and shouting the words like a slogan.

"The application I reserve to a future diet, as your ministers say," remarked Pigott. "Yes, Mrs M'Killop, I admit that my pronunciation is feeble: it is one of the many failings of the Saxon."

"They are a miserable race," said Mrs M'Killop, relapsing at once into slumber.

"Instead of listening to Pigott's nonsense," said Bertrand, "suppose you sing us a song, Miss Grant?"

"But suppose I can't sing?"

"I know you can."

"How?"

"By the sound of your voice."

"That is *very* flattering. Well, I will admit that I do sing sometimes."

"Gaelic songs?"

"Sometimes."

"Will you now?"

"I am afraid Captain Pigott would laugh, and if he did I should be angry, because I love these songs; I *like* my other songs, but I *love* the Gaelic."

"Pigott is a heathen and a Saxon, but he won't laugh at anything you sing, I'll answer for him."

"Even if he were ill-bred enough to think of such a thing," said Pigott, "fear would deter him; the blood of your untamed ancestors——"

"Now, Captain Pigott, I'm not going to be teased about my ancestors; they are mamma's hobby, not mine—pray let them rest in peace."

"Amen! but do sing a verse or two of a pibroch or a coronach——"

"You are laughing at me already, and that settles the matter. Mr Cameron, I will sing *you* a Gaelic song some other time when Captain Pigott is out of the way. I won't profane my *repertoire* by singing one to him."

"I belong to an oppressed nationality, and I kiss the rod," said Pigott; "but at least you will let us have a song in the vulgar tongue?"

"You don't deserve it, but I will be generous. You must light your cigar first, though; I'm sure it will make you more civil."

"Thus coerced, I yield," said Pigott, lighting up; and Morna sang.

Bertrand had rightly surmised—she *could* sing. Moreover, she chose a song to which her voice was exactly suited, one of the sweetest of those Lowland melodies which the genius of the country and the sympathy of the heart can teach a true, pure, Scottish voice to sing to a perfection seldom reached by any alien with all the advantages of artistic culture. Morna's voice was very

true and pure, and with frequent tones of genuine pathos in its large compass.

"I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green—
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

"O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft,
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale,
Bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me,
Wi' her twa glancin' een,
Ae blink o' her wad banish care,
Sae lovely is my Jean."

The air and the words, and the voice that sang them, seemed all to be the natural outcome of the scenery and the hour; and Bertrand felt that, if then and there the voice of singing was to be heard, that was the voice and that the song he would have chosen. There were the dewy flowers she sang of—the blue-bell and the foxglove, the wild-rose and the heather—and there the tinkling chime of mountain springs—and the hills, and the dales, and the pensive light, and the darkening shaws, and the plaintive murmur of the night-breeze stealing across the moorlands, balmy with the breath of pine and gorse, and all manner of delightful thymy fragrance. It seemed to Bertrand that Morna's fresh voice set to music all these gracious surroundings, and infused their spirit into the tender passion of her "wood-notes wild."

"Beautiful! Miss Grant—perfectly beautiful," he cried, with enthusiasm; "a thousand thanks."

"Such a voice," said Pigott, "might even sing the songs of the Ojibbaway, and achieve a triumph."

"*Even* sing them, Captain Pigott?" gobbled Mrs M'Killop, who was again awake; "indeed! if my girl is not competent to sing *them*, or anything else, I don't know who should be, after all the Signors and the Herrs that have been drilling at her."

"I don't think my masters would quite take that as a compliment, mamma," laughed Morna; "but the less I say about them the better. And now, Mr Cameron, it is my turn to ask for a song."

"If I begin to think how badly my performance will sound after yours, I shall get nervous; so I won't think, but sing without a preface."

And so Bertrand contributed his mite to the concert, singing in a pleasant, capable baritone, one of the English ballads of the day, which Mrs M'Killop pronounced to be "mawkish," although the singer's voice seemed to her to have promise. Then Pigott was called upon, but laughed the notion to scorn, and named the driver as his substitute, who declined the office; but being peremptorily ordered by Mrs M'Killop to perform on the instant and in Gaelic, eventually did so, and at great length,—letting loose a flood of low, dolorous, guttural sounds, which seemed always on the point of dying out, but were perpetually rallied back to life by a sort of hiccupy cry of "hinyo."

"Did he die?" asked Pigott, when the man came at last to a close.

"Die? who?" said Mrs M'Killop.

"The gentleman in the ballad," said Pigott.

"There was nothing about death or a gentleman in the man's song; it was quite a funny little tale of love, and about a cow, and a shepherd, and three crows—full of wit and merriment."

"But some one groaned in the chorus, surely?"

"No, no; that was an exclamation of joyful surprise."

"It must be a wonderfully expressive language."

"It is indeed; we'll make him sing another."

"Oh, Mrs M'Killop, that would be taxing the poor fellow too much; and, by the by, we are not going to let *you* off. We must insist—and indeed, it is my call—upon a song from you."

Pigott found he had got from the frying-pan into the fire. His request was instantly complied with, and Mrs M'Killop, in a high, reedy voice, full of cracks and fissures, plunged straight into an intricate ballad, in which some Scottish maid tested her true love, as Rosalind did in the forest of Arden. It involved a series of lengthy dialogues between the lover and his disguised mistress, which Mrs M'Killop gave with great dramatic spirit, gruffening her voice for the male part, and reducing it to a sort of asthmatic whistle for the arch utterances of the fair beguiler.

"Yes, it is full of pathos," she remarked, in accepting the applause which followed; "and it is said to be founded on an event in the life of my great-grandmother, Mrs M'Kechnie of Tillywheesle — in Prince Charlie's time."

"Did the Prince play Orlando on the occasion?"

"Fie! Captain Pigott, fie! fie! fie! The M'Kechnie was the lover, of course; although there *is* a naughty idea in Scotland such as you hint at. She was beautiful, you see—(indeed, it belongs to the race to be beautiful) — and the Prince, dancing with her at Holyrood, is said to have made a point of it, that from that hour she should be called 'The White Rose of Tillywheesle'—but that was all. And now I must give you a song about dear Prince Charlie;" and she did—several, in fact, and kept pretty steadily "in possession of the floor" for the rest of the journey, only suffering one song by Morna and one by Bertrand to be edged in between her performances, which she accompanied by stiffish notes of explanation, and not a few strange genealogies.

It was with much satisfaction, therefore, that the rest of the party found themselves at last entering the avenue.

The twilight had deepened, for it was past eleven o'clock, but still our travellers had light enough to see that the place was one of great beauty. The house was large, old, and irregular. Probably it had originally been in the old Scottish style; but a succession of additions had developed it into a very picturesque nondescript, the general result of which was a square battlemented tower, rising in state among tall gables with their "corby-stairs," supported on either flank by wings of a lower and lighter class of building, ornamented with a profusion of turrets and pinnacles. The situation of the house was very striking. It stood on a broadish plateau, which sloped away to the front in gentle declivities and undulations, but descended at the back of the house in a sheer rocky precipice, the base of which was lashed by the tumultuous waters of a cascade, roaring down a steep glen which here expanded into a valley, the waters widening themselves into a river, and winding round one flank of the plateau so as to run for half a mile parallel with, but far below, the avenue. In front of the house, beyond an acre or two of lawn, there was no attempt at a park. The natural wood had been cut out, indeed, in divers places, so as to give expanse and variety, and here and there to uncover the full proportions of some giant of the forest; but underneath, the heather and the bracken had it all their own way,

—at least they did their best to dispute supremacy with those unsightly boulders and protruding rocks which bring grief to the hearts of reclaiming landowners. At the distance of a mile from the front of the house the ground rose again into hills, backed in the distance by veritable mountains. Behind the house the glen divided the lowest spur of another range, and on the left flank a narrow cultivated valley, already whitening to the harvest, ran for half a mile or so, when it was hemmed in and stopped by formidable banks of boulder, the outposts of the mountains that rose behind. Mountains, mountains everywhere.

"Glorious!" exclaimed Bertrand.

"What a trap for black game!" muttered Pigott, indicating the bright little bit of corn-land.

"I hope to goodness they haven't forgot supper," suggested Mrs M'Killop.

"They're awake, at all events," said Morna, as with a mighty clangour the great iron-studded doors were thrown open, letting loose some half-dozen terriers, who barked and pranced and ramped on the steps, as if prepared to do battle against all comers.

"Down, Bodach! For shame, Frioch! Bob, you little viper!" exclaimed Morna, jumping lightly from the carriage, and plunging in among the canine rabble, who forthwith changed their wrathful clamour into yells and screams of affection and delight. "Down, dogs all!"

"The noise of the dogs," said Mrs M'Killop, as she slowly descended; "is a little trying; but the effect is baronial and commy faw, so I encourage it. None of them bite except Wasp, which is a mercy. Is supper ready, Jinkyson?"

"Supper is ready, ma'am," said an austere-looking butler, who, with two liveried satellites, had appeared at the entrance.

"Let us go in, then, gentlemen; you are welcome to Cairnarvoch." And with a gracious flourish she waved them into the hall, all the dogs strenuously flattening their baronial noses against Bertrand's calves, which, however, remained unbitten, the truculent Wasp being probably off duty for the evening.

THIS MORNING'S 'TIMES' IN CHAMBERS.

H'M—Smith, a boy,—Brown, ditto,—Jones, a girl:—
Inevitable Smith and Brown and Jones!
Burrs on the coat-tails of Society
That won't be brushed away!—They're like the Poor,
They're always with us!—Reverend Trotter's wife
Of twins:—the man's a curate, I'll lay odds;
Some special Providence invigorates
The loins of such. Your curate evermore
Is your prize-proletarian. There was once
A law in Egypt, that a baker's son
Must live a baker, and a cook's a cook:—
Thank heaven that chapter stands not in our code!
Else, with this pastoral reproductive power,
There'd be so many dogs about the flock
That no stray sheep could nibble more in peace.
Holloa! what's this?—"On June the twenty-third,
"Peter, fourth son of Piper Peck, Esq.
"Of Pepperpool, to Rosa, only child
"Of Sydenham Potts of Pestleton, M.D."
Rosa! my Rosa!—mine that should have been
If—— Pah! what filth these grocers sell for tea!
It chokes one!—Rosa married!—and old Potts
"M.D." forsooth! Where gat he that "M.D."?
He sucked no Alma Mater's milk at home:—
What Pumpernickel Universität,
For some two thalers' fee of vile alloy,
Diplomatised him into Doctor-hood?
Yet that's not fair:—I recollect the time
When, for the sake of that blonde girl of his,
That shed a halo round his bulbous brows,
I held him re-incarnate Æsculape,
Yea, Pæan's self,—and at his lightest hint
Had drained the filthiest drench his art could brew,
And bolted every bolus in his shop!
Lord! how time flies!—That's twelve good years ago,
And I was two-and-twenty, she nineteen,—
Most loving—so she swore;—and yet withal
Most dutiful:—she called her father in
To treat the case:—"'Twas no uncommon one,"
He said,—"Romantic Fever:—Time and Sense
"Were potent with such ailments:—irritants
"Must be avoided; letters, interviews
"Forbidden:—we were young, and had not weighed
"What wedlock meant. If pills and draughts could stock
"A household, he might make us rich enough:—
"Sometimes he read in City-Articles
"That money was a drug,—he wished to God"
(He liked his joke, in his mild way, did Potts,)

"That drugs were money. There must be, he said,
"No tie, bond, pledge, engagement:—both were free:—
"Five years must pass:—and if that period's lapse
"In the same mind should find us, and if then"
(Most damnable if!) "I could by documents
"Sufficient show an income capable
"Of Rent and Taxes, Rates, and weekly bills,
"And nurture for such hungry consequence
"Of marriage as might follow in due time,
"Why, then the subject might be rediscussed.
"Till when, with all regret, he must desire
"We might be better strangers:—friends, of course,
"But friends that held it wiser not to meet:—
"And so, once more with all regret, good day
"And all good wishes."
At his garden gate
I stood—the world mine oyster:—one last look
At Rosa flattening at her chamber-pane
Her innocent nose, and waving frantical
A kerchief sopped with tears:—one bitter curse
On worldly Fathers and their flinty hearts:—
And I was gone. Heart-broken?—Yes: or so
It seemed that morning. Day was night—and men
All brutes—her sire the biggest brute of all.
To-day, I own it, calmly looking back
Through twice the years assigned us and two more,
I doubt if Potts was so much in the wrong.
What followed?—London! what should follow else?—
London—false land of promise, paved with gold
That turns to iron 'neath the blistering foot
Lured by that rustic lie to pace her streets!
The load-stone rock whereon Adventure splits,
And wrecked Ambition starves:—where Poverty
May lurk untortured by the scoff that wakes
Her keenest pang:—where Disappointment eats,
Unnoticed in the populous solitude,
The aching heart she scorns to show the world.
I came to London. Misanthropic months
Wore the first year to end,—with casual gleams
Of sunshine shed from stealthy messages
Sent through a common friend at Pestleton,
(Female, of course), brimful at first of love
Unalterable, unextinguishable:—
Then, at less frequent periods, hints would come
Of Duty, Fifth Commandment, and the like.
"I must not blame her, doubt her constancy,—
"She had given her Sire her promise *not to write*,
"And had not *written*:—Conscience whispered her
"Nathless that she was paltering with her pledge:
"'Twas a sore struggle, but we must submit;—
"(By the way, my last response was something cold,—)
"Call Time, and Faith, and Patience to our aid,

"And hope for happier days."—Too dutiful!
Too dutiful!—And that parenthesis
Of "something cold," too!—Warmth enough, I know,
I put in my reply,—perchance too much;—
And got for answer—"She must be excused
"If henceforth she declined to answer me:"—
And so our correspondence came to end,
And so, I hope, her conscience slept in peace.
That second shock was lighter. Life began
Somehow to taste less bitter;—wretchedness
And three-and-twenty would not be at one.
I found a friend or two of either sex,—
Contrived to earn a dinner by my pen,—
Sate sometimes laughing in a Play-House stall,—
Kept Terms, and jested at the Temple mess,—
And ere two years were ended joined a Club.
'Twas there, at closing of that second year,
That in their local paper,—for I kept
Sharp eyes upon the 'Loamshire Chronicle'—
I read—"Festivities at Pestleton,
"Ball at the Dragon"—and a string of names—
"The County Sheriff, and the Borough-Mayor,—
"Lord This,—Sir Thomas That,—Tother M.P.,—
"And our distinguished townsman Captain Smijth,"
(He spelt his curst cognomen with a "j"—)
"V.C., with fresh Crimean laurels crowned,
"Who, Rumour whispers us, will speedily
"To Hymen's altar lead our township's belle;—
"Potz-tausend! as our Teuton cousins swear,
"We blab no secrets,—but, when poets sing
"The Garden's Queen, no need to *name* the *Rose*."
I crumpled up the print, and flung it down:—
I said, more loudly than I should have said,
A word or two, not good, of Captain Smijth:—
(I know old Boodles, purring o'er the 'Post,'
Looked up with fishy eyes, and, winking hard
At Toodles, tapped his wig-beshadowed brows,
As who should say, "Behold a Lunatic!")
Then from its columns tore the paragraph,
And, with three words of question, "Is this true?"
To Pestleton dispatched it by the Post.
Answer, from Dr Potts:—"My favour, sent,
"In violation of our compact made,
"Duly received. He recognised no right,
"Whether the meaning of the journalist
"Were rightly guessed or wrongly,—(for himself
"He held the writer an impertinent ass,—)
"In me to put such questions:—must decline
"All further answer:—thought I must forget,
"(Seeing three years of five were yet to run,)
"That to his daughter I was nothing now,—
"*Nothing*. Miss P. desired her compliments:—

"Was glad to hear I had been seen of late,—
"For Pestleton heard London news at times,—
"Awfully jolly in the Smoking-Room,
"The life and soul o' the Club. And for himself
"He was my most obedient Sydenham Potts."
And so, for me, first love and Rosa Potts
Were thenceforth memories only:—wounds that left
A scar at first, but over-skinned by time.
And yet in those young years I loved that Girl—
I did, by Heaven!—it may be 'twas as well
The love was thwarted:—but 'twas honest then,
And in such cases there's a wrench o' the heart
That for the rest of life we feel at times
Like an old sprain. I wonder what Smijth felt
When in due season he was jilted too?
What time they found he had but Pay and Debts—
Three crusty uncles, impecunious all—
And a small family in Pimlico,
Whereof the mother was not Mrs Smijth.
Well, well,—I'm four-and-thirty:—at the Bar:—
Not absolutely briefless:—fancy-free:—
I've had stray thoughts of marriage now and then,—
Been "spoony" once or twice, for some two hours
At midnight, after supper at a Ball,—
(Ah me! the traps those London Salons set,
With small conservatories on the stairs,
Or o'er the portico!—) but with the morn,
And the Queen's Bench, myself again. These Girls
Of the Period "*font passer une heure ou deux*"
Glibly enough:—but skating on thin ice
Is perilous pastime:—strike out but an inch
Too hard, and, souse! you're over head and ears!
Flower-painting's pretty,—ballads ravishing,—
When after dinner one don't want to sleep:—
It's nice to broider altar-cloths, or set
Soft slipper-springes for a Curate's feet:—
Sweet are the uses of a Croquet-lawn
To dainty-ankled Nymphs:—no fairer sight
Than, in "the Row," a shapely Amazon:—
But yet,—if Fate not makes us Millionaires
Ordained to Butler, Brougham, and Opera-Box,—
'Twere better should the helpmate of one's life
Have learned, to boot, the price of butcher's meat,
What time a leg of mutton takes to roast,
And how to sew a button on a shirt.
Peck!—Peter Peck!—I wonder who the Deuce
Is Peter Peck!—It's not a county-name,
And Pepperpool was Norman Poivreaux's place:—
Some Wigan "chap," some "man" from Manchester,
Some shoddy-Plutocrat has mortgaged out
The fine old Squire!—Rosa's no chicken too
At one-and-thirty,—fattish probably,—

Your Blondes in middle life are apt to run
To corpulence:—I've noticed flaxen hair
Thins early, and turns sandy. Well, what then?
That's his affair, not mine. Confound him! What
Care I to-day if Rosa—Rosa Peck—
His Peck,—his Henpeck,—(that's a scurvy jest!)
The spouse of Peter—wears a wig or no,
Or stuffs her chignon with a greasy pad?
Peter, I beg your pardon!—May your hearth
Be happy, and a dozen little Pecks
Sit peckish round your board!—Why, there again!
Out on this peevish mocking!—Must I wince
That you pick up what long ago I lost?—
A jilt!—And yet, if true love *had* run smooth,—
Had Potts been less a Sire and more a man,—
Such as he was when penniless he wooed
And won the late lamented Mrs P.—
These dull old chambers might have been a house,
A cosy home, lighted with loving eyes,
And musical with laugh of little lips
Round the post-prandial fire. And Rosa—Pooh!
An idle dream! The sketcher Fancy dips
Her pencil in the Rainbow's richest hues,
And Fact upon the actual canvas lays
A daub, fit only to be turned to the wall.
You can't make silken purses of sows' ears:—
A jilt at heart's a jilt for evermore:—
And Peter Peck may live to find it out.
Was that a knock I heard?—Who duns us now?
No! as I live, a Brief, and liberal-fee'd:—
Dodson and Fogg retain my eloquence
For "Fondwell *versus* Fondwell and De Bosch,"
In the Divorce Court, third for Friday next.
Oh! Wives and husbands! Wives and husbands oh!
Give me my pipe. It's better as it is.

H. K.

THE LATE GEORGE MOIR.

THE death of Mr George Moir, at one time a very frequent, and always a much valued, contributor to this Magazine, has awakened a train of recollections full of a strange and affecting interest, especially to those who, like the writer of this notice, were united to him by long intimacy and by a cordial co-operation in favourite pursuits. In consequence of impaired health, Mr Moir had for some time back discontinued all literary exertions, and almost secluded himself from general society: but for many years he was a distinguished ornament of that literary circle of which Edinburgh was then so justly proud.

Mr Moir was born and educated in Aberdeen; but to the sound scholarship and vigorous logic of that excellent school, he added a more than usual degree of taste and refinement. His intimate acquaintance with modern literature, not only vernacular, but French, Spanish, and Italian, to which he afterwards added German, attracted eager attention and warm admiration; and his prompt and versatile talents of composition found a ready acceptance in the literary mart. His earliest productions seem to have been two articles furnished to the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1824—one on "Spanish Literature" in the 39th volume, and the other on the "Lyric Poetry of Spain" in the 40th volume; both of them distinguished by elegant taste and just criticism, and containing several translations by himself of the poems of Luis de Leon and other Spanish writers, which are remarkable for ease and beauty of diction, as well as for strict fidelity to the originals.

Mr Moir passed advocate at the Scottish Bar in July 1825, and his position before doing so, and while preparing the articles in the 'Edinburgh Review' above mentioned, may be seen in the following extract from Mr Veitch's excellent 'Memoir of Sir William Hamilton,' which is based on information furnished by Mr Moir himself, and well illustrates the auspicious commencement of his career, and of his long and lasting friendship with that distinguished philosopher:—

"A literary consultation was the occasion of the commencement of the warm and life-long friendship which subsisted between Sir William and Mr George Moir. In 1824, Mr Moir, then a young man preparing to pass advocate, was engaged on an article for the 'Edinburgh Review' on the ancient ballad-poetry of Spain, and was encouraged by a mutual friend, Mr Thomson of Banchory, to apply to Sir William for information on the subject, and on the numerous books that had appeared in Germany in reference to it. It was arranged that Mr Moir should meet Sir William one morning at the Advocates' Library. 'I confess,' says Mr Moir, 'the interview appeared to me beforehand rather a formidable one. I had heard of Sir William's almost unequalled examination at Oxford, and of his universal erudition both in philosophy and languages. There was something also in his appearance which had powerfully impressed me. When in repose, indeed, his look was somewhat stern. The massive though well cut features, the firm compressed mouth, and the eagle-looking eye, of which the whole pupil was visible, created a feeling akin to awe. But in proportion to this apparent sternness was the charm of his smile and of his whole manner when animated. To myself he was most indulgent; and I had not been ten minutes in his company when my anxiety vanished, and I felt an assurance that, however little I might deserve it, we were destined to become not merely acquaintances but friends—an assurance which I rejoice to think was verified by the event. He not only took a warm inter-

est in my review, but, as I did not then understand German, explained to me the meaning of passages in the German works bearing on the subject.'"

At the time when Mr Moir joined its ranks, the Bar of Scotland formed certainly a bright and brilliant assemblage, in which it must have been very pleasant to enjoy an honoured or respected place. Sir Walter Scott at that time was in the zenith of his reputation, with some forebodings, indeed, of coming difficulties, but with little anticipation of the melancholy change that was so soon to overtake him. Every now and then the towering head of 'Peveril of the Peak'* was to be seen slowly advancing from the Inner House to the Outer House stove, to add to the hilarity in which his younger friends were freely indulging. Wilson, too, who had been appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1820, almost daily visited the Outer House for half an hour on his way to or from his class. Hamilton also was there; then Professor of History, busy in discussion or disputation with any one who would discuss or dispute with him, or grappling with the vast contents of the Advocates' Library, which were better known to himself than to any of its officers. Patrick Robertson, when not carried off to a Bar, was everywhere present and everywhere welcome; and Patrick, or Peter Tytler, as his friends loved to call him, contributed his sunny cheerfulness and polished wit to put every one in good humour. Lockhart, indeed, left Edinburgh in the end of 1825 to assume the editorship of the 'Quarterly,' and in this way no opportunity was then allowed for an intimacy arising between him and Moir, nor were they afterwards thrown much into contact, though Moir contributed at least one article to the 'Quarterly' in Lockhart's time. But Lockhart's intimate friend, Douglas Cheape, soon formed Moir's acquaintance, and a close and cordial friendship arose between them, which was only terminated by Mr Cheape's death. Besides the remarkable men we have mentioned who were so well calculated to mix wit with wisdom, there was always in the younger or briefless portion of the Bar a ready audience by whom their sayings, whether wise or witty, were appreciated and welcomed. There were at the same time graver men of high talent and valuable attainments: Mr Hope, then Solicitor-General, afterwards Justice-Clerk: Mr M'Neill, now Lord Colonsay, then in high practice as an advocate, and who, after passing through every grade of honour which his profession could yield, is now enjoying a well-merited retirement from more laborious duties, while still contributing in the Court of highest resort the benefit of his knowledge, and experience, and great practical sagacity: Mr, afterwards Sir Archibald, Alison, who, in the midst of professional and official occupations, was then accumulating those stores of historical information which at a subsequent period gained him so high a name, and of which the first specimens appeared in our pages. In addition to all these were the distinguished men of an older generation—Thomson, Cranstoun, Jeffrey, Murray, and Cockburn, with Skene and Rutherfurd of an intermediate date—all possessed of great talents or profound learning, and whose social qualities gave additional lustre and interest to the profession to which they belonged.

In calling to mind this condition of the Bar, we cannot forbear from

* See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. v. p. 251.

saying a few words as to some of the individuals whom we have named, and in contact with whom Mr Moir came thus to be placed.

Of Patrick Fraser Tytler—with whose History of Scotland many must be familiar—a good deal is known from two biographies of him that have been published—one in Thomson's Supplement to Chambers's Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen; and the other a separate life, by his friend Mr Burgon of Oriel College, Oxford. From these sources full information may be gathered as to the principal incidents of his life, and particularly as to his literary career in the later portion of it. But Mr Thomson, we suspect, did not know Mr Tytler at all; and Mr Burgon came to know him only in 1835, after the death of his first wife, when he had attained to middle age, and had his character greatly saddened by recent affliction. In 1825, the period of which we are here speaking, Tytler was a gayer and a happier man: not that the essential elements of his character were less earnest and serious than when they came more fully to unfold themselves at the later period at which Mr Burgon knew him. But in his first youth, Patrick Tytler came indeed under Shakespeare's description of Biron as one of the merriest of men,

"Within the limits of becoming mirth."

Tytler's mind and habits combined two very different and strongly contrasted qualities. In his hours of relaxation he was the gayest of the gay, the composer and singer of delightful songs, and the promoter of the best-humoured and most urbane hilarity; while at the same time he was busily breaking ground upon those researches of a more severe and recondite description, which ultimately enabled him to take a high position as a writer of biography and history. His History has its own merits as well as faults, and may always be consulted with advantage, though we need not say that it cannot now claim to be *the* History of Scotland. The extracts from Tytler's diary which are given by Mr Burgon show the more serious part of his mind at this early period, and some fruits of his studies were beginning to appear. In 1817 he had contributed to this Magazine the first part of a Life of Sir Thomas Craig, which he afterwards completed and published as a separate work in 1823; but, in the mean time, in society he was all that was delightful, and in particular his volunteer and yeomanry songs were always forthcoming to enliven the "nights at mess." Some specimens of a more ambitious character are to be found in Mr George Thomson's collection of Scottish songs, and one in particular used to delight us, "Though Summer's a glorious Season;" but in this case, as happens in some others, the full effect is wanting when we cannot have the author's voice to do the song justice. We look back as if it were yesterday to a long and charming summer's day spent with him about the year 1825, on the outside of the Highland coach in its journey to Inverness, when he delighted us and some other friends with an endless succession of his pleasantest vocal efforts.*

Of Douglas Cheape we cannot write without feelings of deep emotion. He was long connected with this Magazine, and was the intimate friend of all the inner circle of its supporters. A better friend, or a man of more disinterested and independent spirit, there never breathed.

* A very pretty song of Tytler's—"Hark! through the Greenwood ringing"—was printed by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in his edition of Gilpin's Forest Scenery.

His talents and attainments were of a high order; but various causes—fastidiousness of taste, a love of a country life, and somewhat of a "truant" and desultory disposition—prevented him from exerting himself in many ways in which he might have attained excellence. When he became Professor of Civil Law, an appointment which he obtained in 1827, he felt that all his wants were supplied, and beyond composing a series of excellent lectures, he ceased to feel any further ambition; and though a frequent contributor to these pages, he was not easily roused to exertion. In one vein of composition, that of satirical song, he was without a rival, at least in Scotland. As yet Outram was little known; but Outram's style was of a different character. We have no desire to resuscitate forgotten personalities, but we think we may say that those who remember and who felt resentment at the foolish virulence which would have excluded the name of Scott from a toast to be given in honour of the literature of Scotland, would never feel much regret at the rich basting bestowed upon "Glasgow's Gander."* Among lyrics of a more general kind, we believe that Mr Cheape's song of the "Tailor" is still popular amongst all political parties. It first appeared, we think, in the 'Ten-Pounder,' and describes the history of a tailor who, having been "taught in an ill-fated hour" "the unfortunate secret that knowledge is power," relinquishes his humble calling for the trade of a reforming agitator. The conclusion is excellent:—

"Then THE BILL it is passed and the country is free,
And our poor little tailor, what better is he?
His customers gone and his rent still to pay,
And his wife, the *ninth* time, in the family way!
Sing down, down, down, derry down.

I remember him well ere his time he thus lost,
And a happier tailor his legs never crossed;
But now he's quite changed—he is surly and sour—
Though he's clearer than ever that 'knowledge is power.'
Sing down, down, down, derry down."

The adhesion of Snip to his favourite maxim in the face of all practical difficulties is eminently characteristic of the *doctrinaire* mind, as we see it sometimes illustrated even at the present day. Mr Cheape was latterly in bad health—a widower and childless—and during his long illness the assiduous attention of his friend, George Moir, was a great consolation.

Last, though in no sense least, of the band of advocates with whom Moir was about to associate, we shall advert to Patrick Robertson, whose reputation is too well known, at least on this side of the Border, to require many words on our part to describe him. He was a man of singular originality and force of character; and while he remained at the bar he was probably the source of a greater amount of mirth and amusement than any man of his time. The admirable geniality and good-humour of his nature made him a delightful companion. His imitative representations of various characters,—the Italian Buffo, the Gaelic minister, the stammering dragoon officer returning thanks for the army, the discursive orator expatiating on the general question,—all these were superlative performances; and as chairman or croupier of a festive dinner he was without a rival. But in fact his company in the forenoon was almost equally entertaining. A remarkable feature about him was the facility with which he allowed himself to be made a subject of raillery or satire by his friends; and freely did those friends avail them-

* See Index to 'Blackwood,' *in voce.*

selves of the permission. The old traditional "High Jinks" were still in observance among the Bar, and in these scenes Robertson always figured as one of the chief *dramatis personæ*. A song or squib of some kind or other was ever forthcoming on any great occasion; and to the *librettos* thus produced Moir became a liberal contributor. The first formation of Robertson was celebrated by Cheape in a song beginning—

"Said Jupiter to Mercury, all on a summer's day:
I wish to make a pretty man, so fetch a piece of clay."

On occasion of his being made Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, he was saluted by a joint-stock production, entitled "Peter no more;" indicating that his usual character was to disappear under the honours conferred upon him; but it concluded by expressing a hope that he might not be wholly lost to his friends:—

"Yet sometimes, perhaps, when a Whig isn't present,
Having used the precaution of shutting the door,
Our friend once again may consent to be pleasant,
And half condescend to be Peter once more."

On occasion of the Edinburgh dinner to Mr Dickens, at which he was croupier, Robertson was thus made to allude to himself in connection with the subject of the evening:—

"Shakespeare and Dickens in one fault agree:
They steal from Nature, and they steal from me.
In the fat boy a favourite form appears,
The unctuous image of my earlier years;
While all admit that Falstaff's girth and gauge
Were basely borrowed from my riper age."

But perhaps the most elaborate *jeu d'esprit* of which he was the subject was one on which we lighted the other day, in a very respectable little volume of Reminiscences of the Court of Session. It consists of lines which he delivered in person at a dinner given to him in anticipation, it is believed, of his probable promotion to the Bench, and is in the form of a parody on the Farewell Address delivered by John Kemble when he retired from the stage:—

"As the worn war-horse, whom Ducrow so long
Has taught to prance before the applauding throng,
Now, all unfit to play his wonted part,
Turns the dull mill, or trails the ignoble cart:
If, midst his daily toils, perchance he hears
Great Wombwell's trumpets, and the attendant cheers,
Strives, from his rear, the cumbrous load to fling,
And longs to circle in his ancient ring—
So I," &c.

A great part of this production was, we know, contributed by Mr Moir.

The extreme good-nature with which Robertson not only submitted but gave a helping hand to these jocular effusions on himself, might in another man have suggested the idea of weakness or facility of character. But from any such charge Robertson was amply protected by the great talents he displayed, and the high position he maintained, as a professional man. He was all along in extensive employment as a counsel, and was both a sound adviser and an able advocate. In some departments of practice—as in trials by jury, both civil and criminal—he was eminently skilful and successful, and not only knew how to employ his wit, readiness, and geniality in aid of his cause, but brought to the service of his clients a degree of good sense, sagacity, industry, and often eloquence, which might seem to be incompatible with the lighter qualities of his mind. His demeanour, and his usefulness as a judge, fully justified his elevation to the Bench, and confirmed the high opinion of his talents and devotion to duty for which his friends had always given him credit.

Mr Moir himself, after being ad-

mitted to the Bar, soon showed that he was qualified to excel as much in a professional as in a literary career. His literary studies at the same time were not neglected, but ardently pursued. We have seen that in 1824, when he first came in contact with Sir William Hamilton, he was unacquainted with German; but within a very short time afterwards he had made himself master of that language, and in 1827 his admirable version of Schiller's 'Wallenstein' appeared anonymously. This translation, in which he tells us that he had Hamilton's patient and efficient assistance, may well bear comparison with that of Coleridge, being much more close and faithful, while in felicity of diction it can scarcely be considered inferior. It does not, we may notice, contain Schiller's Camp, which forms the introduction to 'Wallenstein,' but which Moir seems to have considered untranslatable. Some extracts from the Camp, however, are translated in an article which we believe to be Mr Moir's, in the fifth volume of the Foreign Quarterly, being a review of a very poor French translation of 'Walstein,' by M. Liadières. In the same year, 1827, he contributed to Constable's Miscellany, also anonymously, a pleasant little volume under the title of 'Table Talk,' being a selection from the best of the Ana, extremely well chosen, well expressed, and well translated where derived from foreign sources. We believe that he also contributed two volumes to the same Miscellany, containing a translation of Schiller's Historical Works, in 1828.

We have already adverted to his review of Liadières's 'Walstein,' in the fifth volume of the Foreign Quarterly; and in the sixth volume of that publication we find another article of his on "Demonology and Witchcraft," being a review of Horst's 'Zauber Bibliothek.' The article is very amusing and exhaustive, the subject being one on which Moir was well able and well disposed to expatiate.

The ardent prosecution of his German studies was probably the occasion of introducing Moir to the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle, who was then in Edinburgh; and although their minds were very different, it is likely that if Carlyle had not removed to London, which he did in 1833, a long and pleasant friendship might have been formed between them. In July 1834, Carlyle, writing to Sir William Hamilton from Chelsea, says:—"Will you ever send me a sheet of Edinburgh news. It were very welcome from your hand. Pray tell Moir also where I am, and give my hearty love to him."* Prior to this, and while Carlyle was living at Craigenputtock, Moir paid him a visit of two days, and took two sketches of the house there, which Goethe wished to have, and which were sent to him accordingly. Not long after this Goethe got these engraved as frontispieces to the German translation of Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller;' and we believe that the two parties from whom they emanated made themselves merry over the "honour" thus done them.

In 1831 fifteen Englishmen contributed to procure and send to Goethe on his birthday (it proved to be his last) a simple but graceful present—an engraved seal—in token of their admiration of his genius, with the motto from his own works, "Ohne Hast, und ohne Rast." Reference is made to this incident in Lewes's 'Life of Goethe,' vol. ii. p. 440, where thirteen of the names

* Memoir of Hamilton, p. 132.

are given, including those of Carlyle and his brother, Scott, Wilson, and Lockhart. Moir, and we believe Hamilton, completed the number. The project had originated with Carlyle, and the design was sketched by his amiable and accomplished wife. The tribute was gratifying to Goethe, who acknowledged it in a sonnet, "Den Fünfzehn Englischen Freunden." We believe that after 1834 Carlyle and Moir met only on one occasion; but we are sure that the venerable and true-hearted old man of Chelsea was grieved when he learned that his former friend and fellow-labourer in good literature had gone before him.

In the same year, 1831, Moir's connection with this Magazine began; and for nearly twenty years after that date he continued to be a regular and frequent contributor. The first of his contributions was the commencement of "Fragments from the History of John Bull," which was continued through several numbers, and afterwards published anonymously in a separate shape. It is needless to eulogise a performance which must be well known to our older readers; but it well deserves perusal by the younger part of our friends, as a very witty and successful imitation of Swift's original. It would be endless to notice in detail his various other papers; but we may mention, as particularly deserving of notice, his articles on "Shakespeare in Germany," on "French Literature of the 18th Century," on "Tasso," on "Calderon," and on "Camoens."

In February 1843 he paid a well-merited tribute to the memory of his friend, Captain Thomas Hamilton, in a short notice in the Magazine; and finally, after an interval, he closed his contributions to our pages by writing, in May 1854, a notice of the death of Professor Wilson, which we venture to characterise as one of the most beautiful and just estimates of the character of a great literary man that has ever been produced. Would that he had now left behind him any one able to do equal justice to his own merits! To that notice of Professor Wilson we would respectfully refer our readers, as a specimen of Mr Moir's powers in serious composition, and as a proof at once of the graces of his style and the strength of his feelings.

In 1838 Mr Moir had been appointed Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. That Chair had for many years previously been a mere nonentity, during the incumbency of his predecessor. But Mr Moir, by the excellence of his lectures, began that improvement in its position which has since been continued, and which, by the exertions of Mr Aytoun, rose afterwards to so high a pitch.

One of Mr Moir's intimate friends for many years was Mr Macvey Napier, who succeeded to the editorship of the 'Edinburgh Review' in 1829, upon Mr Jeffrey's elevation to the office of Dean of Faculty. We believe that Mr Moir furnished several literary articles to Mr Napier for that Review, although we are unable to give details. We know that he contributed to the Seventh Edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' of which Mr Napier was also editor. Two excellent articles in that work furnished by Mr Moir, on "Poetry" and "Modern Romance," were afterwards published in a separate volume, along with an "Essay on Rhetoric," by Mr Spalding, who afterwards succeeded Mr Moir in the Rhetoric Chair.

While Mr Moir was thus distinguishing himself as a literary man of high eminence, he had been rapidly rising in his profession,

and had attained the reputation of a sound lawyer, and an able and eloquent counsel. He did not lay himself out for criminal business; and his forte perhaps lay in the more erudite departments of law, in which his speeches were soon acknowledged to be distinguished for great clearness of exposition, lucid symmetry of arrangement, sound learning, and felicitous illustration. He resigned his Professorship in 1840, and in 1858 he was appointed Sheriff of Stirlingshire, having been previously Sheriff of Ross-shire. In 1864 he was made Professor of Scotch Law, by the unanimous vote of his brethren of the Bar, and held the office for two years, continuing to carry on his profession as a Chamber Counsel, in which character he was held in high esteem.

Our view of Mr Moir's character would be incomplete if we did not allude to his great love of art, which was very early developed, and was combined with taste eminently just and discriminating. If he had not been successful as a lawyer and a man of letters, he might probably have been distinguished as an artist. Genius and taste are not always found in combination, and the excellence of an amateur does not always come up to the professional standard. But Moir had, we believe, sufficient aptitude to have given expression to his artistic feelings, if he had been induced to practise art otherwise than for his amusement.

For the last few years Mr Moir's health became extremely precarious, and as he considered himself possessed of an ample competence, he resigned his sheriffship and retired from professional practice. From family reasons he was about to remove to London, but on the very eve of his departure he died suddenly, on the 19th of October, in his seventy-first year.

The notice of him that we have now ventured to submit to our readers seems in some respects to require an apology. It is like life itself, a mingled yarn of brighter as well as of graver recollections; but we venture to suggest, that often as amidst the flowers that strew our path some bitterness arises that gives a momentary pang, so in the midst of the most mournful contemplation of the past some gleams of pleasantness will interpose on which it is allowable to dwell a little without doing injustice to our more serious feelings. Some of our readers, imperfectly acquainted with the facts, and with the literary tendencies then prevailing, may think that we have been here striving to ask for attention and sympathy in matters that may be looked upon as too personal to call for public consideration; but this cannot be justly said. It cannot be doubted that in the early half of the present century, laying aside the high scholarship of the English universities, there existed in Edinburgh a concentration of literary taste and talent that was not surpassed, and could scarcely be said to be equalled, in any other part of the kingdom. In the department of periodical literature, it seems a plain and impartial truth that the 'Edinburgh Review' and this Magazine, as the vigorous organs of opposite schools of politics and criticism, were not only the founders but the formers of that peculiar agency which is now so prevalent and so powerful; for we presume it will be allowed that the Reviews and Magazines of the former century were productions too feeble and ephemeral to have much effect. These new leaders in this important path have had many followers, and among these some for-

midable rivals; but we think we may say that they themselves in a great measure taught those rivals how to compete with them. It is also certain, that both in periodical and in general literature the Bar of Scotland during that period supplied a great proportion of eminent writers. His own unobtrusive nature, and the anonymous form of almost all his writings, made Moir less known to the outer world than some others were; but those who were admitted behind the scenes knew how important a part he played in the drama, how much he was esteemed by all, and how great was the influence which he exerted. We think, too, that apart from their abstract interest, there are many, both at home and far away, in whom the details which we have now given will excite pleasure and gratify a natural curiosity. If we have erred in this respect in any way, we must hope that some indulgence will be given to private feelings. The hand that has traced these lines was first joined in friendship to George Moir's forty-five years ago; and the intimacy then begun continued ever afterwards till it was terminated by his death, without having ever been clouded by disagreement or chilled by interruption of any kind. A sympathy of the closest description subsisted to the last, in work and in relaxation, in joy and in sorrow. Moir's advice and aid were ever ready and ever useful: he was as true, sincere, and faithful a friend as ever lived:—

"Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum invenient parem?"

THE TWO SYSTEMS.

We are not among the number of those who either expect or desire to see established, now or at any future time, a facsimile of the Prussian military system in this country. Happily for us, our geographical position on the globe is such as ought to render unnecessary a measure so much opposed to the political traditions and social habits of the British people. Surrounded by the ocean, which, to be sure, on one side of us shrinks into "a silver thread," we need be under little apprehension, assuming our navy to be adequate, of any such sudden attack upon our coasts as, with common prudence guiding our counsels on shore, we should be unable to repel. At the same time, let us not forget that navies are very far from being now what they used to be during the great war of the first French Revolution. All nations, ourselves among the rest, are, in point of fact, only beginning to create them. We certainly, whatever other peoples may think upon the subject, seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the dominion of the sea is to be asserted and maintained by means of armoured vessels exclusively. Hence, applying our undivided energies to the construction of ships which shall be shot and shell proof, or as nearly so as art and iron can make them, we have broken up or sold for old songs scores of wooden hulks, some of which, it is believed, had never gone to sea since they were built, while very many were capable of being converted, at a trifling expense, into most efficient cruisers. Now this may or may not be a judicious proceeding. In our opinion, and we are far from singular, it is not a judicious proceeding. As far, however, as its capabilities extend, our fleet may entirely be relied upon. But at once this question occurs, Are these such as to justify the studied neglect with which all other means of defence against foreign aggression are treated? We are sure that, since the world began, no nation was ever yet saved in war by its ships alone. And it is worse than idle in us, who have fallen upon an age of rapid and constant progression, to rely absolutely upon our navy to cover us from attack, however superior it may be at this moment to any other single navy in the world. Combinations of powers, bent on putting down some state which has long been to each of them an object of jealousy, have occurred before, and may occur again; while it is just possible that the very incidents connected with our naval power on which we mainly trust as raising us above danger, may prove the fruitful sources of disaster to us when the trial comes. Not for a moment, therefore, may they who value the honour, not to say the safety, of the country, intermit their efforts to force upon a reluctant Administration the duty—nay, more, the necessity—of putting the military resources of the realm into an efficient state. It is said that Mr Cardwell, anticipating the attack that will surely be made upon him as soon as Parliament meets, has directed a committee of officers to meet and consider the question in detail, and to report upon it. Was any proceeding of the sort required? Do we not all understand already where the fault lies? Has not enough been said and written by persons conversant with the whole subject to show that England

is helpless for operations either of offence or defence on shore, not because the people are wanting in any of the qualities that go to make first-rate soldiers, but because the Government either does not know how to utilise these qualities, or shrinks from the obvious duty of staking its existence as a Government on the adoption by Parliament of a well-considered plan for doing so? Consider what the extent of our manhood is, what our yearly revenue, what a lesson was taught us as to the temper and disposition of the people by the readiness with which, not very many years ago, in a time of known weakness and anticipated danger, a hundred thousand men, most of them in circumstances comparatively easy, took up arms of their own accord, and stood forward to defend their homes and hearths. Will anybody tell us that a nation so circumstanced—which is really full of military ardour, which is rich above other nations, which in point of numbers comes second only to Russia, Austria, France, and United Germany among the great Powers of Europe — will anybody tell us that a nation so circumstanced would hesitate to accept a wise order of defensive military organisation, were such proposed to it, and the necessity of acceding to it made manifest? The idea is monstrous. All that is wanted to give us at least the first element of national strength is, that the Minister shall state his case clearly in the House of Commons, and ask for the means of attaining it. A large regular army nobody wants. We are not an aggressive people; and if we must, at some future time, being bound by treaties so to do, put a force in the field to support an ally, the ways and means of doing so will, at the proper moment, be forthcoming. But we do want now a strong, well-ordered, well-administered army of defence; and sooner or later, before or after some great national disaster, we shall surely get it.

It is not, however, enough to have men and material at our disposal, in order to create the sort of military force which this country desiderates. Men are helpless unless there be educated officers to direct them; and material fails or is wasted where there is no well-organised machinery of supply and control. Now it is to the excellence of her system in regard to these latter points, not less than because of the care which she takes to have her armies well organised and commanded, that Prussia owes the success which has attended her operations in her recent wars both with Austria and France. We propose, therefore, following up what was stated last month, to describe, as clearly as the limits at our command will allow, the principal features in that system—not under the delusive idea that it would be possible, were it even desirable, to make the whole system our own by a process of servile imitation, but because, having a model confessedly admirable of its kind upon which to work, Mr Cardwell and his advisers may have something better to refer to than their own preconceived opinions, and probably their own very limited, if not prejudiced, personal experience.

The army in Prussia, like that of every other Continental monarchy, whether the government be, as in Russia, despotic, or as in Holland and Belgium, constitutional, is under the direct and immediate command and control of the King. The Chambers have nothing whatever to say to it, except to vote the supplies necessary for its subsistence and efficiency, and to fix the term during which, whether with his colours or in reserve, each particular soldier

shall serve. Even in settling these matters, as recent experience shows, the judgment of the King carries with it far greater weight than that of his Parliament. After 1866 the King proposed a plan of recruitment, which the Chamber of Deputies rejected again and again; but, by the mere force of his own will, the King carried his point, and the country has reaped the benefit of his or his Ministers' wise determination in the success which has attended its army in the present war. The Prussian army is therefore the King's army, in as absolute a sense as the English army, after the Restoration and previously to the Revolution, was the army of the King of England. It is, moreover, the right arm of the State, which the head of the State wields, unchecked by any counterpoise of popular prejudice. It is that particular institution, also, which all others within the realm are made to subserve, and before the necessary requirements of which, the wants, wishes, and conveniences of individuals, and even of civil communities, must give way. Thus, if cattle or waggons be required to facilitate a march, or provisions run short, or lodging for man and horse be needed, on the town or village at which any portion of the army arrives, or in which it happens to be quartered, the obligation is imposed of making good such deficiency. The King's army must not want for aught. The people whom the King governs and protects must furnish his army with whatever is needed to render it mobile, and keep it in a state of efficiency. Let us not be misunderstood. At home as well as abroad receipts are given for every article requisitioned for and furnished; and the documents, when handed in to the proper quarter, are examined, checked, and redeemed. But the apprehension of pecuniary damage in such cases is not always the sore point. The hire of a farmer's horses or waggons, however punctually paid for, does not compensate him for the loss of their services, say at ploughing-time or harvest; yet they must go immediately they are demanded, while the owner must take and be thankful for whatever price the Government shall judge expedient to pay for the accommodation. Our readers will not, we imagine, suspect us of any desire to transplant, in its integrity, this item of the Prussian military system into Great Britain. We are well pleased that the House of Commons should continue to hold the strings of the purse, not less when the military than when the civil wants of the nation are to be provided for. And we entirely approve of the constitutional principles adopted in 1688—we greatly lament that even in part they should have been departed from—that all who advise the Crown in military affairs should, equally with the Crown advisers in civil affairs, be personally responsible to Parliament for the advice which they tender to the Sovereign. But this is quite another matter from handing over the control of the army, as we have recently done, to a civilian, himself a member of the House of Commons, and therefore dependent on the caprices of a majority in that House, from day to day, for his tenure of office. It seems to us impossible that the state to which things have of late years been brought can long coexist with the semblance of monarchical authority, however limited. And therefore, to the Commission which is sitting to advise what the future of the army shall be, we take the liberty of recommending this point as well worthy of their notice, before they proceed to deal with any other.

The administration of the Prussian

army is conducted under the King by a Minister of War, who may or may not be a member of the legislature, but who must be a general officer of long service and tried ability and knowledge. He is selected by the King. He need not necessarily go out with a change of Ministry, because his duties are in the strictest sense of the term administrative. But he is responsible to the Houses which vote the supplies that they are rightly dispensed; and in case of malversation, or suspected malversation, he is open to impeachment. This important office is held, at the present moment, by General von Roon, in whom both the King and the country repose that entire confidence which his tried ability and unimpeachable honour have justly acquired for him.

The Prussian War Minister unites in his own person the attributes both of our Commander-in-Chief and of our Secretary of State for War. In the King's name, and by authority from the King, he determines what shall be from time to time the drill, the armament, the uniform, the discipline of the troops of all arms, as well as the quartering of corps, and the distribution of commands. Acting in like manner for the King, he determines and settles the great principles of supply and control. Into minute details he never enters, unless special reference be made to him; leaving these, and wisely leaving them, to be settled by the heads of the various departments into which his office is divided. And thus every man, having his own proper work to do, and being held personally responsible that it shall be well done, applies to it his undivided energies, and the work is done.

Over each department, whether it take charge of discipline or supply, a military man presides. Persons who have shown in the War Academy business habits more than ordinarily accurate are selected for such employment, each in accord with his specialties; and they usually work their way from employment at the headquarters of *corps d'armée*, to employment at the headquarters of the whole army. For in all respects each of the thirteen great commands into which, during peace, the Prussian army is divided, is a complete representation on a small scale of the central machine, the war office at the capital. Hence, in giving a rapid sketch of one of these, we sketch the whole, because just as the War Minister is supreme under the King over the entire state military, so is every corps commander supreme within the limits of his command over the entire force submitted to his orders, with its staff, whether they be occupied upon matters of discipline or matters of supply.

The discipline of the Prussian army, like that of all other armies, is kept up mainly by the regimental officers. These have their rules and regulations to guide them, and their responsibilities, which pass from one superior order to another until they reach headquarters. There is, however, this difference between the Prussian and all other army systems, that in Prussia the company, squadron, or battery plays in the hierarchy of command a far more important part than is allowed to it in any other European army. This is, perhaps, in some degree due to the fact that the company in the Prussian service bears almost the same numerical proportion to a battalion that a battalion does to a regiment. It is a strongly marked unit, being so constituted as to bring the captain into far more intimate relations with the men and officers composing his company than

the chef-de-battalion can ever be brought with his battalion or the colonel with his regiment. The consequence is, that the colonel and chef-de-battalion have very little to say to the people under their orders, except on parade, unless, indeed, which rarely or never occurs, appeals be made to one or the other from the decision of the captain. For he it is who arbitrates between contending parties in the ranks—who praises or rewards the good soldier, and punishes the bad. And the official next in importance to him among the men in all these respects is not the first lieutenant, but the company sergeant-major. In a word, the captain is, and is indeed called by his men, the father of the company, just as the company sergeant-major is called their mother. And so well do they generally sustain their parts —among youths, be it remembered, enrolled for three years only, and rarely throughout that interval losing the freshness with which they first join their colours—that discipline goes on almost of its own accord. Prussian punishments are indeed sharp enough when they fall, involving death, imprisonment with short commons, fatigues, and extra drill. But it is only fair to the Prussian service to say, that in time of peace, at least, the defaulters in the company's list are few, and punishment is of rare occurrence.

Every captain in the Prussian army is mounted. This gives to a battalion on parade five field-officers; for there is no battalion adjutant, in our sense of the term, nor indeed any quartermaster or quartermaster-sergeant. The captain looks after the lodging of his men; the sergeant-major sees that they have their rations served out to them. To receive these they are divided into messes of fifteen men respectively, with a corporal in charge of each. Their daily food consists of bread, about a pound and a half; of meat, about three quarters of a pound; of rice or groats, four ounces—or else of meal, one half-pound—or of potatoes, three pounds; of salt, they receive three grains; and of coffee, one ounce. When the army takes the field, each man carries about him enough of these articles for three days' consumption. But as we shall have occasion presently to describe the Prussian mode of subsisting and managing troops in war, we need say no more about this part of our subject at present, than that only in an enemy's country is either beer or wine, or butter, or tobacco, issued to the soldier, whose pay, after all his necessaries are provided for him, amounts to three groschens, or something more than threepence a-day.

The Prussian battalion of infantry consists of four companies, which muster, in peace-time, one hundred and fifty men; in war, when the reserves are called in, two hundred and fifty respectively. Of the strength of the squadron of cavalry and battery of artillery—each being the unit out of which regiments spring—we have elsewhere spoken. Their internal economy resembles in every important particular that of the company of infantry, and the daily food provided for the men is the same.

A regiment of infantry consists of three battalions, which are not, however, necessarily or at all times worked together. A brigade comprises seven or six battalions, as the case may be; one of which is either a rifle battalion or a battalion of light infantry. A division — including two brigades of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and four batteries of artillery, or twenty-four guns—numbers, in all, 17,000 combatants. Two divisions make up a corps, which,

inclusive of a separate cavalry division, with its two batteries of horse-artillery attached—a reserve artillery, thirty guns—a pontoon train—a hospital train — waggons of transport and their attendants—reaches, when complete, the total strength of 41,000 men. Nor is there any portion of this mass on which greater care is bestowed, or which better serves its purposes when called into use, than the pontoon train. The Prussian bridge, spaning a river 685 feet wide, bears with ease infantry, cavalry, and light guns, unlimbered. A bridge across a stream 295 feet wide sustains the weight of guns of position. Siege guns will pass upon a bridge, limbered, over a stream 180 feet wide.

Here, then, as has just been said, we have brought in review order before us the whole Prussian army in miniature. At the head is the corps commander, representing at once the King and his Minister of War. Near him are his staff officers—all, without exception, military men—by whom every detail of strategy, discipline, administration, and supply is carried on. The higher staff, as it is called, consists of four such officers, the chief of the staff with the rank of colonel, a major, and two captains. The officers of the lower staff are much more numerous, and comprise his own adjutants or aides-de-camp (though that term is never used, except in reference to the King), and the adjutants of the generals of division and brigade. The duties of these gentlemen correspond in part to those of the adjutant-general's staff with us, in part to those of the personal staff of our general officers, including brigade-majors. While the higher staff arrange plans of campaign, and look to the quartering and supply of the whole corps, as well in motion as in rest, the personal staff attend to matters of discipline and to the transmission of orders received from head-quarters. A third class of staff officers make up the Intendance, upon whom, subject to instructions from the corps commander, devolves the responsibility of seeing that the troops are properly supplied with fuel, food, clothing, and the means of transporting the two latter from place to place. All military stores, including guns, small-arms, ammunition, carriages, and so forth, are in like manner, and subject to the like conditions, controlled and managed by the commanding officer of artillery. So also the chief engineer is intrusted with the charge of building and repairing barracks, forts, and other works, and with the means of carrying to any point where they may be required intrenching tools, pontoons, and other instruments of bridge-making. Then there come what we may describe as the only two civilian departments connected with the army: the medical department, with its corps of hospital orderlies; the chaplains' department, with pastor attached to every half-brigade. The chief of the medical department does, we believe, rank with a major. The chaplain-general has no military rank. But doctor and parson are alike independent of all, except that general control which the Minister of War, representing the King, exercises over the whole army. Finally, the police of the corps, consisting of a hundred men, of whom one half are mounted, the other on foot, obey the orders of the provost; while a perfect host of artificers of every description—such as bricklayers, carpenters, smiths, and so forth—is disposable for employment, under official superintendence, wherever their services are needed. Over all these, from the highest to the lowest, the

authority of the corps commander is supreme. There is no duality, nor the approximation to duality, anywhere. The corps commander's order once issued must be obeyed, without remonstrance, whatever the department may be to which it is addressed, and the results are promptitude and uniformity of action in all quarters. We do not mean to say that the corps commander may not occasionally, perhaps very often, commit irregularities; and when he does so he never fails to hear of it. But delays and discussions are things unknown. The machine works rapidly, because it is subject to little or no friction; and, generally speaking, because it works rapidly it works well.

Similar in all respects to this, though of course upon a still larger scale, is the machinery set up, and its mode of working at headquarters. The will of the Minister of War is law. It is made known to all the segments of the army through corps commanders and chiefs of departments, with the details of whose business the Minister seldom if ever interferes. Master of the whole subject of army administration, he knows how to choose his instruments, and trusts them. From time to time, if complaints reach him, he thoroughly overhauls the department complained of. But this is an incident of rare occurrence, because the ablest administrators in every branch of the service are selected by himself, or on the recommendation of the chief of the staff, to work under him; and these are all, looking only to him, absolutely independent one of the other. The consequence is, that at the War Office in Berlin there is no waste of time in minuting papers, and referring them from room to room; while the correspondence with the out-stations of an army five times as numerous as our own, scarcely equals one-fifth of that which cumbers our War Office pigeon-holes. As we have just said, the Minister takes large views of every subject, believing that in working out details he can trust implicitly to his subordinates, just as these, being heads of departments, believe that they can trust their inferiors. And this confidence is the more secure that neglect of duty or foul play subjects the defaulter to immediate dismissal. For the War Office at Berlin, like the headquarters in corps commands, is officered entirely by military men; while the inferior clerks are chosen, as indeed is the case in every Prussian public office, from non-commissioned officers, or men who have been non-commissioned officers, in the regular army. Hence, if an officer show in ever so slight a degree that he is indifferently qualified for the post to which he has been appointed, he is forthwith remanded to regimental duty: if the non-commissioned officer fail, and be still in active service, he is sent back to his regiment. If emeritus, he is sent about his business. The result is, that affairs go on with the regularity and accuracy of time; and that all the appliances necessary to put half a million of men, or more, in the field, are forthcoming at a day's notice.

Under the same roof with the War Minister sits the chief of the staff, whose special duty it is to direct and superintend the professional instruction of the army in general, and especially to see that such officers as do duty on the staff understand what is expected of them, and act up to it. The chief of the staff receives and examines the reports of the Council of Military Education, personally

inspects the war schools, and especially the War Academy, and recommends for employment and promotion such of the pupils and staff officers as remarkably distinguish themselves. What education for the staff means in the Prussian army, we took occasion last month to explain. What the acquirements of those must be who are qualified to determine, in the order of merit, where aspirants for staff employ are to be placed, we need not pause to point out. The chief of the staff of the Prussian service has not much power, however, in time of peace. He thinks for the army, and suggests plans for rendering it continually more and more effective. But when war breaks out he becomes, what Count von Moltke is at this moment, the grand referee, without consultation with whom, or, to speak more correctly, except at whose suggestion, no operation of any sort is undertaken or carried on.

The affairs of the Prussian army go on like a well-constructed clock so long as there is peace with other nations. Year by year the men who have completed their three years' training pass into the reserve, recruits filling their places. Year by year the grand manœuvres are held, wherein both officers and men learn what they will be called upon to practise in war. And at fixed intervals the landwehr meet in their battalions, to be kept from forgetting what had been taught them in their earlier youth. Meanwhile in every fortress is laid up a store of artillery, small-arms, ammunition, &c., under an officer of artillery; a similar store of intrenching tools, and implements of various kinds, under an officer of engineers; a like store of cloaks, boots, clothing, waggons, and horses, under an intendant; and an adequate supply of medicines, surgical instruments, ambulances, and other medical requirements, of which a medical officer is in charge.

War comes, and in a week or ten days' time, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, corps, are augmented to their full strength, and in readiness to move. The order arrives, and the march begins. Each infantry soldier has now to pack and carry in his knapsack a spare shirt, a spare pair of shoes, a spare pair of drawers, a pocket-handkerchief, and a bit of soap. Stockings the Prussian soldier does not wear. He wraps his feet and legs in linen or cotton bandages, which, being accustomed to them, he finds more convenient, and which are, at all events, easily washed. Besides his necessaries, the infantry soldier carries in his haversack three days' provisions, with eighty rounds of ammunition, partly in his pouch, partly in his knapsack. The latter has a drawer let into it, in which forty rounds are put away, which he can easily reach and empty of its contents without halting or disturbing the kit. Besides all this, mess-squads distribute and carry among them brushes enough for their common use, as well as a certain number of spades, picks, axes, and tools; and over every man's shoulder is wrapped and worn, bandoleer fashion, his cloak or greatcoat. The battalion is now a thousand strong, the company two hundred and fifty.

Simultaneous with this stir among the infantry are the movements of the cavalry, the artillery, and the train. A regiment of cavalry, leaving one squadron on which to form its recruits, carries four into the field. These muster seven hundred and five horses, all thoroughly broken, inclusive of officers' horses; and six hundred fighting men. The trooper carries two sacks—one of

which contains three days' provisions for himself, the other three days' oats for his horse. His necessaries are conveyed in his valise. The artillery, like our own, transport all things necessary to render them efficient—including provisions for men, forage, horse-shoes, nails, and spare bits of harness—in their own waggons. Much has been said of the superiority of this arm, in the recent actions, over the French. It may be so; and in one point—so far as the field-batteries are concerned — the circumstance is not hard to be accounted for. The field-gun in the Prussian service has seats appended to the axle-trees, whereby the gunner moves with his weapon, be the pace in effecting a change of position ever so rapid; whereas in the French service, just as in our own, the gunner marches on foot. Why, after the experience acquired at the battle of the Alma, we have not yet applied a remedy to such an obvious defect, is one of those mysteries in English military administration for which nobody is able to account. There is no difference of opinion, we rather think, among artillery officers in regard to this matter. Perhaps when Parliament meets some member will question the Secretary of State on the subject, and then we may have light thrown upon our darkness.

There attend each battalion of infantry into the field one six-horse waggon for the conveyance of spare ammunition; one four-horse vehicle laden with spare clothing; one two-horse cart in which medicine and hospital stores are conveyed; and one four-horse waggon for transporting the officers' baggage. A similar special service, though on a smaller scale, waits upon a regiment of cavalry. In other respects the supplies necessary in the gross are conveyed in the rear of divisions and corps. Two hundred horses, or thereabouts, dragging upwards of eighty waggons, attend each corps, all under strict military control. Of these, twelve are appropriated to hospital purposes — the principal medical officer being in supreme charge; the rest carry flour, ammunition, and other things, of which the expenditure is rapid and incessant. The generals in command of corps, divisions, and brigades, have their own waggons allotted to them.

Though the Prussian army takes the field thus provided against the pressure of immediate want, its habit is, when operating in an enemy's country, to live as much as possible by requisitions. The process is this: A day's march in front of each column moves a screen of light-horsemen, who, besides collecting intelligence respecting the enemy's whereabouts, have it in charge to demand from the townships and villages which they enter, beeves, sheep, bread, wine, beer, forage, and tobacco, sufficient for a day's consumption of a given number of men and horses. The butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen of each battalion and regiment are told off to receive the articles requisitioned for, and proceed at once, on the arrival of the corps at its ground, to kill and otherwise make them ready for general use. On the meat thus procured the men live, preserving their own, which is not unfrequently converted into sausages, against a time when requisitions may fail them. They use their own flour, however, which is liable to be damaged by wet—converting it into bread; and trusting to the commissary, or the mills which are met with on the march, to make good the deficiency. For every article so taken from the country-people, regular receipts are given, which

the recipients are desired to put safely away, and to produce for payment to their own Government when the war shall end.

The last, and not the least important, point to be noticed in the administrative machinery of the Prussian army, is its telegraphic apparatus. In peace each army corps is supplied with a complete set, and in war eight of these sets wait upon the field force. Communication with the rear is kept up by four of these, which follow roads or railroads. They connect themselves with the magazines at the base of operations, and move onwards as the army moves. Hence, in waggons imported for the purpose, or by railway, as the case may be, fresh supplies of ammunition and stores of every kind are forwarded, without delay, as they are required. The other four cross fields, hills, valleys, and pass through woods, keeping columns, whether in motion or at rest, in constant communication with one another. The influence of telegraphic intercommunication in war is considerable, though not perhaps so great, nor so persistently great, as might be supposed. The army which surrounds Paris trusts largely to it, and is safe in doing so. But columns on the march run the risk of having their messages tapped by the enemy, and find themselves obliged to supplement the power of the electric wire with ordinary messengers. The Prussian cavalry passes on instructions from point to point always in action, and not unfrequently when preparations for the fight are going on.

We have already guarded ourselves against being supposed to desire the transfer wholesale of the Prussian military system to this country. A conscription which should sweep the whole mankind of England into the ranks would be intolerable. It is not needed, it never can be needed, our superiority at sea being maintained; and if enforced, it would inflict upon our young citizens hardships far greater than those which the youth of Prussia experience. Our regular army, be it understood, is always more or less upon foreign service. The regular army of Prussia is, except when war occurs, a mere militia. We must hold India with a large force, and be ready to support our colonies, besides giving garrisons to our foreign fortresses. Prussia has only her home towns and strongholds to occupy. Not, therefore, for a moment would the idea be tolerated, that because Prussia trains her whole male population to the use of arms by passing it through the ranks of the regular army, we also must constrain ours to pass through the ranks of our standing army, and to serve in India, in America, in the West Indies, in the Mediterranean, and elsewhere. Enough will be done when we see enrolled—not by voluntary enlistment, but by ballot—some three hundred thousand militia, of which one hundred thousand at a time shall be under arms and properly officered for a year. And when to this we add a judicious organisation of the volunteer force—horse as well as foot—such as shall give to it the consistency and pliability which it is quite ready to receive,—then, so far as men in arms can lead us to do so, we may sleep at peace in our beds. But we object to the Prussian military system in its integrity, and to no portion of it more vehemently than that to which reference has just been made. An army which lives by requisition comes sooner or later to live by plunder. The superabundant resources of the district in which it makes war are soon eaten up; and

then nothing remains except to take by violence that which the people absolutely require for their own use. This is robbery; and the moment an invading army begins to rob, it makes enemies of every man, woman, and child, with whom it comes in contact. There follows a repetition everywhere of murder and reprisals: the peasant shoots the soldier wherever he can take him at a disadvantage; the soldiers avenge their comrades by shooting either the actual homicide or anybody else. Villages are next burned, and guerilla bands formed, and war degenerates into indiscriminate slaughter, from which women and children are not exempt. Our own great Duke fully understood this; and by his wise, because humane, conduct in the south of France, not only made friends of the people, whom, in their property as well as in their persons, he protected from outrage, but left behind him a name which is still held in honour in all the districts that intervene between the Bidassoa and the Garonne. It is not so, we regret to say, with the Germans. They began well; they are driven, as the war protracts itself, by the vicious nature of their system, to end ill. They have created in France a feeling which will not die out for many generations. God forbid that we should ever see this item of Prussian military administration adopted into our service! But surely enough has been said respecting her system, considered as a whole, to induce those to whom the country looks as the guardians of its honour to consider whether or no, and to what extent, we may follow the example which Prussia has set us. However they may be regarded by foreigners, Prussian soldiers of every rank are satisfied with themselves and their condition. The army, though very large, costs the country, except in war, comparatively little. We believe that her whole expenditure on 300,000 regular troops, 200,000 of the first reserve, 300,000 at least of the landwehr, and all the incidents connected with them, amounts to something under seven millions sterling. In the management and administration of this enormous force, moreover, there is no friction, no squabbling, no heartburnings. Every man, whatever his rank and condition may be, knows what he has to do, and does it without needless and therefore irritating interference from anybody else. Now contrast this for one instant with the state of things by which we are encountered.

In the memory of living men the British army was never so discontented or so disjointed as it is now. Regimental officers complain, and they have just right to do so, that they are held up in Parliament, in private society, and through the press, as habitually neglectful of their duty. They do nothing, it is said, that they can possibly help, and the little that they are compelled to do, they do grudgingly. If this were true to the letter, which it is not, could anybody be surprised? It seems to be the great object of those in authority to sever, as much as possible, all connection between the officer and the man, except on formal parades. The captain of a company with us is nobody. He can neither reward nor punish a man, be he ever so deserving either of reward or punishment. He is more of a cipher than the youngest ensign used to be half a century ago. So also the officer in command of a regiment is hampered and restrained on every side, till there is induced on his part a disposition to let things take their course—on the part of the non-commissioned officers and privates, the

habit of carping at everything that is done or proposed. Let us take care! It was thus that in the French army began that spirit of insubordination which reached its climax in the year that is passing, and showed itself in the disgraceful routs of Woerth and Sedan.

Meanwhile, in higher places, with all the anxiety manifested to centralise power, there are mutual jealousies, official distrusts, personal antipathies, which, were the pressure of sudden war to come upon us, would make shipwreck of the whole machine. What is the use, within little more than a month of the meeting of Parliament, of disguising the truth? The new control system, and all the officials connected with it, are hated by the entire combatant portion of the army. The control, from the chief downwards, is furious at this, and hates the combatant portion of the army in return. The Field-Marshal commanding in chief, since his transfer to the office in Pall Mall, has become an anomaly, with whom no human being appears to understand how to deal. Then look at the militia and the volunteers. Where is their organisation? where their discipline? where their confidence in the authority under which they exist? where their zeal for the service? Positively the military element in this country is nowhere; for the men who carry arms are universally dissatisfied, and they whose business it is to keep them in good heart harass and annoy them in every conceivable way. As to our stores, whether of arms or ammunition—our appliances for putting an army in the field—and our means of land transport—our artillery, both for the fortresses and the field—they are nowhere. And to crown all, we still make the transport of an army corps abroad, whether it be required to garrison a colony or to support an ally, dependent on the caprices of a rival public office, between which and the War Office there is no love lost. Did ever any people in the world, except ourselves, compel the commanders of its army to apply humbly to the chiefs of its navy before they could ship a corps, and send it off to sustain an ally or to attack an enemy?

Our regular army is at this moment quite inefficient. It consists of *cadres* of infantry and cavalry which we find it impossible to complete; of 180 field-guns neither horsed nor properly provided; of a handful of engineers, excellent of their kind; and a transport-corps, to name which is to expose ourselves to ridicule. The total strength of these fragments may be taken at 80,000 men, of whom, perhaps, one-half may be sufficiently trained to enter upon a campaign. What the real strength, either of the militia or the volunteers may be, nobody seems to know. But every man capable of expressing a trustworthy opinion on the subject is aware that, as both descriptions of force are virtually dormant, so if a sudden demand were made upon them for service before an enemy, they would do their best, but they could not as an army do anything. And we are paying to keep up this practically useless machine not less than fifteen millions sterling from year to year. Will anybody do us the favour to inform us how and where the money goes? Seven millions suffice in Prussia to render 800,000 excellent troops available, should the country need them. We devote fifteen millions to the same purpose, and we get in exchange an available force equal to one army corps in Prussia, with about 300,000 individuals behind them, imperfectly armed and without either discipline or organisation. Surely there is in the House of Commons some one sufficiently honest and instructed to

inquire into this matter. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We should not grudge fifteen millions, or twenty millions, if we had our money's worth. If an English army be of necessity a machine fourfold more expensive than a Continental army, there is no help for it. An army we must have, and are quite ready to pay for it. But it is intolerable that we should be called upon to bear the twofold burthen of heavy taxation and nothing to show for it—that our artisans should be turned adrift from the dockyards, and our whole military force thrown into confusion, in order that Mr Lowe may be able to boast that he has reduced the income-tax to twopence in the pound. There were manifest symptoms ere the Houses rose last summer that Mr Gladstone and his colleagues had, in these respects, pretty well run out their tether. We shall be much surprised if they do not hear a good deal more upon the subject when they meet the Houses again.

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WHAT WE MAY LEARN.

We shall have very imperfectly fulfilled the task which we had set ourselves in describing the causes, both of French failure and Prussian success in the present war, if Mr Cardwell and his advisers find any difficulty in extracting from our narrative some useful hints to aid them in the work in which they are this moment supposed to be engaged. The three main sources of all the disasters from which the French now suffer, are these: gross corruption everywhere, in high places as well as in low; a policy of centralisation carried to such an extent as to render the machine which it was designed to guide unmanageable; and a system of transport and supply—*Intendance Militaire*—so defective that it broke down as soon as the first strain of war and its requirements fell upon it. To these may be added: the constitution of the French army, democratic to the core, and therefore opposed to all discipline except that of brute force; and the extraordinary ignorance of the French officers, as well those employed on the staff as those attached to regiments, of the first principles of the art in which they were assumed to be instructors to their men. The effect of the first abuse was, that the army, when called into the field, appeared in numbers deplorably incomplete, in composition deplorably defective. The effect of the second abuse was, that the army in the field could not be recruited except by a process so formal and tedious as positively to obstruct the operation. While of the third it is not too much to say, that it justified all that General Trochu had prophesied concerning it while yet the trial of its powers was in the future. As to the subsidiary evils referred to, they speak for themselves. Bad officers make bad soldiers; and mutiny and insubordination trod fast upon the heels of incompetency, too glaring to be disguised. The French army, when tested in war with a power which it affected to hold cheap,

broke to pieces, and the French nation is reaping the fruits of years of misgovernment and of an amount of social demoralisation unparalleled in modern times.

The opposite, in all respects, to the French principle of military administration, is that of Prussia. It may be rigid in itself, and towards the bulk of the population somewhat oppressive; but the voice of slander never charged those whose duty it is to guide and control it, with corruption. In recruiting their armies, both Powers depend upon conscription. But while France, recognising the principle of *remplacement*, opens a door to abuses by which individuals gain and the State suffers, Prussia exacts rigidly, from all classes alike—from the rich not less than from the poor, from the noble equally with the peasant—that amount of personal service under arms which the law has appointed for each. Hence the strength of the Prussian army, whether for peace or war, is to a man and a horse just what the returns represent it to be; whereas the French army, with a formidable muster-roll on paper, takes the field comparatively worthless, because with all its battalions, regiments, and even batteries incomplete. Again, the Prussian army, looking, as all armies to be effective must, to a common centre for the motive power which shall be felt and acknowledged everywhere, is yet so distributed in peace time into portions complete each within itself, as to be capable, at the shortest notice, of rapid concentration, and, which is not less important, of steady and systematic recruitment, each portion drawing its reinforcements from the province of which it forms the standing garrison. Hence, while the French labour, on the breaking-out of war, to fill the vacancies in the ranks with conscripts, gathered in at random from all parts of the country, and brought to Paris, or some other central depot, for distribution; the Prussians, calling in trained reserves from the several military districts, put their corps at once upon a war footing, and leave behind when the corps marches depots on which fresh levies may be gathered, disciplined, and made fit for active service. Finally, while France trusts to a Garde National in her last extremity, which has never served in the regular army at all, and elects its own officers, Prussia has her veteran Landwehr to look to, officered by gentlemen who, having completed their term of duty with the line, rise to commissions in the militia, through the non-commissioned grades, and after special examinations as to their fitness for the higher commands to which they aspire. So also, in what we may call the Control Department, the differences between the French and the Prussian systems are to the full as striking. The French select, to be the administrators of all its supplies to the army, whether of warlike or other stores, whether of medicines or provisions, old officers and non-commissioned officers, the best of whose years had been spent in doing regimental duty, chiefly with the infantry, without any opportunity having been afforded them of studying the wants of armies, either in the gross or in detail, or the modes of supplying them. Moreover, to these old officers and non-commissioned officers, necessarily bad men of business, because wholly unused to it, just so much of independent power is given as to render them checks and hindrances, rather than assistants, to the generals commanding districts in time of peace, and at the head of corps, and even armies in the field. Let anybody who is curious to know how the system works read

the Emperor's pamphlet, or the despatches of Marshals MacMahon and Bazaine, and he will see that the appliances necessary to render the work effective were all wanting at the critical moment; that the stores which ought to have crowded the magazines were not there; that ammunition itself ran short; and that everything, down to carts, waggons, and means of transport, had to be applied for at the moment when the existence of the army depended on their being already at hand. How could it be otherwise than that an army so dealt with should get out of gear as soon as the attempt was made to turn it to its proper uses? If there had been no other reasons for the failure at the opening of the campaign, the breakdown in the Intendance would have been sufficient to account for it.

The reader will have gathered from what was said in our last number, how different in all respects from the French system of control and supply is that which prevails in the Prussian army. In Prussia men are selected for the different departments of army administration according to their well-known special qualifications. Artillery officers versed in all the arcana of their art take charge of military stores, properly so called, and distribute them. Engineer officers do the like with intrenching tools, pontoons, and other articles needed in their craft. Staff officers, trained in the War Academy, have charge of the Commissariat, and its means of transport. The principal medical officers are responsible that their own supplies are adequate and at hand. And all are as completely subordinated to the corps-commander in whose district they happen to be stationed, as he in his turn is subordinated to the Minister of War, and the Minister of War to the King. Thus the machine work not less regularly in war than i peace—subject, of course, wherev hostilities are going on, to th interruptions which these occasio The chain of responsibility, also, complete in every link, and eac sustains the amount of pressure th is put upon it, because the pressur being well divided, is nowhere to great, and friction becomes in possible.

It may be worth while, befo proceeding to deduce from these d tails the lesson which they teac if we briefly advert to the not le striking contrast that is presente when we pass in review the const tution of the two armies, both regards the spirit of the men an the professional and other acquir ments of the officers. The Frenc army, as we have just said, is dem cratic to the core. The private taught to regard himself as social the equal of his officer. It is me luck, to which the chances of w may at any time give a turn, whic places him for the moment in subordinate situation. And th is made the more clear to hin that every officer not immediatel posted from one or other of t military schools has served in t ranks, and been promoted fro them. The Prussian army, on t contrary, is thoroughly aristocrati It is officered exclusively by gentl men, all of whom, whether educate at a military school or otherwis join their regiments as ensigns, an serve for a certain specified time o probation. For the ensign in th Prussian army is not, like the e sign in our army, a commissione officer. His place in the corps rather that of a cadet, which enabl him to wear a sword, and to assoc ate with the officers; but for a purposes of military command, plac him under the company sergean major. If at the expiration of h

term of trial he be pronounced militarily qualified, he must be further tested in regard to his social and moral qualities, before he is advanced to a lieutenancy. And this is done by a committee of officers, whose verdict is scarcely ever called in question, because it is almost always just. If they pronounce the ensign or cadet to be the sort of person with whom the officers of the regiment find it satisfactory to associate, that decision, coming on the back of his professional approval, secures for him his commission. If they pronounce against him, he retires at once into civil life.

Of the relative degrees of influence exercised by the French and Prussian officers over their men, the present war supplies abundant proof. A Prussian company or regiment, harassed with much marching and fighting, may be dirty and in rags—though this rarely occurs—but it is never insubordinate. A French company or regiment no sooner finds itself in distress than it throws off all the restraints of discipline. One who saw and heard what he reported, assures us that in Sedan, during the night before the surrender, the French troops were like madmen. No officer's life was safe. The Prussian soldier never omits to salute his officer, even when wounded, and deprives himself of his own cloak to cover his captain or his lieutenant, if either be without one. In return the Prussian officer is towards his men what a considerate master is to his domestic servants. The common mode of address from the captain to the private is "My Son," and as a son the man receives his officer's commendation or rebuke. We have thus the perfection of an army constitution; a force in which authority is wielded by one set of men accustomed from their childhood to command; and service is performed by another set of men accustomed from their childhood to obey. Yet there is neither servility on the one hand, nor insolence on the other. It is home-life transferred to the barrack and the camp.

Again, the French, content to give an excellent theoretical education to a certain number of officers, who serve all their lives in the staff corps, leave the officers of the infantry and the cavalry to make the most of such knowledge as they may pick up in the ranks; which seldom goes further than a familiarity with the common routine movements of parade, and the words to be given in changing one formation into another. War schools the French army has none, as contradistinguished from its artillery schools and schools of engineering; and the consequence is, that the great bulk of its officers are as illiterate as they are vulgar in their habits. Even the officers of the staff corps themselves know little beyond what can be gathered from the study of bygone wars, especially the wars of the First Empire, superadded to surveying, military drawing, castrametation, and the duty of outposts and patrols as laid down by regulation. How very imperfectly they practised what they had learned in the matter of outpost and patrol duty, the constant surprises of French corps during the war make manifest; and their knowledge of country, whether obtained from maps or from personal survey, was ignorance in comparison with that of which the Prussian staff showed that they were masters. The Prussians, on the other hand, by the process of passing through the staff the most intelligent of their officers of every arm, contrive to inoculate all their regiments, whether of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with persons quite fit, should the occasion arise, to become corps-commanders; while at the war schools—of which there are seven—

the rest learn enough to render them capable of handling battalions and regiments well, and so becoming in time excellent brigadiers.

Keeping these leading principles in mind, and looking to the issues of a fair trial between two armies respectively built up upon them, it will not, we think, be difficult for our Minister of War, assuming him to have wise counsellors beside him, to work out a system which, without servilely copying either, shall give us the cream of both, and yet fall in with our own national habits and prejudices, modified, as these must necessarily be, by the force of circumstances too strong to be resisted. Thus, in the primary matter of all, the recruitment of men — the getting together of the living material out of which armies are formed—it is self-evident that for general service a conscription in any form is out of the question among us. We need not, surely, give again in detail the reasons for this judgment. General service for Englishmen means service in India, in Africa, in the West Indies, in America, in the Mediterranean, in China, diversified with occasional sojourns of perhaps two or three years at a time in Great Britain or in Ireland. To lay this burden, by the power of law, on the shoulders of the whole adult male population, would be to subject the manhood of England to a bondage such as no free nation could be expected to endure. No. The regular army of England must continue to be raised as for the last eighty or ninety years (not more) it has been raised, altogether by voluntary enlistment. If the wages now offered for soldiers be insufficient to procure them, raise the pay. If men will not come even then unless a bounty be offered, give a bounty. Make the service as attractive as you please; and fix its limits at whatever term shall present the best prospect of keeping up a peace establishment; and superadd to this a practical reserve system if you can—but do not try a conscription. How to set up a separate and efficient reserve system in a country where there is no restriction on locomotion, and all who choose may emigrate without asking leave from the Government, is a question more easily put than answered. We know that Mr Cardwell's scheme, well meant as it was, has failed. Possibly if he had offered sixpence instead of fourpence a-day as a retaining fee, more men might have listened to him. But this is mere conjecture on our part; and therefore we end as we began, by confessing that the full value of a proposal admirable in theory cannot be determined except by an amount of experience to which as yet we do not pretend to have attained.

But though conscription for the regular army be, in this country, out of the question, compulsory service in the militia is an obligation which the law of the land and immemorial usage equally impose upon every able-bodied Englishman between the ages of sixteen and sixty. We hold that it is the duty of the Government to revive and enforce, in a modified form, this old constitutional obligation. Indeed we go further: the Ministers who decline to do so, or fail to make their tenure of office dependent upon the support which they receive from Parliament, are, in our poor opinion, unfit to preside over the destinies of the empire; for, after all, the obligation need not be so enforced as to impose upon the people a weight which shall be intolerable. A population of thirty millions of souls, or of twenty-two, if for the present we confine our experiment to Great Britain, can easily spare from the manipulation of trade and agriculture three hundred thousand men to guard the realm against

both foreign invasion and internal discord. Besides, as we have shown over and over again, it will not be necessary, so long as the country is at peace, to put more than one-third —possibly one-sixth—of this militia force under arms at the same time. And this third, or this sixth—these hundred thousand, or, if you prefer it, fifty thousand, militiamen—will be most effective if so disposed as to reduce to the lowest possible figure the drain upon industry occasioned by their enrolment. Indeed we see but one objection to this scheme, which, even if valid, ought not to weigh it down—viz., that taxation might be increased if we made up our minds, in time of peace, to garrison these islands with two hundred thousand, or one hundred and fifty thousand, reliable troops, instead of trusting, as we do now, to some forty thousand effectives, having behind them an equal number of recruits and old men of the regular army, and behind them again a crowd of undisciplined and imperfectly-armed militia and volunteers. This is possible, indeed probable, perhaps certain, at the outset; but surely, with a little management, such arrangements may be made as shall gradually restore the financial balance to what it was, perhaps render it in the end more advantageous to the tax-payer than it is at this moment. Can this be done? We really think that it may—as thus:

In the first place, the Legislature, when it agrees to resuscitate the old constitutional law of the land, will have a perfect right to make a difference between the wages paid to the man who serves exclusively at home, and the pay of the soldier, who, in peace as well as war, is liable to be sent to all parts of the world. This is obviously just, even if the militiaman be made movable from station to station, as troops are moved now, within the limits of the United Kingdom. But why should he be made thus movable? Under the old law, which it is proposed to revive and modify, no militiaman was required, except in case of invasion, or the actual occurrence of rebellion, to be marched beyond the confines of his own county. Within these limits he had times and places fixed, when he was bound to appear in arms, and be trained to the use of them. But never going beyond his own neighbourhood, nor severing the connection that linked him with his parish or his employer, he combined in his own person the characters of a citizen and a soldier; being available for industrial purposes when not required for military duty, and keeping in both capacities those home associations unbroken which more than anything else save men from becoming savage and reckless. Lord Russell, we imagine, had these facts in his mind when he proposed, in 1858, that Militia Bill which made shipwreck of his Government. Lord Russell's views were in the main right, and he might have carried them into practice had he only opened his eyes a little wider, and seen what those modifications are which alone can adapt customs of the middle ages to our own times.

When battles were fought with slings, bows, swords, spears, and axes, and success or failure depended mainly upon individual prowess, the task of training a people to the use of arms was easy enough. In fact, the butt, the ring, the quarter-staff, and suchlike, were the people's pastime, just as the *manège* and the joust were the amusements of their natural leaders. In these days a good deal more is required; and therefore occasional drills in small bodies, even if accuracy in shooting be superadded, will not give us an

effective militia—nor, let us add, an effective force of volunteers neither. While, therefore, we should as much as possible keep each militia regiment in time of peace within its own county, or division of its own county, the regiment itself must be exercised together from the first, quarters being provided for it at the expense of the county at some central part, whether near or far away from the county town is a matter of no real moment. The regiment thus embodied ought in peace to serve through one continuous year, the rank and file being liable to be called up again at any moment till the termination of six years. In war, whatever portion of the militia may be embodied, as it is embodied during the continuance of hostilities, so it must by law be rendered movable, like the regular troops, to any point within the three kingdoms where its services are required. The condition of the officers and non-commissioned officers will of course be different. They never leave their colours. The former, holding permanent rank, and, like the officers of Mr Pitt's army of reserve, being eligible to promotion and exchanges into the line, must take over the successive waves of militia recruits as they come in. The latter being, in like manner, permanent officials, must help to form the entire force, and thus earn their pensions. Hence, when the occasion arises for calling out more than one ban of the militia at the same time, there will be little cause to apprehend overcrowding in the ranks. After the first week or ten days volunteering will go on so briskly that the strength of the companies will certainly not exceed what it was by more than one half. Men embodied for an indefinite length of time, and liable to be carried far from their homes at a moment's notice, soon cease to be citizens. They are aware that the regular army is better paid than the militia. They know or believe that the life of the regular soldier is far more exciting and full of adventure than their own. They need no encouragement from without, therefore, to make them change their actual condition for a better. You are at a loss how to establish a trained reserve. Try the method here suggested, and we shall be very much surprised if it fail to give you in time of war quite as many eligible recruits for your line regiments as shall enable you to place in the field and keep there an army worthy of the nation which sends it forth.

But what about the yeomanry and volunteers? Can we do without them? Are they to be dispensed with? Whether we can or can not do without them, it appears to us by no means desirable that we should try to dispense with them. It is quite right that here, as in Prussia, the means should be afforded to men of refined tastes and cultivated manners of rendering military service to the State, without coming too closely into contact with persons whose tastes are the opposite of refined, and their intellects uncultivated. Prussia affords these means by her institution of "one year's men." We shall find them more readily in our corps of yeomanry and volunteers. But then, in order to make the bargain a fair one, the yeomanry and volunteers must submit to conditions of service more stringent than are now in force with them. To escape the ballot, young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four must engage to serve, at their own expense, on foot or on horseback, for three consecutive years. Providing their own uniforms, their own horses, their own appointments—everything, in

short, except their arms — they must come, whenever embodied, as completely under the Mutiny Act as either the militia or the regular army. Full powers, likewise, must be conferred on commanding officers to hold as many drills, by squads, troops, companies, and regiments, as shall render the force fit to bear close inspection by the general, and enable it, on proper occasions, to play a becoming part in those great manœuvres of all arms which are essential to the home-training of all armies. Except when so engaged, both the yeomanry and volunteers will of course do duty at their own doors, and receive professional instruction at hours which least interfere with the business of common life. The country will thus receive from them gratuitous, and we doubt not efficient, service. It will give them in return exemption from service which would be irksome to all, and intolerable to some.

The propriety of quartering line regiments in the counties after which they are named, thereby creating between them and the militia intimate relations, has been much pressed of late by public writers on the attention of the Government. We doubt, not alone the utility, but the possibility, of making such an arrangement. The connection between particular regiments and counties, if it ever existed at all, existed in times when, in the absence of barracks, soldiers were billeted on the people. It has long passed away, and could not, we suspect, be revived. But some plan which should prevent the constant moving of regiments and batteries from one station to another within the United Kingdom would, if carried into effect, contribute both to public economy and to private comfort. Moves are always expensive, and are attended likewise with great inconvenience, especially to married officers and men. They serve no good purpose, not even as a check on improvident marriages; which, by the by, as soon as short service becomes the law, ought to be by Act of Parliament prohibited, except to non-commissioned officers. The sooner, therefore, they are stopped, or as much as possible interrupted, the better. And this, it appears to us, may be effected, if, taking another leaf out of the Prussian book, we divide the whole army, regulars, militia, and volunteers, into corps, and assign to each both its local habitation and its commander. How may this be done?

Prussia, with her ordinary peace establishment of 300,000 men, maps out her territories into thirteen military districts, thus stationing in each about 25,000 of all arms, which on the first threatening of war expand at once to 41,000. We, with our peace establishment of 200,000 or 150,000, partly troops of the line, partly militia, may be content with mapping out the three kingdoms into seven military districts; of which four shall embrace all England, one the whole of Scotland, and two the whole of Ireland. This will give to six provinces, assuming the peace establishment to be 150,000, 20,000 men respectively; to the seventh, which should include London and what are now called the Thames and South-eastern districts, 30,000. As the militia and volunteers embodied within these several provinces are to remain stationary in their respective counties, except when concentrated for purposes of manœuvre, so ought the regular regiments, working with them, to be kept as much and as long as possible in the quarters which they occupy when the new system comes first into play. All must, of course, take their turn of foreign service, their places being filled, as they vacate them, by the regiments which they relieve abroad. But,

beyond this, there need be no shifting about from station to station—unless, indeed, Ireland be regarded as so far a foreign country for the present, that all the regiments of the line, as well as all the batteries of field-artillery, must in their turn pass through it. Observe that we by no means press this point as indispensable to the right working of the scheme here proposed. Ireland may already be—we shall be very glad to find her so—fully reconciled to the British connection; in which case her militia may be safely embodied, and kept like that of England as a local force. But considering that affairs have only just gone through a crisis; that the effects both of the disestablishment of the Protestant Church and of the new land law are as yet unknown,—it may be advisable to pause before incurring the risk of even a partial Indian mutiny in that section of the United Kingdom.

The country being thus told off and garrisoned, there may be placed in each province as corps-commander a lieutenant-general, having under him two generals of division, and four of brigade. This will bring into active employ forty-nine general officers additional to the eighteen in India, one in British America, and thirteen scattered through the rest of our colonies and dependencies—a considerable increase, doubtless, to our permanent staff. But if the necessities of the times require it, the burden must be borne; and it will be borne the more cheerfully if account be taken of the policy to which in time coming it ought to lead. What business has an army of 300,000 men at most, inclusive of the Indian garrison, native troops as well as European, with four field-marshals and 379 generals? Yet such are the proportions at this moment between British troops and their nominal leaders. Should such a state of things continue? We think not. In the navy officers are superannuated as they attain to certain ages; so that the highest active ranks can be reached by comparatively few. Why should not a similar arrangement be adopted hereafter in the army, due regard being paid to the claims of vested interests? Why, as the present generals die off, replace them in peace, till the list shall be reduced to manageable dimensions? And why for the future make any man a general, except with honorary rank, who has passed the sixtieth year of his age, or keep any upon the active list whose ages shall exceed sixty-five? When war arises you may, of course, be compelled to make generals by the dozen. But in peace a hundred names set down as such in the 'Army List' will more than supply all our possible wants.

All this seems obviously reasonable, and not beyond the reach of attainment by a well-skilled committee of army organisation. Probably, too, when the subject comes fairly to be considered, the propriety will be admitted of so far borrowing from the Prussians as that, before becoming commissioned officers, gentlemen shall be required to serve with us for a year as cadets in order to test their fitness for military life. Such a regulation once made would prove infinitely advantageous both to individuals and the public; for many a youth now joins our army, without any aptitude for the calling, because his parents or guardians desire it, and, hating the work, would gladly leave it, but for the fear of losing caste. Bad bargains of this sort cannot be dissolved too soon. Again, there is no reason why the war schools which have recently been set on foot among us should not be rendered, year by year, more generally useful. Nor will the propriety, we daresay,

be overlooked of enlarging the utility of the staff school, both by rendering the course more exclusively practical than it now is, and by putting greater stress than we do at this moment on the acquisition of foreign languages. But when all this has been effected,—when our artillery can turn out its 500 pieces thoroughly equipped and stored—when our cavalry maintains its 15,000 brilliant *sabreurs* at the least—when our infantry, both of the line and of the militia, shall thoroughly understand their work, and our general officers prove their ability to handle masses of all arms with skill,—we shall still find ourselves confronted by the great difficulty of all: how, in a country like this, overridden by an all-powerful House of Commons, may we hope to infuse into the central military authority just so much of vigour as shall keep the machine in good working order without clashing against the prejudices—for opinions we cannot call them—of the popular Government under which we live? We must confess that the problem would, under any circumstances, be hard to solve; and the precipitancy with which, sixteen years ago, we departed from constitutional precedent, has certainly not tended to make the difficulty of solution less. The thing must be done, however, if we hope to escape a catastrophe—whenever our own turn comes, as come it may any day, to resist aggression or repel insult. Yes, the thing must be done somehow, unless we make up our minds to go on spending enormous sums for very little purpose, even in seasons of profound tranquillity. Consider our actual condition.

At the head of the army, and supreme over the whole of its departments, stands a Secretary of State for War, who is, at the present moment, a civilian and a member of the House of Commons. On him, isolated and alone, are thrown all the cares and responsibilities of military command—of organisation, finance, clothing and armament, of fortifications, of the provision and distribution of stores, of the health of the troops and the supply of their religious wants, of military education in all its branches,—of everything, in short, connected with the army, from the enlistment of a recruit up to the control of the vast sums voted from year to year for military purposes. It is no wrong done to any man, were he the most accomplished soldier of his age, to say that he could not possibly carry such a burden as this and do justice to himself and the public service. Remember what his position is. He is not, like any other War Minister in Europe, master even of his own volitions. He cannot stir a step, he cannot mature a plan, he cannot carry it into effect, or linger over it, or move hand or foot, or sit still, without being exposed to be called to account, probably by some individual or individuals who know nothing whatever about the subject which they approach. And if, as in the present instance, he be not an experienced soldier, but a clever man, taken suddenly away from all his previous habits of thought, and plunged into business which is as novel as it may be distasteful to him, how terrible is the disadvantage at which he stands! A more honourable man than Mr Cardwell never lived. He is painfully conscientious, indefatigable, anxious to do his duty to the country and to the army. Yet see into what a plight our miserable system has cast him! He is universally blamed for the statement which he hazarded last session regarding the 300,000 breech-loaders which were not forthcoming. Technically, no doubt, he must bear the blame, if the statement prove to be incorrect. But how could he help himself? He personally

never took account — never could take account — of the number of muskets in store. He spoke as his subordinates prompted. In like manner he has from time to time made statements in regard to the condition of the artillery and other professional matters, the accuracy of which, men supposed to be more conversant with the subject than he, call in question. Probably they are right, and he wrong. But whether such be the case or otherwise, he incurs the obloquy, and is visited with the censure, which ought to fall upon others. So, also, the ill-timed reductions which were ordered last summer, in defiance, it is understood, of protest from the highest military authority, — for these also he must answer, when, in point of fact, his only real offence has been that he acted as advised by those in whom he had confidence, when dealing with a point entirely foreign to his own idiosyncrasies. Now, why should this be? Because instead of insisting on having associated with himself certain functionaries, who, if they were servants of the Crown, would, in their own persons, answer to Parliament for the manner in which they discharged their trusts, he, in an evil hour, got an Order in Council passed which made them all his servants. Thus the General Commanding-in-Chief became reduced to the condition of an executive officer on points of discipline, and an adviser on military questions, to Mr Cardwell. Sir Henry Storks became, at the same time, his counsellor on points connected with transport and supply; and Captain Vivian, something or another, nobody appears to know precisely what, except that he is addressed in the papers which are minuted to him as Financial Secretary. A scheme of military control and management so concocted is really a thing to be wondered at. The art of man could not, as it appears to us, have devised anything so preposterously impracticable.

So we stand at the present moment. What can we do? It is a question easily asked, but, like the army reserve question, the reverse of easy to answer. And if we try to answer it, we shall do so with the utmost possible diffidence. In truth, however, looking to the nature of the constitution, as recent legislation has recast it—taking into account the fact that all the real powers of the State are wielded by the House of Commons—it seems to us that two courses are all that lie open to us to choose between: either we must go back, confessing our error, to the arrangements of other days; or, at every sacrifice of private feeling and respect for old associations and prejudices, we must march boldly forward in the line of farther innovation. For ourselves we would infinitely prefer the former alternative—relegating the Secretary of State for War to his original place at the Colonial Office; restoring to the Commander-in-Chief his ancient powers of discipline; giving back to the Secretary at War his ancient control over army expenditure; reuniting the Commissariat with the Treasury, and resuscitating the Board of Ordnance, with its Master-General in the Cabinet, and its Clerk of the Ordnance and Surveyor-General of the Ordnance both in the House of Commons. For then we should have what at present we have not—an experienced soldier to advise the Government on military questions—with not fewer than six of the Crown's Ministers explaining to Parliament the proceedings in their respective departments, and all alike open to impeachment in case of malversation. But for that we hardly dare to hope. Failing the moral courage necessary to do what is best, nothing therefore remains except to do what is not best; because it is impossible to stand still. What is it? We have

got our Department of Control; we have got our Financial Secretary. They must cease at once to be the servants of the Secretary of State, though remaining still his subordinates; just as under the old system the Board of Ordnance and Secretary at War were subordinates to the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. By patent or commission, as shall be most convenient, they must become as the Secretary at War was, and the Parliamentary members of the Board of Ordnance used to be, Ministers of the Crown. They must likewise of necessity be members of the House of Commons—hard as it now is to find a seat there—because the very object of their existence in connection with army administration is, that they may satisfy the House that public money is not wasted. To the Financial Secretary so constituted must be handed over all the duties of detail which the old Secretary at War was wont to discharge. On the head of the Control Department, call him by what name you will, must devolve all the duties and responsibilities of the old Board of Ordnance—a load too heavy for any one man to bear, unless he have the skill to select efficient subordinates, and the wisdom to give them, when chosen, his entire confidence. Thus the care of warlike stores, the manufacture of arms, the duty of providing for them, in peace and war, means of transport, must be undertaken by an artillery officer, selected because of his tried ability and acquaintance with his art. An engineer equally eminent must regulate the placement of engineer stores, including pontoons, the means of conveying them from place to place, and the progress of all works, whether of fortification or lodgment, which the Government shall have determined to execute. In like manner the Director-General must be held responsible for the forthcoming of due, but not extravagant, medical stores, the selection of gentlemen to serve as medical officers, and so forth. In a word, instead of having every question of detail referred to him, the Controller-in-Chief must confine himself to exercising a general surveillance over the departments, which, for practical purposes, can hardly be too much distributed; just as on his own side of the House the Financial Secretary checks accounts and regulates expenditure through clerks in whom he has trust. The effect of all this will be to assimilate, as nearly as can be done, a system dependent on popular caprice to one which leans upon the will of one man. For the Secretary of State himself, the Controller-in-Chief, and the Financial Secretary all being in Parliament, and each open to be questioned in his own line, will be able to stop the mouths of ignorant inquirers; while the real work of the office is carried on by men who know what they are doing, and are supported in doing it.

Changes such as these will undoubtedly meet some of the more obvious drawbacks which hamper us at this moment. Will they suffice to put the machine in good working condition? We fear not. There is yet another element of confusion which, if it be left to ferment, will render all else which is effected worthless, and which, therefore, if it cannot be taken away by one process, must be removed by another. A Secretary of State for War commanding the army, and a General Commanding-in-Chief, cannot stand together. Either withdraw the command of the troops from the Secretary of State for War, leaving to him the same measure of general control which, as representing the Cabinet, in this particular he always exercised; or else abolish entirely the office of General Commanding-in-Chief, which has become, since the promulgation of the late Orders

in Council, little better than a name. But this you can hardly do, unless you establish the principle that only a general officer of practised ability and tried experience shall hold office as Secretary of State for War. There may be some difficulty in making such an arrangement, but it need not prove insurmountable. Soldiers much in the field, whether they serve in Europe or in India, are seldom very bitter party politicians. You want a Secretary of State for War rather to advise his colleagues on war questions than to aid them with his counsels in determining what shall be the general policy, whether foreign or domestic, of the Government; and you need not, therefore, in selecting the ablest men, be too much acted upon by party considerations. But if these considerations must have weight, let them have weight. The best of our general officers differ just as much as civilians do in their political opinions. Lord Strathnairn, we believe, is a Tory: Sir William Mansfield is a Liberal. Either would fill the office a thousand times better than any civilian, be he ever so gifted. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge may be too nearly allied to the Sovereign to render him, in the opinion of our Radical masters, the household voters, eligible for office. Such is certainly not our own view of the case. But be the individual selected whom he may, nothing can be more clear than that the machine will never work satisfactorily, till the Minister at the head of it shall be a man who thoroughly understands its construction, and the appliances that are indispensable to keep it in gear. Give us this, and see how many beneficial results will follow.

The Secretary of State, being himself a soldier, will have his military just as he has his store, his finance, his commissariat, and other departments under him. A chief of the staff will preside over the military department, distributing his subordinates into two classes, the higher and the lower staff. These will take charge respectively of the discipline and disposition of the whole army: including, under the former head, drill, rewards, and punishments; under the latter, the routes, the arrangement of quarters, the control of education, from that which goes on in the staff school to the simple lessons that are taught to private soldiers and their children. On requisition signed by them, in the Secretary of State's name, will go forth orders to replenish stores which need replenishing, to forward clothing where it is wanted, to build forts, repair barracks, and keep hospitals supplied. They will be to the War Minister his eyes and ears—the instruments, in fact, through whom he makes known to the heads of other departments the needs of the army, and the mode in which it is his pleasure to meet them. Of course the Controller-in-Chief, the Commissary-General, and so forth, will be free to remonstrate if they conceive that they are unduly pressed. But there will be no refusal to obey. The War Minister is supreme, being responsible for the large views which he takes only to the Crown and to Parliament.

An establishment of this sort set up in London will repeat itself at the headquarters of each of the military districts or provinces. There, as in Pall Mall, all officers, whether of ordnance or of supply, will owe prompt and willing obedience to the orders of the corps-commanders, communicated through their staff; each accounting to his immediate chief in the metropolis for the items of expenditure that are incurred. Finally, with a view to the more prompt embarkation of troops and stores, and their ready transmission to foreign parts, the Secretary for War must be author-

ised to take up, from time to time, the necessary tonnage—just as he makes arrangements with the managers of railways, and the owners of carts and waggons, at home, for as much land-transport as may be required to supplement the deficiencies in the train which now exists or may hereafter be created.

Whether it will be judicious so far to change the organisation of regiments in our service as to render the company in the infantry, and the squadron in the cavalry, the same unit of formation which the battery is in the artillery, is a point not for us to determine.

There is, undoubtedly, much to be said in favour of the change, and something against it. The saving of expense, for example, as regards officers, would undoubtedly be considerable; while the gentlemen not required for the line being absorbed into the militia, the injury done to individual prospects would be small. But, on the other hand, the adoption of the German device must put an almost immediate end to purchase; and it is at least doubtful whether, in the long-run, an English army would not lose more than it gained by the triumph of ultra-liberal views on that head. This, however, with other matters of detail, may be safely left to be dealt with by our military War Minister when we get him. Probably he will recast the whole staff on the model which Prussia offers. Aides-de-camp as attendants on generals of brigade have little to do in peaceful times; and a large staff of adjutant and quarter-master generals at the headquarters of each division seems hardly called for. But the habit of so distributing staff employ and so using staff officers, when you make them, as to give a leaven of superior military intelligence to every regiment in the service, cannot be too industriously practised. This it is, quite as much as the ability of the staff actually serving, which has made the Prussian army what the French have found it to be. We need not, in many other respects, copy our Teutonic friends too closely, but here they deserve to be rigidly followed.

Many other points deserving notice present themselves, but we abstain from approaching them. Already, perhaps, there has been given to the subject greater prominence than the bulk of our readers may fancy that it deserves; and though far from sharing this opinion ourselves, it may be wise not to weary them. Let us not, however, bring our task to an end without one word of explanation. If, in the course of these essays, we have said a word calculated in any way to wound the feelings of individuals, we beg at once to retract and apologise for it. Against individuals we make no war. It is the system, and that alone, which we desire, by exposing, to hold up to public reprobation—for it is one the bare endeavour to carry which into effect must convince all who approach it of its impracticability. Not one of the many Ministers who have in succession accepted the War Office since it became what it is but has bitterly lamented his evil fortune. Whatever reputation he may have carried with him to Pall Mall has been damaged; and none, we venture to say, once delivered from the incubus, ever desires to assume it again. The whole army is out of joint. The whole country is dissatisfied with it and with its administration. Sooner or later a radical change of system must be effected; and if it shall turn out that we have in any degree contributed to hurry on a consummation so devoutly to be wished, then we shall indeed feel that we have not pondered the subject nor written about it in vain.

FRANK MARSHALL.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—A PROMISING INVESTMENT.

THE following suggestive letter met the eye of Mr Frank Marshall, Barrister-at-law, when he came down to breakfast at 10.15 to prepare himself for the labours of the day:—

"DEAR FRANK,—I have got all those queer feelings back again in the old quarter, and Croker says nothing but sulphur will do me any good. He gave me to understand pretty plainly that I am not long for this world: not that that matters much to me or anybody else; but I suppose it is a sort of duty to give one's self every chance, so I am off to Schwarzloch to-night. Now that my time's so nearly over, I cannot help feeling I have not made the best use of my little property while I have had it; but I am going to try to make it do as much good as I can after I am gone, so I will get you at your leisure to draw me a form of bequest to a charity—a good safe form, mind, which the lawyers shall not be able to get any costs out of. I am sure a man is the better and happier for having to work for his bread, so I shall leave you £1000 just to give you a start: then if anything happens to me you will be comfortable enough for a year or two until you can make a living out of your profession. There is another matter I should like you to see to. The Central Railway Co. repays me a loan of £3000 on Wednesday next. They wanted me to renew; but I do not think much of railways nowadays, and I shall be very glad when I see the money. I do not think it is right to leave so large a sum lying idle, so I will get you to invest it at once on landed security. My banker will honour your cheque.

"I do not suppose I can ever hope to see you again, my dear boy, for the disease will no doubt attack some vital organ before your Courts rise; but if I linger on till August, it would be a great comfort if you could manage to come over here, and be with me at the last.—Your affectionate uncle,

"MATTHEW MARSHALL.

"*P.S.*—I think you ought to get $4\frac{3}{4}$."

"That's the way the dear old sinner always goes on when there's anything the matter with him," thought Frank—"*Dæmon languebat, monachus tunc esse volebat;* last year he talked of going on to the Board of the Church Missionary, and attending every day, although he must have known that the Directors got no fees; and the year before that he went so far as to write to the Strand Union to send him a dozen orphans; but the rheumatism went off with the fine weather, and I got him to put the letter behind the fire. I would not give much for the chance of those charities he talks of enriching; he is as likely to live twenty years as a day; but he is just as well without those forms, all the same. I will run over and see him in August if there's nothing else doing; by that time he will have forgotten all about the blessings of poverty which he is so anxious for me to enjoy. I must see about that investment at once though; if it does not bear interest on Thursday evening, he will cut me out of his will—that is one of

the duties of property he never loses sight of. I will go down to Bluefold's office this very morning, and talk to him about it. It's just in his line; and then he can hardly help asking me to dinner. It's about time he did, or Miss Bluefold will be forgetting my existence. I should like her people to know, too, that there's money going in our family. I shall look in at chambers, of course, on the way, and get one or two hints from Wilson about the manners and customs of investors."

He found that gentleman, whose chambers he shared, immensely busy, as usual. The table was crowded with documents of every description, except communications from solicitors: notices of meeting of philanthropic committees, schemes for assimilating the law of England to that of Hesse Darmstadt, proof-sheets of a work on the destinies of our Colonial Empire, and miscellaneous literary undertakings without end.

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" said the industrious man, without losing a *coup de plume*, "this sort of thing will never do: you may as well cut the bar at once, as come down to business at 12 o'clock, day after day. But now you are here, you may as well make yourself useful. I am working out an average of our exports to Canada since the Confederation, and you can help me with the figures."

"No, hang it!" answered Frank; "as I am so late I must make the best use I can of what is left of the day; but just drop your pen, and talk to me for a minute. I want your advice."

"About Miss Potter, I suppose: well, my advice is, do not you go to that house any more."

"Never mind about that everlasting Miss Potter," said Frank, to whom the allusion was singularly distasteful, recalling, as it did, certain semi-affectionate transactions of the pre-Adamite period on the other side of Whitsunday, before the star of Miss Bluefold had appeared above the horizon; "neither of us is in any danger: I am talking of something else altogether. I have got £3000 to invest on landed security, and I don't know the A B C of the thing. What sort of interest ought a fellow to get to be pretty safe?"

Wilson pushed away his papers at once.

"Holloa! you're coming out as a capitalist, are you? that's a new character for you to appear in, isn't it? Well, if you go to a lawyer you'll get 4 per cent perhaps."

"I was told 5 was nearer the mark," answered Frank, who bore in mind his uncle's warning postscript.

"Ah! you won't get that unless you take a good deal of trouble; but if you don't mind that, and will give a little of your spare time, I think I can show you just what you want. There was a fellow in here yesterday who suggested the very thing for you. You know the man—his name's Wright; you met him in my rooms one day last week—you must remember him."

"What! the man who was so great on agricultural distress, and who went on about 'a greedy aristocracy battening and fattening upon the sweat of the toiling millions'? I should think I did recollect him. If he said it once, he said it a dozen times."

"He is a very good fellow, though he is rather go-ahead in some of his notions: he is a bore, too, when he gets on to one of his hobbies, but he is a downright excellent fellow: it would do you good to see more of him. Well, he has always been very anxious to do something for those poor wretches, our labourers: he wants to see them like the French *paysans;* every man of whom has

got a bit of ground of his own, of which he is as proud as a duke."

"I know he is," said Frank, "and very nasty he makes himself if you do not seem aware of his territorial rights. I trespassed last year on one of these little country gentlemen's estates—four yards by seven—and out he came at me as if he had been Earl Douglas, lord of Chevy Chase, said very unkind things in Auvergnat about my nation and myself, and made me pay 15 francs 75 centimes for smashing two potatoes. But how is Wright going to set to work? I can't say I admired Jean Marie Tapageur, but I must own he looked as if he was well satisfied with his own situation in life. And so Wright is going to turn all the ploughmen into squires. Is there to be a general redistribution of property?"

"He has not come to that yet," said Wilson; "it is a very mild little affair he has got in hand."

Then Wilson pulled out a host of papers, and explained that Wright had started a company to buy land and sell it out again in small lots: that they were terribly hard up for money to pay the bill, and did not know how to manage the legal part of the business; and that if Frank would bring £3000 into the concern, and do their law for them, they would put him on to the board, and give him extra pay. The scheme did equal honour to the head and heart of Mr Wright, but it is needless to set forth the details here. Are they not written in the records of the Court of Chancery?

"Wright talks of making 15 per cent and changing the face of English society," added Wilson; "that is all moonshine. He is a child in money matters; but I have looked into it, and I think, with reasonable care, you may be pretty sure of 6. It is just what you are cut out for. You've nothing on earth to do, and if you go in for this affair you will get a good deal of experience, which will help you at the bar if any infatuated solicitor should ever trouble you; and, besides, you will be of use to your fellow-creatures for once in your life."

"I am as fond of my fellow-creatures, as you call them, as any man living," said Frank; "but I am aware of my weakness, and must be on my guard against my affectionate disposition: so I don't think I will see Wright until I have tried the lawyers. I rather think I will step round to Bedford Row, and get your friend Bluefold to put the cash on to the dirty acres in the orthodox way; and now I will leave you to settle the affairs of the Canadas in peace."

"You have driven all that out of my head," answered Wilson, "so you may just as well stay now. I rather want to have a quiet chat. There are one or two things I should like to talk over. Shall we light up?"

"I never saw you knock off at one o'clock before as long as I have known you—there's something wrong. You have got something on your mind; come, out with it—it will do you all the good in the world: who is she?"

It was a random shot, but the enemy was silenced, and Frank knew it.

"Come, old fellow," he said; "it's what we must all come to. If you can bring yourself to talk about it, you will feel ever so much better. Come, you don't know how easy you will feel."

"It's odd you can't guess," answered Wilson; "I thought you must have seen it, as you know some of the family; but I believe you don't go to the house."

A ghastly suspicion crossed Frank's mind, and with difficulty

he brought himself to ask, "You don't mean one of the people in Bryanstone Square?" He had no power to utter the holy name.

Wilson, scarcely visible to the naked eye through the clouds of smoke, gave ever so slight a nod. There was nothing left for Frank now but to accept the inevitable, and to take care that he was not found out.

"Well, whereabouts are you? Hang it, man, I always tell you when there's anything of the sort on hand."

"I do not know that there's much to tell. I go to them in Bryanstone Square whenever I like. By the way, I dine there to-morrow, and they are all very civil."

"What do you make of old Bluefold in private life?" asked Frank, cautiously making his approaches towards the heart of the citadel.

"He never says very much at any time, but I am pretty sure he knows why I come there. I do not anticipate any difficulty in that quarter."

"I must not ask about the young lady, I suppose?"

"She always seems glad to see me, and she must know I do not come there for the sake of Bluefold and his deaf sister; but of course one can't tell."

"I say, Wilson, though," began Frank again, "this making love is capital fun, I know, but what is to be the end of it all? I know you are the sort of man to get on, but still I have heard of one or two fellows—clever fellows too, with work in them—who have been ten years at the bar without netting the rent of their chambers."

"She's got a little something from her mother, and then there is an uncle," answered Wilson, rather reluctantly; "he's sure to do something for her. I do not think he is very fond of me, by the way, but she does what she likes with him. I really should not have thought it right to entangle a penniless girl in a long engagement, and then Bluefold as much as hinted he could put some work in my way."

"I do not know much of Bluefold," said Frank, "but they say he is a little out at elbows. That boy of his at Christ Church has run through more money than any man of his year: I should not have thought he would have cared about a son-in-law who had not a good balance at his banker's."

"He does not attend much to the shop himself, and so he is rather out of the way of legal gossip," answered Wilson; "and somehow he has taken it into his head that I am doing a good deal of business. I cannot talk to him about it, of course—it would be against the etiquette of the bar; and if I marry Clara, it will most likely be true."

"I almost think I should have managed to let him know how matters really stood, if I had been you; but of course you know best. Now let me hear something about the young lady. I never saw her but once, and then I thought her the nicest-looking girl north of Oxford Street."

"How long have you lived in Belgrave Square?" growled Wilson; "I thought you were superior to all that snobbish affectation."

"Do not be abusive, old fellow; you have a right to be cross under the circumstances, but you must not use bad language. I only wish Miss B—— had got a sister like herself. I should not at all mind walking that far every day."

"Well, but she has not," said the lover, "and I am just as well pleased. There's the brother to come in for a share of the mother's

money as it is. As for describing her, it is what I cannot do—one feels such a fool talking about a girl one means to marry; but if all goes well I will take you there one day next week, and you shall see as much of her as you like. Get her to play or sing—she will do anything you ask her; but if you want to put her in special good temper, say you want to see her drawings. She has a whole book full of pen-and-ink caricatures, which some people make a good deal of fuss about. They are really not bad, some of them."

"Are you going to take the plunge to-morrow?"

"Yes, I must get it over one way or the other; this sort of thing unsettles one so. There's that paper on the Romish and Anglican theories on the subject of lying; I cannot give my mind to it while this business is hanging over me."

"You've an awfully severe attack of the complaint, old chap; it is generally very bad the first time." Frank spoke with the authority of experience. "Go in and win, and at once; I shall be on the look-out for a cheap mustard-pot to adorn your family table." Then in silence he meditated.

"So Wilson's going to cut in, and it's all over with me. I am glad I have found it out in time, though; I don't know where I should have been if we had met two or three times more. I shall not go and talk to that dreary old Bluefold now—I don't want to go dining there. As for this money business, I don't care about that or anything else. I may just as well let Wright have it, and I feel as if I should rather like something to do for a week or two. It is landed security after a sort, and a safe 6 per cent; but say it is only 5, my uncle will be satisfied, for he does not expect more than 4¾; and then it will do so much good that it will materially lighten the load of remorse on account of misspent opportunities which seems to be weighing upon him: it is a pity he should adjourn his philanthropic schemes till after his decease, when he will be obliged to carry them out at my expense. I say, Wilson, about that investment of mine—it is almost too late to go to Bedford Row now; and, after all, I would just as soon trust you as anybody else. What will Wright give the conveyancing director?"

"I don't think you must expect more than £150, besides money out of pocket; but then the experience will be worth any money."

"Well, I don't mind," said Frank; "if I get in a fix of any kind, of course I shall come to you. If the company's a great success, perhaps I may be able to stand an urn. By the way, I should like the shares put in to my uncle's name; there are some family reasons for it which I won't bother you with."

"All right," said Wilson; "I dare-say they will manage that for you. I will see Wright to-night or to-morrow morning."

"Why should not we set about it at once?" asked Frank, eager to ease his wound's imperious anguish by plunging amid the throngs of men.

"I can't come with you now," said Wilson; "I must finish these sheets—and to-morrow, by the way, I've an appointment; but I will send Wright a line, and if you call at Fenchurch Street in the morning you will be sure to find him."

"What a lucky fellow that is!" sighed Frank. "I don't know when I've seen so sweet a girl. Who would have taken Wilson for a marrying man? I suppose he is awfully fond of her, though he does not care to show it. I wonder at

his not telling them he is doing next to nothing—such a particular fellow as he is too. I had no notion the etiquette of the bar was so strict."

Next morning Frank went down to Fenchurch Street to see Wright, by whom he was most affectionately received.

"My dear Mr Marshall," he began, "our friend Mr Wilson writes me that he has explained to you our scheme for the improvement of our suffering fellow-countrymen, that you are satisfied of its soundness from a financial point of view, and that you take so warm an interest in the cause that you are willing to give us the benefit of your professional skill."

"Wilson has been talking to me about it, and I rather like what I have heard. It seems to me the money will be all right; and as I have not much to do just now, I shall be very glad to be useful if you will show me how."

"I hope to make use of you almost immediately, Mr Marshall, in brushing away some little legal cobwebs which prevent us from getting to work; but I should like you just to look at our prospectus, and tell me how it reads. You do not happen to be anything of a literary man, I suppose?"

"I have tried my hand in a small way," Frank guardedly answered.

"That's fortunate, for I am terribly overworked; and as for Wiggins, the only director who gives us much of his time, his heart is in the right place, but English composition is not his forte."

"I see it is not," said Frank, glancing at the prospectus, "for he cannot make up his mind whether company is singular or plural, and he spells 'limited' with two *m*'s. It's rather a long document, too—must I go through it all?"

"You need not read it all unless you like, but I should be glad of your opinion of the first paragraph or so. I wrote the beginning just to strike the key-note, as it were. I let Wiggins add all those details of productiveness of the soil, proximity to a railway station, anticipated dividend, and so forth."

Frank reads—

"This company is not a mere commercial enterprise, set on foot by speculators anxious to amass a fortune at the expense of the community: those who have started it have been moved solely by a desire to raise the condition of the toiling millions of Great Britain. They have seen with sorrow and shame that in free England alone are the workers of the soil doomed never to enjoy its fruits. They ask their countrymen, Is the British labourer so degraded a being that he cannot be trusted to till the soil on which he was born unless his daily tale of work be set him, as though he were the ox he drives? Does not the experience of our brothers across the water, since their chains were loosed in '89, show us that the stalwart owner of a single rood is as anxious to make his little holding productive as the languid lordling, whose thousand ill-gotten acres yield a reluctant harvest to the enforced labour of a famishing and reckless Helotry? At least let the experiment be tried. The first stroke of the peasant's spade upon the enfranchised soil will toll the knell of our feudal nobility."

"I like that paragraph amazingly," said Frank; "especially that bit about the lordling, whatever such a creature may be: the sentence has a splendid ring in it, though a fellow is obliged to stop for breath in the middle: but I don't like those two *l*'s coming together—let us call him 'bedwarfed and sallow:' these adjectives will make him look still more contemptible."

"I must keep 'languid,' in spite

of the alliteration," answered Wright. "It points the contrast, you see, between the useless cumberer of the ground and his energetic successor."

"Very good," said Frank; "now for that allusion to '89: *olet lanternam*, it smacks of the lantern and the guillotine."

"And whose fault is that?" answered Wright. "If you see in that reference an appeal to physical force, I say the fault is theirs who lend no ear to moral suasion."

"You know best," said Frank; "I was only thinking it might make the shares hang in the market: they are not likely to lantern me for a landlord. But about that ox which your degraded labourer drives: would not he be more in character if we gave him a horse or a donkey, like the British agriculturist of real life?"

"You will really pardon me, Mr Marshall, if I venture to say that your criticism is somewhat strained. I mean the ox to be the poetical type of the labouring animal: I should have thought this was sufficiently obvious."

"It does not much matter," said Frank; "but the bit at the end really does stump me: how on earth can a man ring a bell with a spade? Do let us make him *dig the grave of our territorial aristocracy.* It will be all the same to the parties concerned, while the sentence will be just as good a mouthful, and the metaphor will be ever so much neater."

"Really, Mr Marshall," said Wright, "if we devote so much time to minute verbal criticism, we shall be all day about it. I almost think I will ask you to see to our law business at once, and I will get the prospectus out by myself. I am exceedingly obliged to you for your valuable suggestions, which shall have every attention."

"Just as you like," answered Frank; "what shall I set about doing?"

"I will ask you to see Mr Leary for us this afternoon—the gentleman who is selling us the Watermead estate, where we propose to commence operations. A noble-minded man is Mr Leary: he is parting with the land greatly below its value, because his heart is with us. I am sure you will meet him in the same spirit, and that you will not allow any of the narrow technical difficulties with which, as I am informed, our unhappy system of conveyancing has been studiously encumbered by hereditary landowners, to interpose any delay."

"I will not give him any trouble which I can help," said Frank; "and I will go to work at once. By the way, has anybody seen the place?"

"Yes, Wiggins went and looked at it; he says it's worth half as much again as what we are to give: in fact, if Leary was not so well off, I should not think it right to hold him to his contract."

Then Frank went off to see the vendor, leaving behind him a very unfavourable opinion of his literary abilities.

CHAPTER II.—SCRUPLES OF CONSCIENCE.

On the same morning Wilson arose with the feeling that there was something on his mind. This was not his suit for the hand of Miss Clara Bluefold, as to which he felt no misgivings, in spite of the uneasiness which he had professed to Frank; but it was a little matter partly occasioned by the same. It will be remembered that he had not thought it consistent with the etiquette of the bar to inform Mr Blue-

fold of the real state of his affairs, and that he had consequently gained the reputation of a rising young barrister. But this impression, howsoever it originated, was not confined to that gentleman. A rumour to the same effect had reached the ears of the Commissioners for raising and paying to her Majesty certain duties arising out of trades and professions; and when it appeared that Mr Wilson had returned the sum of £5 as the full amount of his professional earnings, they felt satisfied that there must be some clerical error. This they proceeded to rectify by adding two ciphers to the figure so returned, and by informing him of the correction they had made, which they trusted would meet with his approval. Should he deem the correction in any way unsatisfactory, he was invited to wait upon them and talk the matter over. As he feared that silence would give consent, he determined to avail himself of the invitation; and being anxious not to keep those gentlemen waiting, proceeded to the trysting-place in a swift hansom. When he neared the scene of action he became aware of a number of individuals of discontented, not to say malevolent, aspect, and threatening demeanour, whose language concerning the constituted authorities was so undutiful that he feared he had stumbled upon a Fenian assemblage met to carry out some sanguinary scheme of "wild justice." Speedily, however, he discovered that the dangerous-looking mob was composed of peaceable ladies and gentlemen, mostly of pure Saxon breed, who were there on the same errand as himself. They were loyal ratepayers last week, but now their wholesome hearts were turned to gall, and they set as little store by the proud privileges of a Briton as did the American colonists after the reimposition of the threepenny tea-duty of immortal memory. Wilson was a man of delicate conscience and great experience in casuistry, which constantly led to his being consulted by people who wanted to do something wrong; and as the Commissioners had judiciously arranged to keep every man there waiting for an hour and a half, he had an opportunity of amassing materials for an appendix to his essay on Lying. In fact, he arrived at the painful conviction that he was the only man there whose grounds of appeal were not at once frivolous and immoral.

After a weary while he was called into the presence, to the considerable relief of his fellow-sufferers who had vainly been seeking his sympathy. The public will be glad to know what took place within those sacred precincts, for reporters, authors, and suchlike, are not often invited to attend: and it is understood that the members of that Vehmgericht are bound to secresy under the most terrible penalties which the heart of man can conceive. From information we have received, we believe that Wilson was politely motioned to a seat at a table, round which sat an amazing quantity of old gentlemen, and that the oldest and baldest began—

"You have been assessed in the sum of £500, Mr Wilson, and you have appealed; what is the precise amount of your yearly profits?"

"Five pounds."

"You are ready to make oath to the truth of that statement?"

"I am."

"Your appeal is allowed—we will trouble you no further: good morning:" and all was over, and on he went to his briefless chambers pondering on the stupidity of officials who will take a man's

word, but will not believe what he sets his hand to. But there sat one at that table of whom he wotted not—Mr James Moneybags, brother to the sainted mamma of Miss Clara Bluefold.

A sad and thoughtful man was that same Mr Moneybags, as he hobbled away westwards to dress for dinner at his brother-in-law's, gloomily brooding as he went on the terrible discovery he had made. Here was his niece, his clever little Clara, the only one of those Bluefolds he could look at with patience, on the point of throwing herself away on a mere adventurer, who was passing himself off for a rising man. He had never much liked the fellow himself: he was for ever laying down the law and contradicting Mr Moneybags — a line of conduct to which that old gentleman was very little accustomed; least of all in the house of the Bluefolds, who had been in the habit of listening to his opinions on morals, politics, and religion, with the reverence due to age, wealth, and single-blessedness. From this point of view there was something not unpleasing to him in the prospect of being able to unmask the impostor, and to resume his own rightful supremacy. He did not believe Clara could possibly care much for the pompous pretender. All these hard terms he bestowed on our excellent friend Wilson as he discoursed with himself. As he reflected on Wilson's approaching humiliation, his sorrow melted away altogether into a sentiment compounded of exultation and pious thankfulness; and he began to regard his own presence that day to hear the appeals as little less than a providence. Then he began to construct a little drama: he would be specially affable at dinner to throw the enemy off his guard, and would ask him about the leading juniors, and whether he was not thinking of taking silk shortly; and Wilson would answer, just as the knave had done in times past: "There are a good many men before me, Mr Moneybags; it would scarcely be wise just yet, my work takes me so little into Court;"—and after he had given him plenty of rope he would tell the company what had happened before the Commissioners, and ask Wilson what he had to say now. "I wonder what he *will* say," thought the old gentleman. But of a sudden the blood rushed to his head, and he all but carried the secret to his grave. "By Jove!" he thought, "I know what he will say—that I am an old scoundrel for revealing what became known to me in the execution of my duty; and he will say the truth too. What on earth is to be done? If I hold my tongue, that dear little thing will go marrying a swindling fellow without a sixpence, who lies like a bulletin; and if I give her a hint, why, I shall be as bad as he is. If I lay some trap for him it will be all the same, for I must not tell the secrets of my prison-house by action any more than by words." So here he was "atween the deil and the deep sea," and the longer he mused on the situation the less he liked it.

At 7.45 that evening the rays of the setting sun illuminated eight human beings assembled round the festive board of Mr Bluefold; but the banquet certainly did not promise to be a success, for four or five of those present had aggravating subjects of meditation. Wilson's visit to the Commissioners had put him thoroughly out of sorts, and he showed it by being unusually didactive. Young Charles Bluefold, of the Alpine and Canoe Clubs, was to start next evening for the Finsteraarhorn, and had just been overhauling his equipments; but he

could not conceal from himself the fact that there was a twist in the instep of that new boot which he had had constructed in conformity with the shape of the human foot. His father—not a person of much account at home or elsewhere, but, nevertheless, a vertebrate animal, susceptible of pain when purse or person was assailed—was musing on the iniquities of his son and heir, whose Oxford career had just reached an inglorious and costly termination, and was wondering whether it might not be as well to try and bleed old Moneybags once more. As his nephew was about to take holy orders, and his niece was on the point of making a capital match, here was a good opening for the old Crœsus to come down with something handsome, without hurting the family dignity. "Why should not he buy Charles a living, now they are going so cheap because of the Disestablishment?" thought the fond father; "and he cannot do less than furnish a house for his pet Clara." That young person herself was not quite so lively as usual. It will be thought that her maiden breast was agitated by thoughts of the proposal which loomed in the distance; but it was not so. She was reflecting with wonder and indignation upon the conduct of her parent, who, with very unwonted firmness, had refused to advance her the means of accompanying her brother, on the frivolous pretence of poverty. To do her justice, she had not seen the Oxford ticks, or, like a good little woman, she would have been proposing all sorts of sacrifices, even to the half of her chignon. So she meant to have her own way yet, and in the last resort to appeal to her uncle, of whom her father stood in great awe. A glance at that gentleman, however, convinced her that the moment was unpropitious. Seldom had she beheld any man whose present aspect was so unlovely as that of Mr Moneybags. There he sat in grim silence, surveying the company with a baleful sneer. The poor old fellow might have sat for a study of some pitiless villain, cursed with a heart unknowing how to yield, whose sin had found him out, and who was now a prey to endless and unavailing remorse. We know pretty well what he was thinking about. He had lost his way in a moral labyrinth, and was bound to find his way out that very night, on pain of losing for ever the only creature on earth he cared about—the sweet little thing at the top of the table, who was wondering all the while what in the world could have put her uncle into such a dreadful temper. Could the gout have got into his knee? If so, of course she would not think of the glaciers, but would stop in town and do his bandages. He was apt to use strong language if anybody else handled him under those circumstances. There were also present a deaf old sister of Bluefold, a great admirer of Wilson, and her two daughters, who adored Clara, were afraid of Wilson, and despised Charles as a boy and a cousin. The talk of this happy family was Swissy at first; and Charles recounted the achievements he was going to perform, and described the ingenious implements with which he was going to take the field. Then Wilson cut in and explained the uselessness of his new knapsack, and the futility of its contents; pointed out the perilous weakness of his pocket alpenstock, which shut up with a hinge in the middle like a parasol; and concluded with some very just and disagreeable remarks on the folly of men "and boys," as he pointedly added, "who risk lives which might some day turn out to be not wholly useless, in such child-

ish sports." Having demolished Charley, he looked across the table to see if his old enemy Moneybags was disposed to argue the point; but the old fellow was still at buffets with himself, and had no power to do more than glare grimly at him. "Old boy looks as if he was going to have a stroke," thought Wilson. "Wonder if he has made his will."

Then there was a short silence. Charley was sulking; old Bluefold was speculating whether it would be safe to tell Moneybags about his son's debts with a view to a loan, or whether it might not provoke him to leave his money to the other side of the house. That gentleman was so wrapt in his meditations that, wholly regardless of his besetting infirmities, he devoured anything and everything which was set before him with so unamiable a countenance that Clara was absolutely afraid to interfere. So Wilson had to take up the ball again.

"Most of you Alpine fellows are clergymen, too, who ought to know better. If you must have your nerves braced by danger and thin air, why don't you do it for some sensible purpose? You might go to New Zealand and discover short cuts to circumvent the Maories."

"We leave that to the members of the Devil's Own," retorted Charles, "who get a thousand a-year for six months' work: a poor parson's three Sundays would not take him far towards the antipodes. There's nothing I should like better myself, but some folks grudge us a Cook's ticket to Geneva:"—with that he glanced sourly at the author of his being.

"You would be a deal better employed at home, Master Charles," observed that much-enduring personage, "reading up for the Bishop, than everlastingly rushing hither and thither, risking your neck and wasting my money. As for New Zealand, they say that's going to be a state of the Union, now there's no more to be got out of us; and the sooner the better, say I."

This roused Moneybags from his torpid state, for he was a genuine old John Bull.

"The colonists have had confoundedly hard usage," he cried, "but they are honest Englishmen, not the drainings of creation, like the Yankees; and they will stick by the old flag, although we show them only the wrong side of it."

"I fear, my dear Mr Moneybags," began Wilson, very sweetly, delighted at the prospect of encountering a foeman worthy of his steel, on ground which he considered peculiarly his own, "I fear that you take too favourable a view of human nature. Depend upon it, with man in general, sentiment is wholly subordinate to financial considerations."

"It is with some fellows, I know," jerked Moneybags, underlining the remark in quite a personal manner.

"Depend upon it, my dear sir," went on Wilson, quoting from the introduction to his aforesaid work on our Colonial Empire, "if the colonists discover that they can reduce their import duties 2 per cent by joining the States, they will hoist the stars and stripes to-morrow. Why, this very morning I saw a number of people who thought they had met with sharp practice from a Government Department, talking language fit for a mob of Fenians."

"Has Mr Wilson met a mob of Fenians to-day in the streets of London?" asked the deaf aunt. "Good gracious! why does not the Government do something? they would have been hanged, every man of them, when I was a girl."

"Too many for that, aunt," shouted Charley; "Calcraft has

grown so rusty he could never get through it all. He would have to put on two or three devils, and then the work would be bungled, and we should have complaints. We ought to shoot our treason-felons. We might turn them to account by sending two or three score of them to Wimbledon next week for the benefit of the Volunteers; they might be tied up at 300 yards, and allowed to dodge. After ten shots the live target might be allowed to walk off, what was left of it. It would be much more improving to the riflemen than shooting at the running deer, and would give an air of reality to the whole performance. The Paddies would like it better than being hanged, and less guilty criminals might be made to carry sawdust to the fatal spot, and to shovel up and carry away the heads, fingers, and other refuse matter."

"My dear Charles," cried out the old lady, "pray do not say such shocking things: they tell me it is quite wicked now to take pleasure in the death of a fox; and yet you are proposing to make the agonies of your fellow-Christians a source of amusement. And then your suggestion to make these misguided men stand by to see the death and mutilation of their friends is the most dreadful thing I ever heard."

"Do let us talk of something else," said Clara; "the boy is only laughing at you, as usual, auntie: he rather likes the Fenians"—but her voice was lost in the grave argument of Wilson, who had scented a fallacy, and was down upon it in a moment.

"The cases are hardly parallel, my dear madam," he said; "the fox does not like to be hunted, and nobody thinks of consulting his wishes. If we were to do as your nephew suggests out of mere wantonness, we should be a disgrace to the nineteenth century, and as bad as the Pope makes us out; but Charles has supposed these wretched men to be willing to submit to the experiment; and in that case, whatever may be the policy of executions on so large a scale, I cannot for the life of me see what objection on the score of inhumanity can be made to this particular method: *volenti non fit injuria.*"

"Construe that bit of Greek, please, for the benefit of this end of the table," holloaed Charles.

"I mean," replied Wilson, always happy to instruct, "that no man can ever complain of the violation of any law, however sacred that law may be, if he has himself consented to waive his right to its protection. What is old Moneybags grinning at?" he went on, *sotto voce;* "it is my belief that fourth glass has been too many for him. He does not drink fair. When he comes to dine with Clara and me next year, if he lasts so long, he shall not keep that little flask of brown sherry at his elbow; I will make him stick to claret. It is pitiable to see a man at his time of life so forgetting himself."

A singular change had indeed come over the old gentleman's face: Wilson's last words had suggested to him a way out of the maze of doubts in which he had been wandering; and the gloom which arose from a troubled conscience had been replaced by the serenity of a mind at peace with itself. But of course nobody else could guess what he was chuckling at; and even Clara began to fear that he had had quite enough. So up she got;—"I have retouched that sketch, Mr Wilson," she said, "which you told me was out of drawing; you shall tell me what you think of it now, as soon as you come up-stairs: mind you do not keep me waiting. Do not you be long, uncle; I have got a little plot to consult you about;"—and the ladies vanished, and the thinned

ranks of the survivors fell in to the centre.

Then old Moneybags set to work. "You quite startled my sister-in-law just now, Mr Wilson; her hearing is not so good as it was, and she gets nervous, poor soul, if you but talk of a Fenian. But, joking apart, we have not seen the end of these disturbances yet; it is my belief the priests are at the bottom of this bad feeling."

"I hardly agree with you," answered Wilson: "the Church of Rome has always set its face against secret societies, and this organisation has frequently been denounced by the bishops in strong language."

"That's a matter of course," said the old man: "it would never do for an Ultramontane openly to back up rebellion and nationality. But they do what they can for it on the sly. Why didn't they make those Manchester murderers confess before they gave them absolution? Does any man in his senses doubt that the miscreants were shriven as clean as the priest could make them before they committed the outrage? A terrible position it must be, that of a Roman Catholic priest who hears, in confession, of some wrong which is about to be done! I suppose he cannot help himself, but is obliged to hold his tongue, and see a crime perpetrated which he could prevent with a word."

"Of course he must be silent," put in Charley, who was slightly Ritualistic; "any clergyman of the Church of England may find himself in the same difficulty to-morrow. As soon as the penitent leaves my confessional, all he has spoken will be to me as if it had never been uttered."

"Idiots these young fellows are," thought his father; "does not he know how Moneybags hates this sort of thing? why could not he wait till he had got the living?" But before he could say anything to efface the unfavourable impression Wilson was off again.

"I believe," he said, "some such doctrine is prevalent at the present day among extreme supporters of the dignity of the priesthood; but it is a notion alike contrary to Christian morality and to the teaching of the most learned of the schoolmen."

"How do you make out that?" cried Charley. "Thomas Aquinas ——"

"We do not want your old-world trash here, Master Charley," interrupted his uncle, with much heat, afraid the fish he was landing would be scared away. "You were saying, Mr Wilson——"

"I hold," pursued that gentleman, "that the duty of keeping a secret is one of imperfect obligation; and all who intrust damaging secrets to priests or others must be taken to do so with the knowledge that circumstances may arise when they must be divulged. It is in most cases desirable that a promise of secrecy should, like all other promises, be kept. But there are frequent exceptions; and every man must decide for himself whether holding his tongue will do more good or harm in any particular case."

"I am not sure that your doctrine is not rather too elastic for most of us," said Moneybags; "but let us put a particular case: Suppose you told me a secret about yourself, and I found that somebody else would be terribly injured if I kept it, I suppose you would say I ought to tell it?"

"No doubt about it," answered the unconscious Wilson; "it would be your bounden duty, or you would be responsible for all the mischief which might result. I am perfectly clear on the point."

Charley would fain have continued the argument, but his uncle would not listen for a moment.

"Any more wine, Mr Wilson? then let us go and have some tea. Just stop one moment, Mr Wilson; we will follow you, Bluefold. That argument of yours was very neat; it has convinced me, at any rate. I don't mind saying you are a deuced clever fellow, but just take a fool's advice: don't spend so much of your time correcting young ladies' sketches; it really is not worth the while. There is nothing like sticking to your trade. The law is a jealous mistress, they say, and if you give her a little more of your attention, you will be able to show the Commissioners a better balance-sheet next year—I am one of them, you know. Shall I say good-night for you? It would be hardly fair of me to tell the folks up-stairs where we met this morning, though you seem to think that I ought, and *volenti non fit injuria.*"

"Mr Moneybags," replied the undaunted Wilson, "I suppose no man likes gossip about his private affairs, but I am at a loss to imagine why you should think I have any special reason for concealing anything from my good friend Mr Bluefold. And if, as you almost imply, you think my reticence is due to any unworthy motive, I must say I have not deserved this harsh construction. And now, as it is really growing late, I will wish you a very good evening."

"My dear fellow, I don't think a bit the worse of you: all's fair in love and war, but *à bon chat, bon rat; à corsaire, corsaire et demi.* I shall always be glad to see you at my little place in Portman Square all the same."

"He is gone off quite pleasantly, like a sensible fellow," said the triumphant old boy to himself as he toddled up-stairs. "I must take care he does not try it on again, though, as soon as my back is turned: better get Clara out of the way somewhere for a bit." Then he went and sat down by the tea-table.

"Our young friend Wilson," he began, "complains of a slight headache. Men do work themselves to death nowadays, burning the candle at both ends; and you are not half the girl you were when you came to town: you want country air."

"Here's an opening," thought that young woman. "I do not feel quite as strong as I did in the spring," she said with an air of saint-like resignation; "but I do not think there's anything really wrong with me. Charley *did* want me to go with him to Switzerland, which would quite set me up" (Oh, Clara! do not you remember how unfavourably that young man received the offer of your sisterly company?)—"but as papa says it is out of the question, I shall try long walks before breakfast to Highgate."

"I will talk to Bluefold," said her uncle; and he did. What he said is unknown; but Mr and Miss Bluefold purchased first-class tickets from Charing Cross to Paris the next evening.

As some readers may think Clara's bosom contained a heart of stone, because she went off rejoicing to the mountains and left a lover behind her, it may be as well to mention that her uncle had been disquieting himself in vain, for she had never felt herself to be worthy of a man who was so much wiser than his neighbours, and so well aware of the fact. She was a little disappointed, though, at not seeing him in the drawing-room after dinner: she had meant to ask what had become of that amusing friend of his who had made the Ascot party go off so successfully; and if she got a very good opening, to suggest that he might, without indiscretion, be brought to lunch some Sunday.

CHAPTER III.—A CAMPAIGN IN THE ALPS.

Schwarzloch is a minute village in a lonely valley in Switzerland, and lies out of the ordinary track of tourists. On the east and west it is easily got at over beautiful green hills of moderate height, which present no difficulty whatever, and which are, consequently, wholly unknown to the travelling public. From the north, invalids, old ladies, and gentlemen void of self-respect, can approach it by a carriage-road; but the legitimate entrance is from the south, where the valley is blocked up by a wall of granite slightly more than perpendicular. In this a groove has been cunningly wrought, designed apparently for the convenience of reckless goats. As this route leads up into boggy wastes of singularly unlovely aspect, then traverses certain wooden water-courses not very securely pinned to the side of a precipice of 1000 feet, and lands a well-girded man, after thirteen hours' hard walking, in a valley renowned for the size of its horse-flies, it is rather a favourite with the members of that ascetic community known as the Alpine Club. The village of Schwarzloch consists of a dozen *chalets*, and of one enormous hotel, built in a magnificent situation to tempt people to avail themselves of a foul sulphur-spring, the scent of which poisons the house. There is very seldom anybody here, and when Mr Matthew Marshall arrived to lay him down to die, he had the place virtually to himself, and was a good deal made of accordingly. He made out a few days pleasantly enough: the care of his body accounted for a good deal of his time; and the rest he spent in preparing notes for an essay on the "Dangerous Results of the Limited Liability Act," which he had sent to the editor of the 'Mercantile Review' shortly before he started, with instructions to the editor to forward the proof to Schwarzloch. Mr Matthew was far from a society man: no man was less partial to greetings in the market-place; and it was as good as a sermon to hear him rebuking the little social ambitions of his frivolous nephew. But after a few days spent in this fetid paradise he began to think of Rotten Row with less than his usual bitterness. Nobody in the place spoke anything but Swiss; the post came in twice a-week; a portmanteau containing the big blue-book in which he trusted to supply him with statistics had miscarried at the frontier; there was nobody to tell him what he ought to pay the doctor; the hotel bills, which he audited every day, bristled with audacious frauds; and an inflammation had appeared on his left ankle, which kept him a prisoner to the house. This he attributed to the deleterious character of the wine; but the landlord gave him to understand by signs that it was the wholesome working of the sulphur-water.

On the sixth afternoon he sat sadly in the window of the huge empty dining-room, polishing and recasting a note in which he bewailed the growing tendency on the part of young men of family to engage in trade—a tendency which he traced to the facilities afforded by joint-stock companies—when he became aware of a caravan of five persons descending the green slopes which bounded the valley on the west. The two first were our friends Charles and Clara Bluefold; then followed Heinrich Baur, stepping nimbly along under Clara's baggage, which was contained in a

compact leathern portmanteau of less than fifteen pounds avoirdupois. Charles weighed it with his own hands in Bryanstone Square, while the cab was at the door; and, deaf to all entreaties, threw overboard a pot of pomatum and a Church Service to bring it down to the regulation weight. Far in the distance tottered Johann Engebrust, and Uli Kurzbein, staggering beneath her brother's manifold equipments.

The old man did not meet the new-comers till dinner, and then he fell a-talking with the eagerness of a man whose tongue has long had a holiday.

"I hope the lady is not tired with her walk, sir?"

"Tired!!!" answered Charles, indignantly, as if his sister had been charged with light conversation; "why, it is an easy five hours. I wanted to come over the Höllenthur" (the aforesaid goat-track); "but perhaps that would have been rather stiff for my sister the first day,—and then I got a capital side view this afternoon of the Teufelskralle, which I am going to try to-morrow. Ball says it is not to be done; but I think I made it out with the glass, so I do not call this a lost day."

"I shall never forget the walk of to-day as long as I live," said Clara; "I never could have imagined anything half so lovely as those granite needles specked with snow, rising behind the pine-forest."

"It was ice, Clara," pityingly observed her experienced brother. "But I wish you had not stopped to draw it; we should have done the pass in four hours and a quarter, and that muff Murray calls it six."

"May I ask to see your drawings presently?" said Matthew; "it is a treat to a poor old cripple to see what the mountains are like which he cannot get up to."

"I shall be very glad to show you all I have done," she answered; and the album came out, and the couple passed a very pleasant evening indeed. Matthew was as appreciative as could be desired, and Clara rewarded him by producing a pirated edition of Anthony Trollope; and the old man, who was no traveller, was amazed and delighted at the discovery that the profits of authors might be done away with by a careful man. Charley was not seen much of that evening; but his voice was heard in anxious consultation with Heinrich Baur and the landlord. The result of the conference was, that he started next morning at 1.30 A.M. to scale the Teufelskralle, preceded by his three guides, and followed by the greater part of the adult male population of the valley, having all the external appearance of an expedition intended for the final discovery of the North Pole.

Matthew took 'Barchester Towers' to bed with him, for he did not know how long he would be allowed to keep it, and did not show in public before eleven next morning. He found Clara in possession of the one sofa, and confessing to a little fatigue, now her brother was out of hearing, and very glad of somebody to talk to.

"You must come and lie down, Mr Marshall," she said, "for I see you are quite lame, and I have got the only comfortable place."

"Do not stir, my dear young lady—do not stir, I beg: I have just drunk my three tumblers, and Herr Rossenarzt says I must walk for half an hour afterwards. I used to stroll to the church, and back; but, since my ankle has been bad, I take a turn up and down this room as well as I can."

"I should not think moving about

was the right thing for a bad ankle," said Clara, who was always with old Moneybags when he was laid up, and was considered in the family little inferior to Miss Nightingale. "You should use cold fomentations, and keep it perfectly still."

"Perhaps you are right. I know Rossenarzt is an ass, and I am getting worse every day; but how am I to foment my ankle when I can hardly stoop to put on my slipper? I must let him kill me his own way."

"Do let me run for a jug of water, and try my prescription. There's a stream of iced water outside the door. I am quite accustomed to the charge of invalids; and then you come and lie down here till lunch time. This is not the doctor's day, and he will not find it out."

He was wholly unused to be waited upon by young ladies, and was rather alarmed, but "for a' that he could do or say, she wad'na be gainsaid:" so she showered, and sponged, and bandaged him to her heart's content, and established him on the sofa, and made him admit he was very comfortable.

After this they became quite confidential, and she brought out all her light literature, and said she would leave it behind to comfort him in his solitude; and he read her some of the notes upon his essay, heard her criticisms with great complacency, and promised to show her the paper itself if she could wait a day or two. He even hinted at getting her to correct the proofs if anything should happen to him before they arrived. This, however, she was obliged to decline, as they were to leave by the Höllenthur next day. But their acquaintance was not doomed to so speedy a termination. The expedition which had taken the field that morning was expected to make a triumphant re-entry about seven or eight; but towards five o'clock a gloomy feeling that all was not as it should be began to pervade the community. Then stragglers, such as herald a disastrous defeat, came dropping in; and, finally, the main body appeared with clothes rent, and earth on every part of their persons. Their countenances were sullen and dejected, as those of men who flee away in battle; and as a theodolite and a barometer remained at the bottom of a crevasse, their baggage may be said to have fallen into the hands of the enemy. Not loss only, but shame had befallen them; they had crossed the lower moraine with unprecedented rapidity, and were now going over the second glacier at a pace which has no recorded equal, when Charley's jointed alpenstock, which he loved as his own soul, snapped asunder in the midst, and sent him into a crevasse, which was happily half full of water. Hard work they had to get him out, *parmulâ non bene relictâ*, and harder still to make him turn back when he was out; but Baur, though a professional guide, was not without brains. Charley declared he was fresher than when he started; but Clara now assumed her proper place as elder sister, and not only put him to bed then and there, but declared it to be her will and pleasure to keep him in it till Rossenarzt had seen him next day. That gentleman trusted there was nothing serious the matter, but could not answer for the consequences if the invalid stirred from the house for a week; meanwhile he promised to come and see him daily.

A joyful man was old Matthew when he heard of the accident, and found that he was to have company for a week at least. Whether it was caused by the exuberance of

his delight, or by the cold fomentations, is not clear; but certain it is, that he felt strong enough about noon to take his usual walk as far as the church. On his return he was met by Clara.

"Where have you been to, Mr Marshall? we have been looking for you everywhere: the postman has been here with a large parcel for you, but he would not leave it without your receipt."

"That must be my essay," cried Matthew. "What a trump the editor is! I did not expect him to register it, but I suppose he was afraid it might fall into the wrong hands. What a bore it is, though! there is no post again for three days. I must send a messenger: perhaps you would allow me to send your fellow Johann at once, and then we can read the essay together tonight."

Clara was charmed, and Johann went off; not, however, without an immense amount of bargaining. Johann wanted 15 francs, and Matthew thought 4 magnificent. It was at last settled he was to have 5, and "*trinkgeld, wenn der Herr wäre zufrieden.*" For the rest of the afternoon novels had no charms for Matthew; and he was out at the door to watch for Johann so often, that Clara was sure he would make his foot bad again. At last, when he had given it up, and had retired to his sofa in despair, Clara suddenly appeared.

"Here it is, Mr Marshall. You are quite right; I can see the print through the cover. It must be a long paper, or perhaps the editor has sent you two or three copies. But you seem distressed; I am afraid you have heard some bad news."

We cannot bring ourselves to repeat what Mr Marshall said: it was something very shocking, and closely resembled the comment made by General Sherman when informed that the enemy was in possession of the ford:—

"He turned in his sattel, ant priefly said, 'Tamn!'"

Other disjointed words made themselves audible at the same time: such as "idiot," "might have known it," "swindlers," "last time he serves me so," &c. Let us glance over his shoulder and see what was the communication which so disturbed him.

The envelope contained a mass of papers and printed matter; but the one which first caught his eye was the following note from his nephew:—

"Offices of the Industrial Freehold Land Company, Limited, 85 Fenchurch Street.—My dear Uncle, I have been so busy about that investment of yours that I have not been able to find a moment to write. You seemed so impressed with the responsibilities of property that I was anxious to make the money do as much good as possible, and I have been fortunate enough to light upon the very thing. There is a company just formed with the object of improving the condition of the working classes by distributing small holdings among deserving labourers. I have gone very carefully into the scheme, and have satisfied myself that the risk is infinitesimal; while, on the other hand, the profits may easily turn out to be enormous, and the good done to the toiling millions will be incalculable." (Frank had evidently been talking a good deal to Wright, and had caught his style.) "I have succeeded in securing for you a hundred shares of the nominal value of £30 each. Only £20 have been paid up; but as 7½ per cent is allowed on calls paid in advance, I have of course paid up the whole £30, which just accounts for the

sum you had to invest. The Company has made me conveyancing director, which will be of immense use to me at the Bar: but it gives me such a lot to do now that I have no time to enter into explanations. I enclose you a prospectus, which will tell you all about it, and also the shares, which please accept, and return at once. Hope you find the sulphur suits. Will try and run over and look you up as soon as I can make a holiday. In haste, your affectionate nephew,

"FRANK MARSHALL.

"*P.S.*—I find going about on the Company's business comes rather expensive, and one does not like spending much on preliminary expenses in a charitable undertaking of this kind; so as you told your banker to honour my cheques, I was sure you would not mind my drawing on your account for £100."

Matthew was always exceedingly polite and even deferential to ladies, and before he had finished this exasperating communication he became shocked at the violence of his own demeanour, and felt that some sort of apology was due to Clara.

"My dear young lady," he began, "I do not know what you must think of me, but I have just heard something which has wounded me deeply. I have been deceived, terribly deceived, by one whom I have loaded with benefits. My worthless nephew, whom I have ever regarded as my own son, has cruelly abused the confidence I reposed in him. Read what the miserable lad has just written."

"I feel for you in your trouble, Mr Marshall, but really I do not think I ought to intrude upon your family sorrows."

"Read it without scruple; it will be a comfort to talk it over with somebody who enters into my feelings."

"Frank Marshall," said Clara, glancing at the signature; "I wonder if he's the gentleman I lunched with at Ascot."

"Should not wonder," grunted the old man; "he is always idling about everywhere and wasting my money. I will clip his wings for the future—he may rely on that."

"I do not think I quite understand what it is all about," said Clara, when she had read the letter; "he may have made a mistake, but he really seems to have tried to meet your wishes, and perhaps it will turn out to be a good investment after all; and then I like to see young men trying to help the poor labourers."

"Young men should do it with their own money, then: you are trying to put in a good word for the wretched boy; but take my word for it, he has fallen in with a pack of swindlers. It is my belief the whole business has brought him within the reach of the criminal law, and I am disposed to think it is my duty to society to set it in motion."

"Suppose we look at the prospectus Mr Frank talks of," suggested Clara; so they conned it over together. It was from the pen of Wright, and dilated in glowing language on the facilities offered by the Company for breaking up the large estates of the aristocracy and destroying the monopoly of the great landowners. The reader has seen the first paragraph: the second was like unto it, but grander: the writer had warmed into his subject, and looked confidently forward to the time when a Freemen's Parliament, untrammelled by class prejudices, and emboldened by the success of the Company, would carry out the scheme on a scale worthy of the conception. Then followed an addition, suggested by the coarser-souled Wiggins, that when Govern-

ment took the matter up they would have to buy up the Company's shares at an enormous premium. The further he read the deeper became Matthew's indignation; his doubts of the Company's solvency became lost in dismal apprehensions of the terrible social and political evils which would flow from its success. Clara, on the other hand, who had never seen a prospectus before, was rather carried away by the eloquent periods of Wright, and thought it was worth some risk for a chance of the magnificent results which he prophesied. But as the old man was quite beyond the reach of argument, she proposed cribbage, a sport which he adored, and very considerately let him win three francs; then she showed him a caricature of Rossenarzt, as he appeared expressing with uplifted hands his horror at Charley, who had declared himself well enough to cross the Höllenthur next day; finally she bestowed on him divers little filial attentions, and sent the old fellow to bed in a happier frame of mind than could have been anticipated.

NARRATIVE OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—CONCLUSION.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

In last month's number we described the advance of the expeditionary troops as far as Fort Francis, and endeavoured to convey to the reader a general idea of the country in the first of the three sections into which we divided the entire distance between Shebandowan Lake and Fort Garry.

The second section begins at Fort Francis, where the leading detachment arrived, as previously stated, on the 4th August, starting again that same afternoon. A garrison of one company of militia was left for the protection of the hospital, bakery, and depot of stores established there, and to insure our communications being kept open through the Chippewah territories. Although these Indians had been hitherto very friendly, there was no saying when they might give us trouble, particularly if they saw large quantities of that much-coveted article, flour, stored in their very midst without a sufficient guard to protect it. Indians have great appetites, and are always hungry—and hungry men are ever more or less dangerous. Our voyage down Rainy River was most enjoyable. As we pushed off from shore below the falls at Fort Francis, we were twisted round for some time in every direction by the numerous whirlpools formed by the falling of such a great body of water into a circular basin, where it acquired a rotary motion. At one moment a boat was going at the rate of about nine miles an hour, and the next it was perfectly stationary, having stopped without any shock, but as suddenly as if it had struck a rock. In some instances minutes elapsed ere the utmost exertion at the oar, the whole crew pulling their best, could impart the least motion to the boats. They seemed as if held in a vice by the hand of some hidden giant—the sensation being all the more peculiar from the contrast with the rushing, frothing waters around, in themselves the very symbol of motion. Then, after some moments of hard pulling, every muscle being strained to the ut-

most, the boat was released so suddenly that it bounded forward as a spring would which had been kept back by a rope that had suddenly snapped. The sensation of being in a small boat amongst such eddies, whirlpools, and upheaving waves, which, rising from below, broke on the surface in great mounds of water without any apparent cause, was most exciting and enjoyable to the strong-nerved man; whilst the weak-headed experienced a disagreeable feeling about the stomach that seemed to give a strong tendency to grasp at something or somebody.

As we glided down this deep river at the rate of about four or five miles an hour, the scenery was very pretty. Its breadth was from three to four hundred yards; the banks were wooded to the water's edge, with here and there a patch of greensward peeping out through the trees; whilst occasionally one came to an open park-like clearance, where fine spreading oaks reminded one of England. This river is the frontier between British North America and the United States. There are no settlements upon either bank, but the numbers of lodge-poles showed that the locality was a favourite one with Indians. From Fort Francis to where Rainy River discharges itself into the Lake of the Woods, a distance of 70 miles in a westerly direction, the navigation is unbroken. There are rapids at two places, but they can be run easily and safely; and in ascending the stream, boats are tracked up them without discharging cargo.

At both, many Indian families are always encamped, as they are favourite spots for fishing, particularly during the winter, as the water never freezes there. There are wide open spaces at these rapids, covered when we passed with rich luxuriant grass, small spots being under cultivation as gardens for potatoes and Indian corn. There were also some circular mounds of earth, one or two being about twenty feet high. We had not time to land and examine them, but the natives call them underground houses, although not now used as habitations.

It was a lovely day, and as there was a good current in the river, we determined upon trying the plan of drifting along it during the night. So, after the evening meal, we again started, lashing the boats together two and two, one man remaining awake in each boat to steer, the others lying down to sleep as best they could. As the sun went down, a dense mass of curious-looking flies came streaming up with the gentle westerly wind. They were nearly white, with grey wings and pale-yellow bodies, having a tail more than an inch long consisting of what looked like two white hairs. They flew in a regular column, closely formed up, without any stragglers to the right or left, which opened out with a sort of tactical regularity when a boat pushed into its midst. At a little distance they had all the appearance of a driving fall of snow. The pressure from above caused vast numbers of them to strike the water, from which they had not the power to rise again.

We had not been many hours drifting along when black clouds came up and hid the moon; the wind freshened and brought heavy rain with it, which soon wet us through. We were making no way; and it became so pitchy dark that steering was impossible. We had therefore to push into shore, and await daybreak as best we could.

We reached the mouth of the river next day in time for breakfast at a small Hudson Bay post, formerly called Hungry Hall, from the number of men who had from time to time nearly died from starvation

whilst quartered there. It has now been renamed Fort Louisa by the Company, and, it is expected, will become shortly a post of some importance, being so advantageously situated upon what will henceforth be, until a railway is opened, the highway for North-western emigration. Close to the post is an Indian burial-ground, where there were some coffins raised in the air on platforms about six feet high; chiefs only and their sons are thus honoured after death. Around the post are many Indian potato-gardens; but there were very few families there as we passed, every one that could being away from the ordinary hunting-grounds at this season, for the purpose of collecting wild rice, which abounds in some neighbouring localities.

In every part of Rainy River sturgeon are found in great abundance, one of fifty, sixty, or more pounds being no extraordinary fish. It is very good eating, and is a great staple of food amongst the poor half-starved Indians.

The land upon each side is low and marshy at the mouth of Rainy River, from which rose up quantities of wild duck, disturbed at their feast upon the wild rice by the noise of our oars, and by the cheery laughter and songs of our men. A large sand-bar has formed in the Lake of the Woods immediately across the mouth of the river, upon which great seas, rolling in from the ocean-like lake beyond, broke with a loud roar, sending up clouds of spray in an angry fashion. Looking out westward as we passed into the space between the bar and the shore, where the water was calm as in a harbour, the lake was covered with "white-horses"—bespeaking, as the breeze was freshening, by no means a pleasant day's work for us. No open boat could have crossed the bar; so we turned northward, keeping near shore; but between it and a line of sandy dunes, which seemed to be a continuation of the bar at the entrance to the river, and which had been formed most probably—as the bar has been—when the river's mouth was more to the north than it is at present. These sand-banks extended some six or eight miles, running tolerably parallel with the shore, and from a thousand to two thousand yards from it. The water was very shallow at places; and as we got towards the end of the protecting sand-banks, the force of the waves increased, so that all chance of beating to windward under sail was out of the question. We were therefore forced to put into a rocky island partly covered with trees, where we were detained two days by a heavy westerly gale—a severe trial to our patience. When we did get off, a journey of two days, sometimes under sail and sometimes having to depend solely upon the oar, took us to Rat Portage, at the northern extremity of the lake, where the Winnipeg River flowed out of it. Some of us were without guides in crossing the lake, which for miles at places is crowded with islands of all shapes and sizes; and as the maps were altogether wrong, many wandered about at the northern extremity of the lake searching in vain for the mouth of the Winnipeg River. The Lake of the Woods is about seventy-five miles long, with an average width of about seventy miles. It is in reality three lakes, separated one from the other by clusters of islands, all more or less pretty, some having fine perpendicular cliffs tinted with many shades of red, and standing majestically out of the water. All are well wooded, and in some there are a few acres under cultivation as gardens, where the Indians, from time immemorial, have been in the habit of growing potatoes and maize. The

water in the lake is nearly lukewarm, being from 70° to 78° Fahr.: it is, except at a very few places, of a dark-green colour, and almost opaque from a profuseness of confervoid growth. These confervæ are minute, needle-shaped organisms, of a bright green hue, and about half an inch in length. They abound throughout the lake, and are in such quantities at places that the water resembles green-pea soup. When pressed between the teeth they have a pungent flavour like mustard. Our musquito-nets were here very useful for straining the water; but even after that process had been gone through, it was not fit for drinking until boiled. A few of the long deep bays receding from the lake are free from this substance; and upon their banks lived the majority of the Indians who belong to this neighbourhood.

To lose one's way upon an expanse of water like the Lake of the Woods, and to wander about in a boat, as the writer did, through its maze of uninhabited islands, where no sound was to be heard but the dip of the oars at regular intervals, or the distant and weird-like whistle of the loon, is to experience the exquisite sensation of solitude in all its full intensity. There are trees and rocks, and earth and water, in all their varied and united beauty, but no sign whatever of man's handiwork anywhere. Oh! if it was not for the trouble of having to cook one's own dinner, how delicious would be existence passed in the society of nature!

The drainage of an immense country is collected in the Lake of the Woods, which flows into Lake Winnipeg by a river of that name. This river begins in the former lake, flowing from it by several channels, all more or less romantically picturesque in their scenery, and at the entrance to each of which there are falls about thirteen feet high. Upon one of the central islands thus formed is the Hudson Bay post of Rat Portage. It is approached by a most intricate channel winding round islands in such a manner that a stranger would have very great difficulty in finding it. There is a nice little farm there, and a good garden, the vegetables of which were a great treat after our journey of so many days through a wilderness. There was a most striking difference between the climate of Shebandowan and on the shores of this great lake: every day's journey from the high level of the former place brought us into a more genial temperature, humming-birds having been seen for the first time at French Portage before we reached Rainy Lake; and the corn was being cut as we left Fort Francis, where the summer is very early. The post at Rat Portage consists of a few log-houses surrounded by a high wooden palisading. It stands on a bank some fifteen feet high, and when viewed from the river, bears a strong resemblance to a Burmese village. As you ascend the bank to enter the post, you are surrounded by a pack of the leanest-looking and most cur-like dogs, who are always quarrelling amongst themselves, and have starvation written on their countenances, as well as evidenced by their bone-protruding flanks. They are to the Indians, or the dwellers in the backwoods, during winter, what canoes are to them in summer. These dogs drag their *traîneaux*, or *toboggins* as they are indifferently called, and are capable of lengthened exertions over snow-tracks where no horse could travel. In summer they are turned loose about the post, and pick up enough to eat as best they can among the Indians encamped around it; but in winter they are regularly fed upon fish.

The gentleman in charge of Rat Portage had been there for thirteen

years, without having had, during that period, any further glimpse of civilisation than what could be obtained at some of the other posts. He was a half-breed married to a squaw. It is next to impossible that any man could lead such a solitary life and still retain the intelligence and enlargement of ideas imparted by even an ordinary country-school education. Men's minds are too prone to assimilate with the minds of those with whom they are exclusively associated, to retain, after a series of years spent amongst ignorant heathens, many traces of education or civilisation. Great, therefore, was our astonishment at finding the table neatly arranged with breakfast things, laid out on a clean table-cloth, when we entered the house the morning after our arrival. Thrice blessed is the man who first discovered the pleasures of eating. Your *gourmet* in refined life really knows nothing of them; nor has he ever enjoyed the rapturous sensations which broiled fish, boiled potatoes, and tea, afforded us that morning. *En route*, our daily meals were always cooked and eaten in a hurry. A picnic once a-year is very pleasant to the man accustomed to eat his dinner for the following 364 days in a white cravat, and with his legs under an artistically-decorated table; but to eat one's breakfast, dinner, and supper of salt pork, beans, and biscuit, sitting on a log or stone, day after day for months together, is, to say the least of it, rather monotonous, and makes one appreciate the luxury of a chair, table, and clean table-cloth in a remarkable degree.

At Rat Portage more letters were received by the officer commanding from the Red River Settlement, urging the necessity of haste, and begging of him to send on even a couple of hundred men in advance, for the purpose of inspiring confidence, and of putting an end to the feelings of doubt and apprehension of impending danger, then universal amongst the loyal inhabitants. Riel was still in Fort Garry, surrounded by armed men and the banditti composing his government. He still ruled most arbitrarily; and although he had permitted the Hudson Bay Company to recommence business, he had forced its representative to pay a large sum for the privilege of doing so. The chief of the Swampy Indians (who inhabit the banks of the Red River for a distance of about fifteen miles from where it falls into Lake Winnipeg) wrote volunteering the service of his people in any way in which they could be made useful. They had been stanch and loyal throughout all the half-breed disturbances, and had always been most anxious to take up arms against the rebels. The dread of calling in such a dangerous element as these Indians would have been, had hitherto deterred those most anxious for the re-establishment of order from making any use of them. This Indian chief complained greatly in his letter of the inconsistency of our conduct in having made a practice of punishing Indians when they robbed or committed any crime, whilst the gang of robbers under Riel was allowed, he said, to overturn the lawful government of the country, to pillage private property, to imprison loyal men, and even to commit murder with impunity. A number of the English-speaking people of the lower Red River Settlement had, under the sanction of the Protestant bishop, started off up the Winnipeg River to meet us with some large Hudson Bay boats, having experienced guides and crews, for the purpose of assisting us in descending that river. Its navigation is generally esteemed to be most dangerous, and none but those well skilled in the voyageur's art, and acquainted with this river

in particular, will ever attempt to take boats along it. We were very deficient in good steersmen, and had not more than a few guides—obtained at Fort Francis—who knew the route: so when this party of men, under charge of the Rev. Mr Gardner, an English clergyman, met us at Rat Portage, we realised for the first time that there was really an active party in Manitobah, who had not yet bowed the knee before Baal; that there were men whose loyalty was not of the lip only, but a reality, for which they were prepared to leave their homes, and share the dangers to be encountered by their countrymen who were struggling through a vast wilderness to their assistance, and in order to relieve them from the tyranny to which they had been so long exposed.

The description given to us by these men of the dangers which were before us, of rapids where the least false step would send us over heavy falls into whirlpools of such magnitude that the largest-sized boats are quickly ingulfed in them, made many of us wince. When shown the boats in which we had made the journey up to that point, and in which we expressed our determination to go on, they shook their heads in mournful astonishment. Here, as throughout the whole of this Expedition, we found a general conviction stamped upon the minds of every one of every class that we met, that the British soldier was a fine brave fellow, who, as a fighting man, was superior to two of any other nation, but utterly useless for any other purpose. They thought it was impossible that he could carry loads, perform heavy bodily labour, or endure great physical fatigue. It need scarcely be added that we now bear a very different reputation in those parts; and it is not saying too much to assert, that we left behind us a character for every manly virtue. Our men soon acquired considerable skill in managing their boats, in portaging, &c. &c.; and the natural cheery energy of the British character shone out brilliantly when displayed side by side with the apathy and listlessness of the half-breed voyageur.

We were informed that it would take us about twenty days to get to Fort Alexander, at the mouth of the Winnipeg River. This was very discouraging, because we had been previously told by our leader that we should reach Fort Garry about the 23d of August, which would be impossible if it were to take us so long in descending the river.

The journey down the Winnipeg River can never be forgotten if once made. The difference of level between the Lake of the Woods and Lake Winnipeg is 340 feet—the distance between them by river being about 160 miles. The descent down that number of feet is distributed throughout 30 falls and rapids, presenting every variety of river-scenery that nature is capable of. For the first fifty miles there are numerous islands—so much so, that the river is a succession of lakes, or as if there were four or five rivers running side by side, uniting here and there only to separate a few miles lower down. At some points it is, however, contracted into one or two comparatively narrow channels, where the great rush of water resembles a magnified mill-race. The passage of such places is always more or less dangerous, particularly if small islands or large rocks divide the rapids into several channels, crossing one another before they meet in the boiling caldron of foaming water below. Numerous were the hair-breadth escapes: in many instances the lives of boats' crews seemed held in the balance for some

moments—more awful for those who watched the scene from the bank, than for the soldiers actually in the boat. Providence—a noble term which this war in France has taught newspaper writers to sneer at—watched over us in a remarkable manner; for although we had one or two boats wrecked on this mighty river, and many men were for minutes in imminent danger, the whole force reached Lake Winnipeg without any loss of life.

There is no more deliciously exciting pleasure in the world than that of running a really large and dangerous rapid in a canoe, or in a small boat. As your frail skiff bounds over the waves, ever and anon jumping as it were from a higher to a lower level, whilst the paddlers or oarsmen tug away with might and main, and the outcropping rocks are cleverly avoided by the skilful bowsman and steersman, every pleasurable sensation is experienced. As each boat turned into the slack water below the rapid, one took a long breath of relief, and the world and life itself seemed to be different in the calm stillness there from what it was when we were dashing through the roaring, rushing waters in mid-stream.

No length of time, nor any amount of future adventures, can erase from the writer's mind his arrival at the Slave Falls. He was in a birch-bark canoe manned by Irroquois, one of whom acted as guide. The regular portage for the boats was several hundred yards from the falls, and lay in a slack-water bay, reached without any danger as long as the boats kept tolerably well in towards the bank on that side. Our astonishment was great at finding the guide take the canoe out into mid-stream, where the current ran at an exciting pace, becoming swifter every yard, until at last, as one approached the vicinity of the falls, it was palpably evident that we were descending a steeply-inclined plane. Consoling ourselves at first with the reflection that the guide knew best what he was about, we sat motionless, but, let us confess it, awe-stricken, as we swept into the narrow gully at the end of which the great noisy roar of falling waters, and the columns of spray that curled up like clouds into the air, announced the position of the fall. We were close to the brink. We appeared to have reached that point which exists in most falls from whence the water seems to begin its run preparatory to a good jump over into the abyss below; and we knew, from having watched many great cataracts for hours, that it was a bourne from whence there was no return. Quick as lightning the idea flashed across us that the Indians had made a mistake, and that everything was over for us in this world. In that infinitesimal fraction of time a glimpse of the countenance of the sturdy bowsman rather confirmed this idea — his teeth appeared set, and there was an unusual look in his eye. All creations of our own heated fancy; for in another second the canoe's head swept in towards the rocks, and was turned nose up stream in tolerably slack water, two of the paddlers jumping out and holding it firmly there. All our poetical fancies were rudely dispersed by a cheer and chorus of laughter from the Irroquois crew. The breaking of a paddle in the hands of either bowsman or steersman would have been fatal at that critical moment when we turned sharply in to the bank, the stern being allowed to swing round in the heavy stream, and by so doing, aid in driving the bow inwards. Nothing could have saved us if such an accident had occurred; yet here were these Indians chuckling over the danger

they had only just escaped by the exertions of their greatest skill and of their utmost muscular power. They had needlessly and wittingly encountered it, for they could have gained the shore about a hundred yards higher up with comparative ease, and then lowered their canoes through the slack-water pools in the rocks along the side to the place they had only reached with extreme danger. There was no use in arguing with them on the subject; they had confidence in themselves, and gloried in any danger which they felt certain of overcoming. If any of these Indians say they can take you down a rapid, reliance may be placed in their doing so, as they will not attempt what they feel would be beyond their powers. Therein lies the great difference between them and the white-faced voyageur, who is so often foolhardy, and prone to allow his pluck to overtax his strength and skill.

The name of Slave Falls is in memory of a base, cruel act perpetrated there some generations ago by the Chippewahs. The Sioux of the plains have always been their hereditary enemies, and from time immemorial raids have been made by each into the other's country. The Chippewahs upon one of these forays had taken two prisoners, whom they kept as slaves. To gratify some passing whim, or to afford amusement to their children, they one day bound these poor wretches in a canoe, and in that manner sent them over these falls, so sublime by nature, but put to a cowardly and degrading use by what we are taught to call nature's noblest creature—man.

The banks of the river are wooded everywhere, poplar being the prevailing timber, interspersed here and there with poor birch and stunted pines. The syenite rocks and granite boulders were very grand at places; and occasionally river-scenery was presented upon the largest imaginable scale.

Several large-sized rivers join the Winnipeg, particularly from the west, up some of which the Hudson Bay Company have outlying posts. About half-way to Fort Alexander is an English missionary establishment, with a good farm attached, and a few Indian log-shanties scattered around it. No clergyman resides there, but it is presided over by a catechist, who has a school where he teaches English to about twenty or thirty children. Now and then we came to a spot capable of cultivation; but, as a general rule, the land on the Upper Winnipeg is poor, and unsuited for settlement.

We had a good deal of rain whilst descending it; but as we neared Fort Alexander the weather mended considerably, the days being warm and balmy, although the nights were always cool and sometimes extremely chilly.

The locality most celebrated for its danger is at the "seven portages," where the boats have to be unloaded and everything portaged that number of times, although the entire distance from the top of the first to the bottom of the seventh is only two and a half miles. The work was most wearing upon both men and boats: every one looked forward to Fort Alexander as the end of their hard work, it being clear-sailing from thence to Fort Garry. The finest scenery on the river is at Silver Falls; there is nothing that can compare with them in Northern America to the eastward of Red River. Niagara is a thing apart, as there is nothing elsewhere that can be likened to it. Silver Falls, as a great rapid, also stands alone. Time pressed, so we had to hurry past them; but their magnificent grandeur will long remain impressed

upon the memory as a glorious picture, illustrating the vast power of running water. Owing to some dividing rocks above, the stream rushes down this steep incline in two separate volumes, which appear so to jostle one another in their downward race, that in the centre the water is pushed up into a high ridge, marking their line of contact, until both are lost in the great chaos of foam, spray, and broken water below.

The leading brigades reached Fort Alexander on the morning of the 18th August, having descended the river without accident in nine and a half days instead of twenty, as the Hudson Bay Company voyageurs, who were ignorant what well-led British soldiers can do, said we should take. By the evening of the 20th August all the regular troops were concentrated there, the brigades of militia being echeloned along the river in rear, at close intervals one behind the other. There was not a sick man amongst those collected at Fort Alexander—all looked the picture of health and of soldier-like bearing. Oh for 100,000 such men! They would be invincible. Up to the 20th of August it had rained upon thirteen days in that month. The work had been incessant from daylight until dark, but no murmur was heard. The men chaffed one another about being mules and beasts of burden; but when they saw their officers carrying barrels of flour and pork on their backs, and fairly sharing their fatigues, eating the same rations, and living just as they did, they realised the necessity for exertion. There must surely be some inherent good in a regimental system which can thus in a few years convert the British lout into the highly-trained soldier, developing in him qualities such as cheerful obedience, endurance, &c. &c., unknown to the beerhouse-lounging rustic.

A fresh batch of news from Fort Garry was here obtained. Riel had summoned together his followers, who had assembled to the number of about 600, and had endeavoured to organise a force to resist, but had not received the support he expected. He had also called a council, who met in secret conclave, no English-speaking man being admitted. Of course it was not known what had passed upon that occasion; but when the council broke up, an order was sent to the Hudson Bay Company forbidding any further sale of gunpowder or bullets. This was done, our correspondent alleged, to prevent the supply of ammunition running short should they require it. Riel had been told that the governor would not go into the Settlement with Bishop Taché, as the rebels had hoped, and to accomplish which had been one of that prelate's objects in going to Canada. Riel's mind was still much troubled upon the subject of an amnesty, which the Canadian Government did not seem in any haste to grant. All letters received ended in the usual strain, "come on as quickly as you can; we are in momentary dread of our lives and property." The general tenor of the news proved two things—first that there was every possibility, almost amounting to a probability, of resistance being offered; and secondly, that should our advance be opposed, the number we should have to meet would be small compared with that at Riel's disposal during the past winter. It was therefore determined to push on at once with the 60th Rifles, the detachments of Royal Engineers and of Royal Artillery with their two 7-pounder guns.

We waited half a day in hopes that the two leading brigades of militia, which were known to be

close behind, might come up; but as they did not do so in that time, we started without them, for the wind was fair, and when foul it is often impossible to get round the point at Elk Island in Lake Winnipeg for days together.

There are numerous clearances in the vicinity of Fort Alexander, where some half-breed farmers have established themselves. There is also a very fine farm belonging to the post in a good state of cultivation. The land is very rich for about half a mile or a mile back from the river, beyond that being a succession of swamps impassable during the summer, but travelled over when frozen in winter. The Fort is like the others already described, but is on a larger scale, and has a less decayed air about it. It stands on the left bank, which is about twenty feet above the water, and is two miles from the mouth of the river. There is a Protestant mission here, and much good is done by its schools, in which English is taught. The 21st of August being Sunday, there was a parade for divine service in the morning, at which the servants of the Hudson Bay Company, and the few half-breed farmers in the neighbourhood, joined us in prayers for the success of the operation we were about to undertake.

The afternoon was lovely, with a bright warm sun shining down upon us as our fleet of fifty boats hoisted their sails, and started with a light wind from the S.W. It was a very pretty sight, and a subject well worthy of an artist. As we rounded the point of Elk Island, eighteen miles N.W. from Fort Alexander, evening was falling fast; so we halted for the night in a bay with a wide sandy beach between the water and the high overhanging bank, which was covered with timber, chiefly birch. The boats drew up in a long line, side by side, with their bows on the beach. Fires were soon lighted, and a few tents pitched here and there. As one looked down from the high bank upon the busy scene below, where all was cheerful bustle, the hum of voices, the noise of the axe chopping wood, and now and then the crashing sound of a falling tree, one realised how quickly the solitude of the forest is transformed into life by the presence of man, endowed as he is with so many wants. The climate was that of the south of Europe; and as the sun set beyond a horizon of water, one might have imagined one's self in some Grecian island looking out upon the Mediterranean, the beach covered with the crews and boats of a corsair fleet.

Réveillé sounded next morning ere it was light; and after a hurried breakfast, we once more embarked, steering about S.W. for the mouth of the Red River. Lake Winnipeg is 264 miles long, by about 35 miles in breadth, and has an area of 9000 square miles. It drains about 400,000 square miles of country. Its average depth is not more than from 6 to 8 feet; and those who have navigated it for many years say it is filling up more and more every year. Owing to this shallowness, a little wind soon raises a very heavy sea, the waves being so high at times for days together that no boats can venture on it. Many of the detachments in rear were thus detained at Fort Alexander and in the neighbourhood of Elk Island.

As we approached the mouths of Red River, the water became so shallow at places that many of our boats grounded; but as the day was calm and the bottom was muddy they did not suffer any damage.

The scenery is extremely dreary as one nears the river—not a tree to be seen, and only a few bushes at places

where the land seemed to be somewhat higher than elsewhere. Great flats of alluvial deposit stretched out into the lake, all densely covered with reeds and rushes, a fitting home for the flocks of wild-duck that quacked out a greeting to us as we approached them.

Where the left bank terminates there is a little firm ground, upon which a few Indians were encamped, who fired their guns off as a salute as we landed to cook dinners at about 1 o'clock. A few presents soon made us friends; and they consented to man a canoe to take up a loyal half-breed whom we had with us to the Lower or Stone Fort, as it was considered desirable that we should communicate secretly with the Hudson Bay officer in charge of that post. Dinner over, we lost no time in pushing on; but the wind, unfortunately, was blowing down stream, so that pulling against the current was laborious work. We advanced in three lines of boats, the guns in the leading boats of one line, and kept ready for action at a moment's warning. We had hoped to have reached the Lower Fort by evening; but night coming on when we were still about twelve miles from it, we were forced to halt opposite the Indian settlement.

The chief of these loyal swampy Indians soon made his appearance, and had a pow-wow with Colonel Wolseley, being dismissed, after a lengthened conversation, with presents of pork and flour. He told us that although every one had long been expecting us, no news of our whereabouts had lately reached him; so that, until he saw the fleet coming round the bend in the river, he was not aware that our leading detachment had even reached Fort Alexander.

The Hudson Bay Company's officer from the Lower Fort having been sent for, arrived in the middle of the night, and corroborated this statement. No one at Fort Garry, he said, expected us so soon, or knew anything of our doings further than that some of our boats had been seen on the Lake of the Woods.

An early start the following morning, the 23d of August, enabled us to reach the Lower Fort in time for breakfast.

As we advanced towards it, the people turned out from every house on both banks—the men cheered, the women waved handkerchiefs, and the bells of the churches, which are all Protestant below Fort Garry, were rung to manifest the universal joy felt at seeing us. At some places numbers of Indians were encamped, who welcomed us by the discharge of firearms. As each man emerged from his wigwam, bang, bang, went his double-barrelled gun. As we neared the Stone Fort the farms became better, and the left bank more thickly settled—the opposite side of the river being covered with poplar, aspen, and thick undergrowth. The banks became higher and steeper as we ascended the river, exposing to view a section which would have delighted a geological explorer. The surface was composed apparently of alluvial clay and vegetable mould, four or five feet deep, lying over clay interspersed with boulders to a depth of about ten feet; under it again was stratified limestone of a highly fossiliferous character, and of a light brownish-yellow colour—it was the first limestone we had seen during our journey. The upper half of the banks was nearly perpendicular; the lower half, being composed of debris from the clay, boulders, and disintegrated limestone, formed an easy slope. When wet, the mud formed from these substances is of such a soapy and sticky nature that it is

almost impossible to walk over it without losing your shoes.

As we pulled into shore in front of the Stone Fort, we were welcomed by cheers from all the people, who, from below, had proceeded there on horseback as soon as they saw us row past their farms. The union-jack was hoisted by the servants of the Company—an emblem of nationality that none had dared to display for many months. Joy was written on every one's countenance.

The Lower or Stone Fort is twenty-one and a half miles by road from Fort Garry, and stands on the left bank of the river. It is a square enclosure, with large circular bastions at each angle, the walls being of substantial masonry and loopholed throughout. There is a good steam-mill, where the Hudson Bay Company grind all the flour they require in this northern department. The stone used in all these buildings is quarried from the bank on which the Fort stands, which is there about forty feet high. We discharged all surplus stores here, retaining only enough provisions for a few days, so as to lighten our boats as much as possible. A company of the 60th Rifles was mounted on ponies and in carts, and extended as a line of skirmishers on the left bank, with orders to keep well ahead, but always in communication by signallers with the boats. An officer on horseback was sent to examine the right bank, so as to protect us from surprise there, although there was little chance of any opposition being attempted on that side, even should Riel intend fighting. That bandit potentate, according to the news of the day before from Fort Garry, was still in the Fort, awaiting the arrival of his friend Bishop Taché, who was hourly expected. Strict watch and guard was still maintained by his armed followers, whose numbers varied constantly. We took every possible precaution to prevent intelligence of our arrival in the river from reaching Fort Garry. No one was permitted to pass in that direction, although every one was allowed to come within our line of skirmishers. This was done so successfully, that although we halted for the night at only six miles from the place, Riel did not know positively that we were in the river. A vague report of some boats with men in them being on their way up towards the Fort had reached the village of Winnipeg; but there had been so many previous rumours of a similar nature from week to week in the two preceding months, that no one credited it. We subsequently ascertained that Riel and O'Donoghue rode out late at night in our direction; but heavy rain coming on as they approached our pickets, and being in dread of capture, they returned without any certain information regarding us.

Our advance up the river had much of a triumphal procession about it. Every church-bell rang out its peal of welcome; ladies in their best toilettes, squaws with papooses on their backs, the painted warrior of the plain—all testified joy after their own fashion. There are some small rapids a few miles above the Stone Fort caused by a ledge of limestone cropping up and forming a natural dam to the waters above. The detention caused by having to pole and track up so many boats at one time enabled the inhabitants to get a good view of us; so they assembled in numbers to do so.

The wind being against us, we had to halt for the night at a point six miles by road from Fort Garry. Our bivouac was carefully watched by a cordon of sentries on both banks of the river, and trustworthy men were sent forward into the village near the Fort to gain informa-

tion, and meet us in the early morning, as it was intended to march upon the Fort at daybreak. The "shave" that night was, that we should have a fight; and it was well that we had something to cheer us, for a more dreary attempt at repose it is impossible to imagine. It began to pour with rain soon after nightfall, and continued without cessation until morning. To march upon Fort Garry was out of the question, or at least it would have been folly to have attempted it, when we had the means of going there by water, as the face of the country was changed into a sea of mud. Roads there are none on these prairies in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Places between which there is any traffic are joined by cart-tracks, for which a width of about eighty yards is allowed when they pass through a farm; so that when one spot becomes cut up, the traveller can have a wide margin to select his way from upon each side of the old path.

This necessary change of plan was annoying, as we had looked forward to advancing upon the Fort in all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war.

As we bent over our fires at daybreak, trying to get some warmth for our bodies, and sufficient heat to boil the kettles, a more miserable-looking lot of objects it would be impossible to imagine. Every one was wet through; we were cold and hungry; our very enemies would have pitied our plight. A hurried breakfast of tea and biscuit was soon over, and we were again in the boats by 6 A.M., rowing in three columns towards Fort Garry, as upon the preceding day. It poured heavily, and the country was at places a sheet of water, through which our skirmishers on the banks had to wade as best they could. As we approached the Protestant cathedral, the union-jack was run up to the steeple, and its bells rang out a musical welcome to the expeditionary force. The left bank was neatly cultivated and well settled, the population being entirely of English and Scotch descent. The other bank was a tangled mass of poor timber, and an underbrush consisting of hazel and rose bushes, intertwined with Virginia creeper. The moderately-rapid current in the river has, in the course of ages, cut out for itself a canal-like channel, which averaged from 150 to 300 yards in width. The floods in spring, when the ice breaks up, have in the last twenty years doubled in some places the distance between the banks, which are of most tenacious clay, steep throughout, and generally about thirty feet high. We landed at a place called Point Douglas on the left bank, where the river makes a great bend to the eastward; so that, although it is only about two miles by road to the Fort, it is about six there by river. Our skirmishers had collected a few carts and horses, sufficient for the conveyance of some tools, ammunition, &c. &c. The guns were fastened by their trails to the rear of carts, and dragged along in that manner. Messengers who had been sent on the previous evening to the village of Winnipeg joined us here with information that Riel and his gang were still in the Fort, and that the current rumour was that he intended to fight. He had distributed additional ammunition amongst his men, and the gates were closed and the guns loaded.

The men were quickly ashore, and advanced towards the Fort under cover of a line of skirmishers. It was heavy work marching through the deep mud with a driving rain beating in our faces, making it very difficult to see more than a few hundred yards before us. Notwith-

standing all these drawbacks, the men's pace was most elastic, and they were in the highest spirits at the prospect of a fight, which all the inhabitants we encountered now assured us we were certain of having. The village of Winnipeg is a small collection of houses, chiefly of wood, situated about 800 yards north of the Fort, with which a straight road connects it. The Fort is in the right angle formed by the junction of the Assinaboine with the Red River, being north of the former, and west of the latter stream. It was known that there was a boat-bridge over the Assinaboine, immediately opposite the southern gate of the Fort. It was therefore desirable to draw our line of attack round it, so as to command the two rivers, and so getting the enemy into the corner formed by them, prevent his escape.

Instead, therefore, of passing directly through the village, we swept round to the west, leaving it on our left; and when clear of it, swung round our right with the intention of taking up a position commanding the bridge. The people in the village assured us that Riel was in the Fort, and intended to resist. Several were asked to go forward in advance of our skirmishers, to ascertain if the southern gate was closed and the walls manned; but all feared to do so. As we passed the village we could see the guns in the embrasures bearing in our direction. Some people in buggies were descried going off from the Fort westerly, but were brought to a halt by our skirmishers. They proved to be some of Riel's counsellors; but nothing could be learned from them. The atmosphere was so thick that it was difficult to make out, even with our glasses, whether men were or were not standing to the guns which we saw. We expected every moment to see a puff of smoke from an embrasure, to be followed by the whizz of a round-shot past our heads. Every moment increased the excitement: the skirmishers quickened their pace as they neared the place, as if in dread lest others should enter it before them. Everything remaining silent, some staff officers were sent galloping round to see if the southern gate was open, and what was going on in rear of the Fort. They soon returned, bringing word that it was evacuated, and the gates left open.

This was at first a sad disappointment to the soldiers, who, having gone through so much toil in order to put down the rebellion, longed to be avenged upon its authors. Our victory, although bloodless, was complete. We dragged out some of the rebel guns, and fired a royal salute as the union-jack was run up the flagstaff, from which had floated, for so many months, the rebel banner that had been worked for Riel by the nuns in the convent attached to Bishop Taché's cathedral. The scene inside the Fort was most depressing: the square in front of the principal house was under water, and there was mud and filth everywhere. Riel and some of his friends had remained in the Fort up to the last possible moment, and had only left when they saw our skirmishers. Their breakfast was still on the table; and their clothes and arms lay scattered about through the numerous houses they had occupied, in a manner denoting the suddenness of their departure.

Every one was drenched with rain; and as the ground round the Fort was deep with mud, the men were temporarily lodged in the storehouses and buildings within it.

Fort Garry is a rectangular parallelogram, surrounded by high walls of masonry, except on the northern side, where they are formed of large square logs placed horizontally, one

over the other. At each of the southern angles, and half-way down the eastern and western faces, there is a circular tower affording flanking defence to the place. The Assinaboine River flows at about a hundred yards from its southern side. Like the Red River, its banks are steep, and of very sticky clay, the Fort being about forty feet above the water's level. Looking east over the Red River, one sees the Roman Catholic cathedral, with its monastery, convent, and bishop's palace, all well-built and neatly-kept buildings. Close to them are some miserably squalid cabins belonging to French half-breeds, whose houses generally are vastly inferior in every respect to those of British origin. The eastern horizon is formed of trees, chiefly poplar and aspen; for although the regular wooded country is not reached for about thirty miles west of Red River, still there are numerous belts of wood intersecting the prairie in that direction. Looking up that river towards the south, the eye wanders over a series of wretchedly-tilled farms, with their houses and barns situated upon both banks, and interspersed here and there with patches of poplar, dwarf oak, willow, and underbrush. The banks of the Assinaboine are skirted by woods of a similar description, having occasional clearances for the squalid houses of the French half-breeds, who occupy the adjoining farms. Looking north, the whitewashed buildings constituting the village of Winnipeg, and the farmhouses of well-to-do English-speaking people, give an air of prosperity to the landscape: in the distance is the square tower of the badly-built English cathedral, all out of the perpendicular, and foreboding a fall at no very distant time.

The one point of view having peculiar interest to the stranger is gained by turning west or southwestward. Far as the eye can see, there is stretched out before you an ocean of grass, whose vast immensity grows upon you more and more the longer you gaze upon it. Gallop out alone in the evening for a few miles from the Fort towards the S.W., and the most unimpressionable of mortals will experience a novel sensation. A feeling of indescribably buoyant freedom seems to tingle through every nerve, making the old feel young again. Old age and decrepitude belong to civilisation and the abodes of men. We can even associate it in our mind with mountains, whose rocks themselves appear as monuments of preceding centuries; and the withered and fallen trees in ancient forests seem akin to it: but upon the boundless prairies, with no traces of man in sight, nature looks so fresh and smiling that youth alone is in consonance with it.

Notwithstanding the badness of the weather on the day that we took possession of Fort Garry, numbers of the loyal inhabitants came in to see their deliverers. All were most anxious that immediate vengeance should be taken upon the rebel leaders, and many volunteered to capture Riel and others of his gang, who were stated to be still within easy reach. The officer commanding the troops had had no civil authority conferred upon him by the Canadian Government, so it was not in his power to issue warrants for their arrest. The Ottawa Ministry had intended that the civil Lieutenant-Governor whom they had appointed for the province of Manitobah should have arrived at Fort Garry either with or immediately after us. We reached that place on the morning of the 24th August, but he did not get there until the evening of the 2d September, no arrangement having been made by the Canadian Ministry for the govern-

ment of the province during that interregnum. Colonel Wolseley found himself in a difficult position. The most influential people, longing for some form of government that would be strong enough to afford the community protection, begged him to assume the position of provisional Lieutenant-Governor. To have done so would have been illegal; for the Hudson Bay Company, represented by its officers, were *de jure* the rulers of the country, until an official communication had been received announcing its transfer to the Dominion of Canada. As the rebels had bolted without firing a shot, to have proclaimed martial law would have been unwarrantable. He therefore insisted upon the senior officer of the Company then present being recognised as governor of the province, as if there had never been any rebellion whatever, and as if the rule of the Company had continued without any break, until the newly-appointed Lieutenant-Governor arrived.

Few, except those who have had revolutionary experience, can form a just idea of the condition of affairs on the Red River for some days after our arrival. There were no police to maintain order; all those who had during the past winter suffered in body or in property from Riel's tyranny, considered they were justified in avenging themselves upon those who had had any connection with rebel affairs. The reaction from the state of fear and trembling in which all had lived for the preceding ten months was too great for many, and there was some little trouble in keeping them in proper restraint. The rebel leaders had disappeared, but many of their adherents had merely gone home, hoping to be forgotten through the insignificance of their position. Those who had remained loyal were loud in expressing their discontent at these rebels being allowed to live at large.

Every precaution was taken by the military to prevent any serious disturbance. Armed parties patrolled about the Fort and through the village each night until everything was quiet, and a few special constables were sworn in as policemen to assist in preserving order in the town. Unfortunately, whisky was to be had in every shop in the village; and the Indians who had served with us as voyageurs added to the excitement by their noisy drunkenness. The Lieutenant-Governor was hourly expected; but as day after day passed without his being heard of, a good deal of nice management was required to keep things quiet, and prevent any collision between the loyalists and those who had recently been in arms against her Majesty. If military rule had been resorted to, quiet and peace could have been easily maintained; but it was considered essential for political reasons to keep the military element in the background as much as possible, and to make it appear that law and order were maintained there in the same manner as in the other Canadian provinces. The difficulty of doing so may be partially appreciated when it is remembered that all the former machinery of government had disappeared, and even the few magistrates who remained were afraid or disinclined to act. There was no law officer of any description; so that in reality order was kept by the moral effect produced by the presence of the troops, and by the consciousness that they would be used at any moment if necessary for the suppression of disturbance. There were occasionally rumours of armed bodies of rebels collecting on the frontier, or in the plains to the west; but as soon as the people generally perceived that no arrests

were being made by the military, and that even the few leading rebels who had been captured by our skirmishers in their advance upon the Fort had been released without any trial whatever, public confidence revived. Even the poor ignorant French half-breeds, who had been misled by their priests for political objects, accepted the position, and settled down to their ordinary occupations. In such sparsely-populated countries, revolutionary movements hold within themselves the germ of dissolution. It is difficult to collect the men together for action; and if collected, it is difficult to obtain food, or funds to buy it for them. Riel got over this difficulty by seizing upon the Hudson Bay Company stores of provisions as a preliminary step in his rebellion. He was thus able to feed, clothe, and pay his soldiers at the Company's expense. If at the outset of his revolutionary career Fort Garry had been set on fire, and all its stores of food, money, clothing, ammunition, &c. &c., thus burnt, the rebellion would have been smothered and buried in the smoke and ashes.

Riel in his fall experienced the fickleness of Dame Fortune. On the 23d August he was the despotic potentate issuing orders like a dictator, there being none to gainsay him. Early in the forenoon on the following morning he might have been seen accompanied only by one follower, both on stolen horses, galloping through the rain and mud, their backs towards the scene of their villany. Let us hope that as he passed in his flight the spot where the poor Canadian volunteer had been murdered by his orders, he repented him of his crime. These two worthies, the master and the man, having crossed to the right bank of the Red River, fled south, thinking they were safer from pursuit on that side of it than if they followed the regular road to Pembina, which runs on the western or left bank of that stream. Night having set in, they bivouacked on the plain, and upon waking the following morning discovered that their horses had disappeared. They were without food, but their pockets were well lined with stolen money. Having lost their horses, and that side of the river being little inhabited, it was necessary for them to cross to the other bank. There was no boat, so they set to work pulling down a fence to make a raft. They could not find enough rope or cord to fasten it together, so Riel's follower — his late "Secretary of State"—took off his trousers and used them for that purpose. Upon landing on the other side they were assailed by the farmer, who had seen them pulling down his fence, and were forced to disgorge some of their plunder as compensation for the damage. Two days afterwards they reached Pembina—Riel with bare feet, swollen and sore from the journey. He found that he was not at all well received by the Americans there, who had taken umbrage at his having imprisoned their consul; so he went to St Josephs, a village about fifty miles to the west and within a few miles of our frontier. He had previously sent a large proportion of his plunder to that place; and, according to the latest received accounts, he is still there, living comfortably in the enjoyment of his stolen property.

The first detachment of the regular troops started from Fort Garry on their return-journey to Canada on the 29th of August, and all of them had left on the 3d of September. The two militia regiments had been quartered, one in the Lower or Stone Fort, the other in Fort Garry. The regulars had all crossed the height of land near Lake Superior

on their return-journey before the 1st of October, and were in their barracks at Quebec and Montreal before the autumn had closed in.

So ended the Red River Expedition—an undertaking that will long stand out in our military chronicles as possessing characteristics peculiarly its own. The force which landed at Massowah in 1867 had to march about 400 miles inland, through an inhabited country where supplies were obtainable, to relieve some British prisoners held captive by a sovereign, half tyrant, half madman. Europe was in profound peace at the time, so all eyes were turned upon its doings. Although there can scarcely be said to have been any fighting, as we had not even a man killed, still our Ministry was glad to have an opportunity of attracting so much general attention to a military operation entirely English; and many think that for the millions spent upon it, we, as a nation, received an equivalent in proving before the world that we were still capable of military enterprise. The force sent to the Red River for the purpose of crushing out rebellion there, had to advance from its point of disembarkation more than 600 miles through a wilderness of water, rocks, and forests, where no supplies were to be had, and where every pound-weight of provisions and stores had to be transported for miles on the backs of the soldiers. Happily its object was accomplished, as in the expedition to Abyssinia, without any loss of life. A great war was raging in Europe whilst this Expedition was forcing its way over and through the immense natural obstacles that lay in its path. All thoughts were of affairs upon the Rhine; no one could spare a moment's reflection for the doings of this little British army. No home newspapers cared to record its success, nor to sound one single note of praise in its honour. By the careful administration of General Lindsay, and the officers he had selected to carry out his orders, the total expense of the whole Expedition was under £100,000, one quarter of which only is to be paid by England. There was no reckless waste either in material or in money. Such a careful economy was exercised in its organisation, and in administering to its subsequent wants, that it may be safely asserted that no such distance has ever been traversed by an efficient brigade numbering about 1400 souls, in any of our numerous little wars, at such a trifling cost.

The English flag had been pulled down, and the standard of rebellion had been raised at Fort Garry. A man loyal to his Queen had been murdered, loyalty having been his crime. Men were imprisoned and robbed without even the mockery of a trial. The perpetrators of these crimes believed that the wilderness which separated them from civilisation would secure them from punishment; but the manner in which our Expedition performed its allotted task, proved that no distance or intervening obstacles can afford protection to those who outrage our laws.

The province of Manitobah, relieved from the oppression which Riel had established, has a great future before it. Notwithstanding the severity of its long winter, nature has been so bountiful to it in the fertility of its soil, that it only wants a population and railway connection with the sea-coast, to make it at no distant period the granary for our empire.

LORD LYTTELTON'S LETTER TO THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD ON THE STUDY OF GREEK.

LORD LYTTELTON, in the month of June last, addressed a public letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, which raises a most important question in the superior education of England. In his capacity of head of the Commission for the reconstruction of Endowed Schools, he invites the University to modify its educational system so far as to dispense with the study of Greek for some of its students. He proposes that a new class of students shall be formed at the University, who shall be permitted to acquire the academical degree and honours without any knowledge of Greek.

This is a very large and serious proposition. It may affect, at least for a time, only a very small number of students; but its bearing on the superior education of the nation is manifestly very heavy. It is admitted that it will produce a large effect on many schools in the country, both actually existing and to be erected. Its action, indeed, on these schools, is urged as the chief ground for the adoption of this measure. It becomes, therefore, extremely important to ascertain carefully the character of this proposal, and the nature of the reasons on which it is founded. Lord Lyttelton does not discuss the omission of Greek on its merits; he urges no reason for the change he proposes, which rests on an examination of the part which the study of Greek performs in education. He pleads arguments which are not his own. He takes his stand on a demand for a scientific education, and which comes before the Commission of which he is chief. As a Commissioner he is called upon "to establish schools which, by way of distinction, may be called modern—that is, schools in which Greek shall be excluded in order to provide adequate test and encouragement for the study of Modern Languages and Natural Science;" and when the Commissioners propose to establish such schools, they are met by the objection that the Universities will be closed to the pupils, however competent, unless they shall spend money and time in acquiring the quantum of Greek which is exacted from all who go there. The University of Oxford, therefore, is asked to modify its system, and to omit Greek from its requirements in the case of scientific students, not because Greek is an undesirable element of education even for these students, but because a certain number of parents demand a scientific education for their sons without Greek.

Now, on the very face of it, the fact that some parents do not wish their sons to learn Greek, is an exceedingly poor reason for calling on the universities to abandon what has been hitherto an integral portion of their education. Surely it would have been only natural and becoming in the Commissioners, when asking those responsible for guiding England's best education to modify their course, to discuss the merits of the change proposed. Lord Lyttelton, it is true, declares that "the demand made by so many parents is supported by strong proof of its reasonableness;" but when he requires Oxford to "concede this demand ungrudgingly," he does not tell Oxford what that proof is. The Commissioners, therefore, appear in their official address

as the mere mouthpiece of the ideas of other people—a position not very dignified either for Oxford or for the Commissioners themselves.

However, the Commissioners have addressed the University of Oxford, and have thus raised a question which, though unopened by them, deserves the clearest and fullest discussion. It is true that many parents seek the advantage for their sons of the education offered them at the universities and public schools, but desire to erase Greek from the curriculum. They wish to substitute natural science, modern languages, and other elements of knowledge, for this ancient classical language. It cannot be denied that this desire is felt not only by those whose conception of education is the acquisition of knowledge which may be useful for the occupations of after-life, but is also shared by minds of high order, who conceive that science, as the ground of general training and refined culture, possesses a decided superiority over classical education. The nation, therefore, situated as it now is, has the right to ask of the Universities and the higher schools, what is the worth of the classical education which they impose on the best youth of the people? and it is a question which every scholar ought to be prepared to answer.

What is the use, then, of making a boy spend so many years on the study of Greek and Latin? How is Lord Lyttelton's parent to be answered, who complains of the hardship of being obliged to forego a public school and University for his son, or else being compelled to misdirect so much time and so much energy to so unprofitable a purpose? Those whose hearts are set on worldly success for their sons, and men of science in league with them, exclaim that the classics—above all, the Greek—fit the scholar for no definite profession, and impart no useful learning: and they will insist on their more excellent way. They claim equal, if not more than equal, efficiency in developing culture for the scientific studies, whilst they intrench themselves in the varied knowledge which their students will find available for carrying on their subsequent career. Thus the burden of proof falls on the system which requires annually thousands of English boys to devote their own time and the money of their parents to the study of dead languages; and the load is heavily aggravated by the consciousness that very few only of these youths will ever acquire anything but the most meagre acquaintance with those ancient tongues.

This is the cause which classical scholars are summoned to defend. Can it be sustained against the attacks of adversaries so intellectual and so vehement? We hold that it can—that the nation judges rightly in adhering to classical education—that for general excellence no other training can compete with the classical. But the nature of the problem must be clearly understood. We do not deny the necessity or the importance of some distinctly useful attainments in the education of the young. We do not dispute the expediency of teaching a certain amount of arithmetic, modern languages, geography, and physical science to the young. Let the shortcomings of schools in this respect by all means be remedied. We make no objection to an inquiry being made, however rigid, into the inefficiency of Eton and Harrow, and their comrades, in these important matters. Our quarrel with the advocates of science and utility begins later. It bursts out when the claim is advanced that these special attainments are more excellent in themselves than the general culture; or, as Professor

Huxley and others maintain, that they contain that very general culture itself which is held to be supreme, and that in a purer and more educating form than the study of the classical languages. We say in reply, that the quality of education is not to be measured by the amount of accurate information which it supplies. On such a principle, the possession of professional and technical knowledge would be entitled to claim supremacy in education. A sailor knows how to navigate a ship, and a shipwright how to build one; a Birmingham artisan is deeply versed in the nature of metals and the skill to work them; a watchmaker displays a vast amount of delicate and refined skill in the construction of a chronometer; a Lincolnshire farmer brings great thought and judgment to bear upon the cultivation of the wolds. How many men, whom the world agrees to call educated, possess knowledge of equal accuracy and extent with that wielded by these professionals? If accurate knowledge is education, must not mechanics and artisans be ranked amongst the most highly educated minds of a nation? And is not this a *reductio ad absurdum?* We shall be told that it is not the knowledge actually acquired which is the true test of education, but the power of thinking developed in the attainment of the knowledge, the familiarity with theory and its processes, and the ability acquired to employ with skill and success the various faculties of the mind. We accept the standard, we consent to try the issue by this principle. The educated man, then, is not the man who knows most things accurately, but he who has attained the best command of his instrument—who has trained his mind to perform its work well, whatever that work may be; who has faculties capable of meeting the demands of the highest and widest culture. It will be no longer the man who can enumerate all the shells in existence, nor recount all the salts; no, nor even those who can explain the theories of the salts and colours. The quality of the knowledge must be taken into account, and its range over the multiple elements of man's nature; its power not solely or chiefly over the material constituents of human existence, but over the spiritual and intellectual properties of the human soul. Here it is that we affirm that the importance of the general education far surpasses the special, and that for aiding the ends of this higher education no instruments are comparable to the Greek and Latin languages and their literatures.

I. Solid reasons may be assigned for this judgment. In the first place, they are languages; they are not particular sciences, nor definite branches of knowledge, but literatures. Great claims to superiority have been advanced for them on the ground that they cultivate the taste, and bestow great powers of expression. These claims cannot be contested. The Greek and Latin writers were great masters of language, and on that very account have served as models of expression and taste for more than twenty centuries. No modern writers pretend to excel in finish, and in delicacy and power of expression, their predecessors in Greek and Latin. So far, then, the merit proclaimed for Greek and Latin can be sustained; but, on the other hand, we feel that at times undue stress has been laid upon it. The peculiar value of a classical education is not the study of language, great as that is. Success in the powerful and refined use of words is realised by few students, either at school or college. Compared with

the many years and the large expense involved in classical training, the happy use of language, even were it attained by the majority of its disciples, is no adequate justification. Most of all is the mischievousness of this misconception felt when composition is held up as the great aim to be achieved. Skill in classical composition is unquestionably a very distinguished accomplishment. It necessarily implies very high culture, and the possession of many attainments besides the power of expression. But it is a gift bestowed only on the few; and to make of it the staple of general education is as senseless as it would be to require English education to consist in writing verses. The time and effort devoted to composition, prose or verse—though, of course, the latter in the greatest degree—is a flagrant waste of time, and always a radical misconception of the value of classical education. There is many a man who can read and understand French or German perfectly, and yet would be unable to write ten lines in either of these languages without falling into grammatical error. Would the world acknowledge that he was unacquainted with French or German — that his knowledge of the language, because unaccompanied by the power of writing it correctly, was a failure? Is it nothing, or rather, is it not almost everything, to be able to master the writings of the great French or German authors with ease and accuracy? Let honours and prizes be awarded to fine composition in Greek or Latin—it is a standard to be held up, an attainment meriting distinction; but to make it a necessary or even a chief part of classical education, is to imperil the continuance of that mode of training. Classical education, so conceived, cannot be defended against the assaults of enemies who can point to so many other means of cultivating the mind —it cannot hold its ground in our day—if placed on such a basis. Nor is the study of classical composition necessary for acquiring the faculty of speaking and writing well in English. On the other hand, German professors may write Greek and Latin well—their prose, in their own tongue, is about the worst in Europe. France gave up the study of Greek for nearly a century: what writings, for style and finish, shall we compare with the prose of a Cousin or a Saint-Beuve? The educational value of Greek and Latin is something immeasurably broader and better than this single accomplishment of refined taste and cultivated expression. The problem to be solved is to open out the undeveloped nature of a human being; to bring out his faculties, and to impart skill in the use of them; to set the seeds of many powers growing; to give the boy, according to his circumstances, the largest practicable acquaintance with life—with what it is composed of, morally, intellectually, and materially. For the accomplishment of this great work, what instrument can be compared with a great literature? With how many elements of thought does a boy come in contact when he reads Herodotus and Homer, Thucydides and Aristotle! How many ideas has he acquired! how many regions of human life, how many portions of his own mind, has he gained insight into! How familiar has he become with countless elements of human existence, whether individual or social! Let the youthful spirit be penetrated with Homer, and think how vast an intimacy he will have acquired with the feelings, the passions, the play of the human mind in all ages and under all circumstances, with all that most emphatically constitutes

a human being. Will any one assert that to know about the distance of the sun from the earth, to be able to calculate the velocity of light, to have learnt that heat is motion, is better for man, is more truly his happiness, than to have grasped and to sympathise with the deeds and the emotions described by Homer? Or think again of Thucydides and Demosthenes, and what the student who has dived into the depth of their minds will have gained—what light will have been shed on the laws which regulate human society in all times, on the essential elements of political association, on the relations of man to man, on the impulses of human nature itself. Every glowing word will awaken a corresponding emotion; every deed recorded, every motive unfolded, every policy explained, will be pregnant with instruction; and that instruction will be valuable, not so much for the definite application which may be made of it to particular cases, but infinitely more for the acquaintance with human nature which it has generated, the readiness for action it has produced in a world now become familiar, and the skill and tact it has created in the use of all the faculties of the mind. A man may be able to describe all the animals in the sea, or to reckon up all the kings that ever reigned in Europe, and yet be very imperfectly educated. But the unfledged boy, who starts with a mind empty, blank, and unperceiving, if only he has been in contact with a competent teacher, is transformed by passing through Greek and Latin: a thousand ideas, a thousand perceptions, are awakened in him—that is, a thousand fitnesses for life, for its labours and its duties.

But is he able to reason, asks the mathematician? Can he correctly deduce conclusions from premises? Is he not a slave to authority, a passive recipient of matters dropped into his ears, but not reasoned out by his understanding? inquires Professor Huxley. Can he follow a chain of sequences, and convert his knowledge into living truth? The answer is easy and decisive: He can do all these things, if he be properly handled by a competent teacher. Everything turns on that; for it is possible to learn languages by rote, and to get small good out of the operation. The teacher must challenge the scholar as he proceeds, if the benefit of classical education is to be won. When Professor Huxley speaks of the routine learners of classical grammar, we must remind him in turn of the prodigious amount of arithmetic and algebra and the calculi which may be piled up in the brain with small exercise to its reasoning faculties. Geometry is a very thinking process; but many a formidable problem has been solved by the calculus with little more reasoning than is involved in the calculating machine of Mr Babbage. Then, is it not very possible to acquire a large familiarity with chemistry with very little continuous thought? To us it is as clear as that the sun shines in the heavens, that the study of the literature of Greece and Rome, most of all of Greece, furnishes the means for developing and exercising thought in a young student, with which no field of science can compete. If a young man is to be taught how to think, how to reason closely and accurately, how to penetrate the workings of the understanding, how to perceive the multitudinous relations and logical combinations of the intellectual faculties, give us, we say, Thucydides, Aristotle, or the Epistles of St Paul, and we will enter the lists against any other form of mental discipline. Only he must have a capable teacher.

This essential condition of suc-

cessful education exposes us to the question, Is all this fine theory realised in practice? Are the boys which issue forth from the famous schools of England and her universities models of cultivated intellect? Is it not the plain truth that the general feeling of parents complains that their sons spend long years and much money in pondering over Greek and Latin books, and enter into life with little knowledge, with slender cultivation, and small aptitude for the efficient discharge of any single profession? The accusation cannot be denied. English youths are not educated as they ought to be, but not because the instrument employed is inefficient, but because the teaching is defective. The boys of the greatest talent, and the honour-men at college, have an education which marches on a level with that given in any country or any school of science. But the state in which the mass of boys at school and pass-men at college are turned out is a disgrace to the nation. Classical education, unless worked by a man who has the gift of teaching—who knows how to interest and develop the scholar—how to force him to think at every stage,—who can throw himself into his mind, and, still more, set the pupil to look into and understand the mind of the master,—is a very sorry affair. We freely but sorrowfully concede this lamentable fact to Professor Huxley. But then we draw the opposite conclusion from the common premise. We condemn the classical teaching, and to no small extent the schools of England, but we acquit the instrument employed. Reform the schools and the teachers, we say, and then you will find that no other method will yield you such good results as the classical. In the schools and the universities let the right workman be employed, and let the arrangements of the school allow him to have free play, and the complaint that boys fresh from school or college know little, and that little badly—and have minds untrained to reason, with no power of setting to work in the right way in any profession they may take up—will speedily diminish.

But we must here guard against a misunderstanding very easy to occur. Professor Huxley lays vast stress on the accuracy of scientific training—the store of exact knowledge accumulated. But this is to ignore the question at issue. We have already pointed out that professional men of almost every class—farmers, artisans, and manufacturers—possess, as a whole, exact and accurate information far exceeding that of which the men called educated, of any kind, can boast. Nor is exactness the quality of knowledge to be chiefly aimed at in education, and that for a very decisive reason. Mathematics exhibit exact science, because they are composed of strictly logical deductions from definite premises. They are expansions of what is contained in these premises. But those elements of man's nature which constitute by far the largest portion of his multiple existence, furnish no premises of this quality. The truth which they furnish is contingent and probable, but not absolute truth. The motives which govern men's actions never act singly; the combinations of them from which conduct proceeds assume the most diverging forms. One cannot say of a single motive—give it existence and the resulting action will follow; for it is ever controlled by other motives, and the final resultant is hard to foretell. We know, singly, the conduct which selfishness, anger, love, hatred, jealousy, are calculated to produce; will any one pretend that these emotions always generate their precise effects—that men will never injure their

pecuniary advantage in order to gratify resentment, jealousy, or passion? Are accurate premises possible here, whereby human conduct may be predicted with the same accuracy as the effects of carbonic acid upon lime? Are exact premises obtainable in the construction of government, so that one may make a constitution in the same way as a watchmaker, learned in metals, constructs a balanced pendulum? Are the affections, tastes, social feelings, products of exact and scientific workmanship? Does every son love his father, though his father may be the most excellent of mankind? Were exact premises within the reach of Germany when France assailed her with war? And yet, will it be asserted that there is no knowledge to be had from contingent matter, no information worth acquiring in such an undulating region, no general acquaintance with man's being attainable, because we are unable to declare that the existence of a motive is a warrant for the generation of its effect? Nay, is not this probable, inexact, contingent knowledge, the knowledge which above all others it concerns every man and woman to acquire? We have heard an eminent barrister, who was also a great mathematician, declare that one of the most embarrassing difficulties he had to encounter in the exercise of his profession, and one of the very hardest to overcome, was the inveterate habit which his mathematical education had created, of assuming the perfect accuracy of his premises, and the consequent absolute trustworthiness of the deductions which logic derived from them. He found himself incessantly landed in untruth and obscurity; and the cause of his error was the inaccuracy of the premises which common life supplied him with in his briefs. Thus the very strictness of the scientific training which he had received was the most grievous obstacle to his efficiency as an adviser and an advocate. What reply can Professor Huxley make to such a fact, if he persists in dwelling on the superiority of scientific training? Will he say that our mathematician ought to have had recourse to the inductive process, and thereby ascertain how far his premises might be trusted? But that is the very process, the very inductive method, which classical education sets to work—only, unfortunately, at the end it can arrive at probabilities only. Professor Huxley may despise probabilities, but they are the very essence of human life. Science, and still more mathematics, would be more accurate and would unfold the boy's intellect; but they would leave him empty of countless perceptions, destitute of a multitude of insights into things moral, social, and political, which constitute the most important parts of human life, and of his own being.

II. We have now reached the second excellence of a classical education—the greatness of the literature which is its instrument. The work to be accomplished is the opening out of the mind and nature of the young; and there are no means for obtaining this end so effective, or so satisfactory in the quality of the results achieved, as the bringing the nature to be developed into contact with the highest form of greatness. The principle of rearing up the young by safe mediocrity is simply detestable; it contradicts the very conception of education. The elevation of the model placed before the eyes of the student is here of vital consequence; the power and range of the training force cannot be too large. No writer can be too lofty to be placed in the hands of the young, no man too great to be a schoolmaster. The highest developments of human nature, whether exhibited in written book or living teacher, are precisely the

tools which education should employ. The difference between a great and a mediocre mind, a powerful and an ordinary nature, in their modelling force on the young, is infinite. The greater the excellence presented to the young—the richer, riper, and more varied the qualifications of the educator—incomparably the more valuable and productive will be the action brought to bear on the pupil. The society of the best and greatest men, the companionship of the noblest and loftiest thoughts, are the most powerful educators down to the end of life. It never ceases to train and to influence; and if it moulds men ripe in years, how much more the young, the ardent, and the impressionable! Now, if such companionship is the very core of the highest education, where, we ask, is the literature which can compare with the Greek for the number and greatness of the minds it contains, the range and depth of their thoughts, and the nobleness of their conceptions? Where else are to be found such ability of treatment, such a diving down to first principles, such perfection of form and expression, such cultivation of every force and element which belongs to human nature? In poetry, history, philosophy, politics, and countless other regions, utterance upon utterance of the most concentrated force, of the tersest expression, of the richest eloquence, of the nicest and most subtle discrimination, strike successive blows on the imagination and the thinking faculty of the student. They disclose to him what human nature is capable of, the height which it has reached in the past, and which the future is summoned to climb also; in a word, all the wonderful powers of the human intellect, and all the noble emotions of the human soul. What more effectual remedy can be devised against the most formidable danger which warps even minds of strong intellectual grasp — one-sidedness? Where so well as in Greek can boy or undergraduate be initiated into so many things, catch so many vistas of what human nature is and can do, or acquire so fruitful a familiarity with manly and cultivated thought, as in the pages of Homer and Sophocles, Aristotle and Plato, Herodotus and Thucydides, Æschylus and Demosthenes? Their power and their greatness have been acknowledged and reverenced through the course of revolving ages. They have been the founders of civilisation; they have hewn out the roads by which nations and individuals have travelled, and travel still. The Greek type is the form of the thought of modern Europe. The writings of the Greeks are fresh and living for us now. What more splendid proof of profound truthfulness to nature can be given than the eternal freshness of the Greek writings, their genuine and ever-renewed modernness? Homer and Thucydides are wonderful reading for us now,—none better. We know of no richer mine for the man who seeks to be a statesman, and desires to learn the deepest elements of political life, than the speech of Pericles in Thucydides. It will teach more about man and his political nature than whole volumes of the best modern political writers. No man on earth ever had a profounder conception of the abiding sameness of human nature in all ages; no man apprehended its political instincts more faithfully, or so accurately described the forces which rule political existence for all ages. Nothing can be read—no, not Burke or De Tocqueville—which is more modern than Thucydides.

III. The third merit which we claim for classical education is the very quality for which its rejection is most commonly demanded. Greek and Latin are dead languages, and

that is a characteristic of the highest value. What is the use, say money-seeking critics, of forcing our boys to learn languages which nobody speaks? Some excuse may perhaps be pleaded for Latin; it enters indirectly, but largely, into many modern matters. But what can be said for Greek? The literature it contains belongs to the past—the nations and the societies of which it speaks have passed away—the social and political feelings it describes are numbered among the things departed. Then why live among the dead? We answer that the literature is alive, and that the deadness of its language is an invaluable quality for the purposes of education. Living languages are learnt by the ear. They are apprehended mechanically. Their possession need not denote much intellectual development in those who can speak them. Many a dull little boy, many an untutored peasant, can speak two or three languages, and yet but a small demand may have been made on the intellect for acquiring them. There is an absence of thinking in the process, which strips it of educational value. Modern languages are not difficult enough to compel the learner to look into the machinery of language, much less into the thoughts of the writer or speaker, so as to grasp his meaning. We are not speaking of their usefulness in after-life—our business now is with general culture; and here it is that they are too easy to be efficient instruments for the work required. But is not German at least hard enough? No. The run of the expression is modern—the manner of writing conforms with modern ideas. The meaning comes naturally, without much investigation: it is easy to grasp what is said. Nor are the logical relations of the language observed by the student; there is too weak a call for reasoning research to develop the faculties.

It is precisely the reverse with a dead language, especially a language whose construction does not coincide with that of a modern tongue. Every part of it is obscure: it must be learned by rule; the relations first of grammar, then of logic, must be carefully observed. Amongst the meanings assigned to a word in the dictionary, thought and judgment are called into play to select the one which suits the passage. The laws of thought are thus gradually imbibed; and if a good teacher conducts the operation, every blunder of the student becomes an occasion for much intellectual exercise in correcting it. The final result ought to be —and will be, if the teacher understands his business—the assurance gained by the scholar that he has mastered the sense of the writer; and this means intellectual insight, assurance built on intelligence, discipline, and education. The mind under training, whether it animates the little lad in the second form, or is stirred by the ambition which gazes at university honours, is compelled at every moment to perform acts of perception and judgment, to discriminate and to select, to carry out the very processes which are so vaunted in the inductive and scientific methods. In a dead language, where the land is strange—where association does not unconsciously bring up the sense of each word—where the mode of thinking is unfamiliar, and the links that bind words together have to be searched for at the intervals often of several lines, and can be found only by a perpetual application of the laws of logic and grammar,—to master the thoughts and expressions of a great writer is an educational machinery of supreme efficiency.

But there is a still greater advantage to be reaped from this method of education. In no other way can the student be so thoroughly compelled to come into the closest union

with the mind of the writer; by no other instrument can he be so forced to enter into the very depths of the great man's being. That is the specific excellence of a Greek education. Of course there must be the teacher to work this noble instrument. The supposition of such a teacher is always at the root of everything that we say here; not a mere lecturer, or propounder of learning, however magnificent or profound, but a real instructor, a catechiser, a companion of the student's thoughts. Thus education reaches its perfect type — the development of one human being by another, the interpenetration of a young mind by a great one. Thus the pupil is subjected to two mighty powers at the same moment; the great dead writer into whose inmost essence he is compelled to enter, and the sympathetic teacher, who gives vitality to the whole operation.

But what constitutes the gift of teaching? Assuredly not the mere possession of a large amount of solid learning. It consists rather in sympathy and quick intelligent perception; in the ability to place one's self in the exact position of the learner—to see things as he sees them—to feel the difficulties exactly as he feels them—to understand the precise point at which the obstacle bars the way—to be able to present the solution exactly in the form which will open the understanding of the pupil, and enable him, in gathering the new piece of knowledge, to comprehend its nature and its value. Such a teacher will take the mind of the boy as his starting-point, and will just keep ahead of his intellectual state, so as to furnish him with such matter only as he will be able to assimilate; his questions will range just above him, and yet not be out of his reach. Above all, he will feel the true essence, the one function of his office, to be to make the boy's mind act for itself, to assist him to think and to understand. As the pupil advances, he will awake the perception of broader relations, he will suggest principles and general ideas, he will so handle his own stores as to let the pupil catch first glimpses, then successively clearer outlines of the ultimate form which his knowledge must assume, whilst the charmed disciple is brought to rejoice in his own strength, to feel that he too has the power of grasping broad and high truths, to become conscious that he also may crown the heights on which the teacher stands. All this is to be found in a classical education, in the study of the Greek and Latin literature, in their poetry, their history, their moral and political philosophy. Nor will manifold processes of the strictest reasoning be wanting, nor arguments as close and as continuous as in any induction of physical science. For the development of the learning faculty of the pupil we would fearlessly back a good teacher, with Greek and Latin writers for his instruments, against Professor Huxley and any scientific instrument which he may choose to employ. And one great advantage the classical pupil will enjoy—the deadness of the said languages will force him to travel slowly, to dwell on the thoughts and the expressions of the writers, to probe their inmost minds, and by intelligent selection, reasoned out at every step, discover a rendering which will fit the argument and give satisfaction to the passage handled and the general context. Thus we reach the culminating point of a classical education—that there is no man so great who may not find in the imparting of this training a field worthy of his powers. There is no quality of his nature which may not be applied to influencing the mind of the pupil, and moulding his development. A purely scientific training must fail to furnish oppor-

tunities for many things in the teacher's being to come forth. A great literature embraces the whole of human thought and human existence. The scientific element need not and ought not to be absent. We would gladly see some portion of science, small it may be, but accurately and intelligently grasped, form a part of every classically-trained boy and undergraduate, for education cannot be too wide. Its ordinary representative in most public schools is arithmetic; but how much scientific intelligence is developed by the manner in which arithmetic is taught? It is communicated mechanically, and worked much in the same way as a carpenter applies the figures on his rule. Well may Professor Huxley denounce such teaching. No principles are explained, the reasons why the rule is framed in such a form are not given or imbibed, the intellectual faculty is unexercised; and arithmetic becomes, not an understood science, but a mechanical art of the most unintelligent kind. Worse education cannot be conceived, even though the utility of getting up the multiplication-table by heart may be real.

Here, again, we thoroughly share the astonishment expressed by Professor Huxley, when he exclaims: "You will very likely get into the House of Commons; you will have to take your share in making laws which may prove a blessing or a curse to millions of men. But you shall not hear one word respecting the political organisation of your country: the meaning of the controversy between Free-traders and Protectionists shall never have been mentioned to you: you shall not so much as know that there are such things as economical laws."—Lay Sermons, p. 47. The omission here described is the more discreditable, because the laws of commerce lie in a classical education. Every great historian — Thucydides, the orator Demosthenes — furnishes countless opportunities for entering into the commercial elements of human association. To neglect to give this explanation, to fail to call the attention of the scholar to the existence and the working of these laws, is an offence against classical education itself; it is to abandon one of its essential elements. But when Professor Huxley adds,—"The mental power which will be of most importance in your daily life will be the power of seeing things as they are without regard to authority, and of drawing accurate general conclusions from particular facts. But at school and at college you shall know of no source of truth but authority, nor exercise your reasoning faculty upon anything but deduction from that which is laid down by authority," —we are taken aback by the ignorance of the quality of the education imparted at school and college here displayed. But there is something more deeply seated in the Professor's mind than misapprehension of fact. If the English people are called rightly a "wonderful people, Englishmen who are to be quoted in the time to come as the stock example of the stolid stupidity of the nineteenth century," surely the writer of the following passage is a wonderful man: "But if the classics were taught as they might be taught; if boys and girls were instructed in Greek and Latin not merely as languages, but as illustrations of philological science; if a vivid picture of life on the shores of the Mediterranean two thousand years ago were imprinted on the mind of scholars; if ancient history were taught, not as a weary series of feuds and fights, but traced to its causes in such men under such conditions; if, lastly, the study of the classical books were followed in such a manner as to impress boys with their beauties, and with

the grand simplicity of their statement of the everlasting problems of human life, instead of with their verbal and grammatical peculiarities,—I still think it as little proper that they should form the basis of a liberal education for our contemporaries, as I should think it fitting to make that sort of palæontology with which I am familiar the backbone of modern education." A most marvellous utterance, truly. So then, real and deep knowledge of a life lived by nations who founded civilisation, produced works as great as any generated in modern times, and formed empires which lasted for ages, building them on principles of law which to this day lie at the foundation of great States—a vivid perception of the living elements of taste and beauty—above all, the apprehension of the everlasting problem of human life,—all these things are not a liberal education, but palæontology, superannuated records of past existence, no better nor more cultivating than the knowledge of the bones and jaws of a megatherium. Liberal education—that education for which the people, the idiotic people, of England are summoned to thrust aside the knowledge of the everlasting laws of human life and human nature—is something higher and more ennobling. Then, what is it? what is this liberal education, which is the last conception of philosophic thought? Professor Huxley says not, unless it be the knowledge of "when and how any article of commerce is produced; of the difference between an export and an import; of the fact that Tasmania is a part of New South Wales; of the working of a steam-engine, and the nature of the raw products one employs." What is the meaning of the word "liberal," we beg to ask Professor Huxley?

It remains for us to add a few words on the recommendation given to the University of Oxford to omit the study of Greek from a certain class of her students. As we have already remarked, Lord Lyttelton does not discuss the question whether Greek is so valuable a portion of superior education that the University would do wrong in relieving any portion of her scholars from its study. He contents himself with pointing out that there is a demand for an education which excludes Greek, and affirming, without discussion, that the University ought to supply that demand. But the University of Oxford has other considerations to take into account than a mere regard for the supply of a popular demand. It cannot forget the position it occupies with reference to the general education of the whole nation—a position which Lord Lyttelton himself recognises. The determination of the standard, the regulation of what the higher English education shall be, rests with the English universities, as it does with the German; and it must always be a grave matter to make any alteration in that standard. Nor is that all. It may be the function of the University to tell the people that they do not understand the nature of the problem, and that it is the responsible duty of the universities to take care that culture shall not be sacrificed to considerations of utility. There are commodities for which the taste has to be developed—which the uninstructed popular mind is not quick to value, and from which there is a perpetual centrifugal force diverting popular estimation to some inferior article. And then a second question arises. Supposing that the University concurs in the opinion that some students at school might justly be exempted from the study of Greek, might not the extension of that exemption to the curriculum of the

University have a far wider bearing than the single case of these students? Might not the general study of Greek suffer thereby some discredit; and might not many schools, now feeling that Greek was not indispensable at Oxford, organise themselves on the basis of a wide omission of Greek? The concession to the demand of parents, not because they desire a thing which the University esteems to be better, but simply because they ask for it, threatens to establish a most dangerous principle; it transfers the determining of what is good education from a competent to an incompetent authority. As time proceeded on, parents would be encouraged to ask for much more, and they would more and more feel that their judgment ought to prevail. As the guardians of the intellectual culture of the nation, the universities are bound to pause before they establish such a precedent. We are firmly persuaded that the number of additional students who would enter the schools of Oxford would be absolutely trifling; and the opinions of experienced schoolmasters we have found to confirm our own. Adequate motive, therefore, for such a change does not exist. Nor must the warning supplied by France be unheeded. After the great Revolution, France gave up the study of Greek and betook herself to mathematics and the physical sciences; but with what result? That she repented of the deed, and bewailed the injury it had inflicted on superior French education, and has of late years striven hard to restore Hellenic studies to her schools.

But the question still remains. The study of Greek may produce all these excellent results in scholars of superior ability. Well, what is it worth to pass-men and boys of inferior talent? Do they obtain from this strange and difficult language educational benefits of much value? Would the absence of Greek produce any perceptible deterioration of the quality of their education, and would it not leave them free for the pursuit of other knowledge? Nay, would not scientific studies be positively better than Greek production of even elevated intelligence? In answer to these questions, we affirm, in the first place, that it is perfectly feasible to make Greek a real and most beneficial study for the average quality of scholars. Experience has demonstrated the fact. Dr Arnold at Rugby did render the study of Greek the centre of education for the three upper forms of the school. The education which he there gave came mainly through Greek. Greek was the staple in those three forms for all the boys—not for the best only, but for all. The results of classical education, such as we have described them, were realised by those forms not in equal degree by all the boys in it, but still in a real sense by all. To have said that Greek was a failure at Rugby under such a teacher as Arnold for the mass of boys, would have been absolutely impossible, unless the study of Greek itself by any boy were declared to be necessarily and always a failure. It is a matter of teaching. What Arnold did others have done, and are doing also; but it is true, also, that there is a large amount of inefficient, leaden, mechanical, unintelligent teachers of the classics all over England. It is by dwelling on this undeniable fact that Professor Huxley wins the appearance of proving the inferiority of classical culture. If he had examined the three upper forms at Rugby, he would have seen what Greek literature could do, not only for the clever, but also for the average boy.

Prince would accept "all the treaty of Paris except that part about the Black Sea." There was, besides, a sort of easy levity in the way that he made this assurance, as though he was only enunciating a proposition familiar to us all; and that if any apology were called for, it would be for having uttered a commonplace. Here was a new discovery in ethics, not to be thought the less of that it came from beyond the Neva; "and we set off to speculate how a general repudiation of all contracts would relieve life of a great many embarrassments, and simplify existence in a very remarkable degree."

Such of us as had not been, as the phrase is, "married in heaven," imagined visions of Doctors' Commons and Divorce. Few contracts sustain all that expectation would adorn them with, and perhaps the connubial contract might be no luckier than its fellows. Certainly, if husbands were not called on to show cause why, more forcibly than Prince Gortschakoff, the Court of Arches would have a busy time of it these next sessions. Less ambitious souls were satisfied with a polite intimation to their tailors that they would pay no more bills—that the sentiment of remuneration jarred upon "their sense of dignity;" and they appealed to Mr Poole himself, or Count Beust, whether, with that elevated sense of justice that characterised him, he would not "on consideration" add the inestimable force of his own concurrence to their argument.

All of us, or nearly all of us, had contracted some tie or other in life whose convenience was at times questionable, and if this Russian Prince was only correct in his logic, it was sheer folly to be bound any longer by whatever we disliked. Inconveniences would accrue, even troubles in certain cases might follow; but there is a wonderful spirit of accommodation in life—nothing is nearly as bad as is apprehended; and when we assure the world that, so far from the breach of one treaty serving to unloose the ties of contract, or rendering us in any degree less observant of other pledges than heretofore, mankind will see in us the most energetic apostle of the sanctity of all agreements, and, in point of fact, strongholds against all attempts to weaken the sacred obligation of a bargain.

To come back to Prince Gortschakoff, from whom we have been so ruthlessly plagiarising all this time, he said all this, and more; and he very triumphantly asked if any one could dare to continue the imposition of restrictions now, which he would not presume to suggest at the present moment if unimposed.

Certainly Lord Granville could not have liked the turn the correspondence was taking, for he sent a special messenger to Count Bismark to bespeak his good offices. The Count is an ingenious man, and he suggested a Congress. A Congress is usually called to discuss some question of international difficulty, and arrive at some mode of solution sufficiently palatable to be acceded to by all—that is to say, by a treaty. To make a treaty, however, for the sole purpose of declaring that treaties were no longer to be considered binding; that one dissentient dissolved the obligation, and left him free to take such a course as he pleased,—was at least something novel: and possibly, if a Bull were to be enacted, a graceful compliment might have been paid to Ireland, and the seat of the Congress been Dublin. The Congress, however, is to be held in London; and what it is to do when it meets, or what any one expects of it, is the problem that, while we write, disturbs the world.

Count Beust, who has already discussed the whole Gortschakoff proposition in his two despatches, and shown very decisively why he entertains a strong conviction on the question, assures the Prince that he will meet the Congress with a mind totally unprejudiced and uninfluenced by previous discussion; that he will, in short, be in that frame of mind—as jurymen are earnestly entreated to be by a judge in a weighty cause — wholly free from all external influences, and unmoved by anything they may have heard without. This is all the more commendable on his part, as it pledges him to forget much that he has said only a few days ago.

Then if France will depute a representative, it is likely enough the envoy will be far more eager to induce a discussion on the condition of Paris than on the neutrality of the Euxine; while there is no reason on earth that Count Bismark should not bring on the Luxembourg question, or any other small matter that is troubling him.

Meanwhile our journalists say Prince Gortschakoff has not withdrawn his original despatch. He admits that it is not unreasonable in the other parties to like to talk it over; and he is willing "to talk it over" in a Congress, if they like. He is the most courteous and polite of men; and he will do anything they like—but one; he will not change his opinion. Now, when a gentleman shows a conciliatory spirit of this order, nothing short of actual obstructiveness could stand against him. Some narrow-minded people, notwithstanding, do object, and say, How are we to discuss what is already prejudged? How expect argument to prevail where one party has declared his convictions are not to be shaken?

It is fortunate for us that the Prince himself should be able to relieve us from this difficulty; and in the columns of a newspaper, which has the credit of what are called "Ministerial inspirations," do we find the mode of exit from the present embarrassment. The 'Goloss' says: "When the Congress assembles it will learn at length the justice and the moderation of the Russian demands; and by giving them the sanction of its own concurrence, Prince Gortschakoff's manifesto will be confirmed, and the peace of the world assured."

It is impossible to add another word to a statement so satisfactory; and the triumph of the Prince's diplomacy would be complete if it were not a plagiary.

We live in an age so abounding in intellectual activity, that probably originality is all but impossible in any present case. Not even flattery could exempt the Minister from the charge, since the expedient he suggests has been derived from a land in the closest relations with his own. It came from Greece. When Takos Arvanitaki, the chief brigand of the band who murdered our countrymen near Marathon, was negotiating for the terms on which their lives might be spared, he strongly insisted on an amnesty. It was in vain that the law officers of the Crown protested the thing to be impossible; in vain they demonstrated that, until he and his followers had surrendered and submitted to a trial, they could not be made the subjects of royal clemency. There was no means of persuading this man that he was wrong. It was as much beyond all human power of argumentation as to try and convince Prince Gortschakoff that he had no right to absolve himself from a treaty when he had obtained only his own consent. Takos kept on repeating, "It may be illegal, as you say; and I reply, make it legal. They who made these laws can unmake them, and I ask no more."

So says Prince Gortschakoff—I admit all that you say. I signed this treaty of Paris. I was present when its conditions were discussed, and I was not at the time disposed to regard the terms as being either onerous or oppressive. Now, however, that one of the parties to the compact is utterly unable to stir hand or foot in support of his convictions, I deem the moment favourable to extricate myself from my pledges. You tell me it is illegal, and I will not say I can contradict you; but I will suggest to you what will satisfy us both. Make it legal, and *you* will acquire all the force of your connections, and *I* shall gain the freedom of the Black Sea.

It is said, however, by high authority, that exception has been taken rather to the manner than the matter of the Gortschakoff demands; that the mode in which he announced his master's intentions was intentionally insulting and offensive; that instead of approaching the question as a subject of just complaint and unmerited hardship, he took the law into his own hands, and decided his cause for himself. Such conduct was pronounced by one of our journals as "gross, brutal, and undiplomatic." I remember an Irish judge, in sentencing a man who had beaten his wife to imprisonment, denouncing his act as unmanly, inhuman, and, in fact, "illegal." Gortschakoff has been all these; and what we complain of is, not that he wants to rob the house, but that he has kicked in the door! Could you not have rung the bell? was there no knocker? we mildly ask him; while we more than insinuate we are ready not only to let him in, but to have his wicked will of the premises when he is there! These are Russian manners, say we, and we are not used to them in this part of the world. If that is all you have to complain of, rejoins the Prince, I am quite ready to make you a proper apology; only open the door, and I'll make you my politest bow as I pass in.

If the occasion could warrant a wager, I would bet that this would be the end of the Conference, and that here, at least, Gortschakoff would be more successful than Takos.

THE HEALING MEASURE.

It is a maxim of approved wisdom, that when called on to take some determined line for which you have not any immediate precedent, you should announce your decision, but give no reasons for your act. The advice has a wide application, and there are few of us who have not at some time or other of our lives felt its wisdom. For my own part I was never more forcibly struck with its practical value than when I read the letter in which the Minister justifies the liberation of the Fenian prisoners. Had it been simply announced that these men should be free on a certain day, we each of us might, according to temperament, time of life, nationality, and party leanings, have conjured up some reason for the policy that might have sufficed for ourselves. One might have ascribed it to kind-heartedness and benevolence, stimulated by a season when such qualities are in their fullest force. Another might have thought that enough had been done for punishment, and enough for example, and that to do more would savour of vindictiveness. A third might less generously have hinted at the exigencies of party, and a bribe for the Irish vote; or a high-faluten journalist

might have deemed the policy the *contre-coup* to that of Count Bismark, who is sending dissentient deputies to prison at the very moment when we in "happy England" are liberating our imprisoned traitors. There is not one of these reasons totally devoid of a certain force; and however little they may have in common, there is yet in their combined agency an aggregate of loose argument that might account for the policy.

The only totally inadmissible reason for the act of grace was the one alleged, that "the altered condition of Ireland was such as to justify the policy." Where the Irish Chief Secretary discovered the evidences of this happy change one might be curious to learn. Have the popular party expressed any alteration in their opinions, contrition for the past, and promised amendment for the future? Has any leading nationalist declared that "the healing measures" have brought balm to the wounds, and salve to the sores, of Ireland? Have the newspapers most in the confidence of the people ceased to menace England, and warn her that the moment of her difficulty may be Ireland's opportunity, and that her lawsuit with America may possibly be tried in Tipperary? Where are the evidences of the happy change; or where, even in the petitions of the Amnesty Committees, is there an expression to be found that would justify a Minister in saying that the offence for which these men were convicted has died out in the land, and that the legal description of the crime may be erased from the statute-book?

Let us no more imprison for Fenianism than burn for Witchcraft. They are both of them relics of the past. I should be right glad to believe this; but though I do not believe it, and though I believe that no man now living will ever see the day when it will be a fact too indisputable for denial, I am not sorry these men are free.

Some traveller returning from one of our penal settlements once brought the very curious result of his ethnological experiences in this shape. If you meet a Scotchman, says he, amongst the convicts, he is sure to be a confirmed scoundrel, while the Irish criminal may very possibly be very little worse than the mass of his countrymen. Now I protest strongly that this judgment be not misconstrued, nor maliciously interpreted. It means simply this, that a great proportion of Irish crime is less the fruit of inherent wickedness than of the movement of passion in a very excited and excitable people; that the confirmed criminal is rarely found amongst us; but that a large mass of our people are easily stimulated to acts of vengeance for real or imaginary wrong, and to vindication for supposed insult; and that the notion so studiously disseminated and expressed by agitation, that we are a despised and trampled-down race, has given to this spirit of resistance an acrimony and a vindictive hate that are not to be found in the normal condition of the national character.

I know nothing whatever of the Fenian prisoners. I never to my knowledge saw one of them; but I am fully persuaded that they are neither much better nor worse than some hundreds of thousands of Irishmen; and that, this craze of a regenerated independent Ireland excepted, they are, in all probability, not bad fellows at bottom—ready enough to do a generous thing, and very far from being deficient in other good qualities.

It is of these men the Minister writes,—"The same principles of justice which dictated their sentences would amply justify the pro-

longation of their imprisonment if the public security demanded it." Now, if this passage has any meaning at all, it is, that the public security has been hitherto provided for by the incarceration of these men who, if at large, would have been an imminent peril to the State. But I can neither admit this nor accept it as a just view of their condemnation. They were sentenced to imprisonment partly for punishment, partly for example. Of that terror of which the Minister speaks so touchingly, that their mere presence at large might occasion, I am not aware that the large class of Irishmen have confessed to having experienced it.

If I do not ask what is the improvement so manifest in Ireland that warrants the experiment of their liberation, it is simply because I desire to limit myself to the fact that, whatever may be the policy of the pardon, there cannot be a word said in defence of the reasons alleged for the act.

Ask any Irishman, of any party, who has given much attention to the condition of the country, and is able to speak dispassionately on the subject, what he believes to be the greatest evil of the land and the strongest obstacle to all betterment, and he will tell you it is Insecurity. The law, that ought to be the type and emblem of immutability and permanence, is of all things the least certain. The prosecutions and convictions which elsewhere might be accounted matters of almost certainty, are in Ireland questions of pure chance. The county, the accidental condition of political events at the time, the nature of the jury, the tone of public feeling, have all their influence; and last of all come the supposed exigencies of party, to make political capital out of interference with the course of law, and see *post facto* reasons for a remission of punishment.

It is not a wise legislation that makes political life a profession, but it is a million times worse to make it a game of chance. Irishmen, like most warm-tempered people, have too much of the gambling element in their natures, and it is scarcely wise to add to the temptation of treason the triple chances of escape.

It is because everything has been tried in Ireland but an immutable administration of the law that I ask for this. You have crushed what you called "ascendancy," uprooted the Church, and shaken the rights of property; you have discouraged the Protestant, and derided his attachment to England; while you have petted the Romanist even to coquetting with the Pope! You have opened the jails, and in a measure rebuked the legality that had made them places of punishment. Why not, in this zeal for experiment, adventure upon one novelty more? Make the law of the land fixed and unchangeable. Let it be clearly understood that amnesty committees and felon sympathisers have no pretension to approach a Government; and that whatever may be the strength or difficulties of party, nothing shall warrant an interference with the course of law, still less with the sentence when the law has decreed it.

THE SHADOWS BEFORE——.

"If Genius should ever employ itself in the work of statecraft," says Henri Heine, "its distinctive mark will be, 'always to be apropos.'" The merit of the characteristic is a very high one; and if examples are not readily at our hand to sustain the assertion, it is only because this form of mind has not usually been conceded to our rulers. Mr Pitt was probably the strongest exception, since whom, not even Peel himself could lay a just claim to the "diviner element."

The present Premier certainly fulfils many of the conditions of the great gift, but is very far from sustaining the Heine test if the "apropos" should ever be received as the distinctive mark of genius.

The commemorative dinner to Mr Cobden's memory which, so to say, heralded the greatest war the world has ever seen, and the lavish praises bestowed on one whose distinctive merit was declared to be, that he had "made the policy of peace a necessity," is still fresh in all our memories.

The warmest advocates of Free-trade will no longer pretend that universal peace was amongst its triumphs. Buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest markets —admirable precepts as they are— are no securities against the workings of ambition, the natural promptings of race and nationality, and the religious belief of certain peoples in "inevitable destiny."

To make the health of Father Matthew the charter toast of a society dedicated to hard drinking and intemperance, could not be a stronger outrage on propriety and the fitness of things, than to select the time of the late Cobden festival to commemorate the merits of the great peace-maker—*Si quæris monumentum*, look at Solferino and Sadowa, and now at Sedan! Sing your hymn to peace, and the guns that thunder around Paris shall play the accompaniment to your melody.

The very smallest ingredient of that imaginative element which distinguished Edmund Burke would have arrested the possibility of this blunder. The great Irishman would have foreseen how far the Cobden policy had penetrated, and where it had failed to influence the acts of statescraft. *He* would have conceived a situation in which men's thoughts soared to something above a balance-sheet, and dreamed that a nation was a greater thing than a counting-house; and he would have calculated on the very reaction which should drive them from the pursuits of material profit to speculative projects and daring achievements, as it were, in insolent protest at being set down amongst "these nations of shopkeepers!" When the venerable authority at F. O., whom Sir Henry Bulwer styled the Nestor, and whom an Irish editor, thinking to quote the epithet, by a perhaps pardonable blunder, called the "'Nest-egg' of Downing Street," told Lord Granville that he had acceded to office in a time of unusual dulness and tranquillity, the felicitation had the customary fate of an official prediction. It was uttered last July, and we know what has happened since midsummer.

After all, it might be said, if the Emperor of France was so ignorant of the state of policy in South Germany before the war, as to fancy he would have had Bavaria for an ally, there is surely some excuse for our ignorance of all things Continental.

All this, however, should not ex-

cuse us for not seeing what is happening before us at home. Now, if there be any movement on which we might calculate as a certainty in political life, it will be an agitation for the disestablishment of the Church. The large party who allied themselves to the Minister in his attack on the Irish Church have never disbanded themselves under the impression that the campaign was over and the war ended. Far from it. The outpost—and it was only the outpost—carried in Ireland, has only emboldened them as to the greater struggle that is before them. With the exception of that cant—which was never an argument—the "badge of conquest" cry, there is scarcely anything which was alleged against the Irish that cannot be employed against the English Establishment. Methodism, and the various other forms of Dissent, will enable them to dilate on the shortcomings of that which is not the Church of the people, and we shall be triumphantly asked if the affluent classes of England are not rich enough to support their own form of worship. We know what a large class of people are interested in excluding the bishops from the House of Lords; and as the same persons are candid enough to declare that they regard that Chamber as an anomaly, they have abundant reason for denuding it of as much learning and eloquence as they can, before they open the attack in form.

I am not more certain that the assault on the Church will be made than that it will succeed. In that unsated and unsatiable passion for putting down which besets us, no agitation is hopeless, no prospective destruction can be called impossible, "quelche non han fatto i Barbari, hanno fatto i Barbarini." If the Whigs will not do it, the Radicals will. We may rest assured that when the stone is once set in motion there will not be wanting the hands to impel it.

I know that by many the contingency is not looked forward to with fear, as regards the interests of true religion. I know that while to some a State connection is regarded with distrust and positive dislike, there are others who believe that the efficient and working character of the Church would benefit by its being solely dependent on the voluntary principle, and becoming of necessity the people's Church. Into this question I have no pretence to enter. I would only call attention to the fact, that if, as many think, the coming session be a time in which this momentous matter will be discussed, there was a strange apropos in that letter of the Prime Minister which has just appeared in print, regarding the maintenance of the Pope and his prerogatives; and—shall I own it?—it is exactly by the ill-timed publication of this letter that I infer Protestantism to be doomed, and the Established Church to be in danger. Mr Cobden's health—the peace-maker, *par excellence*—had scarcely died out in the hip-hurrahs, when the telegraph told us that France had declared war; and I shall be greatly surprised if the debate on the destruction of the Church be not followed by some proposition in aid of the sovereign Pontiff, and a supplicatory appeal to Victor Emanuel to treat his prisoner with generosity and all the deference that is his due. Who knows if the same order that shall declare Lambeth for sale shall not be followed by the offer of Malta to the Holy Father?

Many of our public writers confess themselves unable to account for this touching evidence of the Premier's sympathy for the Pope, and that startling avowal that his "case had long been one of great interest to the Cabinet." Still, as the

Administration seem to have a special fondness for healing measures, and a great skill in their concoction, it would be a pity to deny them such an opportunity for their art. Indeed, that soothing syrup which we so often see advertised as a real blessing to mothers, would seem to be totally eclipsed by the Whig anodyne, that can assuage the convulsions of Treason, and calm all the tremors of Popery.

What is really unfortunate is to find that the time chosen to watch over the Pope's interests should be that in which the Established Church is to be put on its trial. Here is a fatal "malapropos," and it is not hard to see how the backwater of the one measure will react on the other. Mr Miall, however, was "piqued" at the close of the last session; and of all the good qualities of his sect, I have never heard that the most conspicuous was an exaggerated forgetfulness of past injury.

NEW YEAR'S MUSINGS.

COLOURED GLASS.

But little art is required to delight the senses and imagination of childhood. Hold but a piece of coloured glass before the child's eyes, and he is satisfied that a familiar scene has become suddenly a fairy landscape of red or gold, with enchanted castles or Arabian splendour. The unreality of the vision is the last thing that he thinks of. He is only too well pleased to see things in such a light; he cherishes the delusion; the enjoyment is thorough. It is experience which teaches men to beware of such illusions—which cautions them as they grow and grow that it is necessary in this work-a-day world to look at things in their work-a-day dress. So generally has such a maxim been recognised, that the common complaint is of its extreme influence in the formation of modern character: the age has been characterised as stern, unimaginative, material. Yet in all ages—even in this so-called age of iron—there have been always some who, by nature or circumstances, either never forsake, or are prone at inconvenient times to return to, the delight of looking through coloured glass. Shakespeare would appear to include the whole dreamy genus under the three heads of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet," and he places no limit to its power of self-deception:—

> "Such tricks hath strong imagination,
> That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
> It comprehends some bringer of that joy."

According to modern definitions, it would be necessary to extend the series; for there are many who cannot be called accurately either lunatics, or lovers, or poets, who are nevertheless "of imagination all compact" with these. There is, for instance, the religious enthusiast, who in every century spots Apollyon and Antichrist, and gives the latitude of Armageddon, and has advices about the millennium. There is the more dangerous zealot, who is convinced that the world as it is can be, and ought to be, governed as if it were a handful of primitive Christians; who recognises no impediment to the literal working of the Scriptural precepts; approves no law which cannot be supported from the book of an evangelist or prophet, according to his own interpretation. But

there is, also, the man who does not, and will not, know the world as it is; who, ineffably conceited, has imagined a world formed and coloured according to his own fancy, and insists that this, and this alone, shall be recognised as the world we live in. It is fortunate that these visionaries are for the most part shy and inactive. They do not force their fancies on a large circle of victims, and are moody and indignant rather than importunate. Here and there, however, it happens that they are men of talent in respect of everything except what is called common-sense. They know how to dazzle and persuade, and are therefore very apt to mislead. But the most dangerous case of all is when the slave of the coloured-glass passion is not only learned and accomplished above his fellows, and therefore gifted with the power of fascination, but has been, by unhappy accident, exalted to a position from whence his words come with authority. For it is pitiable that the powers of learning and eloquence should be wasted upon a delusion: authority is abused when it is made a means of disseminating what is untrue.

We make these observations after reading, not for the first nor second time, the remarkable work of imagination, which, under the title of "Germany, France, and England," has been amusing thousands of educated men in the autumnal pages of a quarterly periodical. The first thing that strikes the reader, as the humour of the article becomes apparent, is the utter abandonment with which a dreamer will give himself up to his hallucination. No scruple as to whether the time was propitious for the announcement of his glamour, no thought that men's minds were forcibly possessed by far different ideas beaten in by the hard logic of facts, seems for a moment to have withheld the author. Whether in season or out of season (and one thinks that the effusion is lamentably out of season), he was determined to publish what his coloured spectacles revealed to him, and with fanatic hardihood he called upon his countrymen to look at things through a similar medium. Men of the world, even the most positive, know well that when one would expound a new theory, it is above all things desirable to select a favourable occasion, when the world is in some sort prepared for the doctrine, when discoveries or events, publicly known, assist the proof. They do not, when all the world is shuddering at thoughts of "guns and drums and wounds," produce their pouncet-box, and talk daintily of parmaceti and villanous saltpetre.

Whatever may have been a reader's conception of the state of things in general, and of the condition and position of England in particular, he will probably find in the article in question some startling contradiction of his belief, though his notions may be extreme. He will there read "that a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and coming to sway the practice of the world; a law which recognises independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favours the pacific, not the bloody settlement of disputes, which aims at permanent and not temporary adjustments—above all, which recognises as a tribunal of paramount authority, the general judgment of civilised mankind." What a power this writer's spectacles must possess!! If accident should push them up for a moment, or if he should have resolution to take a peep over the rim, what a different scene would meet his eyes from that which his spectacles present! The real picture would show not only France and Germany rushing at

each other's throats with more than Red Indian implacability. It would show Russia so disdainful of "the law which frowns upon aggression," that she is openly attempting to compass the subjugation of Turkey; that she has flung in the faces of the signatories of the treaty of 1856 the obligations which by that treaty are imposed on her, and declared that she will violate them at her pleasure; that the East is convulsed in consequence. It would show Prussia also so defiant of right, that she is, by an unblushing assertion of her will in opposition to law, attempting the appropriation of Luxembourg. It would show Italy in the act of seizing the States of the Church. It would show Spain in a state of confusion and lawlessness, with the ashes of her murdered Marshal scarcely cold. It would show Austria troubled and apprehensive, distrustful of what Prussia on the one hand, and Russia on the other, may be designing against her. It would show England pecked at from all sides, disarmed, humiliated, her councils timid and vacillating, her utterance faltering and meek. It would show, as an example of the aim at "permanent and not temporary adjustments," the convocation of a Conference avowedly summoned to temporise with one of the most pressing calls that can demand from nations the infliction of summary justice.

The law which favours the pacific and not the bloody settlement of disputes is not, we fancy, a modern invention, to those who take a rational view of things past and present. Most nations who have emerged from the cloud of barbarism—at any rate, most nations who have attained to a literature of their own—have admitted, and still will, in their calm, unimpassioned periods, admit, the sin and inexpediency of wars. This is no new doctrine. The novelty is in imagining that, at the present time, any nation, with cupidity, or emulation, or revenge aroused, will be guided by such a doctrine. The good old plan, that they will take who have the power, and they may keep who can, was never more practically effective than now. On what can unscrupulous statesmen found their schemes of robbery and fraud, if not on the firm belief that the peoples whom they represent will eventually not refer the cases to a congress of nations, but act arbitrarily, and uphold by force of arms their arbitrary acts? When Louis Napoleon and Bismark were chaffering over the fate of Belgium, there was little thought of any deference to the judgment of civilised mankind, we trow. If that nefarious project had taken effect, who can doubt that the perpetrators would have scoffed at the idea of a judgment of nations, and defied the civilised world to balk them of their will?

But the coloured glass makes one see Europe as a family. "In truth," says the author whom we are wondering at—"in truth the nations of Europe are a family." If they are so, they compose just such a family as might prowl round the board of Mr William Sykes, where brother would point a fork at brother's eye, sister would seize sister's mess and send the mustard-pot at sister's head, and father would correct mother to fill up the interval between the courses. Family, indeed! But our author, looking through his tinted lens, has no idea of satire. It is clear from the context that he sees them as a family bound together by ties of affection, of common interest, of similar habits and breeding, of like associations. When Mr Swiveller called the kitchen-wench a marchioness, he consciously sullied the eternal beauty of truth, but palliated

his sin by the plea that this made things look natural. Our author has no apology to make—he simply tells us what his spectacles show him; and though this is the very opposite of the fact, he describes it in all sincerity.

We cannot refrain from noting here two little splenetic passages, the only ones, be it remarked, in the whole of the paper; for so absorbed is the writer in his fairy vision, that he shows little disposition to combat the views of others. He mentions in one place "that state of highly-armed preparation which, we are affectedly told, is the true security for the avoidance of quarrels among men." Now, is it not apparent that, for want of armed preparation of some kind, Great Britain is at this moment unable to do the good to others which she desires, or to keep herself from indignity? It is one thing to look upon a state of highly-armed preparation as a security for the avoidance of quarrels, another to hold that total unpreparedness is a security. We certainly do not think with those, if any such there be, who regard armament as a guarantee for peace. Whether it be so or not must depend on the dispositions of those who are armed. It is to be feared that the seer's intention here is not so much to disprove the doctrine which he attacks as to suggest the truth of its opposite. What *we* have heard said, not "affectedly," and what we are quite willing to endorse, is this—that in the present state of the European "family" no member can exert influence without being able to throw such weight into the scale as may incline the balance. The influence may be good or bad, peaceful or warlike, but it will not exist at all for a country confessedly helpless. Talking and writing go for very little in these hard times; there is far more persuasion in hard knocks. But we say this with the full admission that an armed force may be abused as well as used—may be made a means of oppression and wrong as certainly as of true security. We say that two conditions are required for a nation that would work effectually for peace—a peaceful inclination, and material power to restrain those who are not peaceful.

The other bit of envenomed rhetoric is contained in an allusion to the King of Prussia, whose piety, it is said, never failed him during the Danish transactions. This ill-natured shaft, shot by a man who possesses the glorious faculty of seeing the most shocking objects *en couleur de rose*, is not so excusable as if it proceeded from a mind embittered by the contemplation of things as they are. One is driven to think that there must be some little grudge, some envy, perhaps some rivalry—hah! can that be it? Are his Majesty and our author two of the same trade? Does the seer of peaceful visions occasionally himself court for opinion by making long prayers, and being of a sad countenance as the hypocrites are? Is he himself a professor of the snuffle and the downcast eye? Does he, too, let his light shine before men? Is Saul also among the prophets? If so, we understand the sneap. The king is jeered at as a dull competitor—is denounced as a poacher.

To return to the bright visions. The descriptions which we have hitherto been considering, curious as they are, can yet be read with an equal mind, as being the romance phase of what concerns principally our neighbours. We can afford to smile over them, to contrast their fiction with the stern reality, to speculate in regard to them on the physical or mental peculiarities which, in a mind otherwise so logi-

cal, can produce such false imaginations. But it is different when our author comes to speak of England. His phantasma begins then to touch us too nearly even for endurance. The cruel sham but recalls with aggravated poignancy the sad reality. Chords are touched whose vibration is intolerable. The thought of the security that *might have been*, compared with the danger and degradation that *are*, bids our blood run chill and our minds to sicken. It is as when the mother of Mucklebackit in 'The Antiquary,' at her grandson's funeral, raises a glass of wine to pledge the company, saying, "May we hae mony sic happy meetings!" As, one and all, that assemblage shrank from a toast which there spoke of happiness, so shrink we from the picture of a glowing happy England, because we know too well to what England has come down—because our woe is too keen to bear mockery even from those who know not that they mock. With what feeling can a patriotic Englishman read, for instance, the following: "But so far is this state of facts from implying either a condition or a policy of isolation, that it marks out England as the appropriate object of the general confidence—as the sole, comparatively, unsuspected Power. In every quarrel, in every difficulty, it is her aid that is most courted; it is by her agency that parties, if they seek a mediator, prefer to come together; it is under her leadership that neutrals most desire to move." How bitter is this fooling! The spectacles must show to the seer Bismark and Gambetta imploring England to reconcile them, Gortschakoff throwing all his care upon Great Britain, asking only her counsel and countenance, the neutral Powers on the tiptoe of expectation, obedient, devoted, waiting only the word of command from Britannia, who, armed *cap-à-pie*, ready for all chances, strong in counsel, resolved and inexorably just, gives the signal by which all the chivalry of Europe moves. We are not told whether the optical snare extends across the Atlantic; but if it does, it must there show Benjamin Butler snorting the praises of England, and declaring that her friendship is better than dollars; Orator Sumner also stamping out the Alabama claims; and head-centres innumerable kissing St George's cross, while they howl "Rule Britannia!" God save the mark! We cannot dwell on this branch of the subject.

The clear easy style of the paper, the aptness of the illustrations, the arrangement and force of the arguments, could not fail to affect the reader pleasantly were the subject only fact instead of *mirage*. But to see so much power wasted on what is unreal must excite unfeigned regret. The one marring infirmity of looking through coloured glass has taken all power of instructing from a mind which, gifted with an accurate vision, would have been highly capable. If incompetent to teach, of course such a person is in a much greater degree unfit for action. Action must be for those who can see through a natural medium. Should a dreamer be trusted with the conduct of important affairs, he would soon play before high heaven such fantastic tricks as make the angels weep.

AMICABLE RELATIONS.

It would be impossible to intensify the condemnation or the contempt manifested by our party of peace for a firm and dignified foreign

policy. Wars and quarrels, they said, arise from unbecoming arrogance, from undue maintenance of what we call our rights, from impatience of the just claims of others, from interference in the quarrels of foreigners—above all, from the knowledge that we possess the means of going to war. Their counsel therefore was, to be rid of our army and navy, so that under no provocation and in no extremity we might be able immediately to help ourselves; to be meek in setting forth our own rights and opinions; to refuse to concern ourselves with any dispute which might not immediately affect us; and to entertain all manner of demands, no matter what discussions or correspondences they might involve us in. This moderation and innocence, this unobtrusive amiability, cannot fail to impress even the rudest and most quarrelsome of our neighbours, who must sooner or later be charmed by our sweet humility; while from those who are at all softened by culture, it must earn us admiration, respect, love, nay imitation; for our beautiful example is to convince the whole world of error, and bring it step by step to the fulness of brotherly love.

It took a long time to induce the people of this country to test these kindly doctrines. Our older statesmen, and our elders generally till lately, could remember long wars and the passions which moved men in those troubled times. They let the peaceful evangelists prattle away without contradiction, but they took care that the peace doctrines should be confined to talk, not brought into act. Wary seniors these were, who knew men and cities, whose youth had been passed amid stir and excitement, who smiled at the babble of a theory, and acted like men of this world. Not all the talk—not all the inkshed that could proceed from an inexperienced vain generation—for an instant dimmed the perceptions of these veterans; they refused to hear the voice of the charmers, but they did not condescend to answer what appeared to them self-evident trash. Here and there an utterance from one of them would become known, and would be seized upon by the country as an oracle, so refreshing was its sound clear tone and manly argument after the vapid whine of the professed talkers. Notably, a letter from the late Duke of Wellington to Sir John Burgoyne, which was never intended for publication, found its way into print by accident, and immediately took possession of the public mind. In it the country was reminded of the kind of title by which England holds most of her possessions. It was shown that what England had acquired by the sword, other nations might consider themselves warranted in taking from her by the sword, if they could. Mention was made, too, of the defeats and humiliations which England, in the day of her strength, had inflicted on other nations. It was not said that these were unjustly or even unnecessarily inflicted; but it was wisely observed that the nations which had been obliged to endure them would never allow that they were deserved, would never cease to cherish the hope of retaliating, would never forbear to retaliate, if fate or our own folly should give them the opportunity. The practical advice which lay behind these arguments was, that if we wished to be left to the quiet enjoyment of what we had got, our only plan was to show that we knew how to defend it.

The nervous style, the unanswerable reasoning of this letter, could not fail to make a deep impression. So effectually did it open men's eyes, so completely did it invert for

the time the current of public feeling, and expose the fallacies of the peacemongers, that the whole of these amiable men were beside themselves with chagrin, and one or two of them broke out into railing, as unhappily it was their nature to. Loudest in abuse was the eminent peace-doctor, Mr Richard Cobden, who could find nothing better to say by way of refutation than that the Duke was tottering on the very verge of the grave. "He is seventy-seven years old," said the demagogue, "which explains it all, and excuses it." This was a grave mistake, as the scoffer soon found to his cost. The people had been too felicitously taught, too much relieved of their doubts by the Duke's unaccustomed searching rhetoric, to tolerate again immediately the old leaven of objurgation and cant. The whole press, the whole public, rose up without distinction of parties to condemn the upstart who had dared to launch a jeer at words which had so eminently satisfied the general requirement. The good impression, however, died away, and the great Duke died; so the old peace fallacies began again to prevail, but were rudely interrupted by the Crimean War, into which we drifted under the feeble guidance of the first Administration that ever gave the least countenance to the preachers of peace. Of course, while we were at war the party was kept pretty quiet, but it was not long after peace was made that they began again, exercising more or less influence. Their errors were exposed now and then by such men as the Napiers, and continually by Lord Palmerston; yet, by mere iteration and vehemence, these errors gained countenance, until at last, in an evil hour, an English Administration was formed which was known to be wholly subject to the dictation of the Peace-at-any-price party.

Thus the doctrines were brought to a test. They were no longer to be maintained by argument and exhortation alone, but the country had an opportunity of judging by results in what direction they were likely to take us. It is commonly a disadvantage in political experimenting, that the effects of innovations are slow in being developed, and that a succeeding generation has to read the lesson derivable from their predecessors' acts. In this case, however, the sad proof was not so long delayed. Not a decennium, not a lustrum, not an olympiad had elapsed before the consequences of the grievous fallacy were too painfully apparent. So rapid was the baneful progress of a Peace Ministry, that they had not been in office two years before they had so damaged the condition and position of England, that the gravest and most unfeigned alarm was felt from one end of the country to the other. We begin the year 1871 so friendless, so disliked, and so disabled, that the nation may well be dissatisfied and dismayed.

We have notoriously gained the ill-will of both the belligerents on the continent of Europe. We have incurred the contempt and consequently the insult of Russia, who has coolly told us that she repudiates the obligations into which she entered fourteen years ago. The opportunity thus given us of standing forth and vindicating our own honour, and, at the head of a confederation, insisting on the rights of Europe, has been not only neglected, but turned to our disgrace and degradation in the eyes of those Powers whom a common interest would have inclined to accept our leadership. Victorious Prussia is favouring the designs of Russia against us. And, on the other side of the Atlantic, the United States of America are reviving old

demands and inventing new ones, with the avowed intention of adding to our embarrassments and damaging us materially. Our standing or falling is looked for with political indifference by the nations; as a matter of sentiment there is scarcely one, great or small, that will not rejoice to see us humbled. It is not to be wondered at if with the loss of prestige abroad comes the revival of domestic troubles—Fenianism, Republicanism. This is truly a glorious result of two years' government by a peace-seeking Ministry!

Is it then so wicked and so irrational a thing to desire peace and goodwill, that to entertain such a desire is inevitably to incur merited punishment, moral and material? Certainly not. Such is not the argument of those who oppose the peacemongers, although the latter are fond of saying that it is, and of imputing to all who will not swallow their doctrines whole a criminal desire for war. It is not the desire for peace which the other side condemns, but it is the seeking after peace by inadequate, silly means—means which must not only fail of their object, but which tend to bring about the very evils which they are intended to avert, while at the same time they render us incapable of repelling those evils. We are not denying the truth that a meek, unassuming deportment, an unselfish course of dealing, a withdrawal from broils and contests, may, and often do, induce forbearance if not respect, a good name if not worldly benefits. But in order that the virtues may bear this fruit, conduct must throughout be consistent; others must be convinced of the genuineness of the self-denial. And here it is, we take it, that the plans of the Peace party are at fault. They imagine that the world will take them at their word and believe in their sincerity. We know that the world will do no such thing. We can understand, moreover, why the world should not be in a great hurry to believe our professions, and should attribute to us very different motives from those which we put forward. They look at our great possessions and remember the means by which many of them came into our hands. Some of the Powers felt, not so very long ago, the quality of our teeth. There are few of them over whom we do not hold some little souvenir of what the British Lion can do when he is stirred up with a long pole. The faintest suspicion may come over them, that not peace for peace's sake, but undisturbed enjoyment of great wealth, is what we really want. Now, we are very far indeed from saying that Britain has not the best possible right to all that she owns. She got it hardly and honourably, and Heaven send that she keep it long! But we can hardly expect our neighbours to join in this sentiment, to forget antecedents, and possibly old rights which they fancy that we have overridden, and to credit us with a resolution to devote ourselves henceforth to peace and brotherly love. Then, again, the professors of the peace doctrines themselves do not exhibit that coincidence of life and doctrine which constitute lucid proof of honesty and sincerity. On the contrary, many of them have shown dispositions the most pugnacious and offensive. Notoriously Mr Bright, the most prominent of the Peace party, though he condemns national wars and provocations, does not in the least abstain from injurious language, the gravest imputations, and wholesale denunciations—the very offences which engender envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. And then it is not so long ago, when there was war in the United States of America,

that Mr Bright's intense love of peace seemed suddenly to decline. He had not so much to say against war when it was waged for a political purpose of which he approved. Now, we are not questioning Mr Bright's sincerity. We believe that, according to his lights, he does honestly and conscientiously act in accordance with his principles; and we know that when his doctrines were out of favour during the Crimean War, he suffered unpopularity for them, and bided his time until they could again be received, thereby contrasting most favourably with his head-pupil, who, when he found himself associated with a losing cause, was troubled with convictions, and turned his coat inside out. But Mr Bright, whatever his belief may be, has his weaknesses as well as the rest of us, and these weaknesses he does not conceal. However, therefore, we may ascribe to him honesty of purpose, we cannot hope that foreigners will shut their eyes to the inconsistencies that we have been pointing out. In a word, to imagine that we can persuade other nations to seek peace, and ensue it, by loud professions, or even by casting away our sword and shield, is absurd.

But we have said that we do not differ from Mr Bright and his party as to the desire of preserving peace, but only as to the means by which the desire is to be satisfied. What, then, according to our view, are the most promising means of preserving peace?

If men are so blinded by passion or interest that they refuse to listen to our protestations, and only insult our unarmed innocence, it is clear that before we can preach with effect we must make ourselves respected. Talking will not do this. The peoples with whom we have to deal are so constituted that they will reverence only those who show a clear appreciation of what is due to themselves, and a resolution and ability to exact their rights. The powerful alone can afford to be pacific. Inspire foreign Governments with the belief that you are able and ready to resist encroachment and to chastise impertinence, and then they will not misconstrue your motives when you show a preference for peace. The Peace party will tell us, that to assume such an attitude is to become quarrelsome and menacing; but those who know anything of the world can tell them that it is no such thing. There is a perfectly dignified and undemonstrative bearing which, though indicating conscious power, is most studious not to offend or provoke. It is not enough that in the cause of peace we refrain from molesting others; it is necessary also that we possess the means of preventing them from molesting us. On these two conditions the maintenance of peace is probable; on the one condition of mere unwillingness to fight, it is impossible. We need hardly say more particularly what we mean. We must maintain an efficient army and navy, especially a navy; and we must let it be understood that when gentle means fail we intend to use these forces, although we greatly prefer the use of gentle means. It is astonishing how such a course will open the understandings of the contentious, and incline them to receive our doctrine. The late Lord Palmerston seems to have understood thoroughly this truth. He was constantly accused by the Peace party of an indifference to quiet—nay, of a positive desire for strife; and yet in a very long career he never committed the country to a war, while it may be asserted that by his judicious method of showing a bold front, and letting opponents see that he knew how to hold his own, he often averted that calamity.

And it is true, not only that we can keep our own and enforce what we know to be right by keeping up our strength; it is also true that by this means we can obtain that credit for moderation and disinterestedness which the Peace party bid for in vain. When the British force marched back from Abyssinia, having gallantly rescued the prisoners and punished their captor, there came from all sides an ungrudging acknowledgment of the generous impulse which alone prompted that expedition. It was patent to all who regarded the affair that we possessed the power to gain ulterior ends, had that been our desire. They could not help believing in the singleness of our intent, and they yielded their admiration accordingly. But, as we have said, they are not half so clearly convinced by all the groanings about war and its horrors, and the platitudes about peace. They suspect strongly an *arrière pensée* directed to the breeches-pocket—nay, some do not hesitate to suggest a little paleness about the liver.

Taking the designation in its broad sense, we may say that all England is a Peace party, but it is divided into sections, which pursue the same dear end of peace by very different means. We do not at all deny the zeal of the professing Peace men, but say that it is not according to knowledge. We claim for ourselves an equally ardent but a more intelligent zeal. And we cite the pitiable condition in which our country stands in proof that, at any rate, the Peace professors are incapable of leading the world to the promised goal, but, instead thereof, have brought us to the brink of most calamitous strife.

We had hoped to be able before closing this notice to say a word concerning hope of peace; but, alas! as far as military events can induce it, peace seems to be no nearer. If the Prussians will not attack, and the French can endure their privations, how can the end of the war come? The languor and indecision now observable could hardly have been anticipated in the rapid period of Sedan and Metz. Meanwhile, if the quarrel cannot be brought to a close by arms, there is the faint chance that the Conference may find means of healing it. It is not an unpromising sign that M. Jules Favre seems at length disposed to accept a safe-conduct and take part in the proceedings. With representatives of the two belligerents, and of other great Powers, competent and ready to mediate, all assembled round the same board, a compromise must surely be made if compromise be possible.

But while our regard is "before Paris," there is a transaction to be noted of that neighbourhood, for the moment overshadowed by the war, but of far greater consequence to Europe than the restoration of peace between two of her nations. The acceptance by the King of Prussia of the Imperial title, which is the outward and visible sign of the unification of Germany having taken form and substance, is fraught with interest to the whole world. For if it be European progress which is lighting the earth, then the earth for weal or woe will feel the great change which has been formally heralded from Versailles. A new primacy has been established among the nations of the Old World, and the anxious thought arises whether we are to be driven back towards barbarism, or whether knowledge, improvement, the elevation of our nature, are to receive a fresh impetus, own a glorious leader. The new Emperor promises fairly, of course; and happily there are reasons, derivable chiefly from the known character of the German peoples, for an-

ticipating much good. But, on the other hand, in the Government, in the Court, there is a savour of something so like Napoleonism, so like a lust of subjugation rather than a desire to benefit, something so tortuous, so unscrupulous, that men may well stand awe-struck in its presence. Surely, in such circumstances, it would be wise to restrain to the greatest possible extent the arrogance which may follow victory, to provide the greatest inducement for choosing the higher path—not to wait supinely till the disposition of Prussia shall be declared, but to take a bond of fate. It would be well if the nations of Western Europe could at once strengthen themselves and stand ready to avert the possible sword that is unsheathed, and may intend not to be quiet. That they are not associating themselves for this holy end is due to the fact that they are individually weak and have no leader. They have no leader because England is recreant: England is impatient of wars which interrupt her commerce, disturb her repose, and falsify the predictions of her prophets. Because she does not like war she refuses to recognise the full import of the war that exists, which is not a quarrel between two foreign nations only, but a rude unsettling of the equilibrium of Europe. She will not consider that there is a spirit of evil at large, whose future movements none can predict, that issues of life and death are depending. Is it a time, then, "to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants," when every people with the least foresight would be up and doing? Austria alone of the non-belligerent nations appears to comprehend the gravity of the situation. Austria alone has spoken out as becomes a nation, has stood in the gap when others failed of their duty, has made us feel how our Minister ought to have acted and spoken. But we believe that England is, at any rate, beginning to perceive that there is something more than a passing shower in the air, that it will not do to get under a tree and expect the sun to shine again presently. Still she does not see the greatness of the danger. She does not reflect that her affairs are administered by a set of men who dare not, under any circumstances, break with the Peace-at-any-price party, who may be strongly tempted to a course inconsistent with the honour and the true interests of the country. Surely in such a crisis the Ministers of England should be wholly unshackled; not slaves of any utopian theory, not trammelled by silly utterances and obligations in respect to war and warlike preparation!

We could hail the German Empire with more satisfaction if we knew only that the British Empire was under truer guidance.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT.

If any man ever proved the vanity of human devices, we imagine that the Prime Minister of England must have proved it now. Two years only have elapsed since, with an overwhelming majority, he took office; two years and a-half since he made his successful bid for place by proposing to disestablish and disendow the Irish Church; a little more than two years since he announced that our military and naval expenses were excessive, and ought to be curtailed. He was extremely

popular at the beginning of 1869. He commenced his administration under such favourable circumstances as have fallen to the lot of few. Since then no untoward accident, no single adherence to any great principle, has suddenly placed a gulf between him and his admirers; and yet he has contrived not only to alienate enthusiasm from himself, but to render it extremely doubtful whether his Ministry can endure through another session of Parliament. One is absolutely amazed at the blundering perversity which in so short a time can have dispelled so many advantages. If he had tried to ruin himself at such a pace, he would probably have failed. Nothing but an intense devotion to success, without the least perception of how success was to be achieved, could have lost such a game against time. That he might make haste to be great, he sacrificed what to most men is dearer than greatness; but as one who sails against an unsuspected current, he drifted steadily from his object, till, now, it seems unattainable. He plucked his apple, but,

> "Fondly thinking to allay
> His appetite with gust, instead of fruit
> Chewed bitter ashes."

Though this is the greatest of Mr Gladstone's reverses, it is by no means the only one. It attracts general attention because of his high position. But in truth his whole career has been a sequence of violent ups and downs—of large successes, followed certainly by large disappointments. Oxford thought highly of him, and treated him with the greatest distinction, then reproached and dismissed him. South Lancashire made him her joy, and then turned from him with loathing. Greenwich sprang up and prayed for the honour of worshipping him; now the relations between them are certainly not those of idol and idolators, unless they be such relations as exist where disappointed devotees flog their inexorable images. To return to our figure of a ship apparently borne gallantly on her course, but really carried astern by a treacherous current—such has been our Premier's voyage. While seemingly working towards his goal he has really been losing ground—forfeiting the good opinion of the highest and most intelligent, and falling back by a certain retrocession upon baser and less discriminating appreciation. It is no bar to our argument that his greatest elevation was attained only two years since, for this elevation was given to him by the most fickle and least reflecting classes to which he has ever appealed; and the speed with which they have grown tired of him shows that it was a popular impulse, not a fixed national purpose, which lifted him up.

It is well worthy of remark that all the ruptures between Mr Gladstone and his constituents have been on the same imputed grounds. The constituencies have all said (we do not say it) that he has betrayed them. Oxford University sent him to curse her enemies, and then, like Balak, complained that he had blessed them altogether. South Lancashire's complaint, as far as can be gathered from the cries of the election in 1868, was that Mr Gladstone was a turncoat. The language of a requisition lately composed at Greenwich, and now notorious, is, that Mr Gladstone has "abused his trust." Now, these coincidences are, to say the least of them, very striking. Such an accusation to be brought against Mr Gladstone of all men, and to be thrice repeated at different periods in his life! We have said that we do not make the charges, and are unable to decide whether they are proven or not proven. It is certain, however, that we have

one or two complaints to make against the right honourable gentleman, which have a disagreeable likeness to those put forward by his past and present constituents. We cannot quite forget his conduct to the Irish Church. And we think, and have said before, that the condition to which the three kingdoms have been reduced looks very like a betrayal—as if party interests had been pursued at the expense of national.

But to estimate the significance of all these quarrels we have to consider that every one of them marks the "love to hatred turned" of a powerful class. First the Premier was discarded by the learned members of the university, a body with whom, if with any, we should have thought his sympathies to reside. Then the landed influence of his native county division could not away with him, which was a dismissal still more damaging than the first. And finally, having thrown himself upon "his own flesh and blood," he is considered by the electors of Greenwich, or at least by a portion of them, too slippery for their representative, and requested to resign. One would think that the lowest point of degradation was now reached. But no,—Mr Gladstone's ingenuity in falling is not exhausted;

"And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide."

Perhaps we may hear yet of a jilted Beales or a Finlen *tradito.*

Our power of analysis and our space are both insufficient for giving a full explanation of this most pitiable gravitation toward the lowest room. The condensed reason, as it seems to be finding expression in the country, is, that Mr Gladstone is certainly great in words, written and spoken—that he has an inexhaustible supply of them at the service of anybody and everybody—and that by them he raises an opinion of his general ability, and of a strength of character which he does not possess;—for words, men say, are not works. We may observe, too, that there is a want of dignity in Mr Gladstone—a readiness to (we borrow the phrase from the 'Saturday Review') *descend into the gutter* to serve a temporary purpose, which is most damaging to the people's estimation of him. When he quarrels with a class, the breach is irremediable: and he has incurred the censure of so many classes, that if he should be now, as he probably will be, declared incompetent, there is an end to his hopes, a long farewell to all his greatness. If ever a man ventured, "like little wanton boys that swim on bladders," far beyond his depth, Mr Gladstone has done so. With the presumption of a conscious master of words, and with the short sight of inexperience, he caught at the opportunity of unseating Mr Disraeli's Ministry in 1868, little suspecting that the cry for disarmament which he then raised would so soon work woe to himself. His accession to office by means of that most discreditable attack looked like a triumph, but may prove to have been but the temptation to his severest fall. For if it be truly said that he loses the confidence of every one who trusts him, he is sure, sooner or later, to incur the distrust of the householders by whose votes he rose to power, and then——

Let us whisper in your ear, reader—for it is too soon to say it aloud, though ere long it will be proclaimed from the house-tops—in your ear; nearer; Mr Gladstone is a failure!

BEFORE PARIS.

The sluggishness of the siege of Paris during the months of October, November, December seemed to indicate that the foresight of the great Von Moltke had for once been at fault. He can never by deliberate arrangement have appointed siege operations to take place in the darkest days of winter, when the frozen ground resists the spade, when the hardiest troops can hardly stand to their work, when the transport is most difficult, when the protection of ammunition in field-magazines is wellnigh impossible, when the elements are so likely to second the attempts of the enemy, when disaster, if it should come, would be heaviest. The voluntary acceptance of so much risk, such certain loss, is not excused by the consideration that the attack from without would be doubly effective when it could be seconded by the pressure of cold and famine from within. Loss of time in the operations of war is an error of the gravest kind; and want is as likely to excite ferocity and confirm fanaticism as to quell the spirit of the defenders. On the whole, we incline to reject the supposition that this long interval was in the programme. There has probably been miscalculation somewhere, and the Prussians are supremely lucky in that their enemies have known so little how to profit by the delay and by the inclement season. It would be presumptuous to condemn a course taken by one who has proved himself so able as the veteran chief of the Prussian staff; but we may perhaps say without immodesty that the reason for not proceeding with the siege as soon as the investment was formed is not apparent. At that time the troops inside the city were in great proportion untrained; nothing could have been in order for a siege, even though stores might have been accumulated; the country generally was paralysed by the huge disaster at Sedan, and was for the time unequal to the smallest effort. Every one then looked for the attack, but the attack did not take place. There were, perhaps, excellent political reasons why the attack should not be made then, nor at all; but it is now evident that these reasons were not allowed to prevail. The attack was to be, and it is hard to assign a good military reason why it did not take place earlier. Grant that there was hesitation from any cause, and the prestige which the foresight and decision of Prussia had obtained disappears.

Be the cause what it may, we see the campaign, broken off, as it were, in the autumn of 1870, resumed, after a long *hiatus*, in 1871. On hearing again in the peaceful Christmas holidays of the din and dire accompaniments of battle, the mind can hardly help reverting to the weird legends which the season brings back —is fain to think that the fierce onset, hushed suddenly and paralysed for months by some enchanter, had with the changing year been relieved from the spell, and the demons of war let loose again to ply their infernal mischief and redden the gloom of winter. Once more the character of the defences of Paris rises to importance among the forces which may decide the duration, or possibly the fortune, of the war. As was said in a former paper, there is a continuous enceinte, with a circuit of over twenty miles, enclosing the city and forming the body of the place. The escarp, or retaining-wall which supports the earth of the ramparts, is high enough to make escalade extremely difficult,

and is said to be of good masonry; so that it will take a good deal of hammering before it gives way. The outer bank of the ditch has no wall; the earth lies at its natural slope—*i.e.*, an angle of 45 degrees; and outside the ditch altogether runs another bank about twelve feet high, masking a passage between it and the ditch, which passage is called the *covered-way*. There is no outwork properly so called, but there are many detached forts at various distances (none of them less than an English mile) from the enceinte, and of different degrees of strength. These forts have been irregularly placed according to the nature of the ground, and many of them are respectable works. In the majority of cases, each fort is within supporting distance of two other forts, but one or two are isolated, and must be self-supporting. In particular Mont Valerien, the strongest of them, stands alone. In a regular attack, which seems to be what the Prussians are now beginning, some of these detached forts must of necessity be reduced before the besieger can attack the enceinte; and to reduce them now will, if there be any meaning in the defence, be a more difficult matter than it would have been in the autumn, because the besieged have used the interval to construct earthworks for the purpose of connecting and supporting the permanent detached works.

Two statements have been made in reference to the present value of these works, and if either of them be true the exact strength of the walls will not be of very great moment. One is that ammunition and stores are failing; the other, that when they have got formidable works, the garrison have not got constancy to defend them. In proof of the latter statement the hasty abandonment of the redoubt on Mont Avron appears to be strong evidence. Nevertheless both statements may arise from vain imaginations, in which case we fall back upon the former assertion, that the forts must be reduced and the mile of ground between them and the enceinte then crossed under cover by the besieger—*i.e.*, in zigzag roads, as was explained in our October number.

By reference to the same October number it will be seen that we ventured to state in what method it was likely that the Prussians would deal with the forts. It was there said that they would drown these works in fire, and beat them to pieces. So far as can be perceived, this is the very course which is being pursued. The besiegers will not condescend to open trenches against the outworks, breach their ramparts, and then enter through the breaches; but he seems to contemplate so battering them that the defenders shall be driven out. This, let us remark, would be impossible if there were an approach to equality between attack and defence. From the batteries of such forts, if properly manned and fought, a besieger ought to get, in the first instance, quite as warm treatment as he might give.*

As January rolls away, the chance of the French armies which operate outside the Prussian cordon being able to avert the fate of the capital rolls away also. Paris is left to the skill, constancy, and valour of its defenders, and according to their strength so will its days be. We

* The attacking power of a whole empire is directed on one city. Moreover, it is certain that the redoubt on Mont Avron did not do its best; hence there is reason to fear that the forts may not be doing their best.

Since the text was written, however, the game has become a little plainer. There is doubt as to whether the attack is in earnest, and there may be justification for the forts reserving their fire.

never thought the defence of the city a wise proceeding; nevertheless we hope that, having called all the world to witness their devotion, the garrison will at least make a stand that shall be worthy of such earnest promises. But it is to be feared that these determined men can now do no more than sacrifice themselves dearly. Whether the resistance be long or short, the inevitable end seems to loom through the mist. When the city falls, there must be practically an end of the war. That fatal question, "which of us is greater?" will have been solved, and mankind will be at leisure to sum up the blood and tears and ruin which the solution has cost.

Supposing, now, that the attack be proceeded with in the usual manner, and without more pauses, the place, if well defended, might hold out to the middle of February. By that time the walls at least must fall, and any resistance which might follow would be made among the streets and houses. And we have no warrant whatever for presuming that such fighting will not occur. "Oh! but when once the city walls are taken they must see that there is an end," people are beginning to say. It is, however, by no means certain that they will see anything of the sort. They could see nothing after Sedan; they could see nothing after Metz; they could see nothing when the First Army of the Loire collapsed; nor when the Government removed from Tours; nor in the defeats of Faidherbe or Chanzy; why should they see after the capture of the ramparts? It is better sometimes that people should know when they are beaten, one begins to think, though even yet this war may not furnish a proof that it is so. But those who could see no sense in defending Paris, in turning out raw levies by hundreds of thousands to gorge the dogs of war or to fill German prisons, and in keeping France for months in a state of paralysis, will be slow to recognise the utility or the merit of bringing Ate hot from hell right up to the hearth and the altar. We read in the correspondents' letters that a stray shell falling now in a street of the city causes no consternation, and perhaps an irruption of Prussians, if it occur, may be looked upon as only the commencement of the real struggle. Notwithstanding the accounts of the unpopularity of the commandant, of the attempts of the press and of parties to alter the plan of defence, of the hope of the city being sustained by belief that Chanzy with a delivering army is at hand, and that they can hear his distant guns, we do not feel at all certain that a capitulation will take place, or that the last horrors of fire and sword will not be defied.

The great circuit of the attack is, so far as we know, without a precedent. It is, of course, necessary to thoroughly invest the whole fortress; but when this is done, old maxims prescribe the selection of one or two faces for attack. Upon the attack of these faces the besieger is then directed to concentrate his means, working steadily along upon their salients, and neglecting the faces and the detachments which do not thus come in his way. But as yet it is impossible to say where the Germans mean to breach the enceinte, or to say why their method is so peculiar. By-and-by, perhaps, those who may live to see the end of this terrible war may be enlightened as to the reasons for not making approaches in the old way, and may see the whole theory of attack revolutionised. One is apt to suspect at first that the increased and more deadly range of the rifled musket may have something to do with the change, and may have thrown the whole burden of the attack on the artillery; but when

one reflects, it is clear that the relative ranges of small-arms and cannon are not very different now from what they were in the old smooth-bore and exclusively muzzle-loading days. Of old the small-arm was formidable to the besieger at the distance of two hundred yards, as indicated by the position of his second parallel, and his artillery was effective at about eight hundred yards from the place,—his first batteries being erected at that distance. Now, nine hundred yards for the musket, and from three to four thousand yards for cannon, may be assumed. One doubts, therefore, after all, whether the changed weapons be the cause of the new system, or rather of the experiment, or whether a mind as penetrating as his * who invented the *ricochet* fire has invented a new application of the arms so as to give a decided superiority to the attack over the defence. We are aware that it has been hinted that the artillery attack is, after all, but a sham attack — a little noise and smoke to quiet impatience on the further side of the Rhine, and that now, as in the beginning of the siege, famine is the real assailant in which the Germans trust. But we can hardly believe that such approved leaders would condescend to such deceit; neither can we quite understand the reasons which are supposed to recommend all this "sound and fury, signifying nothing," to cover a delay of which there is no need. We repeat that, notwithstanding that the Germans seem likely to have things their own way, wilful delay is unwarrantable.

While we wait for later intelligence which may peradventure explain more clearly the design and method of the attack, let us quote, as indicative of the feelings engendered by the siege, a passage from the 'Gaulois,' a Paris paper, and copied in the 'Daily News' of the 13th January. In it the enemy are called Prussian beggars, Prussian scoundrels, bandits, Vandals, and the right is claimed of hating them with a royal hatred. And it goes on to say, "You will see by the hatred which we shall ever bear to you, that we too know how to love—our time will come some day, be assured. This January 1 of the year 1871 inaugurates a terrible era of bloody revenge. Poor philosophers of universal peace, you see now the value of your grand phrases, and of your humanitarian dreams! Vainly you imagined that the world was entering into a period of everlasting peace and progress. Wonderful progress, indeed, has 1870 brought us! You never calculated on the existence of these Huns. We are back again now in the midst of all the miseries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The memory of to-day will be written on the hearts of our children. 'It was the year,' they will say, 'when we received no presents, when we did not kiss our father, because of the Prussians. They shall pay for it!' Let us hope that the payment will commence this very day. But if we are still to be vanquished, we will leave to our children the memory of our wrongs, and the care to avenge them." Such writing gives little ground for hoping that the causes of war will die out with this war. The battles of August and September might perhaps have been forgotten or condoned, but the incidents of this siege will no doubt rankle

* Vauban. He found that by slightly elevating a gun, so that its line of fire would pass above the enemy's rampart, he could, with a reduced charge of powder, pitch over the parapet a shot which would make several hops after it first struck the ground. So, by making batteries on the prolongations of the lines of ramparts, he sent destruction among guns, gunners, and musketeers along the inside of the walls.

for years, perhaps for generations to come. Shut in as the civil population of Paris are, they have nothing to do but to brood over their troubles —their wrongs, as they think them —and to vow vengeance, and record harrowing details to keep the feud alive in the breasts of their descendants. This is one reason why to besiege Paris was an ill-advised measure—a reason also why, if siege there was to be, it should have been prosecuted with vigour, and brought to a close as rapidly as possible. If this war be, as it probably is, the product of the wars waged in the beginning of the century, it is likely also to be the parent of wars for many a year. If a Frenchman may ever see that he has opportunity of injuring Prussia, he will always think that he has the justification. We must hope that opportunity will not occur until time shall have cicatrised these wounds, now so agonising, and that new interests, new relations, new distributions of power, may fuse the elements of nations and wear out the bitter grudge. There is some comfort in the reflection that French threatenings do not invariably take effect. England has in times past been told to expect annihilation on an early day, and, when the Russians objected to the French wintering in Moscow, and without great ceremony drove them out, the sense of injury among the French, and their denunciations of future vengeance, were extreme. Yet, except the Crimean War, which was not a very savage war, France has had no fight with Russia. She probably will forget Russian, in occupying herself with German, injuries.

And while we are speaking of the 'Daily News,' let us notice a perplexity of one of its correspondents, which may have been, and may be still, a perplexity to many beside. The correspondent saw iron in any quantity arching through the air, hissing, whistling, and falling upon Paris. He speaks of this to his familiars in the camp as "the bombardment," but is told that this is not a bombardment. If not, then, if this isn't a bombardment, he would like very much to know what is. Unquestionably to send a shower of bombs into a place must be to bombard it, in the broad sense of the word. But in military phrase there is a distinction, which we take to be this: When fortifications defended by artillery are also attacked by artillery, the fight is between battery and battery, between soldier and soldier; it is a battle and nothing else, although waged by parties who are both under cover. In this case military men are used to speak of "the fire" of the besieger, or "the fire" of the place, not of bombardment as proceeding from either side. They reserve the word bombardment for an attack by shells made with the sole object of destruction, and it generally implies that an armed force is endeavouring to burn or destroy an unarmed population, buildings, or shipping. Thus there is an inequality about bombardment, a punishment of the feeble and unresisting which makes the term to some extent odious. We believe this to be the true practical distinction, although it will probably not be found recorded on any learned page; and it is no discredit to the lively correspondent of the 'Daily News' that he does not understand it; far less is it to his discredit that he honestly avows his difficulty. There *are* correspondents more military than Charles XII., more technical than an engineer's siege journal, who, though they may not be very accurate as to facts, and may be given to writing occasional nonsense, would defend their perfect familiarity with military practice and speech as jealously as they would their purse or their dinner.

Being in the vein of investigation, we venture to give our reading, too, of another expression which seems to bother a writer here and there. It is common to read of "the batteries" as opposed to "the forts," as if only the besieger had batteries and the forts had none, but replied from some mysterious source to the besieger's fire. We take it that wherever cannon are grouped or massed together for action, there is a battery. Every fort has its batteries in convenient places, and in every fort that we have seen each battery has a name.

The few days that have elapsed since we began to write of the doings before Paris have brought forth accounts which give some colour to the belief that there is no soul in the German field-attack. The batteries go on firing, it is true, and there is a notice here and there of trench-work; but there is no evidence at all of the regular approaches which would by this time have been far advanced if they had been undertaken with earnestness. It is just such a demonstration as might be made in order to quiet an impatient party at home. Possibly the distance at which the Germans keep may explain in some sort Trochu's unreadiness to make sorties. He, too, perhaps, is playing his game of patience, waiting till his enemy may venture within rifle-range, or may execute some heavy labour which the French, without leaving the shelter of their guns, may destroy after rushing suddenly out. If this be the real exposition of the game that is going on, the French side of it is justified rather than the German, and the French loss of means and labour is decidedly less, supposing always that the pressure of famine can be tolerated for a few weeks longer. According to this view, it is manifest also that the Parisians are acting foolishly in trying to compel sorties. If Trochu can arrange his account with the famine for a few weeks longer, he is quite warranted in reserving his rush upon the Germans until he may get them at greater advantage, which he *must* do if they should be at length driven to work up to the enceinte. The daily cost to the Germans of thus sitting and looking upon Paris must be enormous, which, however, is a point for them to consider, as they have the initiative in the contest. Their honour is concerned in their capturing Paris; but the business of General Trochu is to prevent the capture, to parry their thrusts, counteract their moves, and destroy their works: he is by no means bound to march afield, like Hector, to fight his enemy on the plain when he has the security of his walls.*

The last intelligence which reaches us before going to press is of M. Gambetta's speeches at Lille. It is plain that he intends his country to drink the cup of sorrow to the dregs; while, on the other hand, he has no rational hope of success to offer, only the old vague promises at which the heart sickens. Will history describe M. Gambetta's conduct as patriotism? It is much to be doubted.—*January 24th.*

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* "Car la défense étant par essence bornée à contrarier en tout les progrès de l attaque, il faut que rien ne s'y fasse qui ne tende efficacement à ce but. Rien n'y doit donc être abandonné au hasard, ou, ce qui revient au même, au caprice d'agens peu ou point éclairés!"—Bousmard: 'Essai Général de Fortification.'

"En un mot, si la science de l'attaque n'est autre chose que *l'art de se rendre maître d'une place donnée, dans le moins de temps et avec la moindre perte possible,* celle de la défense devra être définié *l'art de faire acheter la prise d'une place donnée par la plus grande perte possible d'hommes et de temps.*"—Ibid.

WAKE, ENGLAND WAKE!

And thought we that His reign could cease?
And thought we that His day was done?
For that the gentle hand of Peace
Had loosed the War-God's fiery zone?

Wake, England, wake! let heart and hand be steady!
Still for thy motto take: Ready—Aye ready!

A touch!—a flash!—He breaks his chain,
And starts to new and awful birth,
To loose Hell's husbandmen amain,
And sow in blood the fallow earth.

This is no time for pride of pelf;
This is no time to sleep or save:
Britain, arise and arm thyself!
Peace has no home this side the grave.

Wake, England, wake! let heart and hand be steady!
Still for thy motto take: Ready—Aye ready!

Men tell us that our arm is weak;
Men tell us that our blood is cold;
And that our hearts no longer speak
With the rich trumpet-note of old.

With threat and taunt, with scoff and sneer,
They gather round the lion's den,
And deem him all too deaf to hear
The growing tread of armèd men.

Wake, England, wake! let heart and hand be steady!
Still for thy motto take: Ready—Aye ready!

Above, around, and east and west,
The storm-clouds muster swift and dark;
Think *we* the flood of fire to breast,
Safe in our isle as in the ark?

The Prussian is at Paris' gates—
The Prussian dons the iron crown,
And marshals all the vassal States
That at his mailèd foot bow down.

The Russian crouches for his spring—
Columbia rails in England's tongue,
And waits to pierce, with mortal sting,
The mighty loins from which she sprung.

Wake, England, wake! let heart and hand be steady!
Still for thy motto take: Ready—Aye ready!

Faint not nor fail, ye sons of those
  Who were the bravest born of men:
Our nearest friends may be our foes
  Ere Christmas-tide come round again.

Though praying yet for peace on earth,
  Keep dry your powder while you can,
Forearmed to meet for home and hearth
  Man's message of good-will to man.

Pray we that soon, on every land,
  The reign of all the saints may come;
But *till* its dawning, sword-in-hand
  Await we that millennium.

Wake, England, wake! let heart and hand be steady!
Still for thy motto take: Ready—Aye ready!

H. C. M.

THE TEMPLE, *Jan.* 1871.

POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

NOBODY can be surprised to find, not even the persons most deeply concerned, that the confidence of the public in the present Administration has received a serious blow. Even if times had continued as smooth upon the surface as they were, or seemed to be, when Mr Gladstone made his first great bid for power, a like result must have been brought about, though not perhaps so speedily. Statesmen who force their way into office as the avowed advocates of revolutionary measures, greatly deceive themselves if they imagine that, having carried the points to which they were pledged, they may there stand still. The appetite for change among revolutionary constituencies "grows with that it feeds on." The Bill to Disestablish and Disendow the Protestant Church in Ireland, appealing, as it did, to the sectarian prejudices of some and the pure republicanism of others, was accepted by both sections of the extreme Liberal party as a foretaste, and nothing more, of better things to come. So also the Irish Land Act falls so far short in its immediate effects of what was expected from it, that though accomplishing, in point of fact, the greatest social revolution of modern times, it is yet ridiculed and denounced as a delusion and a snare by the very men whom it is designed to benefit. A similar spirit already manifests itself in regard to Mr Forster's English Education Act. The law as it stands declines to recognise religious instruction as a necessary element in popular education. But because it permits such element to be introduced at the option of school-managers, no inconsiderable portion of the Liberal party are dissatisfied. Mr Gladstone will find himself, or we are mistaken, constrained to choose ere long between a modification of the law, so as to make popular education purely secular, and the loss of the hearty support of the National Education League—by no means the least influential section of the party which chose him to be its leader. And, finally, this same question of education for Ireland

has assumed such an aspect, that the Ministers who raised it to serve their own purposes do not know how to deal with it. Cardinal Cullen will be content with nothing less than the incorporation and endowment of a distinct Roman Catholic University, with the substitution for the national-school system which the late Lord Derby established, of a scheme which shall put the elementary education of the Irish people absolutely in the hands of the priests. Now if there be one political arrangement to which, more than all others, Scotch Presbyterians and English Dissenters are averse, it is that by any means, and in any shape, the power of the Romish priesthood should, in any portion of the empire, be increased. Nothing tended more to provoke the wrath of these persons against the Tory Government than their assumed negotiations with the Romish bishops in Ireland, though these came to nothing. Let Mr Gladstone give way in ever so slight a degree to the demands of the same bishops as they are now put forward, and he will drive from him at least a good half of the Scotch and English constituencies to which, while they acted in unison with Irish Roman Catholics, he owed his accession to office.

Another difficulty, having its root in Ireland, besets him; and it is the more formidable that neither he nor anybody else seems to have contemplated its possible occurrence. The Irish Roman Catholic laity, without changing their faith, begin to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of impatience of priestly domination. To what cause this remarkable fact may be attributed, if to any in particular, it is not easy to say. Doubtless many causes have contributed to produce the result. For example, the national schools, notwithstanding the undue hold over them which the Romish hierarchy contrived of late years to establish, certainly did their part in this work. A reading people becomes, by degrees, an inquiring people; and though they may not always, in their search after knowledge, commit themselves to safe guides, they seldom fail to discover on what points their old instructors—especially if these happen to be, as the Romish priests notoriously are, opposed to such inquiries—misled them. Neither, we suspect, now that the excitement of the struggle is over, have the priesthood done much to confirm their hold upon the people by the part which they played in overthrowing the Established Church. The people begin to discover that the question at issue was never their question at all. Their clergy, while yet it was in the distance, persuaded them to the contrary; and believing that rent-charges, ceasing to be paid to the parson, would go into their own pockets, the people marched to the hustings under the priest's leadership, and voted as he desired. But now the measure is carried, and they receive from it no advantages whatever; while the dues and fees to the priest, from which they expected to be exempt, are claimed under the old sanction of spiritual terrorism with as much tenacity as ever. Now the Irish are a remarkably shrewd people, especially where their personal interests are concerned. They see that the priests deceived them. The poor parson, whom they helped to rob under the delusive idea that what was taken from him would go to themselves, was, in all the relations of social life, their best friend. And they are positively angry—in remote country districts especially—with their own clergy, for having beguiled them into driving him away. Moreover, the priests themselves are by no means satisfied with

the issues of the move. They did count on gaining what the Church lost, in spite of the protestations to the contrary of their lay advocates and bishops; and as they already begin to clamour for the restitution, as they call it, of the old cathedrals and parish churches, so it is quite upon the cards that they may aspire even yet to be recognised as the established or dominant clergy in the land. Thus Mr Gladstone is exposed to fresh solicitations from that particular body through whom it is his policy to govern Ireland. If he turn a deaf ear to their demands, the priests will throw him over. If he yield to them, a spirit will be evoked among the people which may prove too strong both for him and his allies.

Again, a very remarkable change has passed, or is passing, over public opinion in Protestant Ireland. The English connection, to maintain which Irish Protestants were ready, ten years ago, to shed their blood, has lost all value in their eyes. We are not prepared to say that the upper stratum of Churchmen, the nobles and great landed proprietors of Ireland, are at this moment, or are likely to become, ferocious repealers. More British than Irish, living a larger portion of their time in England than in Ireland, they still retain a prejudice in favour of the Union, though it is certainly not what it once was. But the bulk of the middle classes, especially the Presbyterians and Orangemen of the north, are passing over one after another, and by shoals, into the camp of the Nationalist party. They argue thus: "What do we gain from the connection? The English Parliament has violated the conditions on which our fathers agreed to surrender their right to self-government. The English Parliament has passed laws, making them special to Ireland, which bring us near to Communism, and must, when pushed to their legitimate issues, land us there. Romanism, to restrain which, and keep its slaves from chronic rebellion, our ancestors gave up their homes in England and Scotland and settled in Ireland, is by the English Parliament pampered and petted, and, in the persons of its hierarchy, raised to be our master. Could we be worse off than we are if the legislative union were dissolved? Is it not, on the contrary, more than probable that we should be better off? Consider how, for lack of capital and enterprise, our trade languishes; how mischievously the curse of absenteeism operates upon society in all its ramifications; how strong the tendency of recent legislation is to increase this evil; how surely and how soon the restoration of a domestic Parliament would stop it. Can anybody doubt that one of the first measures passed by an Irish Parliament would be one compelling the owners of large estates to sell or reside upon their property? Can anybody doubt that the immediate consequence of such residence would be a strong stimulus to industry, and the application of capital to improvements in manufactures as well as in agriculture? Don't talk to us at this time of day about the inevitable ascendancy of Romanism in a domestic Parliament, much less of a course of legislation having for its object the extinction of free thought on religious subjects. These things we might have apprehended a hundred years ago; but our laity, even in the humblest stations, are no longer the slaves of the priests. Remember what was done a year ago in Tipperary. Take note of the issues of the recent contest in Meath. Can you discover in one or other of these events any signs of the danger

to conscience with which you threaten us? You may affect to think lightly of O'Donovan Rossa's return for Tipperary, attributing the circumstance to the peculiarities of the case. Tipperary is the very heart and focus of Ribbonism in Ireland, and the people seized the opportunity of showing how entirely they sympathised with the leaders in the Fenian movement. It was this feeling, and no settled determination to act for themselves, which induced the electors of Tipperary to choose for their representative a captive in his cell. Perhaps so, but can the same be said of the Meath election? No. Excitement, true or false, had nothing to say in guiding that issue. There we have sure manifestation of such a change of public opinion in Roman Catholic Ireland as it had never entered the mind of man to calculate upon; and about the steady progress of which, over an area continually widening, there can be no doubt. Mr Plunkett was the representative man among conscientious and well-born Roman Catholic laymen. Put forward by Cardinal Cullen, taken up by the priests, recommended from every altar to the support of the people, he is by the people rejected, and a stranger from another county called in at a few days' notice; and, most remarkable of all, a Presbyterian by religion is elected by a majority of well-nigh two to one. If this feather thrown up does not show in what direction the wind is setting, there is no truth in auguries. We go in, therefore, for a native Parliament, because the mass of the people desire it; and we are strengthened in the determination by hook or by crook to get what the people desire, because the priests take the other side in the controversy."

It seems then to us that Ireland, which did so much to bring Mr Gladstone into power, is very likely to go as far as any other portion of the kingdom to make his continued tenure of office irksome, if not impossible. Not that he sits upon a bed of roses, in conference with all his nominal supporters elsewhere. The more thoughtful and influential of the Radicals of England and Scotland believe that they have great reason to complain of him. Why, in the readjustment of the Cabinet, rendered necessary by Mr Bright's resignation, did he carefully shut the door of high office in their faces? Why, too, did Mr Bright resign? There are those understood to be deep in his confidence who decline to attribute the incident entirely to broken health. Ill Mr Bright has been, and still is, though he is fast recovering. Indeed the state of his health, while it required him to seek repose, has never been such as absolutely to prevent his taking an interest in public affairs. He might not attend —we know that he did not attend— the very few meetings of the Cabinet which took place during the recess. But he was not kept in ignorance of the matters under discussion; for the intercourse by letter between him and Mr Gladstone has, we are told, been frequent, and of late more than frequent. Something else, then, than physical inability to support his colleagues in the House, and co-operate with them in Council, must have led to his severance from the Government. What that something is we shall probably find out soon after Parliament assembles. Meanwhile it is certain that the section of the Liberal party which follows his lead is out of humour; that they look upon Mr Bright's retirement as a great misfortune to the public, and on the refusal of Mr Gladstone to replace him with Mr Stansfeld, or Mr Mundella, or some other prominent member of their body, as a slight and a wrong done to their party. It is

probable, therefore, that if embarrassments arise, as they are pretty sure to do, in the course of the session, the sturdy phalanx which occupies the front benches below the gangway will not prove the compliant friends whom Mr Gladstone has heretofore found them; and that for such services as they render they will expect a higher price than, out of compliment to Mr Bright, they were accustomed to exact six months ago. Whether Mr Gladstone is prepared to pay that price remains to be seen. Whether, paying or refusing to pay it, he will be able to hold his course, time alone can determine. All that we know for certain is, that he is at this moment steering between Scylla and Charybdis.

But we are not yet done with Mr Gladstone's difficulties — with the difficulties which, apart from incidental and unlooked-for misfortunes, it was obvious from the first that he would be confronted with, as soon as the work of social revolution which he had cut out for himself should be completed. The mode in which his great measures were brought forward, the strong language made use of in pressing them upon public attention, the encouragement given to agitation, and even to outrage, as a means of averting defeat and securing victory—these things have not been without their influence on public opinion both in Ireland and in England. Mr Butt's address to the "patriots" set free from prison, yet exiled from their native land, expresses not his own views, but the views of the entire population. The part played by Fenianism in obtaining for Ireland whatever advantages recent legislation may have given her, Mr Butt, in his address to the exiles, has clearly set forth. Nor is this done in a commonplace declamatory sort of way. The *ipsissima verba* of the great statesman are quoted, crediting to Fenianism, and the outrages attendant on it, all the merit of bringing the people and Parliament of England to reflect upon the wrongs done by them in times past to trodden-down Ireland, and to initiate a course of policy which shall redress these wrongs. There is little doubt that Mr Butt's speech will bring forth fruit abundantly on both sides of the Atlantic. The national press at home will not allow its many readers to forget the advice which the address covers. The high-minded exiles will go about from platform to platform in the land of their adoption, aggravating the hatred, which is already keen enough in the Fenian brotherhood, towards England. Thus, all Mr Gladstone's efforts to conciliate the Irish, and inspire them with confidence in himself, operate in an exactly contrary direction. He makes no friends among the masses, to gratify whom he passed laws that are unjust. He makes enemies of the upper and middle classes by outraging every sense of right among them. The concord and unity of which he spoke as waiting upon his policy is as far distant as ever. Take an example or two of the working of that blessed law, which was to smooth down all differences between landlord and tenant. A gentleman lets, on yearly tenure, a house and four acres of land, for which the rent exacted is forty pounds a-year. By-and-by the landlord wishes himself to occupy the house, and gives his tenant due notice. There is no pretence of foul play on either side; but forthwith the tenant brings an action against the landlord, and having paid him exactly £160 for four years' occupancy, claims to be compensated for disturbance with £270, and carries his

point.* A harmless process-server delivers the documents which are intrusted to him, and goes his way. He is shot dead on the road, and nobody can or will come forward to say by whom the murder was committed. These are not solitary instances, be it observed. Deeds like these are of constant occurrence, and in all parts of the country. Indeed to such a height has the evil risen, that the Lord-Lieutenant is driven at last to meet it with threats. Now, if Mr Gladstone's representative be compelled to use threatening language after two years' experience of the policy which was to insure the loyalty and internal peace of the sister isle, what can the prospects be of the Minister himself, about to face a Parliament discontented with many things, and not least so with the condition to which Ireland is reduced?

Again, the state of feeling among English and Scotch Liberals, as it has shown itself in various ways, is not, to say the least, reassuring. Never, surely, did a man in Mr Gladstone's high place so often and

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* The following, which we extract from the 'Standard' of the 11th of January last, gives a ludicrous but correct account of the working of the Land Law:—

"If the cases under the Land Act increase in number and difficulty in proportion with those which have already, for the short time it has been in force, come before the Chairmen of Counties in Ireland, there will soon be a demand for the increase of the number of those judicial officers. Out of the many that have come before these tribunals, only one case has been decided, the chairmen in all the others finding some knotty point which obliged them to suspend their judgment. Even this case was settled by a sort of compromise. It was tried at Ballymena Land Sessions. The plaintiff, a Mrs Moore, sought to recover £700 (which her counsel reduced in his statement to £500) from her landlord, Mr G. T. Macartney, of Lissanoure Castle, under the third and fourth sections of the Act, for disturbance (four years' rent) and improvements to her house and farm while in the occupation of her husband, from 1852 to 1867, and since his death in 1867 by herself, as his successor in the premises. When the cause had proceeded for some time, after a conference, it was agreed that judgment should be given in favour of the claimant for £350, and that the rent which was due by her should be forgiven. His worship pronounced judgment accordingly.

"In another case—that of 'Garrihy *v.* Molony'—still pending at the County Clare Court, before Mr O'Shaughnessy, Q.C., Garrihy, a tenant, sublet to Molony a house and sixty perches, the agreement being that Molony was to give him two days' labour a-week as payment, and in case the weather prevented labour, two shillings in money. Garrihy served a notice to quit, but Molony clings to the sixty perches, or must get for surrendering them £96. It is alleged that he, upon this patch, 'improved the dwelling, cleared, reclaimed, drained, and subsoiled.' As the Chairman expressed a general opinion in favour of the claim, it will possibly be granted, and Molony put in possession of a little fortune through being put out of possession of a few perches of land. Another Clare case shows that the landlord is not excluded altogether from the privileges of the statute. Captain Stacpoole seeks power to evict a tenant without any compensation, on the ground that he is a 'non-improving' holder, having 'neither value nor stock;' and if the Chairman sanctions the application, there will be a precedent for evicting hundreds of tenants without a farthing. Mr Coffey, Q.C., had before him, at Magherafelt, on Saturday, the claim of a tenant for £166, 17s. 6d., who held seven acres and a rood, and paid £9, 10s., a-year. This sum of £166 was compensation for disturbance solely. The Chairman remarked, 'You wish the whole of the fee-simple of the estate at 20 years' purchase.' On being argued with on the policy of the Act, the Chairman once more remarked, 'Your claim amounts to this certainly—you want the fee-simple of the estate.' The tenant's counsel still pressing his client's legal right, the puzzled judge continued, 'According to your arrangement, I am to hand it over to you. It is no use to say that the policy of this Act is to take and improve a man out of his estate—to have a tenant coming at the expiration of a term, and saying, You have no claim on this estate; I will keep it.' The matter stands over."

so grievously commit himself by the misuse of his pen. His letter to Mr Dease, on the subject of the Pope's loss of temporal sovereignty, is at once the most ill-judged and unfortunate of productions. What business had he to notice the impertinent appeal from Stradbally at all? The Pope, regarded as a temporal sovereign, had his proper place in the political relations of Europe. Fifty years ago England might, perhaps, have objected to any interference with that place, because recent treaties had established for him, not less than for other restored sovereignties, the rights from which conquest had ejected him. Possibly there may still be among English statesmen those who look with little favour upon objects gained by violence and the breach of treaties, even if in the end they hold out some prospects of good to mankind. But for the Minister of a Protestant Queen, the administrator of the affairs of a Protestant empire, to assure a Roman Catholic member of Parliament that her Majesty's Government consider all that relates to the adequate support of the dignity of the Pope, and to his personal freedom in the discharge of his spiritual functions, to be legitimate matter for their notice, is going very far beyond what public opinion will tolerate. What are the due discharge of his spiritual functions by the Pope to the Protestant people of this country? What right has a Protestant statesman, speaking for the Government of a Protestant Queen, to assume any responsibility for the maintenance of the Pope's independence, regarded as a Supreme Pontiff? A Supreme Pontiff is either the visible head of the Church upon earth, or he is nothing. Does Mr Gladstone so regard the Pope, as to justify his writing officially about him thus? Mr Gladstone's unfriends more than insinuate that he has been admitted into the communion of the Church of Rome—though secretly, "for fear of the people." We believe nothing of the sort; yet surely language such as this, employed on an occasion so little urgent, cannot but go some way to gain credence for the scandal. Be this, however, as it may, we are not surprised to find that other bodies besides the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland should be up in arms against so extraordinary a procedure. We shall be very much astonished if Mr Gladstone fail to hear more of the matter when Parliament meets.

Again, Mr Gladstone's friends are quite mistaken if they suppose that his hold upon the lower stratum of the Liberal party—upon the gentlemen who get up processions and tear down railings when refused admittance to the parks—is at all what it was two years ago. The promotion of Mr Beales, politic as it seemed to be, cuts two ways. There is proof enough in the act that the Government recognises and values the support which it received in the hour of need from that respectable gentleman and his adherents. It gives all the sanction, likewise, which could be expected from constituted authority, to breaches of the peace, provided they go to insure the success of a Liberal measure; and it shuts the mouth of a demagogue at a time when his speech might have been inconvenient. But in the lower stratum of the Liberal party there is at least as much of self-seeking—of personal jealousy between man and man—as in any other order of society among us. We doubt whether Professor Beasley, or Mr Harrison, or Mr Odger, or Mr Applegarth, is at all drawn closer to Mr Gladstone and the Government out of gratitude for Mr Beales's promotion. Probably each of these distinguished individuals is of opin-

ion that he has done as much for the Liberal cause as the newly-made county-court judge, and it is just possible that they may all prove hereafter less pliant, should some emergency arise, than could be wished. Indeed they are already showing signs of impatience on a matter which, for other reasons than any assigned by them, occasions both anxiety and grief to better and wiser men than they will ever be. The proceedings at the great meeting in St James's Hall are ominous of a break-up in the Liberal party, and therefore full of danger to its chief. It may be, it probably is, the fact, that Messrs Beesley, Harrison, & Co., take a far deeper interest in the success of the French Republic than in the risk to which France is exposed of dismemberment. But there is no mistaking the object of their resolution, which, though opposed, was carried by an overwhelming majority: "That this meeting condemns and resents the conduct of Mr Gladstone; firstly, for his persistent refusal to accord full official recognition of the existing Government of France; and, secondly, for compromising the honour and safety of the country by the vacillation and feebleness of his foreign policy."

Again, recent proceedings in the borough for which Mr Gladstone sits fling dark shadows before him. The constituency which, only two years ago, opened its arms to the rejected of Oxford and of South Lancashire, repents of what it did, and petitions its member, Prime Minister though he be, to resign the trust which he has abused. There is no record, as far as our knowledge extends, of any such procedure in times past, or anything approaching to it, in this country. For it is absurd to argue, as the ministerial newspapers do, that the Greenwich memorial is a Tory stratagem. It took its rise in feelings quite apart from any which have their roots in mere party differences. Greenwich is suffering from the effects of Government measures, be these in themselves wise or unwise, to an extent of which only they who live within the limits of the borough can form an adequate conception. The abrupt and ill-timed closing of Woolwich dockyard completed the distress which the suppression of the Royal Hospital and of the dockyard in Deptford had begun, and left in the minds of the voters a bitterness to which they were glad to give utterance in the memorial, by whomsoever suggested.

If the preceding statements be correct—and we know of no reason why their correctness should be questioned—enough, as it appears to us, has been said in justification of the sentence, that had the times been as smooth upon the surface now as they seemed to be when Mr Gladstone made his great bid for power, the decline of his popularity, and of that of the Government over which he presides, would still have been, by this time, inevitable. But other causes of dissatisfaction are rife than the apprehension among the more eager of his original supporters that the tide of change has reached the full. The economies of the Government, from whatever side we view them, give little satisfaction to any one. Clerks are sent adrift from public offices on the ground that their services are not needed, and mortal enemies are made of them and of their friends, without diminishing, in any perceptible degree, the public expenditure. For every clerk so dismissed is dismissed with a pension; or else, being put upon what is called the supernumerary list, he continues to draw his salary at the same rate as before, and will go on drawing it till he can be reabsorbed into the office. Not so in other and more

modest directions. At a moment, the most unfortunate that could have been chosen, dockyards were suddenly closed, and the officers and workmen sent about their business; the former with their half-pay, the latter to starve. In every arsenal work was simultaneously suspended in order that, to the utmost attainable degree, artisans and labourers might be weeded out; while stores of all descriptions—timber, cordage, anchors, iron, &c.—were sold at a tenth of what they originally cost, the amount being credited to the public as so much clear gain. The results were, that Mr Lowe was able to bring back the property-tax to its first figure, fourpence in the pound; and that far and near, throughout our seaports and in the capital, a cry arose that families were starving.

Meanwhile troubles accumulate on the Continent, more alarming by far than any with which the present generation had a previous opportunity of becoming acquainted. France and Prussia, after scowling on each other for years, formed or created a ground of quarrel. It seems incredible that the British Government should have failed to anticipate the results in which this jealousy of races must sooner or later issue. Yet the British Government recognised no such possible contingency, or at all events acted as if no such recognition could be accepted. Never, perhaps, in the history of statesmanship was such an exhibition of imbecility made as in Lord Granville's *naïve* announcement to the House of Lords, that there was war on the Continent. He had recently succeeded to Lord Clarendon at the Foreign Office; and, according to his own showing, had received from Mr Hammond, the permanent Under-Secretary of State, an assurance that, so far as foreign affairs were concerned, there was not a cloud on the political horizon. This occurred one day in last July, on the occasion of his first visit to his new office. But behold, ere four-and-twenty hours were passed, and before he had time to congratulate himself and his friends on the pleasant prospects in their future, the clouds gather and a tempest bursts with incredible fury over the fairest provinces of Europe! And Lord Granville is simple enough to hurry down to the House of Lords and announce that he and his Under-Secretary, and all the rest of the Administration, are taken by surprise. Can such an excuse for lack of forethought and prevision be accepted? Is it to be endured that a rich country like this, which has its ministers at every court, and its consular agents supposed to have their eyes open at all the great marts of foreign industry, shall not be warned of coming events so stupendous as have marked the progress of the last six months? Frankly, we do not believe in the utter ignorance that was pretended. Enough had been shown in the Luxembourg controversy of the spirit which animated both France and Prussia, to put statesmen gifted with ordinary prudence upon their guard. And one such statesman the Cabinet was supposed to boast of, while yet Lord Clarendon lived—a man trained to his craft by long residence abroad, and a familiar acquaintance with the political views of foreign Governments. Whether Lord Clarendon warned his colleagues of the danger that threatened the peace of Europe, and urged them to postpone their economic hobbies till England should be in a position to make her influence felt abroad, we have no means of judging. It seems more than probable that he did, though doubtless with that diffidence, that disinclination to hold his own in dispute, which was the weak point in his character. Be this as it may,

we all know how the occasion was dealt with. Either the Cabinet refused to recognise the approach of danger, or they counted on being able by moral suasion to avert it again, as it had been averted before. While the rest of Europe was arming, they hastened to disarm. Trained soldiers were discharged; ships of war were put out of commission; magazines were emptied; arsenals silenced. Not since just before the outbreak of the first French Revolution was England so powerless as in last July, and the consequences are upon us.

We have spoken elsewhere about the origin of the Franco-German war, throwing the chief blame—where we still believe it ought to rest—upon the French nation. Their wounded vanity would not endure that Prussia should exercise greater influence in Europe than themselves, and they seized the opportunity which the candidature of a German prince for the Spanish throne afforded, to measure swords with their military rivals. It is the fashion now to say, that not the nation but the Emperor sought the war. This is a false representation of the case. Probably, had the Emperor shown too ready a disposition to accept the withdrawal of the candidate as closing the controversy, he might have damaged himself in public opinion. And such damage to himself, circumstanced as he then was, would have been fatal, sooner or later, to his dynasty. But no assertion can be less correct than that he dragged the nation into war for dynastic purposes. It is true that he gave his voice for war in opposition to the majority of his Cabinet, —but what then? He could not help himself. The people were in a state of mind which a telegram, imperfectly deciphered, as subsequently proved to be the case, lashed into frenzy; and the sole choice left to the Emperor was, to direct the tide by going with it, or to be swept away by it. Had England been prepared at that moment to say that she could not permit the war—had she been able to show that her sword was of weight enough to turn the scale against whichever Power fired the first shot—we no more doubt than we doubt our own existence that not a shot would have been fired. Prussia did not desire war, though well prepared to accept it. Napoleon needed only some fair excuse to hold back from it; because, both from policy and from natural temperament, Napoleon III. hates war. But England had no sword to fling into either scale. The Government knew this, and, venturing upon nothing beyond a remonstrance, they proclaimed their own neutrality, and left two nations —towards both of whom they professed the most friendly sentiments —to rush at each other's throats and fight it out.

It has been our misfortune for many years back—indeed, ever since the Manchester school got into the ascendant—to have pressed upon us, in newspapers, in pamphlets, and speeches, both on stump and in the House of Commons, that the first duty of the Government is to avoid mixing up England in the affairs of other countries—in other words, that it is both prudent and praiseworthy to abstain from trying to exercise any influence beyond the four seas, except such as may induce foreign nations to receive our cotton goods, and to give us in exchange their silks and wines and corn on fair terms. The old doctrine of the balance of power in Europe is quite gone out of date, and in its room we are urged to accept it as a political axiom, that all nations, and especially an insular nation like England, best consult their own honour and safety if they decline to interfere in the quarrels

of other nations, as soon as these pass out of the sphere of peaceful arbitration. A little passing inconvenience may from time to time be occasioned by rigid adherence to this principle. But the principle, as it is a sound one, so in time it will be recognised all over the world, and the policies of nations become, for the promotion of the arts of peace, a sort of federal policy; in matters which are not peaceable, one of strict isolation. For the world has learned much since the days of our grandfathers. Material wealth, substantial comforts, these are the great objects for which nations as well as individuals now live; and the nation which keeps this great truth most constantly in view, must in the end take the lead of all other nations. This view of things culminated, we believe, about the period of the first International Exhibition. Wars were ended then, the reign of peace had set in, and the best thing England could do was to disband her armies, lay up her fleet in ordinary, and try to become the workshop of the world.

It would be to repeat a tale thrice told were we to show how, year after year, subsequently to this closing of the temple of Janus, events more and more falsified the anticipations of our philosophical instructors. Human nature seemed to take part against them. Nations, like individuals, continued to be moved by more than a regard to material advantages, and persisted in acting one towards another as ambition, national jealousies, and rivalries might suggest. How long was it after 1852 before peaceful England found herself involved in war with Russia? What has been going on in Italy since that date? Even the great Western Republic, having nobody else to contend against, battled with herself; while, at the same time, she so interfered in the internal affairs of Mexico as to deprive that unhappy country of her last hope of getting a Government strong enough to substitute for anarchy the reign of law. And when we turn our eyes elsewhere, what is the spectacle that meets them? In Spain, revolution. In France, whether Republic or Imperial, a determination to give the law to all her neighbours, mixed up with an irrepressible yearning for territorial aggrandisement. In Germany we see an ambition, laudable perhaps in principle, but in its development overriding all considerations of justice and equity—that nations cognate, yet weak because they stand apart, should become one. The events to which this ambition led are fresh in our memories, if indeed they can as yet be said to have summed themselves up. For successful war is a mighty instrument to change the dispositions both of peoples and their rulers. And the German tongue is spoken elsewhere beyond the geographical limits of Germany than in Alsace and part of Lorraine. Meanwhile Russia is gathering up her strength, and more than repairing the damage that she took at the hands of England and France sixteen years ago. Austria, too, weakened as she is, still puts herself in an attitude of defence; and all the smaller states—Holland, Belgium, Switzerland—are bristling with bayonets. Now, these results did not come about in a day. Continental Europe has been a huge camp for not far short of twenty years, without, as it would seem, giving an hour's serious uneasiness to the Liberal Governments which have in this country succeeded one another. Only during the brief reigns of the Tories — first in 1859, next in 1867—was anything done to keep us abreast of the warlike preparations going on elsewhere; and invariably on

the return of their rivals to Downing Street, the work which the Tories had begun was interrupted, and, as far as it was possible, annulled. But if they kept down the fighting powers of the nation, the Liberals found ample employment in remodelling the machinery by which both navy and army used to be directed. How mischievous this policy of change has been in the case of the navy, we took occasion so long back as June of last year to show. In the article for that month, entitled "The Admiralty," the writer, Admiral Martin, whom we need not now hesitate to name, proves to demonstration that the old Board of Admiralty, though not perfect (what human institution is?), was a thousand-fold better suited than the new for the wise administration of that branch of the public service over which it was set. "In such a department as the Admiralty" (we quote from the paper in question) "there must be distinct branches, which ought to work with a mutual and earnest desire to assist each other in a common purpose, and for a common credit. These ends were attained by the branches being severally allotted to different members of the Board, who, collectively in council, determined on all matters tending to change any established principle of the service, as well as on all measures of importance. 'Boards,' as these meetings were called, were held daily, or very frequently during each week; and their decisions, which were at once minuted, were paramount in every branch. The branches being superintended each by a member of the Board, measures were systematically undertaken, unexpected hindrances were encountered, and unexpected facilities were improved by a corresponding adjustment of work. Each superintendent of a branch being a party to the decisions, an individual character was as certainly imparted to the results as if they had issued from one person only. But setting aside theory, undoubtedly this system, approved by such Ministers as Sir James Graham, Sir Francis Baring, Lord Halifax, and the Duke of Somerset, after each had enjoyed many years' experience of Admiralty business, is likely not only to possess merit, but merit of the highest order."

Whatever merit might attach to the system, it received no recognition from Mr Childers. Bringing to a great department of State the views of a trader, he no sooner found himself in power than he proceeded to revolutionise the entire office. "The Board meetings have been discontinued in any proper sense, and most important measures have been acted upon by some Lords, of which other Lords have known nothing." "The notorious result of the altered organisation of the Admiralty is an absence of any common principle of professional policy, a want of concert among the branches, conflicting regulations, and ill-advised orders. In short, it is admitted by those who are competent to judge of the manner in which Admiralty business is conducted, that the changes in the constitution of the department would have subverted its administrative powers, even had the branches been under the guidance of the most discreet and the wisest men. The chaos into which the Admiralty is plunged, shows that the Lords are unequal to their work."

That this sentence, pronounced upon the Admiralty as now constituted, by one whose intimate acquaintance with the service gives enormous weight to his opinions, is not too severe, there needs but a glance into recent proceedings to demonstrate. The office, in Mr

Childers's hands, has become disorganised.* It is discourteous to all who have business of any kind to transact with it. "Its harsh treatment of civilians, its want of sympathy for the active service, and the disdainful extinction of the naval element at the Board, have destroyed feelings the loss of which is deplorable." One would really think, while reading these details, that it was the War Office, not the office in Whitehall, of which the portrait is presented. For thus the story continues to run: "The dangerous theory, that the navy should be ruled absolutely by a Minister, in the sense that his professional advisers shall be released from responsibility, is avowedly brought into practice at the Admiralty. If the naval advisers of the Minister are to be absolved from direct official responsibility to Parliament, a great national danger is incurred." Again, after pointing out how idle it would be to rest, as Mr Childers is disposed to do, upon private yards, for the construction and maintenance of the fleet, the writer goes on to say:—

"A very objectionable change has just been made in the dockyard administration, by abolishing the storekeepers, and transferring their departments, as well as that of the engineers, to the master shipwright. This will increase a previously-existing evil; for the master shipwright has been so much confined to his office that he could not sufficiently supervise the building and equipping of ships. It is, moreover, fatal to the important principle (so essential for any effectual control of expenditure), that the person issuing stores ought not to be he who expends them." Surely Mr Childers must have taken counsel with Lord Northbrooke before arriving at this curious conclusion. In the Committee on Army Administration, over which the noble Lord presided, and of which the members were two civilians—one, Mr Stansfeld, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury; the other, Mr Anderson, of the Audit Department in the Exchequer—the idea of exercising any check upon expenditure, other than the party expending might establish for himself, is held up to ridicule. Verily we have fallen into strange hands at both the great sources of national expenditure. No wonder that the estimates continued to go up in spite of a perpetual chorus of economies. It will be well if to this be not added, when the hour of trial comes, a display of inefficiency which shall prove fatal to our very existence.

Against that catastrophe, so far as the navy is concerned, we have, thank God, to oppose the indomitable courage of British seamen, the high training of British officers, and an ironclad fleet, to which the Tories gave the first impulse, and which is now more than a match for any other two navies in the world. Give the fleet fair play—in other words, keep it always in home waters—and a descent upon our shores, except for predatory purposes, is impossible. But an iron fleet which consists at most of forty-eight or fifty sail, an immense proportion of which, by the by, carries armour only from 4½ to 6 inches in thickness, cannot afford adequate protection at once to the English

* In thus expressing ourselves we desire to bring no graver charge against Mr Childers, than that, in common with his colleagues at the War Office, he entirely mistook the proper objects for which the office over which he presides exists. Mr Childers is an able man, whose state of health all who know him deplore. But he has not made a good First Lord, any more than Mr Cardwell has made "a wise" War Minister.

coasts, to the colonies, and to the maritime trade of the country. You must scatter it when war comes, be the disinclination so to do as strong as it may; and when scattered, it obviously runs the risk of being overmatched somewhere. Now this somewhere might be in the Channel, or the North Sea, or away in the Atlantic; for Ireland must be guarded with even greater jealousy than Great Britain. Are we acting wisely, then, in placing for purposes of defence our entire dependence on the fleet? The nation has answered this question in the negative, and we have only to indorse the nation's opinion. We cannot trust, even for purposes of defence, entirely to the navy. We must have a thoroughly efficient army—efficient in point of numbers, efficient in organisation and armament, efficient in its system of administration and supply—to act with or supplement the fleet. Have we such an army? No.

Again, there are treaties in existence which bind us to defend the integrity of more than one Continental State, should it be assailed. We are guarantees to Turkey for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. We are guarantees to Portugal, to Belgium, and to Luxembourg, that the neutrality of all these shall be observed. Possibly the Ministers who laid these obligations on the country may have committed an indiscretion; but a country cannot, any more than an individual, escape from its obligations, however inconvenient they may be; and thus, whenever Portugal or Turkey, or Belgium or Luxembourg, calls upon us to come to her support, we must go, or forfeit our good name among men. Now, no country, especially a commercial country like England, can afford to lose caste among the nations. If we be unable or indisposed to help those who have a right to our support in their hour of danger, we shall soon find that our own hour of danger has struck. A Power once great, and still rich, no sooner exhibits signs of feebleness than it becomes the object, first of insult, and by-and-by of outrage, to other Powers. How long will it be, after we shuffle out of our obligations to any one of the four states just enumerated, ere the Union-jack shall cease to protect the merchant ships over which it waves, and our rights of fishery, both in Europe and America, be invaded? And yet, were we not on the very point of backing out of our obligations to Belgium? Perhaps Mr Gladstone never did more damage to himself and to his Administration than he brought upon both at the opening of the Franco-Prussian war. It was not enough that the state of our armaments rendered interference on the part of England to stop the war impossible. The Minister, when questioned in the House of Commons respecting the intentions of the Government in the event of an invasion of Belgium by either of the belligerents, refused to give a categorical answer. Had Lord Granville followed his example, and practised like reticence in the House of Lords, our belief is, that in both Houses a vote of want of confidence in her Majesty's Ministers, if moved, would have been carried by acclamation.

But it is not in this particular alone that the Government has shown its incapacity to deal with great national difficulties when they arise. No doubt the reorganisation of the military resources of the country is not a work to be performed in a day. And we can well understand that gentlemen, wholly unaccustomed throughout their previous lives to consider such a subject otherwise than as one carefully to be avoided, should be at a loss how to deal with

the advice which pours in upon them like a flood from all quarters. But what we blame the present Government for is, that they should have refused to seek advice earlier, except from partisans whose sole object appears to have been to win their favour by pressing forward reductions. For example, there is no excuse—there can be none—for the state of absolute destitution in which we suddenly find ourselves in the important matter of serviceable gunpowder. Mr Cardwell, when questioned on that head towards the close of last session, stated that the magazines were full, and that he had facilities for producing in a week or a fortnight (we forget which) as much powder as was expended in the siege of Sebastopol. The statement was literally true, yet substantially most inaccurate. The magazines are full of old powder, the use of which, after a few rounds, would disable the guns on which we now rely. Of pebble-powder, however, which alone will be used for rifled artillery in future wars, there is not on hand more than enough to supply each gun which has been lately mounted on the defences with twenty-five rounds. And we are buying it as fast as we can from private makers at not far short of double the price which, when the pressure ceases, they will be ready to take for it.

It is not, however, necessary, considering the exposures which it has undergone elsewhere, to demonstrate, by reference to example, in this place, the absolute worthlessness of the military system, considered as a whole, which Liberal statesmen have set up. Everything connected with the regular army, with the militia, with the volunteers —their armament, their organisation, their equipment and means of transport—is at sixes and sevens. Committees sit daily to inquire and to report; and their printed reports, with the evidence which they collect, are cast aside as so much waste paper. Lord Elcho writes letters, the tenor of which is at variance with what the Secretary of State had uttered in the House of Commons; and the Secretary of State, seizing the occasion of the address of the Greenwich electors to Mr Gladstone, puts a gloss both upon his own speech and upon his subsequent conversation with Lord Elcho, such as the noble lord can hardly fail to notice when he and Mr Cardwell are sitting near each other in the House. Meanwhile Mr Cardwell is not idle. He failed to get the 20,000 men for whom he took a vote in August last; he is arranging to take another vote for 20,000 men more, as soon as Parliament meets. Will he get them? If he was slack previously to July 1870 in providing proper armament for our forts and ships and men, he is pushing on the operation now with great vigour. There is reason to believe, also, that, advised by Sir William Mansfield, he had arranged a plan of extensive and national military organisation. The exact amount to be added to the estimates was even named—viz., four millions. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when appealed to, denounced the scheme as preposterous, and refused point-blank to go beyond two millions in excess of what was voted for the service last year. Hence the miserable programme of which, by some means or another, the 'Standard' got possession, and with which, as all that the Government means to attempt, the Houses are expected to be content. How the Houses may treat the announcement that we are to be put off again with a paltry increase to the regular army, it is not for us to guess. But two points seem quite clear. The country is

perfectly well aware—first, that of the 20,000 men voted last year not 10,000 were enlisted; and next, that if thrice 10,000 men were added to the regular army this year, we should still be contemptible in the presence of such an emergency as the present. The country will therefore reject the paltry proposal if it be made, and insist upon one of two things—either that the present Ministers do their duty, or that they make way for others who will.

It is for these and other reasons, to enumerate all of which would overstep the limits at our command, that an Administration which came into office borne breast-high on the tide of popularity is fast becoming—we may rather say has already become—an object of distrust to the whole empire. The incapacity of its chief to deal with foreign affairs is scarcely more fatal to his influence than the line which it pleases him to take in domestic matters. On all sides we hear the question asked, What is Mr Gladstone? Is it because he has joined the communion of the Church of Rome that he writes to one man about sustaining the Supreme Pontiff in the independent exercise of his spiritual functions; and when fairly and frankly taxed with apostasy by another, that instead of treating the impertinence with the contempt which it deserved, he fences with the charge while seeming to rebut it? Is it because he thinks of playing a Palmerstonian game, that he fills his Cabinet with old Whigs, leaving his Radical friends out in the cold? Is it because he is still at heart a Radical, bent on further constitutional changes, that he accepts with gratitude the address of the extreme Liberals of Greenwich, and thus keeps his seat for a borough which has invited him to resign? Is he playing fast and loose with Dr Candlish in Scotland, with Cardinal Cullen in Ireland, with Mr Miall in England? Is his mind so wholly engrossed with parish matters that he cannot give a thought to those imperial questions, on the right solution of which will depend our existence as a great Power now and for evermore? People blame Mr Cardwell, Mr Childers, and Mr Lowe. They deserve to be blamed, each in his own degree. But the great culprit of all is he who formed the Administration, and presides over it, and against whose deliberate judgment no opposition could prevail, if he were capable of taking a correct view of what the country really needs, and of the measures to be pursued in order to supply them. Yet this man can find time, or the world belies him, to write at least one paper for a Review, of which the obvious effect must be, accepting the fact of its authorship, to exaggerate against England the just indignation of Germany. Mr Gladstone has done many foolish things in his day, and said very many foolish and mischievous things. But anything at once so mischievous and insane as the inditing of the essay to which we refer, it is hardly possible to conceive that even he could have committed. For ourselves, we discredit the story, and only wonder that, for his own sake, he should hesitate to get rid of such a serious imputation by frankly and openly contradicting it.

On the whole, then, our position seems to be this: We have the misfortune to have at the seat of power a body of men who won their way to the places which they still hold by bidding against the great institutions of the country. The particular measures which they undertook to carry they carried triumphantly. But those who lifted them into office desire a great deal more;

and because they hesitate and hang back, their *quondam* friends fall out with them. The men thus lifted into power on the crest of a revolutionary wave, have no notion of governing on imperial principles. They never look beyond the requirements of the hour — their *beau ideal* of policy is to diminish taxation. The colonies and dependencies of England, on which, to use a well-worn phrase, "the sun never sets," are to them as if they had no claim on their attention. These two small islands, with the wants and wishes of their inhabitants—often unreasonable, not unfrequently unjust—engross the whole of their care, and that, too, after a fashion which makes them perfectly indifferent in regard to the terms in which they are spoken of by other nations all over the world. They cannot see that a people which is both hated and envied must sooner or later be struck at. They have not the heart to resent insults, or to put themselves in a plight to resist more serious aggressions. Will the country endure that this state of things should last? Oh, but who is to succeed, then? Well, there is a difficulty there. What could induce Lord Derby to commit himself, as he did, to a policy of national defence so puerile as that which he expounded to the volunteers of East Lancashire? Why is Lord Salisbury silent? If he had been present at the distribution of prizes to the London Scottish, and backed up, as we cannot doubt that he would have done, Sir William Mansfield's soldierly and statesman-like view of the crisis,* he would have fixed upon himself the eyes of that large and increasing number of men who need but the appearance of a competent leader to form themselves into a party divorced from worn-out traditions, or banded together for the defence of the country and its honour. But the question of a Government to succeed the present has not yet been raised. We have Mr Gladstone and his friends, and we may be obliged to keep them; or if, as is possible, they break down, it would be a libel on the intelligence of the country to suppose that then must come the Deluge. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that we anxiously desire to see the best of the moderate men on both sides—the best of moderate Liberals and the best of moderate Conservatives — come together for the sole purpose of saving the monarchy, and giving back to it its legitimate place in Europe.

That our present rulers are capable of effecting these ends, neither their friends of the press, nor their *quondam* supporters among the constituencies, seem any longer to believe. Of the frame of mind into which the electors are falling, some very curious specimens are now before us. Take the following as not the least remarkable among them.

Three Liberal statesmen—two of them actual members, the third an

* We must guard ourselves against assenting to the whole of Sir William Mansfield's views. His proposal to limit the command of a regiment to five years—because for five years only a brigadier holds his command—is astounding. We had thought that regiments were regarded as families—that the beauty of our system was in so dealing with them. But if you change your lieutenant-colonels every five years, why not your captains also? Brigades change in the regiments which compose them over and over again within five years—what similarity is there between their condition and that of battalions? Neither was Sir William more happy in his reference to the customs of the navy. The wisdom of paying off ships only that they may be recommissioned every three years, is at best questionable. But if the parallel is to hold, we must disperse the men of our battalions periodically, as the crews of ships are dispersed. Will any man acquainted with the service advocate such a proceeding as this?

ex-member, of the Administration—went down the other day to visit their constituents, and to give an account of their stewardship. The two gentlemen still in office, Mr Forster and Mr Stansfeld, met with a reception the very reverse of cordial. The former, while the meeting was in progress, heard himself roughly condemned by many voices; and, at the close of the day, a vote of censure was carried against him for the part which he played in promoting the Government scheme of National Education. The latter, because he avowed himself antagonistic to the opinions on that head entertained by his colleague, was so far favoured that his constituents condescended to signify their approbation. But this did not prevent the meeting from expressing entire want of confidence in the Government, and forcing their member, in his attempt at a defence, into the utterance of the vaguest and most self-contradictory platitudes. Very different was the treatment awarded to Mr Otway, who, disapproving the policy of the Government, had resigned his place as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and become an independent member of Parliament. For him the electors of Chatham could not say too much. When he ceased to speak in measured terms of condemnation about his late colleagues and their doings, a resolution was passed, by an overwhelming majority, "expressing entire satisfaction with his public conduct, and pledging the meeting to give to him their entire confidence and support."

These are ominous occurrences, more than justifying what we have said elsewhere respecting the position of the Government, yet they are scarcely more ominous than the comments made upon them by the 'Times.' On the 21st of January last, an article appeared in that journal, which, after analysing fairly, and therefore with great damage to her Majesty's Ministers, the proceedings at Bradford, Halifax, and Chatham, concludes thus:—

"There is no wish either in Parliament or the country to upset the present Government, yet it is better the truth should be told. There is an uneasiness, a certain amount of dissatisfaction, of vague discontent, a want of perfect confidence, manifested by a thousand signs to those who keep their eyes open to see what is to be seen. Men say that the strongest of the Ministers bury themselves in their departments; the way in which they avoided meeting during the autumn was a scandal; and there is a fear—which cannot, perhaps, be supported by strict evidence—that when they meet they shrink from difficult questions, turn away their eyes from hard tasks, and hope that by some wonderful luck such difficulties may be got rid of by being left alone. Hence, possibly, an almost jealous attention was devoted to Mr Stansfeld's speech. A modification of the Ministry is imminent, or is even now in progress, and Mr Stansfeld is named as the man who is to come into the Cabinet as the representative of advanced Liberalism—of the party that has ideas and aims. Under such circumstances, what is to be said of his speech on Thursday at Halifax? It is a bad copy of the bad manner of his master. It may advance him at once to a seat in the Cabinet—for no flattery is so sweet as imitation—but it will not advance him in the judgment of the public. We exhort him to stop in his career of declension before it is too late. Let him get back out of the bad way with all speed, and we will do our best to forget that he ever wandered into it."

Meanwhile in Ireland the plot thickens. The attempt to assassinate Supple, the police constable, has brought to light a state of things more alarming than our worst fears had represented it to be. "Persons," we quote from the 'Dublin Evening Mail,' "who have been for some time under the special protection of the police, have withdrawn themselves from that guardianship, and thought it wiser to pay blackmail to the Ribbon exchequer than to rely upon the law of the land. This is openly said, and the English

Government should be made aware of the fact." "The reign of terror is not narrowed to Westmeath only, but those who know the country well say openly that the persons who maintain the Ribbon system there are well known, and that they could be easily laid hold of." Nor are things much better nearer to Downing Street. When volunteers hold public meetings to protest against orders issued from the War Office, and when the protesters are sustained and urged on by leading demagogues, not being volunteers, to assert their rights as English citizens, the work cut out both for the War Minister and for the Home Secretary would appear to be serious. On the whole, our prospects, whether we look abroad or at home, do not become brighter the closer we examine them.

P.S.—Just as the above sentences were going to press, an original and curious correspondence between Mr Arthur Kinnaird and Mr Gladstone came under our notice. The Liberal and pious member for Perth seems to have been greatly scandalised by Mr Gladstone's epistolary intercourse with Mr Dease. In conjunction with his friend Mr J. Chambers, he protests formally against the Premier's phraseology, and forthwith sees and converses with him thereanent. Still dissatisfied or in doubt as to the right honourable gentleman's meaning, he writes again, after an interval of a fortnight; but, on this occasion, in a more familiar style. We should spoil the effect of this subsidiary correspondence were we to give it otherwise than in full.

"PALL MALL, *Jan.* 19, 1871.

"MY DEAR GLADSTONE,—With reference to our interviews about your letter to Mr Dease, am I right in distinctly understanding from you, that the expressions used by you were in no wise intended to pledge the Government to do anything to mix itself up in any manner with the Pope's spiritual power, but merely designed to express their readiness, should any restraint be placed upon his person and personal acts by the civil power *contrary to the principles of complete civil and religious liberty*, to represent this personal grievance to the State and Government, especially bearing in mind that the many millions of British subjects are interested in him, through their religious connection with him?—Ever yours most truly, A. KINNAIRD.

"The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE."

The idea of securing civil and religious liberty to the Pope is comical enough. The laboured and awkward terms in which the whole question is put are not less so. Here is the reply:—

"CARLTON TERRACE, *Jan.* 19, 1871.

"MY DEAR KINNAIRD,—You have quite accurately understood those expressions in my letter to Mr Dease to which you refer. With many thanks, truly yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE.

"Mr A. KINNAIRD, M.P."

Comment upon these epistles would be superfluous. We commend them to the serious attention of Cardinal Cullen, Dr Candlish, Mr Miall, and Mr Punch.

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FAIR TO SEE.—PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

The programme of the Cairnarvoch party for the 13th of August had been to shoot over some ground lying near home, not to start till after the family breakfast, and to make a short and easy day of it. The plan was, however, upset, as so many plans of the sort are, in the Highlands, by the weather. The sun had gone down upon the 12th in a blaze of glory, and Ben Scarrig, where his last rays lingered, had signalled from cloudless glittering peaks all manner of golden promises for the morrow; but a sudden change had set in after midnight, and a mournful tableau it was which met the eyes of the sportsmen when the inexorable *réveillé* of Hamish M'Erracher roused them from their slumbers. The mountains were swathed in horrible wet-blankets of cloud. On the lower hills the pine-trees loomed through stagnant mists with a dejected, blue-devilly aspect. The linn and the swollen river moaned wearily, wearily; but, save for their monotonous lamentation, a dumb and dreary stillness held the air. The rain fell perpendicularly, and in buckets; for there was not a breath of wind, and the motionless clouds wore in their stolid immobility the look of that most inveterate class of kill-joys who have "a duty to perform."

Even the terriers, who usually hailed the piper's first note with a storm of rival howling, this morning, with their quaint impressionableness to the weather, only half rose in the various nooks where they bestowed themselves, and with one querulous half-yelp, half-yawn, subsided again, and left Hamish undisputed master of the situation. It was, of course, agreed on all hands that shooting was out of the question; and the party separated after breakfast to do battle with the "enemy" according to their several inclinations. Bertrand and Pigott betook themselves to their private sanctum, where, what with writing letters, loading cartridges, drowsing

over the newspapers, abusing the weather, and smoking tobacco, they managed to pass the forenoon well enough.

M'Killop disappeared with Tainsh into the business-room to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of a certain investment in land meditated by the former: Mrs M'Killop went about her household cares; and Morna, finding that Mr Duncanson was cut adrift, and disposed to inflict himself upon her for the forenoon, made an early retreat to *her* sanctum, leaving the young laird to his own sweet thoughts, and the distraction of a match between his right hand and his left in the billiard-room.

By these dispositions, when Mrs M'Killop returned to the drawing-room she found it empty; and when, some half an hour later, Mr Tainsh repaired thither from his conference in the business-room, he found that lady by herself; and Mr Tainsh was glad of this, for a *tête-à-tête* with his hostess was exactly what the factor coveted at the time. Rather a desperate expedient for killing a wet day, it may appear at first sight, but Mr Tainsh had something much more serious in view. We know that the public credited him with matrimonial intentions, and the imputation was correct; and it was because it was correct, not merely in a vague, abstract way (beyond which the public did not go), but definitely and concretely so, that he was thus willing to face Mrs M'Killop in her den, prepared even to endure a general parade and "march past" of her shadowy ancestors, from the days when Kenneth, son of Alpin, ruled the land. The truth of the matter is, that the factor's matrimonial aspirations were closely connected with a young lady who has not as yet made her appearance personally on our stage, but who, from certain stray allusions to her on the part of her step-mother and step-sister, may be expected to be found dangerous to the male sex when she does make her *entrée*. It is quite certain that Mr Tainsh had found her so. Miss Eila M'Killop had produced a very powerful impression upon him, even at first sight: he had nursed the impression, and subsequent meetings had confirmed it: eventually he had set himself in a business-like way to consider the *pros* and *cons* of the matter; and seeing no prudential reasons why he should not indulge his fancy, he had "concluded" to fall in love with her, and had done so accordingly. That he had received encouragement from the lady, it is not for us to say; but it is very possible that he had. He was by no means ill-favoured or disagreeable in his way: he was reputed rich: the lady had really no substantial reasons for affecting social superiority; and why not Tainsh as well as another? Besides, encouragement by no means implies ulterior consent, as many dear but haggard readers must be too well aware. The neighbourhood of Cairnarvoch was thinly peopled; visitors to the castle were few and far between; and if a young lady in such a situation is not to keep her hand in when chance occasions offer, what, pray, is to become of her skill of fence when the foil is exchanged for the small sword, and she wishes to use the latter to the best advantage in real earnest? So it is very probable that Mr Tainsh had something to go upon; but if it were so, being a prudent man, he was anxious to know a little more about the ground he occupied before he took action: he was also desirous of securing an ally; and there *were* one or two little matters of finance which, as a man of business, he thought might stand some elucidation. And hence his hardihood in plunging into a

tête-à-tête with Mrs M'Killop. That lady (who had no suspicion of the factor's views—for Tainsh was a sly dog) was always friendly and cordial to him. Her manner, indeed, was intended to mark that a social Gulf *did* yawn between them, albeit masked, as much as was possible, by her gracious artifices of condescension; but Tainsh was happily as unconscious of the Gulf as of her benevolent efforts to ignore it; and hence they met on very easy and pleasant terms.

"Well, Mr Tainsh," she said, as he entered, "and what are *you* going to make of yourself all this ongnweeong day?"

"There is a certain cure for ennwy in your company, Mrs M'Killop, and here I come to avail myself of it," replied the serpentine factor.

"A very gallant speech, Mr Tainsh; but you shouldn't throw away such pretty things upon an old woman."

"If *you* begin to call yourself old, Mrs M'Killop, it will be time for *me* to give up making pretty speeches."

"As if we were contemporaries!"

"Much about a muchness, I should say."

"Oh you flatterer! You can't be forty?"

"No, I'm not quite forty; you have only the advantage of me by a year or two, though, if *you* are."

"*If* I am! As if you thought I was no more than that."

"I can only go by your looks, you know, Mrs M'Killop; and if they won't help you to be more venerable, it is not my fault."

"Bless the man! I might be a grandmother."

"A mere matter of climate. If you come to that, I might be a grandfather."

"Well, all my family are said to wear well. At eighty-nine my grandmother—Mrs M'Kechnie of Tillywheesle—had a cheek like an apple."

"I can well believe it," said Tainsh, groaning in the spirit.

"She had the M'Cuaig complexion, of course."

"Yes, that would account for it in a measure," said Tainsh, endeavouring, by intelligent assent, to stem the tide of her reminiscences.

"Oh! you've heard of it, then?"

"Heard of it, my dear madam!" and the factor seemed all astonishment that it should enter into the heart of woman to imagine ignorance on *that* point. "Heard of it!" he repeated. "Yes, and I have seen it, too, which is still better," fastening his eyes meaningly on his hostess's cheeks, which suggested something terribly tough and underdone.

"Ah! Mr Tainsh, I'm not what I was; if you had seen me when poor dear Grant first met me, you might have spoken."

"I'm certain I would," cried Mr Tainsh, plunging recklessly across the social Gulf, and interpreting her words as a matrimonial idiom of the provinces.

"I think not, in *your* sense, Mr Tainsh," said the lady, with dignity. "I don't think you would; I was *very* particular."

"Yes, yes, ma'am, justly so; but you see, men *will* be reckless; they won't calculate consequences; they rush upon—upon—eh?—you know."

"There were many such, Mr Tainsh, eligible and ineligible."

"You don't need to tell me that."

"It's not fair to mention names," sighed the lady.

"Perhaps not," Tainsh assented, hopefully.

"Yet there *can* be no harm in saying that Sir Ronald M'Tammy was one of them. He died, you know."

"A broken heart, ma'am?"

"I—I—have my suspicions. They said it was climate and—and bra—, well, well, I have my own sad thoughts at times."

"No moral blame could attach to you, ma'am," said Tainsh.

"Well, Mr Tainsh, if I was guilty, it was unintentionally so. I could blame myself more in the case of Lord ——; but he is alive. I will change the subject, Mr Tainsh, if *you* please."

"Amen," thought the factor, most devoutly.

"And, Mr Tainsh, with all this nonsense you talk about beauty and love-making, and so forth, are you never going to get married yourself? I'm sure you have a good large number to pick from, and many things in your favour."

Mr Tainsh brightened up. "You're very kind," he said, "perhaps you can suggest some one?"

"Well, there's Miss Trotter, the town-clerk's daughter."

"Oh no! she's not in my style."

"Then, there's Miss Gregorson, at the Knowe."

"I couldn't think of her."

"She has £8000."

"Money is not an ob——, at least not my primary object."

"Then why not Bessie M'Alister?"

"She would *never* do."

"Upon my word, Mr Tainsh, you're mighty particular! And her mother was my own father's second cousin."

"Oh! I know the connection would be most desirable, most unexceptionable, but connection and blood are not my—ahem!—my main objects."

"Good heavens, man! what would you have? You won't be satisfied with money, and you turn up your nose at good blood."

"No, no, Mrs M'Killop, not so, but I am a little ambitious; I want beauty and grace, Mrs M'Killop, and refinement; and I'm sure *you* can't blame me for that. Can you think of no one with these qualifications, who wouldn't turn up her nose at a plain, honest fellow?" and he put on a most meaning and insinuating expression.

"I can't blame you, I'm sure, Mr Tainsh, but these qualities are not so common in the country-side."

"I am sure you have not to look very far from home to find them."

"I vow I can't think where I'm to look."

"Suppose you don't look abroad at all, ma'am, but think of some one who—who—some one, I may indeed say, who—that is—upon the whole—who very certainly *does*—hypothetically of course," (Mr Tainsh had apparently lost his idea, and was groping about for it all over the English language), "still in all essentials identically—call you—call you by the most endearing of names." The idea came at last manfully through the ruck of words.

"Mr Tainsh! Sir! you forget yourself," said Mrs M'Killop, rising like an insulted archduchess. "You forget, sir, certain things—certain points which you should *not* forget, Mr Tainsh. I have very different views for my daughter—very different indeed. She is not going to throw herself——"

"Excuse me, Mrs M'Killop, you quite misunderstand me," cried Tainsh. The social Gulf yawned wide to his perceptions for the first time, but the factor, though respecting himself, was not the man to allow any sentiment of *amour propre* to interfere with an important object; so, instantly suppressing his atonishment and any resentment he might feel, he accepted the idea of the Gulf, and turned it adroitly to his own account.

"You quite misunderstand me, my dear madam; pray be seated, and listen to me."

"You can scarcely have forgotten, Mr Tainsh, the claims which *my* child has to a considerable alliance."

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried the factor.

"On her father's side, you must be aware——"

"I am perfectly aware of it—I assure you."

"While I need scarcely remind you that, though now depressed,—impoverished, — confiscated, — extinct in the male line,—from not less than three families of immense antiquity on my side does the child derive some title to hold up her head and look high."

"I know it—I know it," groaned Tainsh.

"Hector M'Cuaig——"

"He was one of nature's nobles, Mrs M'Killop."

"I don't like the phrase, Mr Tainsh; it has a Radical twang to my ears."

"I mean that a mere patent of nobility could have added no distinction to *him*."

"Perhaps not—perhaps not; then Tork M'Whannel——"

"Oh dear!—oh dear!" thought Tainsh, seeing that the entire liturgy was impending; "this must be stopped at any price;" then he went on aloud with great volubility—

"Yes, ma'am, Tork M'Whannel was certainly one of our most eminent men of his day, take him from no matter what point of view; and indeed I have to ask you for some memoranda about him, but not now, for I must hasten to explain that I had no thought of aspiring—of evening myself—to a match with your daughter."

"Indeed, sir!" said the unreasonable female, half inclined to resent Tainsh's deadness to her daughter's charms.

"No, ma'am, I fly lower. I aspire, I admit it, but I hope not too unreasonably. I will ask you to be my confidante; I know I could not find a more judicious one. I feel certain you are my friend, and I could not have a kinder friend. It was to your step-daughter I alluded."

"Miss M'Killop, Mr Tainsh!" At this juncture Mr M'Killop entered the room, and remained for five minutes or so, rummaging about for a book or a paper. The conversation of course dropped, but the diversion was in favour of Mr Tainsh, for it gave Mrs M'Killop time to reflect, to clear her mind of ancestral hazes, and to reflect upon the attitude she would do well, in her own interests, to adopt. Her first idea was that Mr Tainsh was by no means treating the gulf with proper consideration; he was a good deal too free with his pontooning; he was aspiring to marry the daughter of HER husband, and that seemed a little too strong. Mythical as was most of her pedigree, it was, be it observed, or had become, all gospel to her; and, indeed, she went so very far back for her gentility that she was safe from any practical disillusionment—about as safe, for instance, as Odin and Thor from any risk of losing their status by a serious exposition of the untruth of the Scandinavian theogony. But the more practical side of her character soon asserted itself in the matter, and then Mr Tainsh was remembered as a man of substance, well to do, with an improving position, and every prospect of having the means to become one day landowner and laird himself; in any case, he was independent of subsidising. That was so far well; there would be none of the disagreeables of a pauperised connection; but, before and above all, there would be a permanent rectification of the boundaries between herself and her step-daughter. Her personal relations with that young lady had not been

satisfactory to her. In the internecine war which naturally rages between two ladies so connected, the issue is generally in favour of the step-mother; it ought to be twenty to one on her, at least. Holding as she does the key of the position, having the arsenals and munitions under her command, and fighting in the name of the acknowledged sovereign, the tactics of the opponent can seldom achieve more than brilliant guerilla successes, and these only for a time. But, in this case, Mrs M'Killop was not satisfied that her victory had been in any sense complete. For one thing, the enemy would not fight, and, avoiding battle, contrived practically to carry everything her own way by finesse; and thus, while loudest in her professions of affectionate homage to the queen-regent, confounding the politics of that potentate, and making her ridiculous to herself and all her subjects. Not a little did Eila's powers of fascination over the other sex embitter her step-mother against her. Having the match-making propensities of a frivolous and vulgar mind, and being, moreover, the mother of a marriageable daughter, it was intolerable to her, with her very limited field of operations, that every little project and scheme she formed was invariably counteracted by "that minx Eila;" not a whit the less so that it was done in an apparently unconscious and effortless way. The few men who came saw her, and she conquered; and poor Morna was nowhere. But still the conqueress remained satisfied with the moral results of her victories, declining the only results which would have been a boon to her step-mother. "What would I not give to be rid of her?" had been for many a day the refrain of Mrs M'Killop's daily thoughts on the subject; and the conclusion which five minutes' reflection now brought her to was in harmony with it—in other words, that if Mr Tainsh would be good enough to take Eila away he was very heartily welcome to her, and also to any assistance which her step-dame could give him in the matter. When Mr M'Killop left the room, therefore, she recommenced the conversation, determined to conclude an alliance with the factor; but, at the same time, to indicate the necessity of his keeping to his own side of the Gulf, that alliance notwithstanding.

"It was to my step-daughter, Mr Tainsh, I am to understand, that you alluded in your—your very unexpected communication?"

"It was to Miss M'Killop that I ventured to allude; and I am afraid I appear somewhat bold and aspiring."

"To a certain extent you do, Mr Tainsh," said the lady, torn between her desire to underrate Eila and to preserve her own dignity; "to a certain extent you unquestionably do."

"I feel that I am unworthy of her."

This was exactly what Mrs M'Killop did *not* feel as to Eila personally; so she was again ambiguous. "To a certain extent, no doubt, it would appear so to the world."

"Her graces and accomplishments—even her youth—entitle her, I feel, to more ambitious views; but——"

"There are other considerations, Mr Tainsh, which you seem to miss, but which possibly the world would make more of than those you allude to. Of course, personally, there is nothing to be said against you, and a great deal in your favour; but you must remember that, however *respectable* your social position may be, respectability in such a case is alway supposed to be understood; and some people have their ideas, Mr Tainsh, as to—as to—I don't

well know how to express myself—as to what may appear in this case some inequality."

Her language was sufficiently ambiguous, and Tainsh took advantage of it.

"I freely admitted," he replied, "that her many qualities entitled her to a more ambitious match."

How stupid he was! he *would* keep hammering away about Eila's qualities instead of devoting himself to Mrs M'Killop's, and to *her* social requirements. It was not to be stood any longer, however, and Mrs M'Killop discarded ambiguity at last. "Well, Mr Tainsh, if you won't take a hint, I must suggest to you that you can hardly look upon yourself as socially the equal of *my* step-daughter."

"I protest——" Tainsh began; he was going to add that the inequality was not perceptible to him, but paused on the very threshold of his mistake, and went on diplomatically. "I protest, ma'am, that, in these days, refined shades, or even strongly-marked shades, of difference appear to be made little of; affluence, respectability, and an improving position bridge over such difficulties nowadays with great ease. We have only to look at the upper ten thousand——"

"*I* am not accustomed to look anywhere else, Mr Tainsh."

"Of course not, ma'am, and your own experience must teach you how little is now made in such circles, in *your* circles, I should say, of social disparity, provided there are counterbalancing advantages."

"It is a sadly democratic age, Mr Tainsh, and what you say is very true; but in other respects I am free to admit that you are perhaps entitled to aspire to Eila." She had now placed Mr Tainsh on his own side of the Gulf, and was, for the future, at his disposal.

"Do you think I have any reason to hope?" asked the factor.

"It is impossible for me to say certainly that you have any reason to hope; but I can see no reason why you should *not* hope—and succeed, too—if you play your cards well."

"May I at least hope for your support?"

"Well, Mr Tainsh, I have a regard for you, and what I *can* do I *will* do, but I warn you that my influence is not great."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you. When does Miss Eila return?"

"In a few days."

"Unfortunately, my stay here must terminate to-morrow."

"You shall be asked back next week."

"You're most kind and considerate. I shall never be able sufficiently to thank you." And they cordially clasped hands in ratification of the alliance.

"I spoke," continued Mr Tainsh, when this important pact was concluded—"I spoke of money as not being my primary object."

"It was unnecessary, Mr Tainsh; if all tales be true, it can be no object at all."

"Comparatively."

"Why not say positively?"

"Well, you see, Mrs M'Killop, I am a man of business."

"Coining money;—you all do."

"Yes, but to coin money, money has to be risked; and in marrying, without any selfish motive, the existence of a fortune of—of even modest dimensions, on the part of the lady, is always a comfort to a man of business."

"To most men I should say, Mr Tainsh."

"Yes, but to an unselfish man of business there is an especial comfort in feeling that there is for his wife a provision free from all risks of speculation, and so forth."

"Settlements, I believe, Mr Tainsh, secure all that, and a man who can't make settlements does wrong to marry; and as for speculation, I'm sorry to find you are a speculator. It would be a great responsibility to countenance the marriage of one—in whom—ahem! —interest is felt—with a speculator."

"I don't call myself a speculator, but there are risks in my business, and sudden large calls for money to assist clients, requiring a considerable free capital; and if one had any sort of idea, any sort of approximate idea of what—that is, of the kind of portion——"

"Do you remember what you said about counterbalancing advantages? it seems now that these are melting away; so let me recommend you to wait till you can disengage a sufficient portion of capital for a settlement, before you turn your eyes in a certain direction."

"Then I am to understand that Miss M'Killop's portion——"

"You can understand nothing about it from me, except this, that if you think you are entitled to be mercenary, *I* don't; and I wouldn't countenance your views on any such footing. Upon my word, sir, you *do* set yourself up!" And the lady bridled up and snorted a very well feigned snort of wrathful surprise. Tainsh was beaten; he was in the position of a cabman or other marauder who, having originally obtained more than his due, is thereby emboldened to ask for yet more, and finds himself summarily snubbed and threatened with the police. So he changed his course, disavowed all mercenary motives, and vowed he would be the luckiest of men if he got Eila penniless; and the alliance was restored to its original footing.

While these diplomatic relations were being established in the drawing-room, and while the forenoon was being passed in a kind of theoretical discontent by Pigott and Bertrand in their own premises, Morna was finding it very dull work all by herself in her retreat. Twice had she essayed an invasion of the drawing-room, and twice had the mysterious pause, consequent on her entrance, warned her that its occupants could dispense with her company. Twice had she entered the billiard-room, but only to find it occupied by Duncanson solus, and, with a hurried excuse, she had made off again; for indeed the expression of that gentleman's face was not inviting. In the first place, he was bored with the weather; in the second, with his own society; in the third, he felt that he was being ostracised and neglected; in the fourth, he was full of wrath against Morna for not seizing the opportunity of having a *tête-à-tête* with him when "these interlopers" were out of the way; and if anything was wanting to fill up the measure of his discontent, it was well supplied by the recollection of yesterday's deep discomfiture. When, therefore, within a very short distance of luncheon, Morna again made her appearance in the billiard-room, with the intention of staying there, even *tête-à-tête* with Mr Duncanson, till luncheon released her, she found that gentleman in a very thundery state of mind indeed—a state of mind which had decided him to beat a retreat from the place altogether. "Still alone?" said Morna, entering the room.

"Still alone; and, for your sake, I'm very sorry for it."

"For my sake? Don't you believe in your own unassisted powers of amusing me, then, on this dreary day?"

"*You* don't seem to, at all events, or perhaps I might have had a chance of trying."

"Oh! I have had so many things

to do; but I hope you have not been very dull. Mr M'Killop never *can* tear himself away from his letters and share-lists till after luncheon. Mamma and Mr Tainsh are hatching some treason in the drawing-room; but where are the others?"

"The others? oh, I don't know anything about them. The only person I would have cared to see here was yourself, more particularly as I am going away."

"Going away! I thought you were going to stay the whole week. We hoped you were."

"Is that true? did *you* hope?"

"How very cross and rude you are! Why are you going away? and may I ask why you are angry with me?"

"Well, I am—no, I'm not—I can't be angry with *you;* but I can't stand these fellows here—they're not the form I've been used to, I can tell you; and—and my father wished me to come back to-morrow if possible, and, though he had a crotchet about not shooting this year till the 20th, this weather will alter his plan."

"And won't you come back again?" said Morna, with instinctive hospitality.

"I think not."

"Then you are going to let Mr Cameron beat you—as to the shooting, I mean—without another trial?" Not a very lucky remark.

"Ah! I forgot that; we can settle that some other time: I *am* positively going to-morrow at any rate. I have written for my dog-cart."

"I am very sorry," said Morna—even Morna the truthful; for all men and women must justify the hasty Psalmist once at least in a lifetime, it is to be supposed.

"Are you really, now?" said Duncanson; "well, if I thought ——" "snarl!" went the pipes; "boom!" went the gong; and the six terriers, forgetting their depression in the prospect of a meal, bow-wowed an energetic chorus; and the door opened, and Mr M'Killop walked in, and walked them off to luncheon. At this meal it transpired that Duncanson was going away next day, also Tainsh; whereupon it was moved by Mrs M'Killop that they should both return towards the latter part of the following week, which being seconded by Mr M'Killop, and Morna having said, under pressure of a full-faced stare from Mr Duncanson, "Pray do"—the motion was carried with a slight formal resistance on the part of the invited. Luncheon over, a visit to the kennels and stable was agreed to by the gentlemen; and four of them started, leaving Bertrand, who had gone to his room for a cigar-case, to follow.

It was not, however, fated that he *should* follow; for as he came down-stairs the door of an ante-drawing-room where music took place had to be passed. It was wide open; exactly opposite the door stood a piano; at that piano sat Morna; on it she was playing; and, of course (her back being to the door), all unconscious of an audience, she lifted up her voice and sang. Bertrand softly entered. It was the "Water-spirit's Lament" she sang.

Perhaps it may have been that she believed herself to be alone, or it may have been the effect of the accompaniment—at all events, the song seemed to be given with even more power and pathos than when it enthralled Bertrand by the riverside. When it was finished she continued mechanically touching the chords of the symphony for a time, Bertrand remaining silent. At last she looked round, started on finding that she was *not* alone, and, blushing a delightful blush which

intensified the expression of her eyes, said,—

"Mr Cameron! you here? I thought" (surely this could not have been her *second* within an hour?) "you had gone to the kennels."

"I *was* going to the kennels, but the voice of the siren drew me hither instead; and if she will allow me, here will I remain."

The siren, who had so steadily avoided Mr Duncanson, made no objection, and Bertrand did remain. It would be grossly unfair, however, to weary the reader with what was after all something like a drawing-room repetition of their *tête-à-tête* by the river. There was more music indeed, but there were long pauses between the songs, and pleasant *entr'actes* both grave and gay, wherein considerable art in nonsense was displayed, and not a little nonsense about art; wherein mirth and earnest mingled with sprightly facility in the mutual self-revelations of two frank, fresh spirits charmed with the novelty of the process. Very dangerous sort of work all this, of course, but these two young people did not seem to feel the slightest alarm; and so, while the rain plashed drearily without, and the invisible sun passed westward behind the surly clouds, there was a good deal of brightness and sunshine in the music-room of Cairnarvoch at all events. Twice, at intervals of an hour or so, Morna had said, "Ought you not to go to the kennels now?" and twice had Bertrand replied, "In five minutes." The third time she made the remark, it was answered by the yell of the bagpipes, the thunder of the gong, and all the inevitable dogs. "The kennels have come to me, it would seem," laughed Bertrand; but Morna started up in amazement and confusion.

"The dressing-gong!" she cried: "I thought it was only—— what a time we must have been here!" and thereupon hastened from the room with a heightened colour. *She* had clearly taken no note of time. It transpired that the four gentlemen had gone for a long wet "constitutional," and as Bertrand was supposed to have missed them, and as Mrs M'Killop (having slept the whole afternoon and wishing to conceal the circumstance) was unaware of the music-room episode, Duncanson had had no means of knowing that Bertrand had been monopolising the young lady to whom he appeared to grudge the attentions of other gentlemen.

The evening passed off without any remarkable incident: a long wet day in the Highlands takes the curl out of the sprightliest: the animal spirits that have been struggling against atmospheric pressure since breakfast, necessarily experience some exhaustion by nightfall. Thus the dinner-conversation was less lively than on previous evenings, and the flow of mirthful anecdote not half so well sustained; and Duncanson, who had obtained undisputed possession of Morna, found that he was able to get a hearing from her, without seeing that her attention wandered to other parts of the table. Therefore Mr Duncanson's temper was reasonably good, and while he abstained from giving offence to the others, he did his very best to make himself agreeable to his fair neighbour. Her attention was rather suspiciously earnest, and if Duncanson had been a closer observer, even he, following certain shy, quick glances of hers, that at rare intervals sought another face than his, might have suspected that her appearance of interest in the intellectual garbage which he administered was not due to his offering, but, in fact, to some entirely different cause. The truth is, Morna

was *distraite*—she may have had a hundred reasons for being so—and she concealed her distraction by an apparent concentration on her neighbour's conversation, or rather on the monologue which he would have dignified by that name. Then the shy glances? Of course they were directed to Bertrand. Naturally enough. Probably she was displeased with him for not offering to save her from her present partnership, or perhaps—— but after all, if it was her good pleasure to be *distraite*, and to glance in such or such a direction, what have we got to do with it? Why pry? One thing is certain, that Bertrand could not be accused of exchanging glances with her; their eyes may have met, of course, but he had got involved in a long discussion with Mr Tainsh as to the feasibility of converting a portion of his uncle's property into a deer-forest; and taking up everything he did take up with immense energy, he was ungallant enough to be devoting his attention entirely to this topic; so that the eyes he looked into were not those of Morna, but the green orbs of Mr Tainsh, glittering with the light of argument and self-interest. And well they might, for was not Mr Tainsh a lawyer and a factor? And did not Bertrand's proposal amount to the annihilation of six tinkerable and renewable leases, to the suppression of six tinkerable and renewable steadings—to the extinction, that was, of twelve sources of arbitration, legal communings and compromises, besides coveys of annual letters at six-and-eightpence apiece? So the argument was engrossing, and the battle raged between them over the dinner; was revived, after a lull, over the wine; was carried into the drawing-room, raged there intermittently, and finally smouldered out in the smoking-room among the ashes of the last cigar. In this way Duncanson had again a clear field with Morna, only disturbed by a short incursion on the part of Pigott, who, however, soon retired to mild *écarté* with Mrs M'Killop; and Duncanson was in high delight, for it would appear that in his brutal, abominable, jealous, bearish way, this fellow liked Morna, and might even—— but sufficient for her day be the evil thereof.

She did not seem to have enjoyed her evening so much as her companion probably imagined she had.

He bade "good-bye" to her (as his morning start was to be early) when the ladies retired for the night, and, sinking his voice into a tone of tender confidence, said, "I would not be coming back again next week, if it was not for what *you* said: did you mean it?"

"Of course I did," said Morna; "I always mean what I say;" but at that moment she had no idea what she had said.

"Thank you," said Duncanson, gently pressing her hand; and he went away to the smoking-room radiant, and she to her room not the least radiant, but quite the reverse, and sat at her dressing-table for an hour doing nothing, not even looking at herself (which, for eighteen and *beaux yeux*, is, to say the least of it, abnormal), but apparently thinking hard, and thinking, moreover, hard thoughts both of herself and some other party unknown; for now and then she muttered with great energy, "How I detest him! how I *do* loathe and detest him!" And again, "How I despise myself! how contemptible I am! how—oh, dear! oh, dear!" with which interjections she would cover her face with her hands for a moment, and then fall to thinking again.

The days that succeeded the departure of Tainsh and Duncanson pretty much resembled their predecessors. One day fine, and devoted

to the slaughter of grouse; the next a gloomy day, set apart for rest and the art of fishing, as understood by Bertrand and Morna, and theoretically, but not much more than theoretically, supervised by Mrs M'Killop, when it was understood that Pigott was not to be of the party; the third wet, perhaps, admirably adapted for a *séance* in the music-room, or half wet and half dry, so as to suit itself to a combination of amusements.

The dinner-table was, on the whole, cheery and pleasant; it lost something by Mr Tainsh's absence, who was both voluble and adaptive, but that was balanced by the absence of Mr Duncanson's moody countenance and the perpetual *gêne* of his difficult temper. Mrs M'Killop did not share the general feeling of relief at his absence; she, indeed, regretted it—poignantly; for though her match-making spirit might have had some consolation in observing the relations that were springing up between her daughter and Bertrand, still she had fairly come to a decided preference for the absent Duncanson, based rather on prudential than on personal grounds. He, as she has already informed us, in her half-awake revelations, was a certainty as to fortune; he was a "bird in the hand," and a bird who had shown no disposition to surrender to the lures of the arch-fowler, Eila; whereas Bertrand was no certainty in any sense, and, moreover, had very soon to be subjected to the test which Duncanson had, for a wonder, withstood. Again, the latter gentleman had demonstrated during his late visit, amid all his unpleasantness—and even by it—symptoms which did not fail to inspire Mrs M'Killop with much more definite hopes than she had hitherto cherished. So, mourning his absence, it was with far from an approving eye that she noted the growing intimacy between her daughter and her guest; and indeed it is to be doubted if anything, save an all-engrossing passion for sixpenny *écarté* which she nightly indulged with Captain Pigott, would have prevented her from personally superintending a certain *tête-à-tête* on the terrace, which, when the weather was fine, a staircase leading from the open drawing-room windows, invited Morna and Bertrand to make a considerable portion of their evening's programme.

To neutralise the effects of these promenades, she felt that her own personal presence would have been necessary, for private remonstrance with Morna might, as she expressed it, only "put nonsense into her head;" but *écarté* carried the day, and she left the rest to the chapter of accidents, relying mainly on the shortness of the time during which the danger would subsist.

What happened in these terrace-walks? Was there any danger such as Mrs M'Killop apprehended? That they were agreeable we may suppose, or they would hardly have been persisted in; but perhaps a small fragment of conversation the night before Eila arrived, may throw a little light on the matter.

"I *am* so sorry to go in to-night," said Morna, when, *écarté* concluded, the maternal telegraph was seen to be working at the window.

"So am I," said Bertrand; "I always am; one never can get enough of a real summer night like this."

"And this will be our last summer-night walk, I fear."

"What has inspired you with that midsummer-night's dream?"

"Oh! our little square party—for Mr M'Killop counts for nothing—will be broken up to-morrow, and then back will come Mr Tainsh, and back will come Mr Duncanson, and then——"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Mysterious."

"Oh no! not the least; I had finished."

"Perhaps you were going to add that Mr Duncanson would insist on joining us; it was my idea."

"How I detest him!"

"He *will* insist notwithstanding; but I daresay we shall be able to induce the whole of them, except the ecartists, to make a drawing-room of the terrace; and so we shall still have summer nights *al fresco*, and, as you don't appreciate Mr Duncanson, we shall be able to save you from a *tête-à-tête*."

"Oh, that would be *quite* different," said Morna, sadly, absently; a tone which she corrected with a rather blundering alacrity, explaining —"I mean that it would be very different if we could—very nice indeed; but I suspect they wouldn't. Let us go in, I am so tired, and it has become so cold."

Her manner and voice had changed very suddenly, and her impatience to return to the house was so inconsistent with her remark of half-a-minute ago, that Bertrand puzzled himself as to how he could have offended her.

"What on earth do you and the fraulein find to talk about, Bertrand, in your numerous *têtes-à-têtes?*" was Pigott's somewhat comprehensive question in the smoking-room afterwards.

"Well, to answer that, I shall be obliged to divide my reply into a good many paragraphs. First paragraph——"

"No, no; we'll not take such a large view of the subject. I suppose, on the whole, there is a good deal of the old story. I suppose that, in the long-run, the paragraphs tend to the old conclusion and practical application?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I suppose the Platonic theory has been abandoned and Duncanson disestablished."

"Then you are all wrong—as to the first clause, at least; for, as to the second, she never cared a straw for the fellow."

"The second clause of your answer contradicts the first, for—though, of course, practically I know nothing of such matters—I should imagine it was rather a straining of the Platonic system to exchange confidences of so delicate a nature."

"Well, you see, Pigott, you *are* rather an ass."

"If to be ignorant of that sort of rubbish is to be an ass, an ass let me continue to the end of time. I've often wondered, by the by, that, with all your amazing follies, it has not arrived to you to fall in love before."

"How do you know, pray?"

"Know, my dear fellow? If you had, what a row there would have been about it! what whirlwinds, and tempests, and fiery flames, and desolation! I quite shudder to think how well I should have known about it."

"As we are in an argumentative mood, let me suggest to you that that conviction of yours ought to prove to you that the Platonic system still prevails."

"I don't admit it; everything must have a beginning,—a fever has its initial stages before the crisis comes. Do you mean—do you dare —to tell me that you don't care for that girl?"

"Care for her? Of course I do; but—but—not as you mean. I think she is one of the nicest girls I ever met,—clever, cheery, good-tempered, and——"

"Very fond of me," suggested Pigott.

"I'll be hanged if she is!" cried Bertrand.

"I was speaking in your person,

you blockhead; but you help my diagnosis."

"Confound your diagnosis; what are you driving at? Why shouldn't I like the girl as a friend? If it comes to that, why shouldn't I be in love with her, if it suits my convenience to be in love with her? I haven't taken the vow of celibacy. If it amuses you to think I am in love with her, I have no earthly objection; and I don't see why thousands of fellows shouldn't be. She's decidedly pretty."

"Oh, come, Bertrand! Ha! ha!"

"Yes, she is; her eyes are beautiful; when she is animated they *are*—perfectly beautiful; her hair is the colour of all others I admire; every one will admit that her voice is angelic,—any fool can understand *that*,—and—and——"

"You needn't bellow like a bull of Bashan: I'm not deaf, and I don't object to any amount of admiration provided you don't rehearse it all to me. It will suit my comfort to a marvel if you continue to fancy the Platonic system still working: pray keep the fires banked up, or I know Cairnarvoch will be too hot to hold me. If there *is* one thing more entirely crushing than another, it is to be shut up with a fellow who is in love. I was on detachment with Baker once. I knew the villain was in that state when we went out, and I trembled. I put on my hardest and most unsympathetic manner to dam up his confidences; but it was of no use. The second evening, out it all came, and after that, we breakfasted, lunched, dined, and supped upon Anna Maria. She went with us to parade; she mingled herself with our tobacco; she popped out of soda-water bottles; she came by the post and had to be read aloud—sometimes with tears; she was written upon reams of paper, read aloud, kissed, wept over, and posted. I tried a counter-irritation; I got up a spurious opposition; I decided to have a big name for my goddess, so I selected 'Thomasina,' and I thundered it out with the full strength of my lungs whenever Anna Maria came on the *tapis*. The stratagem was entirely a failure. Baker was a sympathetic fellow; he became deeply interested in Thomasina, and I found that she only gave him additional leverage for hoisting his Dulcinea into notice, besides sorely taxing my powers of invention to keep up the alternate verse in our idyll. So I got recalled to headquarters: I don't think I could have survived another fortnight. You can understand, therefore, that I think this calm phase of yours is much to be commended. Stick to it."

"Keep your mind easy; but as to your saying that Morna is not pretty——"

"I declare it's past midnight," cried Pigott, jumping up, "so I shall go and dream of 'THOMASINA!'"

CHAPTER IX.

A coming event that is tardy in its advent, and yet perpetually keeps casting forward the shadow of its influence upon other circumstances, holding them, as it were, in a provisional condition, and in a state of suspense, is as worrying in fiction as it is detestable in real life; and therefore we are glad that Miss Eila M'Killop is now going to present herself *in propriâ personâ*, and to give us an opportunity of judging of her on something more than hearsay evidence. We have heard a good deal about her—contradictory evidence, indeed—and we have

seen her influence working oppositely in the persons of her step-mother and of Mr Tainsh; and it is certainly high time that she should appear and show us what she really is. At the commencement of the shooting-season she had been away from home for a few weeks, on a visit in another part of the country; and if her step-dame's wishes could have effected it, her visit would have been prolonged, as we have seen, for not a few weeks to come: and indeed it might so have been, but for the *empressement* with which Mrs M'Killop had, in her letters, begged her, if she was enjoying herself, by no means "to consider *them*," or to think of hurrying home, where of course they missed her sadly, &c. &c. But this manœuvre Eila interpreted in her own way, and the resolution she took from it was rather to abridge her visit. In the interval, however, the Tainsh episode had supervened, and also Mr Duncanson had developed very hopeful symptoms; so that altogether, when the time of her arrival came, her step-mother could face it with fortitude and even without fear—a state of things which would have sorely disappointed Eila if she could only have divined it. The day following the events narrated in the last chapter was the day fixed for her return, but, as her movements depended upon no public conveyance, it was uncertain when she might arrive; and therefore, as she had not made her appearance when Hamish sounded for dinner, the party sat down without her. They had scarcely done so, however, when the sound of carriage-wheels announced an arrival, and, shortly after, the butler intimated that it was the arrival of Miss M'Killop. Mrs M'Killop probably felt that the presence of her antagonist might not have a sharpening effect upon her own appetite—over which she watched with a maternal tenderness—and made an effort to have one more meal in peace.

"The dear child," she exclaimed, "will be sadly tired. Jinkyson, send to Miss M'Killop and say that she is on no account to hurry; she can have dinner sent to her by-and-by, if she wishes it."

"Wishes it, Elizabeth!" said Mr M'Killop; "after a thirty miles' drive, the child will wish it, it is to be hoped."

"Tut, M'Killop, what a chatterbox you are! She will take hours to dress, you know — won't she, Morna?—and keep us all waiting. Order dinner for Miss M'Killop in the library, Jinkyson."

On this occasion, however, Miss M'Killop did not take hours to dress, for in a minute or two after the order for her relegation to the library had been given, the door opened and she entered—we should rather say glided into—the room. Without a pause to look at the company—without a glance for any one else, as if hurried away by some impulse of passionate devotion for her step-mother, she undulated swiftly up to that lady, threw her arms round her neck, and embraced her with immense effusion, a challenge which was amply responded to by Mrs M'Killop, who, clutching Eila with the hug of a Cornish wrestler, dealt upon her fair face a long series of deliberate kisses, selecting every now and then a new "claim," so to speak, to work upon — first on one side of the nose, then on the other, then under one eye, then on the chin, then on the forehead—and punctuating each kiss with a low murmur of satisfaction, such as a schoolboy may occasionally be observed to emit when employed in consuming some sweetmeat to which he applies the epithet "goloptious."

"Dear child," said Mrs M'Killop,

holding her out at arm's-length to recover breath—provisionally releasing her, as a cat might a mouse, but ready to reclaim her on the slightest provocation,—"dear child, how we have missed you!"

"Have you, dear mamma? and so have I missed you all terribly;" whereupon Mrs M'Killop opened an entirely new set of "claims," and worked them out unmercifully.

"Eila, let me introduce to you Captain Pigott and Mr Cameron," said her father, who seemed to fidget a good deal while these demonstrations were in progress. The gentlemen made their obeisances, and Eila, seemingly aware for the first time of their existence, bestowed on each a smile that might have quickened the pulse of an octogenarian. To Bertrand's eyes, through which we propose to look at Eila, there was presented in her person the realisation of an ideal which fancy had often revealed to him before in dim but beatific visions, as, sighing for the beautiful, he roamed about the shadowland of day-dreams. A figure so light, so airy, moving with such an indescribably effortless ease and grace that it seemed as if the atmosphere dared offer no resistance to a shape so ethereal, but fell back wondering, to make way for the witchery of each new movement.

The beautiful head and face which crowned this sylph-like form were worthy of it. In average faces the power of expression is pretty evenly divided among the leading features, but in Eila's her eyes seemed almost to monopolise it. It would have been hard to find a sweeter mouth when the eyes were smiling; it would have been difficult to match the delicate outline of the face, or the exquisite chiselling of every featural detail; nothing could be more finished than the contour and *pose* of the high-bred little head, or more luxuriant than the almost embarrassing wealth of her glossy brown hair; but from all these the attention was at once withdrawn when her grey eyes flashed upon the spectator from their mysterious depths some look in which all her expressional power was concentrated. Eyes like these might suggest the idea that they would either see too much or tell too much, unless they were under some remarkable control; but this they were, for the expressional centralisation made the control of expression very complete indeed. When in repose her eyes were habitually half concealed by their singularly long and beautiful dark lashes, and then her expression was soft, dreamy, and pensive; but, when called into animation, she seemed able to raise or lower these silky veils with the subtlest graduations, so as to reveal the exact shade of emotion it was her pleasure to reveal, and nothing more. Thus, while no face could beam with a franker intelligence, none could be more inscrutable. The bloom of Hebe lay upon her cheek—a bloom of mingled richness and delicacy, which the pure blood of the north cannot supply, and which in this instance came by inheritance from a Mexican mother.

Such was Eila M'Killop—a sight to make an old man young. The look with which she favoured the gentlemen on their presentation was quite a study in its way. Her eyes were on this occasion thoroughly unveiled, and from their beautiful depths came such a beam of kindly, frank, gracious cordiality, that Bertrand's heart vibrated like the index-needle of a telegraphic machine, and there seemed to strike into his bewildered mind some vague, dreamy association of a sweet strain of music floating through the rosy air of a still summer morning, amid the exquisite breath of dewy wild-

flowers. Even Pigott was not unmoved, for he actually forgot, until it was all but too late—that is, for a full minute—the glass of sherry, with which no well-regulated palate can dispense as an immediate sequel to clear soup.

Morna glanced across the table to see the effect produced by her stepsister. By what law of association was it that a certain strange new light upon Bertrand's face instantly recalled to her her own self-reviled image in the mirror on the afternoon of that pleasant day when he and she had first sat by the river? and recalled it with a sudden indefinite sense of pain?

Eila having satisfied the cravings of her step-mother's affection, and having done a little business in the same way on her account with her father and with Morna, seated herself between her father and Bertrand, and proceeded to satisfy the curiosity of her relatives as to her own history during the last few weeks.

"You have greatly enjoyed yourself, dear child, I fondly hope?" said Mrs M'Killop.

"Pretty well, thanks, dearest mamma." (*N.B.*—These ladies were for ever expressing by lavish terms of endearment the ferocious and truculent feelings which each, *au fond*, cherished for the other.) "They were all so kind, and pressed me so to stay that I could hardly make my escape; but I did long to be home again; so here you have me back to tease and worry you all;" and she favoured Pigott with a three-quarter glance, which seemed to say, "If you are very good and nice, perhaps you shall be teased and worried too; don't despair." But Pigott was not going to let himself be surprised again. He was at that moment earnestly engaged with a splendid piece of salmon, and if he had spoken out the aspiration of his heart, it would have been this: "Oh! if old M'Killop would only produce some of *that* Steinberg!" His eye, therefore, was as dim and responseless as the salmon's on the sideboard; and Eila, recognising intuitively a subject who was to be no subject of hers, said inly, "Here is an oyster." That even this impenetrable mollusc could be turned to her own account, however, in some shape or other, was obviously the young lady's conviction; otherwise why should she have turned upon him the battery of her brightest glances during dinner? why should he have been selected, and Bertrand, who sat by her, left altogether out in the cold?

Pigott, who saw through, or flattered himself that he saw through, everything, by no means allowed his tranquillity or his dinner to be disturbed by his high privileges. "Don't know what her game may be, just at present," he thought; "but it *is* a game: tremendous pair of eyes, to be sure! Salad, please, Jenkinson."

"Had you a large party, Eila?" asked Morna.

"No; a few people came from time to time, and the house was pretty full for 'the Twelfth;' but most of the people were rather stupid. It didn't seem like 'the Twelfth.' The gentlemen didn't seem to care about shooting even; they went out late and languid; they came home early and languid; they must have shot languidly, I should think, from the size of their bags; they were too languid to speak even: then they sat half the night in the dining-room after dinner, but were no better when they came into the drawing-room—in fact, just the same, except that their faces were red, and they fell asleep in their chairs. They were really rather dismal—so different," her eyes seemed to tell Pigott, "from what *you* are, I am sure."

"Poor Eila! you have been quite a martyr," said Morna.

"Oh, quite; I hope you have been more brilliant here?"

"I think we have not been so very languid at all events; I think we have been very happy."

"You have had people here?"

"Yes, although it is not very civil in you to suppose that that was necessary to our happiness; we have had Mr Tainsh and Mr Duncanson here."

"How unfortunate I am to have missed them!"

"They are coming back, dear choild," said Mrs M'Killop.

"I am so glad—when?"

"I believe the day is uncertain, but very soon."

"I am so glad."

"I didn't know you were so enthusiastic about either of them," laughed Morna.

"Oh, indeed, yes; everybody likes Mr Tainsh, and Mr Duncanson is too singularly rude and ill-tempered not to be interesting."

Mrs M'Killop's crest began to rise. "My dear Eila," she said, "I beg you won't run him down. He is a remarkably clever, intelligent, agreeable, well-principled young man."

"Of course, dear mamma, that only adds to his interest. I am so anxious to get his receipt for being rude, and cross, and agreeable, and stupid, and intelligent, all at the same time, and still equally popular; it would be most useful to me with my shocking temper;" on which score, however, her eyes confided to Pigott that *he* at least need have no anxiety.

"She'll tire of all this eyeing before I do," thought that gentleman, turning on her a countenance as expressionless as the dead wall of a cotton-mill.

"Yes, yes, Eila," laughed Morna, "I wish you would get his receipt; you know how we all suffer from your violence."

"Had you great sport on 'the Twelfth,' Captain Pigott?" continued Eila.

"Oh yes, we had an excellent bag."

"And who shot best?"

"Mr Cameron, I think; but it wasn't quite certain—it lay between him and me."

"That is his modesty, Miss M'Killop," said Bertrand; "he really made the bag; my only triumph was beating Mr Duncanson."

Eila turned her eyes on her next neighbour for the first time, only for an instant; but she gave him a full benefit which seemed to set many powerful eight-day clocks ticking all through his veins; then she dropped her long lashes and said,—

"I hope he bore his defeat well, and showed a great deal of high principle."

"He showed a good deal of high temper at all events," said Pigott.

"Oh, poor fellow! he had lost his money; it was enough to put him out a little," cried Mrs M'Killop.

"Yes, yes," assented Eila; "that certainly was; poor fellow! it was rather *exigeant* of you, Captain Pigott, to expect him to keep his temper, when it is so much less troublesome to lose it, and when he loses nothing by losing it. Principle is a most useful thing—I must really take to it."

"You must have a private *pick* at young Duncanson, I suspect, Eila," said Mrs M'Killop, with swiftly-rising choler. "Has he not been sufficiently devoted, not enough conquered by your *bows ewes?*"

"Mamma, you are the cleverest of people; I am certain that must exactly be the reason. I never thought of it before; nothing else could make me so blind to his merits when you see them so clearly. Now I think of it, he is *not* very civil to me; but then he is always

preoccupied, and that is not Mr Duncanson's fault. Somebody else is the real culprit—somebody else should bear the blame," turning her wicked eyes on Morna's blushing face; "and I have been unjust to Mr Duncanson—selfish and unjust."

"You see, gentlemen," snorted Mrs M'Killop, "how exacting this young lady is. If you are not very gallant you will be having yourselves abused just like poor Mr Duncanson."

"Oh, ungenerous mamma! just when I have made the *amende*. We had a charming picnic, by the by, the other day," she continued, turning the subject, "to such a delightful old castle."

"Dalquhairn, of course," cried Mrs M'Killop; "the oldest property of our ancestors the Parlanes, Morna, confiscated in the '15" (it certainly could not have been at all a paying thing to be an ancestor of Mrs M'Killop's)—"a noble old place—in the family for centuries—for it is quite certain that Fearguish Parlane was killed at the battle of Largs; and if so——"

"And if so, dearest mamma, it is quite certain that he could have had nothing to do with the picnic I was going to tell you about, which was not at Dalquhairn at all, but at another noble old place—Aberlorna Castle. You know it, I suppose?"

"Know it? In the year sixteen hundred and——"

"Yes. Well, it was at Aberlorna Castle—a splendid old ruin hanging on a cliff over the sea, and splendid old woods all round it; and such a beautiful house!—the modern house, I mean—standing in such a situation, with terraces all down to the very shores of the bay. We went in a boat the last half of the journey; and when we turned into the little bay it burst on us quite unexpectedly. On one side you saw the ruin, and on the other the new house—crumbling walls and mossy battlements and ancient woods on one side, and the beautiful bright chateau on the other, with gardens and shrubberies and terraces all in the most perfect order. Such a contrast you know—'a picture of the Past and the Present in the same frame,' as Captain Fearon said—and the Lorna running down between them, with a little cascade just under the bridge that joins the two sides—a light, airy-looking, iron bridge. I never saw such a lovely place; and fancy its belonging to some stupid old man who never lives there, but is something or other on the other side of the world. If it was mine I could never bear to leave it. I never coveted anything half so much. I wish the proprietor would adopt me, or leave it to me, or something."

"And don't you know who the proprietor is?" asked Mrs M'Killop.

"No—yes, by the by, I did hear his name; Sir Richard or Sir Robert something or other."

"Cameron."

"Yes, that was it; and a stupid old creature he must be."

"Sir Roland Cameron, my dear," said Mrs M'Killop, with awful *empressement*, "is the proprietor. He is also the uncle of our friend Mr Cameron here, who may not like to hear his nearest relative spoken of so lightly."

"Oh, Mr Cameron!" cried Eila, turning on him *such* a look of bewitchingly innocent contrition, "I *do* beg your pardon; but of course, you know, I couldn't possibly know anything about it. I hope you are not dreadfully fond of him. I hope you are not very angry with me?"

The eye-battery blazed into Bertrand point-blank, throwing, as it were, incendiary bombs and all manner of explosives and combustibles

right into the centre of his dazzled and mazed inner consciousness.

"Angry with you, Miss M'Killop!" he stammered; "oh no! that would be something like—ha! ha!—oh no, that would be—wouldn't it? Yes, I assure you, a sort of impossible—ahem—eh? he! he!"

In acknowledgment of which extremely lucid disclaimer of outraged family feeling, and perhaps in pity for it, the eyes were slowly drooped, and Eila went on,—"You know I only called him stupid for not liking his beautiful place, and I am sure you agree with me that he ought to like it."

"I am sure, if it is anything like your picturesque description, he ought to like it."

"What! have you never seen it?"

"N—no, I am sorry to say I haven't."

"Never seen your uncle's place!"

"Never; but now I am all curiosity. I shall certainly go and see it before I leave Scotland."

"You must indeed, and you must go too, Captain Pigott; you never saw anything half so lovely. Do you sketch?"

"In a very small way," said Pigott.

"Oh, then, *will* you do me a favour?"

"With pleasure."

"A *great* favour, though."

"With *great* pleasure."

"Then you must take a sketch of the tower from the bridge and give it to me; I worked at it for an hour and a half, and could make nothing of it. I shan't be happy till I have a sketch of it."

"I shall be delighted to try; but if you failed to satisfy yourself, I fear I am not likely to succeed in doing so."

"Oh, I know you will"—as if Pigott's appearance alone was conclusive evidence of his eminence in art—"so it is a promise?"

"I am highly flattered by being asked to make the promise, and you may depend upon my doing my best."

Eila thanked him with a sunbeam (Bertrand could have thrown a plate at him for the stolidity with which he received it), and continued her account of the picnic, which had no doubt been much like other picnics; but which—described by Eila in her musical voice, with every little incident pointed by her *naïveté*, and her clear, silvery laugh—appeared to Bertrand to have been a festival of unrivalled attractions. "It was wonderfully pleasant," she concluded, "considering how dull and stupid the people all were, except Captain Fearon" (Bertrand felt that the Captain's alleged vivacity did not improve *his* opinion of the picnic). "Nothing would make them laugh; at last that made *us* laugh, and I'm afraid we behaved very ill" (Bertrand was sure Captain Fearon had,—"the snob!")—"and at last I got quite into disgrace; for fat old Mrs Ringwood tumbled into the sea when we were re-embarking, and her daughters screamed and nearly fainted, and Captain Fearon was obliged to go in after her (in shallow water, you know) in his beautiful plum-coloured knickerbocker stockings; and she was so heavy to pull out that Captain Fearon fell under the water, and they both disappeared for a few seconds, and then came up looking so dismal"—here the recollection revived Eila's laughter to such an extent that she was unable to go on for a time—"Mrs Ringwood looking like a great seal, with her brown front off, and Captain Fearon with all his fine curls hanging like string over his nose; so that I laughed till tears ran down my face, and I could not help saying that it put me in mind of the scene in the "Colleen Bawn," where Myles jumps into the

water after Eilah O'Connor: and Mrs Ringwood scolded me, and her daughters muttered something about 'heartlessness;' and Captain Fearon, who is a great dandy" (ha! ha! Bertrand was glad of that), "was quite cross and sulky, and wouldn't speak to me, although we had been such friends before, so that I was really quite in disgrace; and although I tried all the way home to apologise and be sorry, whenever I looked at the two shipwrecked unfortunates I broke down again, and so ended the picnic; but I wouldn't have missed the drowning scene for anything." And Bertrand, listening to the merry music of her laughter, and absorbing stray fragments of sunbeam as they passed on their way to Pigott, felt that he would like to go to a picnic with her, and behave ill with her, and be in Coventry with her, and even tumble overboard with her (not Mrs Ringwood), although it should be in stockings of Tyrian purple and upper garments of the costliest velvet.

And so the dinner passed off, and the ladies passed away, and over the wine Bertrand was very silent, dimly wondering why Eila had taken a sudden antipathy to him (he had felt that she scarcely seemed to notice his existence, and he was unaccustomed to total neglect from the fair sex), dimly wondering why a glance of her eye should make him feel—feel—like—like—hang it! like *that;* dimly wondering if she had made it up with Captain Fearon, and what sort of fellow Fearon was—that is, when his plum-coloured stockings were thoroughly dry, and his hyacinthine locks restored to their normal curl. No glory sat on the insensate Pigott's face for all the bright sunshine that had been playing on it for an hour. Wool was, as we are aware, Mr M'Killop's conversational staple—colonial wool, by preference; and with him Pigott was carding and teasing that lamentable topic, with an unruffled calm which, considering what he had recently been enjoying, was to Bertrand simply inexplicable.

"She *may* hate me as much as she likes," he thought; "but as for seeing anything in Pigott, she can't, you know—simply can't. A capital fellow, of course—a delightful fellow among *men*, when he likes; but as for the other thing — oh no — oh dear, no!— preposterous!"

In the drawing-room Morna did not seem to be quite in her usual spirits, but that might only have been by comparison with the exuberant gaiety of her step-sister. That young lady had a hundred little bits of airy gossip to tell, a hundred little laughing sketches of her visit and co-inmates to retail, mysteries of dress to unfold, oddities to caricature, beauties to expatiate upon, touching each subject with the lightest of touches, and gliding from one to another with a most facile *espièglerie.* At last her budget was exhausted, and she said, "Now, Morna, I've told you all about myself; now for your experiences. What have you been about?"

"Nothing particular, Eila."

"Nothing particular? then I suppose our two guests are as stupid as they look?"

"Stupid, Eila? do you think they look stupid?"

"Oh, dreadfully heavy!—particularly the younger one, Mr—Mr—the nephew of the uncle, you know?"

"Mr Cameron?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're quite wrong: he is not the least stupid; neither is Captain Pigott. Oh no! Mr Cameron is not at all stupid—quite the reverse—in fact, he is just——" Morna stopped, conscious that she

was blushing, and that her stepsister was looking at her with a half-smile from under her long eyelashes.

"Just what, Morna?" she inquired.

"Just as clever as most people one meets, I mean."

"He is *your* friend, then, of course?"

"We are very good friends."

"Are they sociable?"

"Yes."

"Both of them?"

"Yes—no—I don't know; why do you ask?"

"Because it will make all the difference while they are here. If they are stupid and sociable, so much the worse; if they are nice and sociable, so much the better. *Are* they nice and sociable?"

"Yes," said Morna, laughing; "I think they are nice and sociable."

"They don't look as if they had been chloroformed in the evenings, like the people at Strathinan?"

"No, I think not."

"Well, if they *are* nice, they mustn't be allowed to shoot every day."

"They don't, as it is."

"Then what do they do with themselves?"

"Oh, they walk about, and do all sorts of things."

"Fish?"

"Sometimes."

"That interferes with your monopoly."

"No, I fish too."

"With them?"

"Yes—at least Captain Pigott never fishes."

"You fish with Mr Cameron, then?"

"My dear Eila, what a catechism you are!"

"But you do, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I do sometimes."

"Then *he* is nice and sociable?"

"I said so before."

"And the evenings?"

"Well, they pass somehow."

"Whist?"

"No,"

"Music?"

"Not often."

"What does mamma do?"

"*Ecarté*."

"Oh, they play *écarté?*"

"Yes—that is—Captain Pigott does."

"And how do you amuse Mr Cameron, or how does he amuse you?"

"We talk sometimes."

"At rare intervals,—I understand. Apropos of Mr Cameron, I am dying to take you to see that beautiful old castle. Suppose we make an expedition there some day soon—next week?"

"Mr Tainsh and Mr Duncanson are coming back, I think, next week."

"Very well, we can take them with us; and oh, Morna, of course, the very thing—we might get your admirer, Mr Duncanson, to take us there in his papa's yacht; it would be delightful, and make the journey so much shorter."

"Yes, it would be very pleasant without Mr Duncanson."

"Oh, you ungrateful——. We are just saying, Captain Pigott" (the gentleman arrived at this moment)—"we are just saying how charming it would be to make an expedition round to Aberlorna some day next week. You see I am quite a fanatic about it. Do you think you will be able to tear yourselves away from the grouse for *one* day—next week, perhaps?"

"It would be charming," said Pigott. "Any day you like to fix."

"Do let us arrange it, then;" and, by the most infinitesimal *soupçon* of a movement, it was suggested to Pigott that he might seat himself by her on the sofa, which he did, stolidly, probably because he knew it was a soft and comfortable seat.

"What *can* she see in Pigott? How the—what the—why the—what *can* she see in *him?*" thought Bertrand, strolling slowly up to Morna, who was sitting, as she usually was at this point of the evening, by the window, looking out on the terrace.

"What do *you* say to it, Mr Cameron?" she inquired.

"I? Oh, beautiful — perfectly lovely! that cloud—what a tint!—what fleeciness!"

"You seem to be in the clouds yourself, Mr Cameron," said Morna, looking up into his absent face. "I was talking about the expedition."

"Ah, yes—of course, of course."

"And would you like it?"

"Nothing so much," said Bertrand, entirely innocent of the subject on the *tapis*—he was in "the fierce vexation of a dream"—a midsummer-night's dream: that sofa was the bank whereon the wild thyme blew—and there was Titania sitting on it, "sticking musk-roses in the sleek smooth head" of Bottom the weaver.

"Even in Mr Duncanson's yacht?" asked Morna.

"Has he a yacht? He's very lucky. I like yachting: and so Duncanson has a yacht?"

"Yes."

"Captain Pigott, are we to have our *écarté* to-night?" cried Mrs M'Killop.

"Certainly. I am perfectly at your disposal," said Pigott, rising and abandoning Titania with the same stolid calm.

"Does this go on every evening?" asked Eila, also rising, and joining the pair at the window. "Isn't it a little *triste?* what do you do?"

"We go out on the terrace. We're going to-night—are we not, Miss Grant?"

"If you like."

"Shall we go, then?" adding, as Eila made no sign of moving, "Won't you come, Miss M'Killop? You have no idea how beautiful the hills look at this time of the evening from the terrace."

"Thanks—not to-night; I believe I am a little tired;" and so Bertrand and Morna went out by themselves. But their walk that night was far from a success. There were silences, apologies, forced random starts into the driest of subjects, again silences, and then more apologies. What could it all mean? It must have been Bertrand's fault, he looked so abstracted and dull; and Morna evidently thought so, for she looked up now and then into his thoughtful face in a simple, questioning way, receiving, however, no explanation. It was very mysterious and unpleasant.

The summer seemed suddenly to have taken to its golden wings and fled. There was a cloud over everything to-night, and a chillness. Was it possible that from so sunny a source as Eila's presence a sudden mistral had come forth, blowing a damp and obscuring haze between two spirits hitherto so congenial? Or whence else had it come?

"I hear Eila singing, I think," said Morna at last, in a painfully flat tone of voice; "and perhaps listening to her would amuse us more than walking here to-night. Shall we go in?"

Listening to *her!* Where was Bertrand's wonted gallant enthusiasm? Why was Morna not assured that only one singing voice, and that her own, could tempt him indoors on such a night, and from a *tête-à-tête* with her? She was not so assured, at all events; for Bertrand only said, "Perhaps you would prefer it—I daresay you are tired;" and they turned towards the house. As they drew near to the windows, the refrain of Eila's song floated to them very distinctly—

"Come back to Erin, Mavourneen! Mavourneen!
Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth!"

Very sweet indeed would the lay have sounded to any ears—very sweet, and plaintive, and pleading; indeed the most obdurate Irish absentee might have been half tempted back to face "Rory of the Hills" in deference to such an appeal; but to Bertrand it sounded something more than very sweet, and he walked into the room in a tumult of thoughts betwixt pleasure and pain.

What a heaven upon earth it would be to be addressed as "Mavourneen" by such a voice, in the sunlight of such eyes! Ah, what bliss! But did—was—*could* there be any one so highly privileged? and if so, did he wear plum-coloured knickerbocker stockings? O ashes! O despair! Eila rose the moment Bertrand and Morna entered; nor could she be prevailed upon to resume her seat at the piano. "I am too humble to sing when the *prima donna* is here to sing," she said. "Dear Morna, I have missed your music so much while I have been away; you *must* sing something now—will you, to oblige *me?*"

"I will try, but I feel sure that I am not at all in voice to-night. I wish you would sing another, first."

"Oh no, I'm too impatient; I can't wait: do, pray, let us have 'Wings.'"

Morna complied, and Eila seated herself on the sofa. And how did it happen? Was it by electricity, by magnetism, by the teaching of some strange spell, that Bertrand instantly became aware that he might seat himself beside her on the sofa, unrebuffed, and even welcome? "How it came, let doctors tell." Morna had scarcely taken flight upon "Wings," before Bertrand had gravitated to the sofa; and instantly there seemed about him—such as came about Launcelot in the castle of King Pelles—"a marvellous greyte clearenesse, that the playce was as bright as though all the torches of the world had beene there;" and in his ears there was a voice as of "the low-tongued Orient;" and when "Wings" had borne Morna to the end of their pathetic flight of touching aspiration, she found that no sympathising spirit had followed on her track. From the sofa came a murmur as of softly-flowing waters, and from the card-table rang a shrill female cry of triumph—"The king! game *and* rubber! Three-and-sixpence, Captain Pigott!" Hereupon the sofa woke up.

"Another! oh, I beseech you for another, dearest Morna!"

"Another, Miss Grant, as the greatest of favours."

But the favour appeared to be too great—at least it was not granted. There was thunder in the air, Miss Grant verily believed—otherwise, how *could* she have such a dreadful headache?—which made farther vocal effort impossible. There *must certainly* be thunder in the air—Miss M'Killop agreed—full of sympathy and condolence. And then Mrs M'Killop, snapping the clasp of her purse on the evening's winnings, thought that bed was the best place for a headache, and carried the young ladies off; but before they went, and even across their leave-taking, the mistral blew again with double bitterness, not merely floating the damp mist between Morna and Bertrand, but dropping a sudden cloud-curtain between him and the "marvellous greyte clearenesse," so that it went from him as it came to him, and he was again in the cold, dank darkness—where, however, he seemed to recognise, with an enhanced perception, that Pigott was fearfully deficient in

every personal grace and allurement —distressingly so—poor fellow! They had rather a grumpy time of it in divan that night. Bertrand mooned and moped—while, as bad luck would have it, Pigott's spirits were more buoyant than usual, so that he would have conversed gladly; but, failing that resource, so buoyant was he, that he fell back on music. With the ear of an oyster and the voice of a saw, and being only acquainted with about the eighth part of an old schoolboy tune, and words to match, great results were not to be expected from his performance. Still, it is astonishing how far a slight and rather inferior piece of music will go sometimes; and on this occasion Pigott managed, by dint of encoring himself every second minute, to satisfy his own requirements, and eventually to send Bertrand off to bed in a towering passion, by nothing more elaborate than—

"Pretty, pretty Polly Ho-opkins,
How d'ye do-oo?—how d'ye do-oo?
None the better, Mr Tom-kins,
Of seeing you-oo—of see-eeing you:"

and then *da capo*.

KING'S TRANSLATION OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The mass of early Greek fable which we call mythology has a wonderful vitality of interest. The legends which formed part of the religion of the ancient Greeks were adopted as text-books for modern schoolboys, in spite of some very questionable characteristics which might seem to unfit them as much for one purpose as the other. And now, just as they are losing the hold which they so long maintained almost exclusively in our public schools, they are becoming the subject of grave discussion amongst historians and philologers, and the storehouse of our modern poets. It was long a reproach, fair or unfair, against the Eton or Harrow boy, that he knew a great deal more about the scandals of the court of Olympus than he did about the British Constitution. It would not be difficult now to find readers of the fairer sex who—thanks to Mr Morris's graceful poems—know more about Bellerophon and the Argonauts than an average schoolboy.

It is therefore no very desperate experiment on the public taste which Mr King has made in undertaking a poetical version of Ovid's Metamorphoses, especially as no tolerable English translation exists. That which is best known, edited and published by Dr Garth in 1717 as the production of "various hands," exhibits for the most part only variety of bad taste and loose paraphrase. The Latin original has dropped out of use in our schools of late years, in spite of the great beauty of the versification and the attractiveness of the stories in general to the taste of boys; and there are, no doubt, some objections to its use as a whole. But very many of the passing generation remember it as almost their earliest classical acquaintance, and, we will be bold to say, remember it with a very lively pleasure. The ripple of Ovid's melodious stream of verse charms the ear and fancy still, and what little mud it stirred up here and there in its course, has left, it may

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The Metamorphoses of Publius Ovidius Naso, translated in English Blank Verse by Henry King, M.A. William Blackwood & Sons: 1871.

be safely said, no permanent trace behind it.

The name 'Metamorphoses,' or Transformations, describes sufficiently the principal subject of Ovid's poem. It is a collection of the current legends of men and women having been transformed, by the vengeance or the caprice of the gods, into lower animals, or into trees or stones. Such legends had very probably an Eastern origin. But they harmonised well with the popular creed of Greece, which gave a personal existence to every river and mountain, and believed that in every forest beech or oak there lay hidden some spirit of the wood, Faun or Dryad, which, upon occasion,

"Could slip its bark and walk."

Worse fables than these Transformations, after all, have been canonised as national beliefs. It was not an ungentle fancy, though it might be extravagant, to see the shadow of a lost humanity in the favourite shrub or flower, or catch in the note of a bird the tones of human feeling. They were no savages, who could so sympathise with the inanimate creation as to imagine that the Narcissus and Hyacinth had once been beautiful youths; that the anemone—Flos Adonis—was the form in which the goddess of love still preserved her favourite, and that the mulberry drew its red juice from the blood of the unhappy Babylonian lovers; who dreamed that they heard in the whistling reeds the wail of the lost nymph Syrinx, and saw in the heliotrope, ever turning its face to the sun, the love-lorn Clytie, vainly striving to recall the lost affection of Phœbus Apollo. No enthusiastic florist, who gives to his favourite flower some noble or graceful name, and watches its development year by year with affectionate interest, can fail to have a kindly sympathy with these imaginative Greeks. Those men could hardly have been very cruel to the brute creation, if they believed, even with a half-belief, that into such lower forms had passed the very self of some of their national ancestors. Some such belief would be wholesome enough now amongst the ruffian class of our population. It might check the hand of the human brute who hammers his unhappy donkey on the head, or "twists the tail" of the poor beast he is driving to slaughter, if he knew that the Humane Society's officer had the power of translating him forthwith, like Apuleius, into an ass, or giving him six months as a bullock—a masculine Io—in old Smithfield. But the metamorphoses of modern science proceed in an inverse order. We are now taught that it is the beast of exceptional character (and who is also fortunate in his matrimonial selection) who develops into a man, and not the man who, for his sins, descends into the beast. The new faith is scarcely an improvement on the old. It is more comfortable to believe, with Ovid, that the monkeys were originally an Ethiopian tribe, called Cercopes—men with rudimentary tails—who were developed into their present form as a punishment for their cheating propensities, than that we ourselves are only improved gorillas. The moral teaching of the fabulist, that men may make beasts or apes of themselves, if not very recondite, is at least infinitely higher than the conclusion which seems to follow from the other hypothesis—that any such moral transformation is really nothing more than going back to the good old days of our forefathers.

Ovid's moral sense is not of a high order, as we have already hinted, but certainly he teaches nothing so dangerous as this. And here, as to this question of the morality of the heathen poet, let

something be said once for all to the readers of the present translation. That the themes chosen by the Greek and Roman poets were often such as a purer taste would avoid,—that they were sometimes treated by them in terms which offend our modern delicacy,—is notorious to the merest smatterer in the mythology and the literature of these peoples. That an English poet can deliberately choose some of these deformities of classical genius, and clothe them in language ten times more objectionable, because it is English, and not Greek or Latin—the product of Christendom, and not of heathendom—we have unfortunately a striking modern example. Let no such suspicion attach to Mr King's volume. Without having recourse to the easy expedient of omission, he has passed over the hazardous ground into which his author occasionally leads him with a light and safe step which contracts little soil in the passage; which is more than can be said for some earlier translators. Pagan mythology is not to be reduced to the rules of our morality; but with this understanding, which applies to all our dealings with heathen literature, there is in this translation of the Metamorphoses no wilful offence against purity. The care of the translator in this respect does equal credit to his skill and his good taste.

The Roman poet collected together the marvellous legends which were told in different forms by the Greek fabulists, or which had been introduced from other sources into the national mythology; adding also here and there, it is conjectured, some original fictions of his own. Though he chose especially the subject of transformations, he did not confine himself to this branch of fable. He has shown considerable ingenuity in weaving the whole into one continuous series—connecting the several legends by links which are sometimes, it must be confessed, of a very slight and arbitrary character, but contriving in this way to mould the poem into a sort of romance-history of the early world. He begins with the first and greatest metamorphosis—that of Chaos into order. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether or not he drew any part of his cosmogony from the Hebrew Scriptures. More probably he followed the traditionary account of the origin of the habitable world common to many faiths and languages. It is enough to notice how remarkably the Mosaic record of "the Earth without form and void," and the "darkness on the face of the deep," is reflected in the description of the Roman fabulist:—

"A rude unfeatured mass,—
A mere vast weight inert,—discordant seeds
Of ill-matched things in one huge heap compressed.
No Titan * gladdened yet with light the world;—
No Phœbe filled anew her growing horns;—
No floating Earth in Æther circumfused
By her own weight hung balanced;—round the shores
No Amphitrite twined her circling arms.
Land, Water, Air, together mixed and blent;—
Land stable to no foot,—Water which gave
No space to swim,—and Air devoid of light."

His account of the creation of man follows also the Mosaic order, placing him last in point of time of all living creatures. The passage is well known, and finely here translated:—

"Something yet lacked—some holier being—dowered
With lofty soul, and capable of rule
And governance o'er all besides,—and MAN
At last had birth:—whether from seed divine

* The Sun-god, in the older theogony, was not Phœbus Apollo, but the son of Hyperion, of the race of the Titans.

Of Him, the artificer of things, and cause
Of the amended world,—or whether Earth
Yet new, and late from Æther separate, still
Retained some lingering germs of kindred Heaven,
Which wise Prometheus, with the plastic aid
Of water borrowed from the neighbouring stream,
Formed in the likeness of the all-ordering Gods;
And, while all other creatures sought the ground
With downward aspect grovelling, gave to man
His port sublime, and bade him scan, erect,
The heavens, and front with upward gaze the stars.
And thus earth's substance, rude and shapeless erst,
Transmuted took the novel form of MAN."

Ovid follows the Greek Hesiod in the legend of the four successive ages of men, each degenerating from its predecessor. First came the golden age, before Paradise was lost, when earth brought forth all good things in spontaneous abundance, and there was no more need of labour than there was of law. Those happy days upon earth were when good King Saturn reigned in heaven. He was dethroned by the unfilial Jupiter, and with this new ruler the silver age succeeded — an age of higher civilisation, but less virtue. It was followed successively by the ages of brass and iron, in which the arts and the vices grew with equal growth. Very far were these ancient poets from our modern philosophy, which ascribes all vice to ignorance, and all virtue to education. In their estimate, ignorance is not only bliss, but virtue. The good old days were those in which not only were "the miraculous arts of reading and writing" unknown to men, but they did not even know how to sow, or to plant, or to build. It was, according to their view, "audacious wickedness" that first invented ships, and dug into the bowels of the tortured earth for iron. And now we have filled up the cup of our iniquity by railways, and steam-engines, and compulsory education!

The increasing wickedness of mortals, which drew down upon the whole race the vengeance of heaven, is another point in the world's history upon which the fabulists are in accordance with the Scriptures. Ovid describes the Ruler of Olympus as taking cognisance of the growing corruption of mortals, in phrases which bear a very remarkable resemblance to those used by the sacred chronicler on another very similar occasion:—

"Of man's condition to the skies
Report came, infamous: which to disprove
Still hoping, from Olympus down to earth
My way I took, and, putting off the god,
Disguised in human semblance walked the world."

One might suppose the writer had before his mind the very words of the Book of Genesis: "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous; I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which is come unto me; and if not, I will know." The legends told — and still we seem to hear the echo of the figurative Hebrew phrases—that in those days gods walked the earth, and consorted at times with mortals. In such guise did Jupiter ask hospitality of Lycaon, king of Arcadia. He, to test the quality of his strange guest, set before him as a meal portions of the body of an unhappy hostage whom he slaughtered for the occasion. Then the fire of heaven fell upon the accursed house, and Lycaon himself fled howling into the woods in the shape of a wolf, to indulge for ever in the horrid banquet which he had devised. Such is the germ, in the old mythology, of that strange superstition which seems to have fixed itself for many ages in the belief of the northern nations, and which is by no means extinct even at this day.

But this single example, says the poet, was not enough. The whole

mortal race were condemned, and the Deluge followed. Ovid gives at length the well-known story of Deucalion and Pyrrha, the sole survivors, and the authors of a new race. From that point he no longer follows the course of the world's history, but becomes highly discursive; recounting, sometimes briefly, sometimes with elaborate detail, all the most striking of the legends which he found in the early poets and fabulists—the only current literature of his day—choosing, as has been said, especially though not exclusively, those which had some case of transformation as their climax, and introducing them for the most part by such links of connection as his ingenuity can devise.

Of course, in such a series, the loves of the gods, as a favourite subject with his originals, occupy a conspicuous place. The stories are told by the Roman poet with a fluent grace which loses little in the hands of his translator. Apollo's courtships were so far of an innocent nature, that many of them may be resolved, without much forcing of the allegory, into a passion for flowers. The story of the heliotrope has been already noticed. The lotus had once been his favourite nymph Dryope. Daphne, pursued by his too ardent attentions, and trying to escape, is changed at her own prayer into a laurel, just as the god's eager arms are seizing her after a long chase. Apollo's passionate appeal to the nymph as she flies from him is well rendered by Mr King:—

"Oh stay! oh Maiden, stay! No foe pursues
Thy footsteps. Let the lamb the wolf, the deer
The lion fly, or trembling doves the kite,
Their natural foes—'tis love that follows thee!
Ah Heaven! if thou shouldst fall, or thorns should wound
Those dainty limbs—and I the cause! Ah! see
How rough thy path! If thou *must* fly, yet fly
Less wildly, while less wildly I pursue!
Learn who it is entreats thy love! No boor,
No shepherd I—no herdsman sues thee, rough
And brutish as his charge. Thy ignorance flies
It knows not whom, unreasoning. Mine the steep
Of Delphos,—Claros,—Tenedos,—the realms
Of Patara. My sire is Jove. My voice
Reveals what was, and is, and is to come.
Mine music, wedded to immortal song!
My shaft is sure—surest save one, whose barb
Stings now my inmost soul. Mine too the fame
Of medicine. Me a grateful world surnames
'The Healer:' and the virtues of all herbs
I know: alas! that never one of all
Hath power on love! and all the arts which help
All others, fail to help their lord alone!"

The description of the hot chase, admirable in the original, is scarcely less so in the translation:—

"As when the greyhound o'er the level plain
Pursues the hare,—both speeding, one for prey
And one for life,—as nearer yet he wins
And nearer,—holds her now for sure, and close
With eager muzzle pants;—she, knowing scarce
If she be ta'en or not, with hair-breadth turn
Baffling the gripe, one moment yet the fangs
Escapes,—so fared it with these twain:—the God
To speed by passion urged, the Maid by fear.
But still the swifter he, to whom love lends
His wings. No respite! On her steps he gains,
Till, wellnigh in his grasp, upon her locks
She feels his hot breath play."

It would be impossible to reproduce faithfully in an English version the Ovidian polish of the well-known lines:—

"Alter inhæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro;
Alter in ambiguo est, an sit deprensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiaque ora relinquit."

But Mr King has not unsuccessfully attempted it.

The nymph's name is still borne by a class of pretty shrubs, the best known of which is perhaps the mezereon, or, as the Spaniards gallantly call it, the "lady-laurel;" but our common laurel is really one of the cherry tribe, and must be assigned to a humbler origin.

One of the finest episodes—if the term can be used in speaking of a book which is, in fact, all episodes—is that of the Fate of Phaeton; who, eager to make good his claim to be the offspring, as he was reputed, of the god of day, obtained from that deity, in recognition of his birth, the promise to grant whatever boon he asked. Too late the father repented of his promise, when the youth made his request to drive for one day the chariot of the sun. Apollo foresaw the catastrophe, but the oath which he had sworn by Styx was irrevocable. Every one knows the sequel—how the young aspirant, like Prior's "Kitty," the beautiful Queensberry,

> "Obtained the chariot for a day,
> And set the world on fire."

It was in the tremendous conflagration which ensued, the poet assures us, that the negroes were burnt black—a statement which has at least this to recommend it, that the ethnologists have never been able to account for the colour satisfactorily in any other way. But the rationalists will not let this story alone. Plato had explained it all away long before Ovid got hold of it: "The real meaning is," says he, "that in the course of the revolutions of the skies at long intervals there comes a catastrophe, when the things on earth are destroyed by fire, and then those who live high up in mountains and in dry places perish."

The story of the two unfortunate lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe, is tolerably well known in outline through the burlesque interlude in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." They were doubly unfortunate in this, that they are inseparably associated in most of our memories with Bottom the weaver and his fellow-clowns. In truth, there are original elements of comic absurdity in the story itself, which Shakespeare was quick to discern. The notion of two lovers conversing through a chink in the wall, and imprinting kisses on either side of the envious partition which separated them, was a manifest temptation to its personal rendering by Peter Snout, with his lime and stone and roughcast. Shakespeare has condemned the story to a comic immortality, so far as English readers are concerned. The heroine, though Ovid calls her "fairest of the daughters of the East," will always be associated in our minds with "Flowers of odious savours sweet;" and our appreciation of the catastrophe, even in Mr King's translation, is sadly marred by our recollection of its presentment before the Duke of Athens. Criticism repeats mechanically the shout of the courtly audience—"Well roared, lion!—Well run, Thisbe!"

The tale of Cephalus and Procris—though known also to Bottom and his fellows as "Shafalus and Procrus"—has escaped better. Their story was a favourite with the early fabulists, and continued to be so with modern romance-writers. No one tells it better than Ovid: its tenderness suits the genius of his verse better than the more violent passions. He makes Cephalus the Athenian relate his own unfortunate history to Prince Phocus at the court of his father Æacus at Ægina. Phocus had admired a javelin which his visitor carried. It had been a fatal gift, the owner told him. Scarce two months of wedded happiness had been spent with his bride, Procris, when the goddess of the morning became enamoured of him while he was hunting—

> "The golden-haired Aurora looked on me,
> And snatched me, all unwilling, to her arms.
> The Goddess pardon me!—but, truth to tell,—
> Sweet as her roseate cheek, whereon the dark
> And light she parts in blest complexion met

Of tenderest colour, washed with nectar-dews,—
I loved my Procris better! Procris' name
Was ever in my heart, and on my lips."

The indignant goddess at last bade him go back to his mortal bride, warning him, however, that he would live to repent his unworthy preference. On his way homewards, jealousy awoke in his heart. Had his Procris been faithful during his enforced absence? He resolved to make experiment, and to enter his home in disguise:—

"Some pretext won me audience, and confused
I stood before her, and wellnigh renounced
The meditated trial, scarce restrained
From instant frank avowal of the truth
And the fond kisses that I yearned to give.—
Sad was she, but her sadness lent a grace
To others' smiles denied:—her absent Lord
Was all her thought. Judge, Phocus, if in grief
So lovely seemed she, what in happier hours
The charm she wore! * What need to tell how oft
I tried her, or how oft her purity
My suit repelled,—how oft 'For one alone,'
She answered me, 'I live, though where he be
I know not—and none else!' Ah! was I mad
With proof like this not satisfied? I was!
And with my own hand dealt my proper wound,
And still my proffer raised, and for one kiss
Such lavish bribe I offered, that at last
Methought she wavered."

Then the husband declared himself, and charged her with listening too lightly to the love-tale of a stranger. Procris, indignant at the stratagem, fled to the woods, and became a huntress in Diana's train. The penitent bridegroom followed, and won her pardon. In token of reconciliation she gave him two gifts—a hound of surpassing fleetness, and a javelin that never missed its mark. So they lived once more their first happy life—

"When morning lit the mountain-peaks
The chase would call me to the woods:—nor train,
Nor horse, nor keen-nosed hound, nor knotted net
I needed:—game enough this lance ensured.
And, when the sport had wearied me, I sought
The cooling shade, the breeze that through the glade
Breathed fresh, the air that tolerable made
The sultry noon, the air whose breath restored
My fainting forces. 'Come! come Aura! come!'
So was I wont to murmur—all too well
I mind it—'to this bosom! let me feel
Thy kisses on me! Come, as thou art wont,
And cool this fever in my blood!' And more,
So prompted by my Fate, of blandishment
Would add—'Come! come! my one sole pleasure thou!
Sole charm amid these solitary woods
That cheer'st me and refreshest, come, oh come!
My longing lips await thee!'"

Some mischievous listener carried to Procris the story of her husband's passionate apostrophe—plainly this Aura was some Oread nymph, with whom Cephalus had rendezvous in the woods.

"Again the woods I sought, and when the chase
Was o'er, the quarry slain, upon the grass
I flung me, and 'Come, Aura, come!' I cried,
'I languish for thy kisses!' As I spoke,
From the nigh thicket seemed some moaning sound
To issue, hardly marked:—'Come, sweetest, come!'
Again I murmured,—and the rustling leaves
Were stirred, as by the passage of some beast,—
And quick I launched my javelin!—Procris 'twas
That in her breast received it! Procris 'twas
That shrieked and fell! Too well I recognised
In that sad cry, my Wife, and to her side
Distracted sprang! Half-dead, her vest with blood
Bedabbled, striving from her wound to draw
The dart—alas! her proper gift!—I raised
The fainting form, more dear to me than life
Itself, and in my guilty arms sustained,
And with my torn robe bound her cruel wound,
And strove to stanch the welling flood, and wild
Besought her yet to live, nor leave that guilt
Of murder on my soul! Too late! Too fast

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* The reader would perhaps like to see what Nahum Tate, Esq., Poet-Laureate, makes of these lines:—

"How charming was her grief! then, Phocus, guess
What killing beauties waited on her dress!"

There is not, of course, a word about the millinery in the original.

The life-stream ebbed! Yet some few eager words
She nerved herself to utter,—'By our bond
Of wedlock, Cephalus!—by all the Gods,
By all in me that charmed thee,—by the Love
That, as I die, still warm and true for thee
Beats in this sinking heart,—ah! grant me yet
One boon,—nor take this Aura to my bed!'
Too late the fatal error of that name
I saw, and told:—what boot was then to tell,
When life was ebbing from her?—Yet her gaze,
Long as it could, was fixed on mine,—my lips
Received her latest breath,—and, undeceived,
Methought her spirit peaceful seemed to part!"

These extracts are a good specimen of the merits of both poet and translator.

Modern mythologists discover in this story, as in the whole cycle of classical legend, a "solar myth." Cephalus is the rising sun; Procris is referred to a Sanscrit root meaning "dew;" and the beginning of the story means nothing more or less than this,—"the Sun kisses the morning Dew."* But the course of true love is as complicated in nature as in humanity. Eos (Aurora), the Dawn, loves the Sun, and woos him to join her. Then Procris is faithless, apparently, to her old love; but the new lover turns out to be only Cephalus in disguise. This is only poetical for "the rays of the sun being reflected in various colours from the dew-drops." At last Procris is killed by the weapon of Cephalus, and "he must kill her because he loves her: it is the gradual and inevitable absorption of the dew by the glowing rays of the sun which is expressed with so much truth by the unerring shaft of Kephalos thrown unintentionally at Prokris hidden in the thicket of the forest." Well—allegory, and the interpretation thereof, is a very fascinating study. It is impossible to say what deep meanings, physical or metaphysical, may not be drawn out of any story by an ingenious mind. We are half tempted ourselves to take up our parable after a homelier sort, and to gather from the classical text a warning against the pernicious habit of early rising, and going out, as Horace Walpole says, "before the world is thoroughly aired." Cephalus was evidently an ardent sportsman, not of these degenerate days, but of that hardier age when

"The squires of old would awake the day
To the sound of the bugle-horn."

Procris, like an affectionate bride, of course did not approve of his going out to meet the Dawn—have we not her very picture in the good old hunting ditty, not yet forgotten in "the Shires"?—

"The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
'My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,—
You cannot hunt to-day.'"

But, as the chorus tells, "a-hunting he would go." And no good came of it. He returned home late, and, as was not uncommon with the hunters of those days, so "disguised" that his wife did not know him. Then as to the latter part of the story, about Aura; is not the moral palpable, that if a gentleman is heated, and wants to cool the fever in his blood, about the most dangerous thing he can do is to lie down in a draught?

No one has told so prettily as Ovid the familiar legend of Actæon—a favourite subject both with ancient and modern painters—the hunter who paid the terrible penalty for having seen a goddess unrobed. For he did not live in that age of gold, when men were innocent, and, as the poets tell us, could even gaze on all the unveiled charms of immortal beauty and take no harm. We seem to get an inkling of a deeper truth than the poet was con-

* Max Müller's Chips, ii. 87.

scious of, in the fact that as man degenerated from his original type, the divinity was hidden from his eyes—he must not look upon it and live. So when the unhappy mortal, though with no thought of idle curiosity, comes suddenly upon the secret haunt, in the cool grotto under the pines of Gargaphia, where Diana is bathing with her nymphs,* his doom is sealed at once—he shall never boast of what his profane eyes have seen. Changed into a stag, yet retaining all his human consciousness, he is hunted down and devoured by his own hounds—eighteen couple, of whom the poet is so conscientious as to give all the names. Lucian, whose thorough unbelief in the pagan theology of his day has made some ingenious persons hazard a theory that he was a Christian in disguise—as though scepticism as to one creed was presumptive evidence of faith in another—Lucian is wittily severe upon the goddess in the matter. In one of his clever dialogues, he makes Juno account for Diana's prudery by the suggestion, that she was afraid lest Actæon should publish her ugliness—not her beauty—and therefore set the dogs on him. She—Juno—had found no need for such scruples in the case of Paris. Euripides, who had little reverence for the sex, ascribes the implacable vengeance of the fair huntress to Actæon's having boasted of his superior skill in the chase. Graver writers have dealt with the pretty myth quite as hardly, in their wisdom: they have improved it into a parable, telling us that Actæon was nothing more or less than an Arcadian country-gentleman, who kept too expensive an establishment, and so at last "went to the dogs"—being practically, if not literally, "eaten up by his hounds."

A curious system of animated nature might be drawn from the myths of Ovid. Would you know the natural history of the gecko, or spotted lizard? He was once a naughty boy called Stellio. Why is the creature's body so blotched all over, to make him doubly disagreeable? Because Ceres threw the broth in his face, when he laughed rudely at the eager way in which she drank it. Tired out with her sad search for her daughter Proserpine, the goddess had asked refreshment from the boy's mother; and this was his punishment for his ill-manners. The frogs, again, are at best a disagreeable and unpopular folk. There is no great harm in them, if we may trust mere prosaic zoologists; but, if Ovid's tale be true, they deserve all the persecution which village boys bestow upon them. They too had mocked a goddess in her hour of sore need. When the jealous queen of Olympus had issued her interdict, and forbidden any one to give shelter to Latona and her new-born twins, at last the exhausted mother reached the land of Lycia.

"The Sun had scorched the fields,—the weary way
And sultry Noon had parched her,—and her breasts
Those little lips had dried. But, in a vale,
A limpid lake she marked, whereat a band
Of peasants gathered osier, rush, and sedge,
And all the watery growth that there was rife,—
And down she knelt, and bent her to the wave,
And would have drunk:—but from the cooling flood
The loutish rabble drove her. What!—she cried—
Ye grudge me water?—Water sure to all
Is common! Nature not for this or that
The light of Day created, or the air
Outspread, or poured the wave;—for all alike

* As a specimen of the way in which some of Mr King's predecessors have dealt with Ovid, here is a line from Addison's version of this story:—

"'Let's strip, my gentle maids, and *wash*,' she cried."

She made them. In the general stock my share
Is all I claim. But, of your charity
Give what of right I waive. I seek not, I,
These weary limbs within your fount to lave,
One draught is all I ask. My throat is dry,
My lips are parched;—barely they yield my voice
Its way. One drop of yonder spring to me
Were nectar,—life renewed:—'tis life itself
I beg of ye! Oh! let these little ones
I bear, your pity move!—And, as she spoke,
The unconscious Infants spread their baby-arms."

Still they thrust her back, and in wanton spite stirred up the water into mud. Then the goddess rose in wrath:—

"Keep then your pool!—she cried—
And dwell in it for ever! And the curse
Wrought instant. Now beneath the wave they dive,
Submerged and lost to sight,—and now their heads
Rise peering round the margin;—now they cleave
The surface;—now upon the banks they squat
And leap, and dive, and rise again. And still
Their foul tongues rail in quarrel,—shameless still
Beneath the flood they croak, and croaking seem
To strive for curses. Harsh and dissonant
Their voice,—their throats are swoln and puffed,—their mouths
Unsightly broadened gape, and scarce a trace
Of neck, where head and body join, remains."

Why do we all talk of "halcyon days," and why did the seamen hold in Pliny's time (and a great deal later, probably, for sailors are especially conservative of such traditions) that there were always seven days, more or less, of calm weather just before the winter solstice, while the halcyon (*alcedo ipsida*) was brooding its young? Why, but because Halcyone, turned into a sea-bird with her husband as she flung herself on his drowned corpse, was a daughter of the King of the Winds.

"Fond as of yore, still linked in that new shape
By the same bond of conjugal love, they pair,
And breed: and, in the Winter's sunnier calm,
Seven days and nights upon her floating nest
Alcyone sits brooding. Fearless then
Launches his bark the sailor. Æolus
Fast in their caverns locks the prisoned winds,
And for his daughter's children smooths the seas."

The magpies—would we know how they came by their chattering note, and faculty of imitating all sounds they hear? They were nine sisters, daughters of the Macedonian Pierus, who, too vain of their mystic number and their powers of song, dared to challenge the Muses themselves to a contest. The mountain-nymphs were to be the judges, and gave their decision against the new aspirants. These last were dissatisfied, and railed against the award. Then the patience of Calliope—who had a poet's sensitive temper—was exhausted, and she changed her would-be rivals into birds:—

"The grove's disgrace—a flock of chattering pies—
And still incontinent of tongue, and hoarse
And dissonant with everlasting screech."

Ordinary naturalists will have it that the woodpecker "tapping the hollow beech-tree," does it to see whether the insects are at home or no. The theory has always been open to the objection that the insect, who must be supposed to have his instinct also, would know better than to answer the tap if he was. But Ovid tells a different story. The woodpecker was once a gay young prince—Picus—who, spurning the proffered love of the enchantress Circe, was changed by her into a bird; and ever since, in deep disgust at himself and his surroundings, has continued to strike his bill furiously into every tree that comes in his way.

We all admire the spider's web, if we have patience to look at it, though the creature itself is not popular; but the web is a work of art indeed, far surpassing in fineness and ingenuity of construction any product of human shuttle and loom.

No wonder! Arachne, the *aranea* of our entomologists, was once a lady, and a very clever one. She dwelt in that land of Mæonia, whose women were far-famed for their accomplishments. So wondrous were her performances, whether with the needle or the shuttle, and such grace was in all her movements as she worked, that the wood-nymphs left their bowers, and the Naiads their streams, to stand and watch those subtle and delicate fingers. She was the favourite pupil, surely, of Pallas Athene. But Arachne repudiated any such instruction, and claimed to be an original genius. She even threw out a challenge to the goddess herself. It was accepted —not without a warning from the immortal artist to her rival of the penalties of failure. Let Ovid describe the contest through his translator; it is a very spirited version of a difficult passage:—

"The looms were set,—the webs
Were hung: beneath their fingers nimbly plied
The subtle fabrics grew, and warp and woof,
Transverse, with shuttle and with slay compact
Were pressed in order fair. And either girt
Her mantle close, and eager wrought; the toil
Itself was pleasure to the skilful hands
That knew so well their task. With Tyrian hue
Of purple blushed the texture, and all shades
Of colour, blending imperceptibly
Each into each. So, when the wondrous bow—
What time some passing shower hath dashed the sun—
Spans with its mighty arch the vault of Heaven,
A thousand colours deck it, different all,
Yet all so subtly interfused, that each
Seems one with that which joins it, and the eye
But by the contrasts of the extremes perceives
The intermediate change.—And last, with thread
Of gold embroidery pictured, on the web
Life-like expressed, some antique fable glowed."

It seems at the least doubtful whether, in point of design and workmanship, the mortal had not the best of it: but Arachne, with the daring imprudence of genius, defied the conventionalities, and chose to represent in her pattern some not very creditable passages in the biography of the Olympian deities. The angry Pallas tore the web in pieces without waiting for a decision, and struck the aspirant fiercely on the head with a boxwood shuttle—and poor Arachne, unable to endure such insult, straightway went and hanged herself. In mercy, says the poet—or in contempt?—the goddess bade her live again as a spider: and still she spins a web which no loom, since Pallas gave up work, can equal. True Art is immortal, survives all angry criticism, and cannot be knocked on the head by any known process,—is this the moral?

The fierce jealousy entertained by the immortals of anything like rivalry, in their own special department, on the part of the creatures of earth, appears continually in various forms throughout pagan mythology. It embodied, of course, a truth; and the excellent old commentators—who tell us so much that we know, and leave untouched so much that we should like to know—are careful to impress upon us that such pride must have a fall. But the fabulist, in some instances, left a loophole for the satirist. The judge in such trials was necessarily either of kindred race to the competing deity—in which case he clearly had no business on the bench—or he was mortal, and, like the mortal competitor, amenable to the vengeance of the higher power if he gave his decision against him. Ovid tells very briefly the story of Marsyas, whom Apollo flayed alive for having dared to compete with him as a musician. It had been agreed between them that the victor should work his will upon the vanquished. Marsyas failed, according to the ver-

dict of the Muses—a modern counsel would have challenged the whole of the jury—and was immediately flayed alive by the triumphant god. "As a just punishment," says even the learned writer of the biographical article in Dr Smith's useful dictionary, treating the whole anecdote as though it were historical. Lucian—who could have written a very curious Classical Dictionary, though not exactly from the same point of view as Dr Smith's contributor—saw the trial in a different light: he thought Apollo would very probably have been skinned himself, if he had not had friends on the jury.

The present translator evidently possesses one important qualification for his work—a genuine admiration for his author. He fully appreciates those polished epigrammatic phrases of verse in which Ovid abounds, and which may best be described as "prettinesses." Some severe critics have called them "puerilities," but they only deserve the name in so far as they certainly make his verse attractive to boys, and give it a permanent hold on the memory. The list of popular quotations which might be collected out of these Metamorphoses alone would surprise many to whom the quotations themselves are familiar, but who would be often at a loss to refer them to their context. In rendering into English the sparkling play of words in which Ovid delighted, Mr King has often been very successful. Take, for example, these which follow:—

"Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum."

"Nor all in face
The same, nor different; so should sisters be."

In the epitaph on Phaeton:—

"Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis."

"And if he strove
In vain, at least in no mean venture failed."

"Oraque nostra, tuum frustra clamantia nomen,
Implerunt fluctus."

"The salt sea chokes the lips, whose last vain cry
Was on thy name."

"Sic pugnat, sic est metuendus Ulysses."

"So fights Ulysses; and such arms, I own,
Men well may dread."

"Atque Ajax armis, non Ajaci arma petuntur."

"The arms
Want Ajax more than Ajax wants the arms."

"Invictumque virum vincit dolor."

"And passion conquered whom none conquered else."

"Inferias inopes, crinem lacrimasque relinquit."

"Poor funeral gift, yet all
She has to give—her tresses and her tears!"

"Nec, quæ sulfureis ardet fornacibus Ætne
Ignea semper erit: neque enim fuit ignea semper."

"Time was, as yet the furnace at the heart
Of sulphurous Ætna blazed—and time will be
When it shall blaze no more."

In this last the translation is an improvement on the original, preserving the antithesis without the jingle, of which Ovid is too fond. Here and there, in the desire to give the full force of his author's meaning, he has indulged in a little more amplification than a translator's licence strictly admits; as when we find the sneer of Ajax against his rival Ulysses—

"Cui standi vulnera vires
Non dederunt, nullo tardatus vulnere fugit,"

thus rendered—

"He whose heart
Not left him strength to stand, found speed enough
To fly,—*I swear no wound was in his legs!*"

The last phrase, though no doubt it materially helps the point, is Mr King's own property, and neither Ajax's nor Ovid's. So again, in Ulysses' reply—

"Quæ nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus
Gestasset læva taurorum tergora septem"—

"But for which feat of mine, your Ajax' shield,
With all its seven-fold hides *that fence his own*,
Had wrought ye little help!"

the translator is harder upon Ajax than even his rival was. But it is so transcendent a duty in a translator to be readable, that the insertion of an additional point is far more excusable than the omission of one. To give any really good version of a poet into another language requires no small share of the poetic faculty in him who makes the attempt; and his constant temptation naturally is to indulge it. Mr King has perhaps been carried away by this temptation most in the two latter books of the poem, in which it would certainly be especially difficult for any translator to be at once perfectly faithful to his author and attractive to his reader. When, for instance, in the passage in which is introduced Pythagoras's teaching of transmigration (xv. 165), the human spirit is called

"The shifting tenant of a thousand homes"—

the vigorous phrase is Mr King's, not Ovid's. So, in his version of Ovid's sketch of the several ages of human life, from which it is more than possible that Shakespeare took the idea of his well-known passage —though he makes the periods seven, while Ovid is content with six—Mr King has some fine lines in which he describes the closing scene :—

"And last—the holiday of youth played out,
The strife and struggle of the middle years
Fought to the end,—the Veteran, leaping down
The hill that slopes to age—the thief that waits
Below to filch from frame and soul alike
All vigour of the past, nor in the wreck
Leaves trace of what he steals."

Vigorous and graceful as this certainly is, it can only be accepted as a paraphrase of the original.

But it seems ungracious to find fault in a portion of the work which gives us such fine passages as the sacrifice of Polyxena at the tomb of Achilles—a passage in which Ovid rises beyond his level, and where his present translator does him full justice :—

"Bosom and throat she bared—'Ye cannot deem
Polyxena would deign to live a slave!
Rather come death! Though with such sacrifice
Ye win no grace of any God in Heaven!
Yet happier could I die, so of my fate
My mother knew not:—'tis that only thought
That of its perfect welcome stints your blow!
Though,—for her tears,—*her* life, and not *my* death,
Should justlier ask their shedding. Please ye, press
Less closely on me,—'tis not much to ask,—
My Ghost will freelier seem to seek the Shades;
And uncontaminate by the touch of man,
As maid should die, dismiss me! Better so
The Power, whoe'er he be, ye think to please
Will thank ye for my blood!—If yet one word,
The last these lips may speak, can touch your hearts,
'Tis Priam's child, the daughter of a King,
No nameless slave, beseeches ye to grant
Her corse unransomed to her mother's arms:—
Let tears, not gold, redeem it!—Gold enough
She paid ye for such bargains while she could!'
She said:—nor in the throng was cheek unwet
With weeping save her own:—the very Priest,
Whose knife was buried in her proffered breast,
Unwilling struck, and blinded by his tears."

There are many other successful renderings, interspersed through the volume, which tempt us to quotation. Nothing can be better than the version of the following passage, well known to all readers of Ovid, where the sculptor Pygmalion falls in love with his own work :—

"Sæpe manus operi tentantes admovet an sit
Corpus, an illud ebur: nec ebur tamen esse fatetur.
Oscula dat, reddique putat: loquiturque tenetque,
Et credit tactis digitos insidere membris,
Et metuit pressos veniat ne livor in artus."

"And oft his hands the ivory tried, in doubt
If flesh it were or ivory, scarce the last
Convinced to think it.—Now upon her lips
A kiss he prints; and deems his kiss returned;
Now lover-wise he sues, now passionate
Embraces:—fancies that the yielding limbs
Give to his touch, and fears their tenderness
To bruise."

It is worth while to compare with

this original Mr Morris's treatment of the same fable—scarcely less graceful, though perfectly distinct:—

"No smile was on the parted lips, the eyes
Seemed as if even now great love had shown
Unto them something of its sweet surprise,
Yet saddened them with half-seen mysteries;
And still 'midst passion maiden-like she seemed,
As though of love unchanged for aye she dreamed.

Reproachfully beholding all her grace,
Pygmalion stood, until he grew dry-eyed,
And then at last he turned away his face,
As if from her cold eyes his grief to hide;
And thus a weary while did he abide,
With nothing in his heart but vain desire,
The ever-burning, all-consuming fire.

. . . . .

'Alas!' he cried, 'why have I made thee, then,
That thus thou mockest me? I know, indeed,
That many such as thou are loved of men,
Whose passionate eyes poor wretches still will lead
Into their net, and smile to see them bleed;
But these the Gods made, and this hand made thee,
Who will not speak one little word to me!'"*

Again, in that fine picture of Byblis writing her love-letter, the translator's rendering is very happy as well as faithful:—

"Incipit, et dubitat: scribit, damnatque tabellas;
Ex notat et delet; mutat, culpatque, probatque;
Inque vicem sumptas ponit, positasque resumet.
Quid velit, ignorat; quidquid factura videtur
Displicet: in vultu est audacia mixta pudori."

"Begins, then hesitates;—begins anew;—
Effaces what she wrote, and writes, and blots,
And writes again, and alters;—all too warm
Is this, and that too frigid:—now she flings
The tablets from her,—now resumes the task:—
What she *would* say, she cannot; what she says
Seems still amiss: and, at each word she writes,
Boldness with shame holds conflict on her cheeks."

Mr King tells, in the few lines which stand in the place of a dedication, that "it had been his hope to have been able to offer these pages, as a token of respect, political, social, and literary," to the late Earl of Derby. He adds, "'Diis aliter visum'; but I prefer the expression of that vanished hope to any substituted dedication." He will be contented with the sum of our criticism, if we say that his volume is worthy of the great name with which he desired to associate it.

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* 'The Earthly Paradise'—Pygmalion and the Image.

FRANK MARSHALL.—PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CRIMINAL BEFORE HIS JUDGE.

WILSON sat in his lonely lodgings, moodily reflecting on the sufferings by which merit must needs be tried in this vale. He had many things to vex him: the Bluefolds evidently did not know what was for their good; his principal client, he had reason to believe, was not favourably impressed with his conduct in one or two recent transactions; and his work on colonial policy, which was to set the political world in a blaze, had been received as calmly as the paradoxes of George Primrose: no journal except the 'Penzance Courier' had deigned to point out its mischievous tendency. Altogether, he was not displeased to have his meditations interrupted by the entrance of Frank, of late an unfrequent visitor, who sauntered discontentedly in, and cast himself into a chair, without speaking.

"Well," said Wilson, "how do you like your work at the Industrial? It is a capital thing for you to be engaged on a grand scheme like that, instead of dreaming life away while you are waiting for your uncle's shoes."

"A nice thing you have let me in for," answered Frank; "I should not wonder if we lost every sixpence. I took him for a swindler as soon as I set my eyes on him."

"Wright is as honest as any man breathing; but if there is a hitch I cannot see how I am to blame."

"I do not want to find fault with you," said Frank; "and I have nothing to say against Wright, only he is such a fellow to talk, and will not do any work: I mean that man Leary who sold us the land. It is my belief it no more belongs to him than it does to the man in the moon."

"It will throw you back a good deal if he cannot make out a title; but, after all, there will not be much harm done: you will be just where you were, and the contract is at an end."

"Maybe it is," replied Frank; "but we are not just where we were, you see: he may be off to the Rocky Mountains any day with the purchase-money, and that is about the whole capital of the Company."

"How the deuce did he get hold of the purchase-money?" asked Wilson.

"Why, I am afraid I was a little to blame there," answered Frank. "You see it seemed all plain sailing, and he wanted the money at once to send to his boys in Queensland—he has sent it by this, I daresay, confound him!—and it was a great thing for us to get hold of the land at once, and he told me there was another chap would give him £100 more if our cash was not ready, and then Wright always kept telling me not to raise any frivolous objection, so I advised our people to pay the money; and now it seems he has been insolvent since the time of Queen Caroline, and owes money to half the county: and there's a brute of a fellow in the next parish who is trying to make out that he has got a right to burn bricks all over our property for nothing until twenty-one years after the annihilation of the royal family, or some precious rigmarole of the sort. It is all a plant, of course, got up by him and that infernal scamp, Leary."

"But you are not going to give

in, and let yourselves be done quietly, are you?" asked Wilson.

"Give in! Lord bless you, we have got a regular lawyer at work now! and as soon as he found what our uncalled capital was, and heard something about our shareholders, he said it was the prettiest case he had ever met with, and that there was nothing like it in the books; and then he began to scatter the fees right and left, I can tell you. But that fellow Wright goes on everlastingly saying it is all my fault, and that I have thrown back English civilisation for half a century. I am sick of the whole thing; and as there is no conveyancing for me to do now, and our capital is locked up, I shall go abroad for a few weeks. But tell me something about yourself. I have had no time to come to chambers since this blessed Company started. Am I to congratulate you?"

"That's all off for the present," answered Wilson. "They have gone abroad for the summer, and I don't suppose anything will come of it after all; but we need not talk about that now."

"Well, I will not ask any questions, old fellow," said Frank; "but I am really very sorry, upon my word. Come along with me, to Switzerland, or Norway, or Egypt—anywhere you like—and shake it off; that's what I always do. I looked into chambers as I came along, and told our fellow I was off somewhere, and that you would most likely come too."

"I cannot move," answered the lorn one; "I have so many irons in the fire."

So Frank went off by himself. This he did not like, because then he must make up his mind for himself where he would go every day, and he hated having to do this, of all things; whereas nobody who went in Wilson's company need be at the trouble of forming an opinion of his own—and if he did, he had to give it up. So, as he could not bear starting alone without some definite point to make for, he thought he might as well go and see how his uncle was getting on. He would not be obliged to stay longer than he liked, for he could always plead business of the Company when the old man got tiresome. When he cast aside the frock-coat of the period, and put on his much-loved tweed monkey-jacket, stained by the suns of many a broiling day, he flung from him all the toils and losses of the Industrial Company, and began to think quite affectionately of his kinsman Matthew and the peaceful valley of Schwarzloch. Oddly enough, no doubt of that old gentleman's joy at beholding him ever crossed his mind: he had been in possession of that £3000 so long—*i.e.*, some sixteen days—that he had come to feel towards it as a proprietor, and it somehow escaped him that old Matthew would not improbably have something to say in the matter. The farther he got from Wright the lighter his bosom became, and the more cheerful was the view which he took of the Company's prospects; and if they were hung up for a year or two, that was not an unmixed evil: he would have time to read up to be in readiness to deal with all those sub-tenants. Before he crossed the Swiss frontier he had forgotten the whole business, and had cut out the next three weeks very much to his satisfaction. He would leave his portmanteau at the point where the by-road to Schwarzloch quitted the highway, then he would shoulder his knapsack and walk up to the baths: that might be about three hours. His uncle would think it unkind if he went away next morning; so he could make out a day, or perhaps two, very well, looking

about in the direction of the Teufelskralle. Then he could get away by the Höllenthur; or, if he found that was too much of a grind, he could strike eastwards. Murray said nothing of a path, but there was one marked on the map, and his portmanteau might come round by the road and meet him on Sunday at Sumpfboden or Fliegenmatte, as the case might be. At either of these places he would be sure to find some fellow to join, and, of course, could not quite determine upon his route until he knew where the other man wanted to go.

There is nothing like carrying your own knapsack, especially the first day, when the thing is all new to you and your shoulders are not raw. So Frank stepped gaily along, with a feeling that he was going forth into the wide, wide world, or, to give his thoughts a local colouring, *in die weite Welt hinaus, plus* the conviction that an excellent supper and bed awaited him that evening, and that he could get rid of his burthen the moment it became troublesome. He had been in affliction for the last three weeks: *She* was another's; Leary had been too many for him; and everybody had gone out of town except Wright, who spent his evenings with him, and sorrowfully pointed out that he had riveted the fetters upon a despairing peasantry. But Wright could not get at him here: old Matthew, who would be pleased to find his nephew so busy, might be able to suggest some dodge whereby to circumvent Leary; and with joy and thankfulness he was beginning to recognise the familiar symptoms of recovery from an undying and hopeless passion. But had a seer, such as whilom saw a shroud enveloping the living man, met our friend as he went gaily onwards exulting in his deliverance from the cares of love and business, he had said,—

"I see a sight he cannot see: the unthinking lad is rushing to his doom; yon man is *fey*." But his good angel slumbered. He often does.

The road scrambled up and down by the side of a stream white with fury, and led him through dense fir-woods, which at no time allowed him to see more than a few hundred yards ahead. After some two hours of this he became impatient for the glaciers, but could see nothing of them until the road turned sharp to the left across a quaking bridge of pine-trees. From this point he suddenly discovered Schwarzloch nestling in the meadows at the head of the valley, and the Teufelskralle springing out of the clouds in the distance. Here he halted against a bank to take in the scene and to ease his shoulders. Presently he found he was not alone; a lady was sitting on a rock by the water in the shadow of the bridge he had just crossed, so deeply engaged in the difficult task of sketching a view whose lights were constantly shifting, that she did not hear his steps. This was Clara, of course; and Frank, who had not thought it necessary to get himself up very elaborately to please the eyes of old Matthew, immediately began to bewail the absence of his portmanteau. His limp old wide-awake, admirably fitted as it was to shelter the human head, was ill suited to purposes of courtesy; gloves he had none; and against his knapsack Wilson had used all his influence for many successive years. However, there was no help for it, so he slipped off his burthen and advanced.

"Miss Bluefold, I believe? I think I had the pleasure of meeting you at Ascot. I hope you are staying at the baths?"

"Yes, we have been at Schwarzloch some days," said Clara, as soon

as amazement and dismay allowed her to speak.

Most of us would have been charmed with the prospect of a row; but she, the kind little soul, had been taking Frank's part for the last few days, and rather feared she had made matters worse.

"I am on my way there to see my uncle, who is taking the waters; perhaps you can tell me if he is still here."

"Mr Marshall is here; but I hardly think—that is, I mean, do you think he is expecting you?"

"Oh no; he never expects me till he sees me. But I am interrupting you, and the sun will be off the valley in a few minutes. If you will allow me, I will sit down and rest while you are finishing your drawing, and then I can carry your books back to the hotel."

So down she sat again, drawing away to gain time, but not to much purpose. What was to be done? Frank did not seem conscious of the crime he had committed, and she did not know whether she ought to enlighten him. He would wonder how she came to know all about his affairs, and think she was a marvel of inquisitiveness. But if he went up to the house now, she was sure that something terrible would happen. That very morning the old man had been consulting her about founding a Greek professorship at St Bees, to which all persons of the name of Marshall should be ineligible; and had told her he had closed his account with his banker because of that gentleman's fatuity in honouring Frank's cheque. Presently Frank saw she was not doing anything, and asked if he might see her album. He did not greatly admire the water-colour, which had been executed under difficulties, so he turned over and found a series of slight pen-and-pencil sketches which tickled him immensely. All of a sudden he shouted out,—

"By Jove, here's my uncle! but how savage you have made him look! Poor old fellow, I had not an idea he was so ill! It is a very clever sketch, Miss Bluefold. I know he does not bear pain well, but I must say I never heard of his shaking his fist like a maniac;" and he closed the book and looked hurt.

"Dear me, Mr Marshall," cried Clara, much distressed, "I did not mean you to see that; but it really is not what you take it for. Your uncle has not been ill at all; but he was very much vexed at something he had heard: and he did look so funny when he was put out, that I could not help just sketching the scene. It was very wrong of me, and I quite forgot it was in that book. I will tear it up at once."

"Pray do not think of doing that," said Frank, rather stiffly; "and I should like to have another glance at it, if you will allow me. It is really very like him," he went on, laughing in spite of his annoyance; "but what could he have heard to make him so fierce? and what are all those papers he seems to be kicking about?"

"I hardly like to tell you, but I suppose you ought to know. You will think me such a very odd person, meddling like this in your family matters; but those are the shares in that Company of yours, you know, for making gentlemen of the labourers."

"Oh, is that all?" said Frank. "I suppose he did not think it a safe investment. I am not sure I do not agree with him: but I must try and make the best of it to him to-night, and to-morrow we will have it all out. I suppose he is still rather sore about it?"

"Indeed he is; and it is not so much about the money, but he is furious at that passage in the prospectus about 'breaking down our

great territorial aristocracy.' Only this morning, when I said that, after all, it was very kind of you to be taking all this trouble for these poor people, he declared that if your names were not the same, really and truly he would prosecute."

"It was that fellow Wright wrote that about the aristocracy, and that other bit about the 'workers of the soil doomed never to enjoy its fruits.' The worst of that man is, he never will scratch out anything he has once scribbled down. But what had I better do? I suppose you would not like to go in and break it to him that I am here?"

"You stay here, and I will try what I can do," said Clara; and away she tripped.

"How infinitely better girls look in these broad-brimmed straws than in the soup-plates of the period!" thought Frank, admiringly surveying the retreating figure. "I don't wonder that I was a little smitten. She seems about the nicest girl I ever saw, too, although she is rather free with her pencil. I daresay my uncle was a tempting subject."

Clara went back to the hotel in an awful fright: she had talked to old Matthew about his nephew a good deal; and though she had always said as much in Frank's favour as she dared, the old man seemed more exasperated every day. He was always kind and almost affectionate in his manner to herself, but he had a wicked look about him at times. She had been a good deal perturbed, too, by Frank's being so annoyed at the caricature; so that altogether the poor little body was not quite so collected as usual. She was a timid little creature, who had never had her fair share of scolding, for Moneybags never would let anybody speak a cross word to her; and when she reflected that the old gentleman would most likely fly into an uncontrollable fit of rage, her head began quite to swim with consternation. Perhaps he would stamp and shake his fist, and this idea brought the caricature into her head, and then she laughed in spite of her anguish. By the time she got into the big sitting-room all her diplomacy had left her, and she was secretly a little hysterical, though she showed no signs of it. The old man was striding up and down, like the beasts at feeding-time, wearying for his dinner, for Clara's absence had delayed the *table d'hôte*.

"Well, Miss Clara," he said, with more acerbity of manner than he had ever shown towards her, "better late than never: young ladies should not take such long walks; and you are looking as if you had over-tired yourself. I suspect we shall find presently that you have done too much, and have lost your appetite. What has been keeping you so long?"

This was just what she wanted to tell him, but she could not bring the words out; so, arter one or two attempts at articulate speech, she began to choke, and the tears to show themselves. Mr Matthew Marshall was horrified: such a thing had never befallen him all his life long. Here was a nice little girl who had been trying to please him all she could—had lent him her books, and shown him her pictures, and sponged his clumsy old ankle—and just because she kept him waiting for dinner half an hour, he had been scolding her till she cried.

"I beg your pardon, my dear, for speaking so rudely; it's only twenty minutes past six now, and I am never in any hurry for my dinner: but I was getting uneasy about you, as you are generally so punctual. You must not mind what an old bear like me says now and then."

"It is not that," sobbed Clara—

"you are always very kind; but I have got something to tell you, and I am so afraid you will be angry."

"You cannot have done anything to make me very savage, my dear; so let me hear your little confession, and then go and get ready for dinner."

"I met him: he is just outside —Mr Frank Marshall." She had not voice to say any more, and now the murder was out.

The old man did not say anything, but took two turns up and down the room, and then stopped opposite Clara, who was not quite reassured yet.

"So he was afraid to come in himself, and sent you to bear the first brunt of it: I cannot say I think the better of him for it. Go and send him in to me—that is, if you would be so kind," he added, suddenly recollecting himself.

"You are not going to be very angry with him, Mr Marshall?" pleaded she.

"My dear Miss Bluefold, when young men at my nephew's time of life do wrong and silly things, they have to take the consequences; but you need not be afraid that anything will happen to shock your nerves. Getting that little girl to come in like that; just as an idle schoolboy sends his sister to beg him off! *Il me le payera.*"

Clara went back and gave her message: she was still rather agitated, and her black eyelashes looked a little dewy. As Frank looked and listened, he felt that his strength was departing from him, and that a return of his malady was imminent, and he said within himself, "I wonder how far Wilson has got in the business. He gave me to understand that it was as good as settled; but I should like to know exactly how the land lies, I must say. It won't do for me to be staying here, or I shall be making a fool of myself. But the worst of it is, there's no help for it: my uncle won't take it at all kind of me if I go before the week is out, at any rate." Then aloud he said, "So he did not utter a single imprecation! —that looks bad. He does not often take things this way, but he is a long time coming round when he does. I had better go and have it over; I hope you are not going to leave us alone after dinner?" Then he went in, but on the way found time to speak a word to the landlord about his portmanteau, which he said he must have up at once, as he thought he might have to stop some days, and did not want Clara to see that wideawake again.

"Well, Frank," said the old man as soon as the criminal appeared, "it is very good of you, I am sure, to tear yourself away from your important avocations for the sake of coming to this dull little hole! Do you not feel, though, that you are rather neglecting your duty to the *toiling millions of Great Britain?*"

No amount of word-painting can express the bitterness which Matthew threw into this quotation.

"I am sorry to find you are not pleased with what I have been doing, sir. I must own I think I have been a bit of a fool, and that I have got rather into a mess. I am not much of a man of business myself, and I wish you would let me go into the matter with you presently, and then you can advise me what we had best do."

"You want my advice, eh?" answered Matthew, with savage irony. "It is about the dividend, I suppose, —whether your *enormous profits* will allow you to divide 10 or 15 per cent, and how much is to be set aside to meet contingencies. No, Mr Director, you must excuse me. I have belonged to a good many companies in my time, and have burnt my fingers like other folks"

(we have reason to believe that in making this last statement he was romancing), "but I have always made it a rule never to fetter the discretion of the board." Then suddenly changing his tone, "I have no wish to meddle in your affairs, Frank; you have taken your own line, and must please yourself. I know none of the gentlemen whose names I see associated with yours, and have no desire to make their acquaintance. If they are not designing swindlers, they are empty-headed firebrands, who are putting forth their puny strength to undermine the fabric of society. As for their scheme, the best issue I can wish to it is the ruin of everybody who has anything to do with it. I shall hardly regret the loss of my £3000 if I see the name of your Company in the 'Gazette.' As for your own share in the business, we will say no more at present; in fact, I cannot trust myself to say all I feel. We will drop the subject for to-day, if you please."

Then they went to dinner. Charley came out of his room that day for the first time: Clara had kept him boxed up hitherto, but now she was actually afraid to face the belligerents alone, and so let him out on sick-leave. He did not know anything about the unpleasantness which existed between the uncle and nephew, and had a great deal to say, fondly imagining himself to be the hero of the party. His sister was afraid to look up; for besides the feeling that there was thunder in the air, she felt she had made a fool of herself, and was sure that Matthew must take her for a goose. Frank was soon alive to the fact that the exigency was serious, and wondered what his uncle was going to do to him. That gentleman was a little ashamed of himself for having made Clara cry, and he feared she thought he was a brute. Everybody was glad when the nuts came round; and the quality of the wine did not tempt them to linger. Then Charley proposed a rubber, but this nobody seemed to relish; then he offered to teach Matthew bezique: the old fellow would have preferred a game of cribbage with Clara, but he thought she was offended, and he did not like to propose it; so, though he hated new inventions, he felt constrained to accept the challenge, lest she should think him unamiable. Then what were the other two to do? There was no other pack of cards, and they had got nothing to read except the Company's prospectus. So they were obliged to take a turn up and down in the moonlight.

"I wish he would have it out, and have done with it," began Frank; "it is too bad of me to bore you with all this, but for the life of me I cannot think of anything else. I do not like his nursing his wrath this way. I suppose it is because he cannot think of anything bad enough to do to me all at once."

"I do not think he is quite so angry now as he was," answered Clara. "Do you know, I think I would try him again, if I were you, now he has had his dinner. I have noticed that's the time the landlord always brings his bill; and then he was a good deal put out just now, because I was late for *table d'hôte*. I will go and send Charley to bed, and then you two can have a comfortable talk."

"Well, there's no use in disturbing them until they have done that game," said Frank. "We had better stay here a few minutes, and watch the moon lighting up those peaks. There are not three nights in the year when you can see them so well."

Bezique is a long game sometimes, and it was a good half-hour before Frank thought it would be safe to

go in and stop the players; but he was not impatient. It was very pleasant outside, and a *tête-à-tête* with old Matthew was not an alluring prospect. At last Charley was sent to bed, and Frank screwed up his courage and went in—both parties had been thinking a good deal.

"Well, uncle," began Frank, "I am come to say good-night, for I am thinking of turning in early after my journey. I am glad to see the waters seem to agree with you."

"Do not go yet, Frank. I should like to have a little talk to you first. Just ring for two cups of coffee, will you—it's included in the *pension*—and come and sit down by the window. Frank, my lad, I take a good deal of blame to myself about you—I do indeed. I promised my poor brother I would be a father to you."

"I am sure," said Frank, rather touched, "you have always been very kind. I am not at all surprised at your not liking this Company business, for I have been making a most confounded ass of myself; there is no use in denying it."

"No, Frank, there is not any use in denying it, so we will take that for granted; but it has been my fault after all. If I had kept you up to the collar ten years ago, you would have been a good steady man of business now, taking life in earnest, and doing your fair share of work. What a mistake I have made, allowing you £300 a-year, and asking no questions! I ought to have known that no man can learn to swim if he sets out with a bladder under his arm. Well, well, what's done can't be undone; but I will try and be wiser in future."

"Your money is your own, sir, to do as you like with," said Frank, considerably nettled. "If you are going to stop the supplies, I do not deny it will be unpleasant; but I daresay I shall manage to get along as well as another."

"I should like to know what you would do if I were to stop the supplies, as you call it. I should be sorry to hear of my brother's son jumping off Waterloo Bridge or enlisting in the Pope's Brigade. No, I will tell you what I am going to do. I suppose we may call that £3000 a dead loss?" Frank nodded. "Very well, I am going to cut you down to £100 a-year, and the remaining £200 shall go to recoup me for the loss. This will teach you the value of money, and you will have something to live upon while you are learning some occupation. It is not that I want to save the money. Whenever you come and show me that you are setting to work in earnest, I will give you a helping hand. You shall never miss a step in life for want of assistance; but I must be satisfied that you are really making your way, for I am determined no longer to support you in idleness. And now good-night, and God bless you!"

"Butter-hearted old ass that I am," said Matthew to himself, as he brewed a horrible compound devised by the skill of Rossenarzt. "I shall have the ruin of that lad on my head."

"The old curmudgeon has cut off my pocket-money," said Frank to Clara, as they shook hands in the passage; "but as you must say good-night now, I will tell you all about it in the morning."

CHAPTER V.—HOW LITERATURE IS MANUFACTURED.

Old Matthew used always to take a bath some time in the small hours, and then he was put to bed under three feather-quilts, with orders to stay there till somebody was at leisure to come and tell him to get

up. Consequently he did not make a public appearance till it was getting on for eleven o'clock. Charley was not yet allowed to be at large. So Clara and Frank had a quiet breakfast all to themselves, at a little table in a window looking down the valley. The portmanteau had arrived along with the rolls. Matthew could not stand the household bread, and had arranged that a messenger from the town on the highroad should bring him something fit for a Christian every morning. Frank was in the lowest spirits as he told his tale.

"I do not know that I can blame the old fellow after all," he said. "I have used him very badly, there is no doubt about it. But what on earth I am to do is more than I know. For one thing, I must leave this to-morrow. I cannot afford to stay on here."

"What sort of thing are you thinking of doing?" asked Clara.

"There's nothing I can do. I might perhaps be an usher; but there's that new Latin Grammar come out since my time. However, I must get back to town at once, and look about me. I shall move into lodgings at Islington to begin with."

"But there are so many ways of making money. You are at the bar, are you not?"

"Yes, I am, and much I have made by that. I never had but one job, and I have managed to ruin my client horse and foot, as you have heard."

"Some men make a good deal, I know, by writing for the newspapers and magazines,—did you ever think of trying that sort of thing?"

"I have tried that," answered Frank. "Last year when I was in Auvergne I thought I would write about the place and the people, and all that—and I took a good deal of trouble about it—but it would not do."

"What did the publisher say to it?"

"I never sent it to anybody. I showed it to a fellow who was with me at the time, and who understands that sort of thing, and he said there was nothing in it; in fact, he spoke so unkindly about it that I was afraid to show it to anybody else. By the way, I think he is a friend of yours. It was Wilson. He was one of the party at Ascot." And he looked up from his omelette to watch the effect of the name.

"Oh, it was that gentleman, was it?" said Clara, rather contemptuously, for his comments on her drawings still rankled in her gentle breast. "I do not think I would let Mr Wilson's criticisms be decisive."

"I believe I have got it here, if you would care to see it. I threw it into my portmanteau, and have never looked at it from that day to this."

"Fetch it at once," cried she. "I usually go at this time of day to the churchyard for shade. I can take it with me and read it there."

"And I will come along with you, and explain the hard passages," said Frank.

It was not very long, but she could not make out the writing, so he had to read it aloud. She made no comments until he came to a passage in which he described the delight of a native at beholding an Englishman for the first time. The man in the blouse was represented as saying,—

"Mon Dieu! tu es Anglais! permets que je t'embrasse."

"Do you mean to say he did it?" asked Clara.

"Ay, that did he—

"'Syne he kiss'd me on ae cheek,
And syne upon the t'ither.'"

"I wish I had been present to sketch the group," said Clara. "An illustration of that little scene might have done for your frontispiece."

Frank was taken with the idea.

"Why should not you do it from imagination?" he suggested. "I really do think it would sell the paper."

"I can only draw what I see," she answered; "but I will tell you what I will do for you," she cried, with a shriek of delight. "If you will get Heinrich Baur, my brother's guide, and stand up against the wall yonder in an affectionate attitude, I will sketch you both in pen and ink, and make you a present of the copyright."

Frank did not see it at all; but she had quite set her heart upon it, and was not by any means in the habit of being contradicted. And then she had really been very good-natured the day before; so at last the only objection he could think of was that Baur had not got a blouse, and that there would be a breach of the unities. But this only put another queer idea into her wild little head.

"Well, then, make a slight alteration in the title of your tour: for 'Auvergne' read 'Oberland': while I was listening I could not help thinking the valley of Mont Dore must be very like this place. You will have to make a few other changes, of course; but you can stay a day or two and make them. Any of my sketches which you think will do you shall have, only you must go and fetch Heinrich Baur—do, please—we will make him say: 'Der Herr sei ein Englander! Aus London selbst! Gott in Himmel, ich musz ihn küssen. Bitt 'um Verzeihung.'"

Frank did not think very highly of his descriptive powers, but nevertheless this suggestion did rather shock him. But she was so very keen about it, and the paper had been thrown away as rubbish; and above all, he so very much wanted to stay where he was, that he consented to try, on condition that she should help to make the alteration. He would fain have stipulated that Baur should make some *frais de toilette*, but to this she would not listen; only she conceded that Frank should be depicted with his back towards the spectator.

Baur considered the result a triumph of art; he was beyond measure elated, and insisted that it must be shown to Johann and Uli. They took a comic view of the performance, and laughed so uproariously that Matthew came out to see what was up. He was immensely pleased, and asked what she was going to do with it.

"Why, you see, sir," said Frank, "I have got to make my living the best way I can; so, to lose no more time, I am going to write an account of the valley, and Miss Bluefold is kind enough to say she will enrich my little essay with some sketches illustrative of the manners and customs of the aborigines."

"That looks like business, Frank; you must show me what you are writing from day to day: my experience in literary composition will enable me to make some valuable suggestions which shall be very much at your service. And if you want some scribbling paper, I think I can supply you. Here are these shares in the Freehold Industrial: if you cannot make the reverse side worth more than the face, you will have to take to some other trade."

"We will set to work this afternoon," said Frank aside to his colleague, "but we need not tell him about the adaptation we are making."

"And as soon as ever it is done," said she, "I will write off to my uncle, Mr Moneybags—he knows all sorts of people that write, and can do what he likes with the editor of the 'Tyburnia.'"

After the first shock he felt at dismembering and re-christening his

first-born, Frank began to think the work might turn out to be the reverse of disagreeable. "I hope you will continue to give me your kind assistance, Miss Bluefold," he said. "It ought to be a great satisfaction to be able to put an honest penny in a poor man's way. My time's my money now, and it won't do to leave off while the frenzy of composition is upon us; so, if you don't mind coming back to the workshop, you may help me to earn a trifle before dinner. I can't afford to waste anything now, so I will take these shares, uncle, which you are good enough to say I may write on the backs of. Just as well to get them away from him," he muttered to Clara, "and the prospectus too. I find he sat up half the night studying them, and the sight of them drives him wild."

Clara was charmed at the idea of writing a book, so back went the confederates to the churchyard with the MS., Murray, Charley's inkbottle designed by the Alpine Club, which leaked over them both, and a bundle of shares for the emendations.

"We had better consider the document clause by clause, as they do in the House. I suppose we may take the first paragraph as read. It begins, you know, *There is no lovelier spot in the universe than the valley of Mont Dore*, and goes on about brawling torrents, dark pine-woods, and the delights of being brought face to face with nature after a long compliance with the silly formalisms of an effete civilisation. I meant how jolly it was not to have to dress for dinner. I won't bother you with all that."

"I trust I shall never be found to shrink from the discharge of any duty, however painful," said Clara. "I must hear it all, or I cannot consider myself responsible. It is my duty, and I will."

So he read the first paragraph, and that was passed.

"I do not know what is to be done about the next bit," said Frank. "It is my walk from Royat to Mont Dore, and my meditations as I sate on the top of the Puy de Dôme, looking over Clermont and the plain of the Limagne."

"That must come out, every word of it," said Clara, resolutely; for she saw Frank's eye fondly lingering upon the familiar phrases.

"I'll keep the meditations, at any rate," said Frank, "and see if I can't stick them in somewhere or other."

"The feelings you describe as having arisen in your bosom while you sate on that lonely eminence are highly creditable to you," said Clara; "but there's nothing within a hundred miles of us at all calculated to awaken such sentiments."

"I am not so sure of that: there's nothing just about here, I grant you; but why should not I get out of the train at that place, somewhere out Basle way, where everybody loses his luggage—I mean Olten; there's a good-sized hill close to the station, and as nobody ever goes up it, why should not I make the ascent, and see and think just what I like? I have only got to alter the names according to Murray, and it will pass muster well enough. Now, then, I will read: '*Here I left the track* [train] *to pay a visit to the lion of this part of the world—the extinct crater of the Puy de Dôme* [Hauenstein]. *The old fellow stands on a dismal bit of high ground about four miles from Clermont* [Olten], *surrounded by a number of younger brothers, and looks like a slop-basin turned upside down on a tray in the midst of a set of tea-cups. On the summit a solitary shepherd, clad in the strange Auvergnât cloak* [wildly quaint costume of Solothurn] *was watching his flock, attended*

by an ill-favoured wolf-dog, who seemed to me to require as much looking after as any wolf in the arrondisement [canton]. *As I sate in a craggy nook, disturbed only by the occasional scream of an eagle whom my presence had scared, I fell a-musing on the scene before me.'* It was Wilson who mused, you must know; he thinks it his duty on such occasions. I went and smoked a pipe with the shepherd, who was uncommonly glad to have a Christian to talk to, and left our friend meditating on the checkered past, and conjuring up before his mind's eye the prospect he would have witnessed had it been given him to stand there in the year 15,000 B.C. and beheld the megatherium seething in the glowing lava."

"Passons au déluge," said Clara. "We will scratch all that out. From all I have heard my uncle say, I don't think the readers of the 'Tyburnia' have a high opinion of anything which happened before the Reform Bill. They will be quite satisfied if you tell them what the place looked like last year."

"Out it goes," said Frank, calmly drawing his pen through the visions of Wilson, for which he was not disposed to make any great fight. "You can't say that I resist wholesome criticism, Miss Bluefold. Now for the description. '*Below me lay a wide plain, half veiled by a low-lying mist, through which the tops of three tall factory-chimneys were faintly visible, and had something the look of the masts of weird ships upon a vast lake. As the hazy curtain rolled away, I saw an endless succession of towns, villages, and manufactories, with all the signs of that life and plenty which are in the minds of its inhabitants when they fondly speak of 'la belle France'* (to which the natives proudly point as liberty's fair fruits). *Directly in front rose the grand old cathedral of Clermont* [ruin of Homburg], *standing out black against the snowy mist in the background, and awakening memories of Peter the Hermit and the devoted Crusaders*—(of that romantic incident when the despot's cruel glee hastened on the freer hour).' There; I don't think that's at all bad. All it wants to make it perfect is an illustration. Ruin on a hill in the foreground; misty plain behind, with low hills shutting in the distance. Have you got anything in your portfolio which might stand for it with a little accommodation?"

"What was that romantic incident which seems to have made such an impression on you?" asked Clara.

"I have not a notion. If the editor knows, he will appreciate the allusion; and if he does not, he will be ashamed of himself, and ask us no questions. But I hope you will help me with a drawing."

"Mr Marshall, the audacity of your forgeries quite takes my breath away. The only building I have got is this sketch of the old church at Calais, which I did before breakfast. But you can't make anything of that."

"I don't know about that," answered Frank, reflectively.

"Put a little mist on the water, and there we have got the sea-like plain which I talked about. Then, if you wouldn't mind just taking off the tip of the spire, and filling up the foreground with one of these hills and a few cherry-trees——"

"You don't mean to say that I must take out my old woman in the Normandy cap!"

"I do indeed; and the railway station, and the little boy making faces at the Scottishman in the Glengarry. Ah, Miss Bluefold! who is resisting wholesome criticism now?"

"I'm not insubordinate," pleaded Clara; "but it won't be a bit like the place, and you will be sure to be found out."

"Do you suppose every fellow who goes up there will have a copy of the 'Tyburnia' in his pocket? I'm sorry about the old woman, but we will try and bring her in by-and-by, when we come on to the costumes of the less-known Swiss valleys."

Clara accepted the compromise; and then they came to a description of the fine old castle of Murol, gutted in the French Revolution. Frank had exulted at great length in this uprising of the trampled peasantry, and had appended a touching romance of his own, in which he represented the grandson of the ruined noble now contentedly earning an honourable livelihood as a small grocer, beneath the shadow of the walls wherein his wealthy but miserable ancestors had stifled the stings of remorse with their unhallowed orgies. A slight modification enabled this passage to do duty as an episode of the Reformation, and of the dispossessed abbot converted into a Protestant vine-dresser, edifying by his life and exhortations the converted villagers whom he had visited in the days of his blindness.

Many similar changes were introduced with general consent, and so the afternoon wore away very pleasantly indeed.

After dinner the draft sheets were read in public, and Matthew was amazed at his nephew's facility of composition, and applauded himself for having thus compelled him to set to work; while everybody considered the account of the Pic de Sancy, the monarch of the mountains of Auvergne, illustrated by the accompanying sketch of the Teufelskralle, a masterpiece of accurate and spirited description. Specially charmed was Matthew with the report of a sermon which Frank had heard in the Roman Catholic Church at Mont Dore, and which he unscrupulously ascribed to the Reformed pastor at Schwarzloch. The preacher had bitterly rebuked his flock for the vices of greed, covetousness, and extortion towards travellers to which they were addicted.

"A very sensible discourse that," he remarked. "I hope the landlord was there to hear it: but I wish it had been delivered at the beginning of the season. It is the best thing in the paper. There is an air of levity about what you write mostly, Frank, which rather grates upon me; but you shall hand it over to me when you have finished, and I will endeavour to remove this and other little blemishes, which are the result of inexperience and haste. There are a few thoughts of my own, too, on the effect of sulphur waters upon gout, rheumatism, and skin disease, which I will put into shape for you, and you can insert them in a footnote in some convenient place."

"It is very kind of you I'm sure, sir; we will attend to your suggestions, especially to that about the danger of writing too rapidly. I quite feel I hardly do myself justice if I do not take plenty of time. There's no sort of hurry, and it will be cheaper for me living here than in London."

"You have done a fair stroke of work to-day, Frank, and I shall not mind your staying on here for a while. I shall be able to see that you don't idle away your time; but we will put it by for this evening. Who is for a game of cribbage?"

"That fascinating sport is not for poor fellows like me, who are brought face to face with the stern realities of life. I must give my mind to the completion of my task. You were all very kind in approving of my little description of the Teufelskralle by moonlight, but I am quite alive to its imperfections. It was done in a hurry, as you say, uncle; and I must take a turn out-

side, and study the effects once more. If Miss Bluefold will forgive me for saying so, her very clever illustration was taken when the moon was at the full, and wants just a touch to make it fit my description. If you would but let me take a chair outside for you, a few minutes' careful study of the scene might make the difference of a pound or two. Mr Bluefold will be very glad to give you another lesson in bezique, uncle, I am sure."

"All right," replied that young gentleman; "Mr Marshall catches the points of the game faster than any man I know. He will be giving me odds in a day or two. (I won't play for money unless he does," he whispered to Clara.) "I hope you will do the Teufelskralle before you go away. Depend upon it, that's the first point the editor will look at; and if he finds that you have not been up, he will chuck the MS. behind the fire, drawings and all."

So the colleagues adjourned outside to execute the improvements. The last touches to a work of art always take time, and Charley had to go and fetch them in, for they got so absorbed in their task that they forgot it was tea-time.

"Well, Frank," said the old man, "stick to it, my boy. Hard work is not pleasant at first, I know; but you will find it come easy after a bit. An idle life is not a happy one, depend upon it; but you don't seem to have done much to-night, I must say."

"You are quite right, uncle. I don't know when I have enjoyed a day more. As to this evening's work not seeming much, I daresay you think so; but I have got it all in my head, and I think I see my way. I flatter myself the paper will be a very presentable one, but I must not be hurried. That's the one danger I have to guard against."

So spake he, ignorant of the future, and fondly looking forward to a long series of literary consultations. But the morrow brought a change.

CHAPTER VI.—HOW INDUSTRY WAS REWARDED.

Charley, who for the last day or two had been likening himself to Ulysses, pent up midst barren crags in uncongenial company, presented himself at lunch with evident symptoms of having shaken his sister's yoke from off his neck. "Tell you what, Clara," he said, "I have just heard from Golightly; he has done the Jungfrau in 13½ hours, including stoppages, and is going to have a shy at the Teufelskralle on Monday from Fliegenmatte. If you and I start to-morrow by the Höllenthur we shall just catch him, and I will have another try along with him."

"You are never thinking of taking a lady over the Höllenthur," said the dismayed Frank.

"You do not know my sister," said Charles; "she came over that little pass" (he scorned to recollect the name of the poor little Col) "last week in five hours without turning a hair. You are not afraid of it, are you, Clara?"

"I do not know how far it is," she answered; "but I am a very good walker, and I do not mind trying, if you want to go."

"Very well, then. I will go and talk to Baur. We shall have to make an early start—we ought to be well under way by 4.30;" and away he went to collect the *impedimenta.*

"I was hardly prepared for such a hurried start," began she, "or I would have been more diligent about the paper."

"But you will come out now,

won't you, and try and finish it off? But I daresay you have a good deal to do, as you are going so early?"

"No, I have very little luggage. I can come for an hour if you like."

There was not much left of the paper, but somehow it would not get itself finished. Frank did not seem able to offer any suggestions; and Clara, who had to do all the work, was not so lively as usual. However, they patched it up as well as they could.

"I will write to my uncle at once," she said; "and now I suppose you will begin something else."

"Are you really obliged to go away?" asked Frank. "Your brother has never been in this part of the world, and I am sure he does not know what he is asking you to go through."

"I promised I would not be in his way, and then I am never tired, so I think I shall do well enough."

"But what will he do with you while he and his friend are gone skating over the icebergs? I suppose he is not mad enough to make you go with him."

"I believe Mr Golightly's sister is with him; she is an old friend of mine, and we shall stay behind and take care of one another."

"Why should not Miss Golightly come over here?" suggested Frank. "Fliegenmatte is such a place for ague, and—and—other disagreeables; then we could all wait here comfortably till the heroes came down crowned with laurel. They would be able to supply me with that account of the ascent which your brother says I must have."

"I am sure your conscience will allow you to draw on your imagination, Mr Marshall. They do not mean to come back this way; we are all to go off to the far East, I believe."

Who were those people she seemed so intimate with? Was there any Mrs Golightly somewhere in the background? That fellow would have such tremendous opportunities of making himself pleasant! And then he would have Charley on his side. Not that it made much matter, after all: she was going away, and he was never likely to see her again.

"I shall go back to town tomorrow," he said; "there is nothing to keep me here now. Not that I feel up to much work—in fact, I do not see what there is for me to do."

And he thought dismally of lodgings at Islington, just opposite the Angel: and how he should not mind even that if—if it were not that he would have to be there all by himself.

"I shall look out for your paper in the 'Tyburnia,'" said Clara: "it has been great fun writing it, hasn't it?"

It had been great fun, as she said; but it did not seem at all funny now. Confound that Wilson! If he had not introduced him to that fool Wright, he might have had a chance. But it would not do for a poor beggar like him to be thinking of that sort of thing.

"I daresay I shall do well enough in time," he said. "Of course it will be up-hill work at first; and then, perhaps, my uncle's stony heart will soften when he sees I am sticking to it."

"I must go in now," said Clara, "for I shall not have any time after dinner;" and she left him with his heart filled with bitterness towards his uncle.

They had a very unpleasant dinner. Matthew was beside himself with indignation against Charley, who, he declared, ought to be put in a strait-waistcoat; while that young gentleman treated him with the urbane contempt with which go-ahead youth generally receive

the remonstrances of their elders. Directly dinner was over, the brother and sister disappeared to have all things in readiness for the start. The two Marshalls remained behind, lonely, sad, and combative.

"Sweet little girl that," said Matthew, at last, "and nice-looking, too."

"Good-natured little party," answered Frank, recklessly, not paying much attention to his kinsman's remarks, and not at all caring to take him into his confidence.

"Frank," cried the old man, "you are a blockhead—a consummate blockhead!"

"Thank you, sir; there's nothing like candour between relatives."

"What do you mean by letting her go away like this? Do you expect to find a nicer in all London and Westminster? They tell me you are always falling in love, too, with every girl you come across: I have seen you at it half-a-dozen times myself. There was Alice Jenkins, and that niece of old Potter, and the red-headed girl we stayed in the house with at Christmas; and not one of them fit to hold a candle to our little friend up-stairs."

"I say," remonstrated Frank, looking round apprehensively, "just please to recollect that all the partitions are made of wood: every word you say can be heard all over the house. As to the young ladies you have named, we were always very friendly, but nothing more, I do assure you; and, of course, all that sort of thing is over with me now."

"I do not know that, Master Frank. If you were to find a nice little body like the one that sat next to you at dinner, I would not mind standing something to keep the pot boiling. She seems a sensible young woman, with no nonsense about her. I should say you might do very well together, in a quiet suburb, on £250 a-year to begin with: perhaps I might manage to have a room with you at times, which, of course, would be a help. There's something in her, too: she has found out how to make you work, which I never could."

"She is a dear little girl," said Frank, with a slight tremble in his voice; "but she is not to be had for the asking by a poor devil like me. Do not you know that her uncle, old Moneybags of Portman Square, is going to leave her all he has got? A nice figure I should cut when he asked me what I proposed to settle."

"Is she the niece of Mr Moneybags?" asked Matthew, with greatly augmented respect. "Then, upon my conscience, Frank, you are a greater fool than I took you for! A very worthy man is James Moneybags—I have a high regard for him: but he is not the only man in the City of London. I tell you what it is, Frank; you only make it all right with the young lady, and if James Moneybags asks any questions, just you refer him to me."

A tumult, as of a town taken by assault, interrupted the conversation at this interesting point. A carriage and pair, obviously containing a milord, and eke a courier, had arrived. Nothing equal to the magnificence of the turn-out had been seen for the whole season. A figure, from head to foot encased in coats and wrappers, alighted, and heavily ascended the stairs towards the dining-room; the face was invisible, but the voice exclaimed,—

"Mr Matthew Marshall! an unexpected pleasure this, sir! nobody here understands a word my courier says, but no doubt you can tell me if my niece, Miss Bluefold, is here." It was none other than old Moneybags! We must try back a little, and explain how he came to drop out of the clouds upon them in this way.

When Clara was gone off to Swit-

zerland, her father and uncle got rather demoralised for want of somebody to take care of them. The two elders got, in fact, to regard themselves as a couple of old bachelors; they used to go down to the Crystal Palace in the middle of the afternoon, and then come back and go to the theatre as often as they liked—Mr M. paid, of course, as the other man never had any change. Bluefold was not very good company at the best of times, but in this round of debauchery he and Moneybags naturally got very fond of one another, like Tam o' Shanter and his wicked mate. A very jolly life those old boys had of it: and some time afterwards Moneybags told Wilson, while they were discussing colonial politics over a brandy-and-soda, that Bluefold was a better fellow than he looked, and that he could tell a good story or two about him if he liked; but Wilson could not get him to say any more. Well, one evening they had been dining together in Portman Square, and were now reposing, each of them in a leather arm-chair, with his legs up. Moneybags had got his flask of brown sherry handy, and, to save trouble, was drinking out of a claret glass, when they began to talk about the young folks, and soon got very confidential.

"I cannot take it away with me, you know, Bluefold," quoth Moneybags; "and I have neither chick nor child of my own, so of course all I have got will come to your children one of those days. Now Charley is a man, and can make his own way; and, besides, he is going into a profession where a man does not need to spend much, so I mean to let Clara have my little bit of savings."

"Charley is a good boy too, poor fellow, and a little money would be of a deal of use to him, as I happen to know," said Bluefold.

"I am not finding any fault with the lad, and I do not suppose that a young gentleman fresh from college cares much what an old fogy like me thinks of him; and, besides, he often tells me clergymen ought not to marry. But I look upon Clara as my own child—she is just what her poor mother was at her age; and—of course this is between you and me—if she takes a fancy to some likely young fellow, I will make them comfortable at once; they shall not be kept waiting till I am under ground."

"I rather think we shall have some news in that quarter before long," said Bluefold. "I suspect young Wilson means to try his luck, after all."

"Nonsense; you will hear no more of him, take my word for it."

"Well, I do not know, but a very odd thing happened this afternoon: the man who does most of our conveyancing is out of town—those barristers do not stick to their work as they used to—so I thought I might as well give the job to our friend Wilson. I took the papers myself, for I wanted to ask him to dine, as you and he seemed to get on so well together, though I could not understand a word either of you said. I found he lived in a cluster of chambers with eight other men—not the sort of place, I must say, where I should have expected to find a man who has got so much business. There seemed to be nobody about but a little boy, and he told me Mr Wilson was just gone abroad—he believed he was gone to Schwarzloch. I think we can guess what has taken him there."

Up jumped the old man as if he had been shot. "Bluefold, I must leave you and the port to take care of one another; I am obliged to go out of town to-morrow for a few days, and I have got a host of things to see to this evening. Simpson,

just go out for a Continental Bradshaw, will you, before the shops are all shut, and send William to me the moment he comes in. I have got to go on a journey in the morning, and I shall want him to be with me."

Now we will return from our little digression. Moneybags, it will be remembered, was anxiously inquiring if Clara was still in the house.

"Yes, Mr Moneybags," answered Matthew, "she is; but we are just going to lose her, I am sorry to say. That young scamp is going to run away with her in the morning—a very hasty and imprudent business it is, in my opinion. I have said all I can, but of course I have no power to interfere; but now you are come, perhaps you will be able to put a spoke in the young gentleman's wheel."

"You really mean to say she has actually consented to go off with him to-morrow morning!" cried Moneybags, quite pallid with horror. "Go up, somebody, and send her down; I am sure she will be guided by me."

Off went Frank to get somebody to find Clara.

"Do not let them persuade you to give your consent," said Matthew; "it is a great risk, and I do not believe the girl cares much about it herself; it is only for the sake of pleasing that young fellow."

"How long has Wilson been here?" asked Moneybags, appalled at the promptitude of the enemy.

"Wilson? Wilson? There's nobody of that name in the place; the only other Englishman is my nephew Frank, the lad that has just gone out."

Moneybags saw he had made some mistake, and that matters were not so bad as he had fancied, so he asked what was the exact route that had been chalked out for the next day, and received a frightful account of its perils and fatigues. Presently Charley appeared.

"Hilloa, uncle, you are coming out in a new line. I hope you will make one of the party to-morrow. We are off 4.30 sharp. I suppose you will ride to the foot of the pass? We cannot have all those boxes with us though."

Moneybags waxed wroth. "Look here, Master Charles, you may go and break your own neck as soon as you like, it will be no odds to anybody, but you shan't break Clara's."

"There's no more risk than there is in crossing Fleet Street," replied Charley; "but now you are here to take care of Clara, she won't want me any longer. We shall have rather rough quarters at Fliegenmatte, and women will be rather in the way, so I shall go alone and tack myself on to Golightly." And a burden seemed to be lifted from his fraternal breast.

"Well, Clara," said Moneybags, as that young lady entered, "you hardly expected to see me out here among the icebergs. I have come just in time to stop that madcap scheme you have set your heart on. It's the last time you two children shall go off by yourselves anywhere further than Kensington Gardens."

"I do not at all mind giving it up, uncle, if you do not like it, but I am not going to be scolded by you directly you come."

"Charley has handed you over to my charge, young lady, and I mean to do my duty better than he has done his. Why, you do not look so well as you did when you left London. You have been doing too much. I won't have you out of my sight for the next few days."

So Charley started next morning at 4.53. He timed himself exactly and made a note of it, and he went on his way and is "out of the story," as the sagas have it.

Frank got up exceedingly early,

determined to follow his uncle's advice, and "make it all right with the young lady," but he did not find the job so easy. He had hoped for another *tête-à-tête* breakfast; but Clara took her coffee upstairs along with her uncle, in the private sitting-room belonging to a gorgeous suite of apartments which the courier had engaged altogether regardless of expense. She immediately began at him about the MS., and gave him no peace till he had consented to look at it that very morning. So she came down and asked the author for it. That gentleman wanted to keep her down-stairs chatting with him, but she alleged Mr M. would most likely want her to read some of it aloud up-stairs. He thought more highly of it than she had expected.

"Some of it is very good indeed," he said; "I am not so sure about the illustrations. They look very nice in a portfolio, but I cannot say how they will come out if they are engraved; and there are one or two very bad bits of writing too. I will come down and talk to the young fellow; of course he will understand I have nothing to do with the periodical, but I know the sort of thing that Johnson likes."

The whole party assembled in the window to hear the critic's opinion.

"I have just glanced at the MS. you have been good enough to show me, Mr Frank, and I am disposed to think it will suit the 'Tyburnia' well enough. Very odd paper, though, you have chosen to write some of it on: and I am sorry to see your name in large letters several times, Mr Marshall," he added, turning to Matthew: "I thought you were too old a bird to be caught by promises of the millennium and 15 per cent."

"There's no fool like an old fool," answered Matthew, writhing in his chair; "I was blockhead enough to take the opinion of a very injudicious young friend who knows no more of business than a baby. (We had better not tell him who my friend was," he whispered to Frank, "or you won't have a chance. He will chaff me about the Industrial as long as he lives.) I am glad you like my nephew's little attempt."

"Yes," replied Moneybags, "I think it does him a good deal of credit; but it is very unequally written though. I have marked one or two passages which I would strike out altogether, if I were you. That long note, for instance, reads like a bit copied from a cyclopædia; and then as for this other a little further on, I cannot make head or tail of it for the life of me."

A silence that might be felt received these awful remarks, for the censured passages were from the gifted pen of Mr Matthew Marshall!

"My nephew is not responsible for the notes, Mr Moneybags," said that gentleman. "They were contributed by myself; and I am sorry to find they do not meet with the approval of a gentleman whose judgment on such matters is so justly valued."

"My dear Mr Marshall," exclaimed the horrified critic, "you misapprehend my meaning—you do indeed; the passages to which I referred are full of valuable matter, put together with rare ability. Only I fear they are hardly in keeping with the slight and airy texture of the rest of the paper."

"Strike them out, Frank; I had flattered myself that the thoughts I have thrown together with some care might have been not wholly unserviceable; but as Mr Moneybags thinks otherwise, I of course bow to so high an authority. Strike your pen through them Frank, do you hear?"

After this unpleasant interlude, Moneybags was afraid to make any further comments, for fear of touch-

ing upon some more Matthew; so he handed back the MS., merely suggesting that some passages seemed to be afterthoughts, not very neatly let in, and that Frank might as well devote a little time to effacing the marks of the joins. Matthew went away in high dudgeon to drink his three tumblers, and nobody seemed quite to know what to do next.

"I hope, Miss Bluefold," said Frank, at last, "you are not going to desert me before my work's done. This is a sort of joint affair, you must know, sir, and I cannot undertake the responsibility of making alterations in the absence of my colleague."

"Well, sit down at once, then, and make them now, as you are both here," said the old man.

"I cannot do that, sir; the bit that hobbles the most is that description of the lower part of the valley, as seen from the church yonder. If Miss Blueford would not mind coming as far as that now, we might put more life into it, you see."

"Run along, Clara; he is quite right—there is nothing like sketching from nature."

"I am going to stay at home with you to-day, uncle; we have so much to talk over—and besides, you said you would not let me out of your sight."

"Go about your business, miss; I cannot have you here—I have got letters to write. You look as if a walk would do you good; and as for not going out of my sight, I can see two miles up the valley from this window."

So away they went to give a last polish to the paper. It seemed to take them a very long time, and they got out of the old gentleman's sight in spite of the commanding view from his window. When they came in again, he declared she looked quite another person, and that the walk had done her all the good in the world.

The afternoon witnessed the beginning of a series of negotiations between the high contracting powers of Marshall & Moneybags, which were prolonged for many weeks. Frank began by informing his uncle that he thought he might venture to say that, in obedience to his instructions, and to do him a pleasure, he had made it all right with the young lady, and that he was now in attendance to receive his blessing, and to invite him to wait upon Mr Moneybags. Matthew asked what the mischief he meant by being in such a confounded hurry. She was a nice little girl enough, but her uncle was the most insufferable snob it had ever been his misfortune to encounter.

"However, it is done now, I suppose. I have passed my word, and I will not go back from it. Mr Moneybags has conducted himself towards me in a manner which I cannot but consider as very unbecoming; but so great is my regard for his niece, that if he has any proposition to make to me, I shall be ready to listen to him, so long as he expresses himself with propriety; but if that old man fancies I must hearken to him with bated breath because he associates with scribblers in some low periodical, the very name of which I never heard before to-day, he is confoundedly mistaken, and you may tell him so from me if you like."

But Frank did not tell him; and old Matthew presently meeting Clara in the passage, was moved to bestow upon her a paternal embrace before he knew what he was about, and after that he could no more refuse to do her bidding than old Moneybags himself. That gentleman received the news very kindly indeed. He was much taken with Frank, and was enchanted to find that Wilson was now effectually disposed of.

He insisted on celebrating the occasion by ordering up Swiss champagne in the most reckless manner, regardless of Matthew's remonstrances that it was twice the price of clicquot, and must interfere with the waters.

There was no allusion at dinner-time to periodical publications, we may well believe; but as soon as the rage of eating was appeased, the young folks strolled out in the direction of the church, and then Frank got quite sentimental over his first literary effort, which he should always associate with the happy hours spent beneath the shadow of the humble village tabernacle, whose gaily-painted spire was gleaming in the moonbeams. The stateliest edifice of marble would have no such charms for him; it would ever be to him the holiest fane in Christendom. Why should they ape the butterflies of fashion who swarm to Hanover Square? Why should not the simple pastor, who dwelt in the sun-stained cabin hard by, join their hands on that spot where they had learnt to know and love each other? There was no need for delay; but perhaps she deemed him precipitate —he would wait till Monday week; nay, rather than vex her he loved so well, he would adjourn his happiness till the following Thursday.

"You will come in your old wide-awake," said Clara, "and Heinrich Baur must be best man; then all our sweetest associations will be revived at that blissful hour."

"Gott in Himmel, ich musz dich küssen," retorted the insulted lover, and the dialogue came to an abrupt termination. He could not get anybody to lend an ear to his proposition. Moneybags had already arranged that it should come off in Portman Square, and was talking of pulling down the wall, and throwing the little room behind into the dining-room, and was concerting various other schemes of Eastern magnificence, to all of which Matthew hearkened with complacency, as he would not have to pay the bill.

It is impossible to give even a meagre abstract of the protocols which passed between the two uncles when the financial question came to the front. As far as money went, Matthew was a man of his word. The house of Marshall was not going to be put to shame before a Moneybags; but he haggled horribly about the limitations, and was terribly unwilling to allow a sixpence to remain under the control of Frank, for whose business talents he had conceived the profoundest contempt. Moneybags, however, who did not know anything about the Industrial, stood out for either treating the young people as if they were grown up, or else putting off the happy event until the principals could go alone; and as Matthew had nobody to support him, he was fain to give in, and allow them a little pocket-money.

Frank made one unfortunate slip. As soon as the preliminaries were arranged, he insisted that the settlement should be intrusted to Wilson, marked with a stupendous fee; and very well drawn it was at last, only the wedding had to be adjourned three times, because that gentleman repeatedly took exception to every clause in the instructions. He does all Bluefold's conveyancing now; and Moneybags, who has taken rather a liking to him since the day when he enticed him to his destruction, has thrown several good things in his way. Next year, if the Commissioners assess him, he won't think it worth while to appeal: he and Frank are excellent friends; but our hero never could find out exactly what happened at that dinner in Bryanstone Square, for Wilson fenced, Clara did not know, and Moneybags is as silent as the grave.

MORE ROBA DI ROMA.*

THE MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN, OR THE CASTLE ST ANGELO.—PART II.

CHAPTER III.

THE influence of the family of Alberic and Theodora still continued, and gave to the Papacy three successive popes—Benedict VIII., in 1012; John XIX., his brother, in 1024; and Benedict IX., the nephew of both, in 1033. Benedict is said to have been only ten years of age when, by force of sword and purse, he was elected. But though there is some doubt as to his age, there is none as to the crimes with which his life was stained. We have this judgment on no less authority than that of Pope Victor III., who, fifty years afterwards, occupied the Papal throne. "I have horror to write," says Victor, "what was the life of Benedict, and how shameful, corrupt, and execrable it was. After he had sufficiently long tormented the Romans by his rapine, murders, and abominations, the citizens, no longer able to tolerate his wickedness, rose and drove him from the Pontifical seat." In his stead Silvester III. was chosen, simoniacally; but he had only reigned three months when Benedict returned and drove him from his chair, "resuming the tiara he had lost, but without changing his ancient manners." He again sold the Papacy for a large sum to an archpriest named John, who took the name of Gregory VI., while Benedict retired into his castle. When Henry III. arrived in Italy there were three Popes: Benedict IX., at St John Lateran; Gregory VI., at Sta Maria Maggiore; and Sylvester, at St Peter's. All were declared illegitimate, and the Emperor added another, who was elected, and assumed the name of Clement II. The history of the Castle St Angelo is connected with all the crimes and vices of this saddest period of ecclesiastical history, and there is little satisfaction in recounting them—"*non ragionam di lor.*"

Alexander II. was elected Pope in 1061; but Henry IV. placed Cadaloo on the throne as anti-Pope, under the title of Honorius II. Honorius came to Rome the succeeding year, and endeavoured by force of arms to possess himself of this dignity of place, occupying by arms the Leonine City and the Vatican. But the Romans, under the command of Goffredo, Duke of Tuscany, attacked him and nearly succeeded in making him prisoner. He was, however, rescued by Cencius, the son of the Roman prefect, and conducted in safety to the Castle St Angelo, then commanded by Cencius. There he was strictly besieged; and after two years of imprisonment, in constant fear of his life, he finally obtained his freedom by paying 300 pounds of silver.

The contest of the Church with the imperial party was not only not determined by the death of Alexander II., but greatly increased under his successor, the celebrated Hildebrand, who came to the Papal chair in 1073. He had scarcely been seated on the throne two years when a conspiracy was formed against him in Rome, the author and chief of which was the same

* Continued from our December Number.

Cencius who had already sustained the Pope Cadaloo against Alexander II. Cencius, who held the Castle St Angelo, had built a high tower on the bridge before it, from which he imposed an exorbitant toll by force on all who passed. The Pontiff, after vainly remonstrating with him against this conduct, finally excommunicated him. Irritated by this, Cencius allied himself with the King, and agreed to make the Pope prisoner and bring him to Henry. It was on the night of Christmas 1075 that he undertook to carry out his project. While Gregory was celebrating high mass, according to custom, at Sta Maria Maggiore, Cencius and his armed followers burst into the church with their swords drawn, and commenced cutting and wounding the people on all sides. The Pontiff, wounded in the head, was then dragged from the altar, despoiled of his ornaments, and hurried away to prison in his aube and stole. The populace, alarmed at this violence, rushed to arms, and gathering at the tower, where Gregory was imprisoned, fiercely assaulted it. Cencius, seeing the dangerous position in which he had placed himself, and fearing the violence of the people, fell on his knees before the Pope begging for pardon. This the Pope granted, on condition that he should go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in expiation of his acts; and then, approaching the window, he made signs to the people raging beneath, with the object of pacifying them. But misinterpreting his design, and supposing he summoned their aid, they broke into the tower, where they found him bleeding and wounded. After conveying him to a place of safety, they then returned and destroyed the tower. Cencius, in the mean time, had made his escape and fled from the town, ravaging, as he went, the Campagna and the lands of the Church.

This, however, was but the beginning of other and more serious and protracted contests with Henry. The King and the Pope were both determined men and equally jealous of power, but the advantage of age and experience was greatly on the side of the Pope. Henry had just passed his minority, and was only twenty-three years old, while Hildebrand was sixty. One of the first acts of the Pope was to convoke a council to suppress the simony and incontinency of the clergy. This created great irritation in the Church, and occasioned a temporary schism in the Church of Milan. The Countess Matilda—who, in addition to the heritage of the ancient marquisate of Tuscany, had acquired, by the death of Godfrey of Lorraine and his wife Beatrice in 1070, the largest feoff of Italy—espoused the cause of Gregory, and consecrated all her enthusiasm, wealth, and influence, to the building up of the papal power. Henry, on the contrary, defied the Pope, and arrayed his strength against the Church. While they were thus drawn up against each other, Gregory summoned the Emperor to come to Rome on an appointed day to answer certain charges against him, threatening him with excommunication in case he failed to obey. Henry, enraged at this citation, convoked a council at Worms, addressed violent letters to the Pope, and ended by formally deposing him, on the accusation of Cardinal Hugues le Blanc. To this Gregory retorted by a deposition of the King, and anathema against him and his followers. Another council was then convened at Pavia by the Archbishop of Ravenna, and Gregory, in turn, was excommunicated. Upon this a considerable and powerful party assembled near Mayence and threatened to proceed against Henry unless he should

come to Augsburg and submit to the judgment of the Pope. Alarmed at the opposition he had raised, Henry decided to submit, and accordingly came on to meet the Pope, who on his side also advanced; but, through the persuasions of Matilda, and doubtful himself of the intentions and good faith of the King, he stopped on his way at the fortress of Canossa, one of her strongholds in Lombardy. Here he awaited Henry, growing more imperious as Henry yielded. At last the King acceded to the severe conditions of the Pope, and came to Canossa. The castle was surrounded by a triple wall, and he was admitted within the second enclosure, his suite being ordered to remain outside in the first. There he deposed his royal robes, retaining upon his person nothing to indicate his rank; and in the bitter cold of winter, standing with his naked feet in the snow, he awaited the orders of Gregory. For three days the haughty Pope kept him there fasting from morning to night; but on the fourth he was admitted, and, kneeling down, in the presence of all the Court, he kissed the feet of the Pope, and made formal oath of submission for the future. But even this was not sufficient. Absolution was only granted him conditionally. He was ordered to appear before a diet of the princes of Germany, and prove his innocence. In case he succeeded in so doing, he was to be allowed to retain his kingdom, otherwise he was to be deposed, and submit to the rigour of the ecclesiastical law. Henry bravely accepted the humiliation at the time; but the conduct of the Pope had outraged even those of his own party, and the Lombard lords indignantly insisted that Henry should break with the Pope, or that they would break with him. The King desired nothing better, so enraged was he with the cruel treatment to which he had been subjected; and fifteen days later he again defied the Pope. The excommunication was renewed, and Henry, in his turn, again deposed Gregory in assembly of the lords and bishops at Brixen; and the Archbishop of Ravenna, the enemy of Gregory, was elected Pope in 1081, under the title of Clement III. Accompanied by this anti-Pope, Henry now marched upon Rome, overwhelming the troops of Matilda and Gregory, seized on the city, where he received the imperial crown, and drove Gregory to take refuge in the Castle St Angelo. There Gregory defended himself successfully, and negotiations were vainly carried on. He would not agree to any terms which Henry was disposed to accept; and finally, rather than yield, he called upon Robert Guiscard to assist him with his Normans against the King. Fatal was that call to Rome. The tall, flaxen-haired, ambidexter Norman, with his broad shoulders, ruddy complexion, and powerful form, brought terrible disaster on the city. On his approach Henry retired, and from the battlements of the Castle St Angelo the Pope saw the devastation of the city by the troops he had himself called in. Houses were sacked, the streets were thronged with a wild and tumultuous soldiery, who committed the most barbarous acts of murder and rapine. The city was set on fire in various places, and many were the buildings which thus were destroyed. Nor was Guiscard content with merely robbing the Romans—he even reduced many of them to slavery. At last, however, he withdrew, carrying with him the Pope, and both followed by the execrations of the people. Gregory never again entered Rome, but retired to Salerno, where he died say-

ing, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile."

On the death of Gregory VII., Victor III. was elected Pope. But conflicts still continued, the anti-Pope Clement III. still holding possession of the Pantheon and other strongholds, while Victor occupied the Castle St Angelo and the Leonine City. On the festival of St Peter the two factions came into collision, each being determined to celebrate it as high Pontiff in St Peter's; but when the troops of the anti-Pope and his party came to the bridge, they were assailed by the troops of Victor, who, issuing from the Castle, drove them back by force, and thus enabled him to celebrate mass undisturbed at St Peter's.

Victor and his troops were, however, soon driven out of the Castle by Ferruccio, who took possession of it for the anti-Pope Clement, by whom it was held for some seven years and defended against all attack; but in 1098 it was surrendered to the papal party under Urban II. for a large sum of money, being the last of the Roman fortresses which yielded to him—and here were celebrated the Christmas festivals of this year.

The Crusaders again in 1096 assaulted it, but it withstood all their attacks, and they were forced to abandon it. In 1099 Paschal II. became Pope; and serious controversies having arisen between him and Henry V., hostages were given by the Pope, and solemn pledges of peace were made. Among the terms of agreement was one that no attack should be made from the bridge and Castle of St Angelo. Nevertheless, during the Easter holidays, while the Pope and clergy, barefoot and in procession, were making the tour of the tombs of the martyrs, they were assaulted at the bridge with volleys of stones and darts, and dispersed in confusion.

At a later period, the Emperor, being indignant at the withdrawal of certain concessions formally made by the Pope, attacked him while he was saying mass at St Peter's; slew in the *mêlée* a number of men and boys who preceded him with palms and flowers; seized the Pope himself, as well as all the clergy accompanying him, and threw them into prison. The Romans, resenting this outrage, assembled, attacked the body-guard of the Emperor, slew a number of them, and drove the remainder out of the city. Not satisfied with this, the next morning they issued from the gates, renewed the attack, and again routed the Germans. In this engagement, the Emperor himself was wounded in the face, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was only saved by the gallant self-sacrifice of Otto, Count of Milan, who, in the utmost need of the Emperor, set him upon his own horse, and lost in consequence his life. At last the Romans drew off, and, laden with booty, entered the city, bearing with them the corpse of Otto, which in their rage they cut into small pieces and scattered about the streets to be eaten by the dogs. After their retreat, the Germans rallied, pursued them into the city, and overtaking them near the Bridge St Angelo, furiously attacked them. A fierce struggle then ensued. Thousands of persons were slain; and the Tiber, as Baronius tells us, ran red with blood, and was filled with corpses. As the Germans began to retire, a sally was made from the Castle with fresh troops, which again turned the fortunes of this bloody day. After this, Henry withdrew from Rome, carrying with him the Pope as his prisoner, and shut him up in the fortress of Tribucco, where, after an imprisonment of forty days, he made his submission, and was set at liberty.

His successor, Gelasius II., who came to the papal throne in 1118, suffered even greater violence. Immediately after his election he was seized by Cencio Frangipani, who with an armed force broke into the assembly of the Cardinals ("more draconis immanissimi sibilans," says Pandulphus), trampled them under foot, and seizing the Pope by the throat, threw him down and dragged him by his hair along the ground, buffeting him and wounding him with his spurs, and finally carrying him to his house, where he secured him with an iron chain; and all the while, as Pandulphus says, the good Jesus lay sleeping ("Jesu bono interim dormiente"). Finally, however, he was set free; but being again assaulted, he was forced to flee from Rome.

During the reign of Gelasius and his immediate successors, the Castle was the scene of various struggles, now passing into the possession of one party and now of the other. Anaclet, the anti-Pope, took it by force from Innocent II., and he, returning in 1137, endeavoured in vain to regain possession of it, though subsequently he became once more its master. The fortifications were at this period greatly strengthened, so as to enable the Popes to withstand the constant and violent attacks of the contending factions of the day; and, supported by the powerful family of the Pierleoni, who guarded it in their interests, they held it until the year 1153, when Eugenius III. died. Already several powerful families of Rome, among whom were the Frangipani and the Pierleoni, had begun to fortify themselves in the ancient monuments and tombs; and taking different sides—sometimes in favour of the Pope, sometimes of the anti-Pope, sometimes of the Senate—disturbed the city by their continual conflicts.

Towards the end of the reign of Innocent II., in about 1139, Arnoldo di Brescia made his appearance, and began with great power to preach against the vices and crimes of the clergy, and to denounce their profligacy, ambition, and tyranny. This remarkable man, who had studied under Abelard, was gifted with an eloquence equal to his learning. The purity of his life was breathed upon by no scandal; his principles were above seduction; and his influence was so great that the Church brought against him all its weight to crush him. Condemned by the Council of the Lateran, he was forced to quit Italy and seek refuge in Constance. While there, St Bernard, writing to the Bishop of Constance, said of him: "His conversation is honey, his doctrines poison; he has the head of a dove, but the tail of a scorpion." And in another letter he urged upon the Bishop that the best thing to be done with a man of such powers, in open revolt against the clergy, was quietly to put him out of the way. "Auferre malum ex vobis" are his words. Arnoldo, however, escaped from this persecution, and at the end of five or six years reappeared in Rome; and here, surrounded by his disciples and friends, he publicly preached, and strove to rouse the spirit of the Romans by grand invocations to liberty and justice. Under his influence and through his labours the Senate was re-established, and in place of Prefect of the city, a new office was created under the title of Patrician, to which Giordano, son of Pier Leone, was elected.

On the death of Innocent II. Celestine II. was chosen Pope, and after a short reign he was succeeded by Lucius II. Lucius made friends of the Frangipani, who, with Roger of Sicily, opposed the new Patrician, and the streets of Rome were the scenes of constant battle and tumult. The Senate attacked the towers

of the Frangipani and their adherents, and demolished them; but feeling itself too weak to withstand its enemies alone, a deputation was sent to Conrad III. of Germany, praying for his friendship and assistance. They sought to conciliate him by the humblest language. In one address they say: "The Pope and the Sicilians are united in an impious league to oppose our liberty and your coronation; but our zeal and courage have hitherto defeated the attempts of their powerful and factious adherents, especially the Frangipani. We have taken by assault their houses and turrets; some of these are occupied by our troops, and some are levelled to the ground. The Milvian bridge, which they had taken, is restored and fortified for your safe passage; and your army may enter the city without being annoyed from the Castle St Angelo." The address ended with a prayer to Conrad that he would fix his residence in Rome and rule over them. Their supplication was vain: Conrad refused to assist them, and they were left to fight for themselves.

Lucius, trusting to the strength of his allies, now publicly attacked the Senate; and surrounded by priests, in his pontifical robes, and at the head of his armed troops, he marched to the Capitol to expel them from the city. But as the procession approached the Capitol, the people rose and assailed it with stones and every missile they could lay their hands upon. In this affray the Pope himself was so severely injured that he died of his wounds a few days after.

Eugenius III., who was a friend of St Bernard, and opposed to all the liberties of the people, was then elected. At first he refused to enter the city, and though afterwards prevailed upon to change this resolution, he remained but a short time, and abandoned it in fear of his life. It was then that Arnoldo di Brescia returned, preaching the re-establishment of the old forms of liberty, and the exclusion of the Popes from the civil government.

In 1153 Eugenius died, and was succeeded by Anastasius IV.; and a year after, Nicholas Breakspeare, the only Englishman who ever sat in the chair of St Peter, became Pope under the name of Adrian IV. Seizing upon the disaffection of the people as a pretext, he placed the city under interdict. The Romans, fickle as ever, began to murmur against the Senate. It was near Holy Week, and the masses, which at this period they had been accustomed to celebrate, could not be performed while the churches were closed. This, to their superstitious eyes, was intolerable. They threatened revolution unless they were observed. The Senate was forced to yield, and Arnoldo withdrew from the city to the house of a friend, in order to open a way of conciliation between the Pope and the Senate. At this conjuncture Frederic appeared with his army at the gates of Rome. Both parties sought his friendship and support; but unfortunately for the Senate he accepted the overtures of the Pope, who in return offered him the Imperial crown. One of the first acts of Frederic was to seize the friend of Arnoldo who had given him shelter when he left the city; and he, yielding to threats, surrendered Arnoldo into the hands of the Prefect of Rome, a devoted partisan of the Pope, by whom he was immediately conveyed to the prisons in the Castle St Angelo. Before the people could rally from their surprise and fear, Arnoldo was brought forth into the square in front of the Castle and hung. His body was

then burnt to ashes and scattered over the Tiber.*

"Aspensus cruci, flammaque solutus cremante
In cineres, Tyberim, tuas est sparsus in undas
Ne stolidæ plebis, quem fecerat, improbus error
Martyris ossa novo ceneresve foveret honori."†

The Senate, meantime, had sent out a deputation to meet Frederic on his way to Rome, requiring him to take oath to respect the ancient customs and privileges of the city, to preserve the citizens from assault, and to pay 5000 crowns of silver for his coronation by the Roman people. To this the answer of the Emperor was, that it was his office to command, and not to obey and accept conditions; and after a severe lecture on the degeneracy of the Romans, he dismissed them. Sending forward a body of horse, he then occupied the Leonine City and the Bridge of St Angelo, which was barricaded, and the following day the Emperor and Pope made their entrance through the golden gate, their splendid procession glittering in the sun, and marching through the deserted streets to St Peter's, where the ceremony of the coronation was performed.

Meantime the Senate had convened at the Capitol. On hearing that their offer had been rejected, they gathered their forces, precipitated themselves into the Leonine City, pouring over the Bridge of St Angelo in solid masses, forcing their way up to the very doors of St Peter, and massacring the soldiers of the Emperor not only on their way, but even in the church itself. Frederic, who had retired, no sooner heard of this attack than he advanced with his arms into the Leonine City, and there, in front of the Castle St Angelo and on the Bridge, a portion of his forces engaged in a fierce contest with one body of the Romans, while two other bodies encountered each other with equal fury near a Piscinum, which has since disappeared, in the Trastevere. The battle raged with varying success; and notwithstanding the fierceness of the attack, so obstinate was the defence, that the Romans withstood during the whole day the onset of the best German troops. But at last they were forced to yield, after losing 1000 men killed and drowned in the Tiber, a great number of wounded, and 200 prisoners.

In October 1209, Otho IV. entered Rome and was crowned with much pomp by Innocent III. All promised well, but the expected largess of the Imperial party did not come; and in addition to this disappointment, the arrogant and violent conduct of the German troops at last roused the ire of the Romans. The cries of rejoicing which had resounded through the city were suddenly changed to those of tumult and affray. The Romans fell upon the Germans, and vainly did Ezzelino da Romano endeavour to defend them from the fury of their assailants. Many a baron and soldier perished that day, over a thousand horses were killed, and the Emperor was forced to abandon the city.

During the thirteenth century, which was a period of faction and fighting, the city had greatly suffered. Its ancient monuments and tombs had been turned into fortresses. Towers of defence and attack were built anywhere. The streets seethed with perpetual tumult. The people were

* Sismondi says he was hung in the Piazza del Popolo, but the authorities he cites do not bear him out on this statement. Otto Frisingius says: "A prefecto urbis ligno adactus, ac rogo in pulvere redacto, ne a stolida plebe corpus ejus veneratione haberetur, in Tyberim sparsus." Neither Cardinal d'Arragona nor Guntherus support Sismondi.

† Gunther. Ligurin. lib. iii.

terribly oppressed by the nobles, who, issuing from their strongholds, pillaged their houses and shops, seized upon any persons whom they might meet, exacting large ransoms for their restitution, braved the authority of the Senate, and laughed to scorn the ineffectual rage of the people. There was no regard for art, no care for the ancient buildings, no consideration for the old historic landmarks. Temples and statues were toppled down and burnt for lime, and the most wretched habitations were planted against the noblest structures of antiquity. Within the city, so depopulated had it become, whole districts were lying wasted and in ruin. Vegetable gardens and vineyards were planted even round the Pantheon, the Minerva, and the Porta del Popolo. The houses were falling to decay, and the people were looked upon as fit only to be plundered. Peace had abandoned Rome, and desolation wandered in its streets. Every noble had his tomb, or his tower, or his fortress. The Senate barricaded itself. The Pope was not safe out of his Castle. On the island of the Tiber the Frangipani had planted their towers. The Orsini occupied the Trastevere quarter round the Vatican, holding the Castle St Angelo, the Theatre of Pompey, and the Campo de Fíorí. The Savelli were gathered in the district where now stands the Cancelleria. The families of the Marzana and the Statii were in the Circus Flaminius. The Pierleoni held the Theatre of Marcellus and the quarter of the Ghetto. The Colonna occupied the district extending from the Piazza del Popolo to the Quirinal, and were also fortified in the Mausoleum of Augustus. Near the Pantheon were the Sinnebaldi and Crescenzi. At the Lateran were the Annibaldi. The Senate held the Capitol. The Gaetani were on the Monti by Sta Maria Maggiore. The Frangipani held the Colosseum, the Septizonium, the Arches of Titus, Constantine, and Janus, and the Circus Maximus. On the slopes of the Quirinal were the Pandolfi, the Capocci, and the Conti, where still stand the remains of the Torre de Conti and the Torre delle Milizie.

Such was the power of the nobles that it completely overawed Senate and people; and their cruelty and lawlessness became at last so intolerable, that the Romans again made an attempt to strengthen themselves by calling in the aid of Brancaleone, whom they made senator in 1252, confiding to him absolute power. Brancaleone was not a man to be played with. He accepted the post with a firm determination to assure quiet to the city, and make the authority of the Senate felt. His administration was just; and so long as his authority as senator was respected, and the public peace kept, no one had cause to complain of him. But any infraction of these he visited with quick and stern reprisals. Fortress after fortress of recalcitrant nobles he attacked, and in some cases hung from their windows nobles and princes who had dared to set him and the law at defiance. The Pope trembled before him, backed though he was by powerful auxiliaries and friends; and when Brancaleone summoned the Pontiff to return to the city of which he was the pastor, and "wander no more at large like a vagabond and a proscribed person, abandoning Rome to run after money, he humbly obeyed the summons."

Meantime, despite the internal struggles in Rome, the papal power was steadily augmented abroad, and may be said to have reached its culmination during this century. Innocent III., who succeeded Celestine III. in 1198, and died in July 1216, raised it to a sovereignty beyond the utmost pretensions of his

predecessors. Gregory VII. had indeed claimed in his contest with Henry an equal authority, but he had been finally forced to succumb, and had died in exile. Innocent, however, succeeded in maintaining the authority he claimed, and emperors, kings, and princes bowed before him. His pretensions were unbounded. He claimed as Pope that he was "vicegerent of God upon earth," to whom "was intrusted government, not only of the whole Church, but of the whole world;" whose rights rested on "divine ordinance," and from whom all kings and princes held their power only by his permission. His weapons were excommunication and interdict; and against them, in the then state of Europe, swords and spears were unavailing. Between the rival claimants for the empire, Philip of Suabia and Otho of Saxony, he embraced the part of the latter; and Otho, who took the oath of allegiance to Innocent, was crowned by him in Rome despite the opposition of the nobles. Even Philip Augustus of France was forced to yield to his authority; and John of England, after a vain struggle, also succumbed. Spain, Bavaria, Sicily, successively bowed before him. Never before was the papal power at such a height. But fortune is fickle, and the wheel soon began to turn. Between Gregory IX. (who, after Honorius III., succeeded to Innocent III.) and Frederick II. a fierce struggle took place in 1227; and after a contest of three years the Emperor prevailed, and the entering wedge was inserted which was finally to overthrow the papal supremacy in Europe. Still, it maintained itself in power during the century, though not at the height it had reached under Innocent III.

In 1294 Boniface VIII. came to the papal chair. The ambition and arrogance of this Pope knew no bounds. He was cruel, avaricious, and tyrannical, and by means of his lavish indulgences he provoked the reaction which finally led to the Reformation. Between him and Philip, surnamed the Fair, ensued a serious contest. But Philip was more than his match; and at last the Pope was driven to Rome a prisoner, and surrounded with enemies. Too proud to yield, he stood at bay and vainly menaced. The historians of the day draw a melancholy picture of him in his extremity—a fallen man sitting and gnawing the top of his staff in despair, and finally, in an access of fury, dashing his brains out against the wall, in 1303.

Benedict IX., his successor, reigned only eight months. Unequal to the task of supporting the pretensions of the Holy See against France, he vainly made concessions, and perished at last, as it is said, by poison. The power of the Popes now rapidly declined. Clement V., who succeeded him in 1305, obtained possession of the papal chair by servile pledges to sustain the interest of France; and under him the papal authority declined, and the papal Court was removed to Avignon. Here the Pope became the dependant of France, and the Court stagnated in luxury and debauchery.

In 1310 Henry VII. received the Iron Crown at Milan, and two years after a general revolt of the people took place. Henry seized his chancellor Turnani, the chief of the revolt, and put him to death; and at the head of his troops marched on to Rome, reducing on his way Cremona, Lodi, Brescia, and all the fortresses which opposed him. The city he found fortified against him. Robert King of Naples had sent forward a considerable body of soldiers under the command of his brother John, and in conjunction with the Orsini, they took possession of the Capitol, the Torre delle

Milizie, the Church and Palace of St Peter's, all the Trastevere quarter, and the Castle St Angelo. The Annibaldi held the Colosseum and the Aventine. The Frangipani were at the Palatine, and the Savelli occupied the Theatre of Marcellus; while the Colonna and Sciarra, who sustained the party of the Emperor, held Monte Mario, the Lateran, the Porta del Popolo, the Mausoleum of Augustus, and Sta Maria Rotonda. As the Emperor approached the city, he found himself first opposed by John, who had fortified himself strongly at Ponte Molle; but attacking at once the bridge, he took it by storm, and, driving the defending party before him, entered the city. A pause now ensued for a few days, and then the contest was renewed, and raged furiously for five days. Churchmen, laymen, nobles, and soldiers fought there in the *mêlée* hand to hand. On the 26th the towers of the Orsini, near the Minerva, and San Eustachio, were taken after a fierce struggle, and the forces of the King fell back in rout and confusion, pursued by the enemy. The bells of the Capitol rang for storm. Palaces were taken and set fire to, the streets were encumbered with corpses, and the adherents of the King were hotly pursued by the Imperial troops. When they reached the Bridge of St Angelo, however, they rallied, and again made a stand. Prince John, issuing from the Castle, reinforced them, and after a long and terrible fight the fortunes of the day again changed, and the Imperial party was driven back with great slaughter. Peter of Savoy, the senator's brother, Bishop Theobald of Liege, Count Egidius of Warnsberg, Count Robert of Flanders, and many other persons of note, perished that day; and the tombs of some of those who then fell may still be seen in the churches of Sta Sabina and the Aracoeli. Still later, an attempt was made by the Imperialists to storm the Castle St Angelo, but it resisted every effort; and the Emperor was forced at last to accept his coronation in St John Lateran, which was already in his possession, on the 29th of June 1312. Immediately after this ceremony he retired to Tivoli, and then to Tuscany, abandoning all further attempts upon Rome.

CHAPTER IV.

The history of the fourteenth century, during the absence of the Popes at Avignon (from 1306 to 1377), is one of constant struggle between various factions and families, and between the partisans of Church and State. The Colonna and Orsini devastated Rome with their quarrels and contests, and the dissensions of Guelphs and Ghibellines created chaos throughout Italy. No sooner was a peace patched up between the contending parties than it was broken. At the time of the nomination of Benedict XII. in 1334, these two great houses had just been reconciled; but the election of the Pope was the signal for renewed hostilities, and still more bloodshed. Anarchy then reigned over Rome and all the surrounding country. The Campagna and provinces were ravaged by robbers, freebooters, and scattered bands of soldiers, whose will was law, and industry and commerce almost ceased to exist. In 1337, Jacopo Savelli attacked the Castle of St Angelo, then in possession of Giovanni Colonna, and vainly endeavoured to reduce it by machines; and scarce a month or a week passed without some outbreak or other.

There were still, however, some vestiges of popular government in the assembly of thirteen magistrates, who were at the head of their respective wards, and were named Caporioni. But the Pope had long ago usurped the nomination of senator, after Brancaleone's death, and conferred this title always upon some one of the powerful nobles, who, far from exercising his authority to keep the peace and execute the laws, employed it solely to break them for his own aggrandisement. After the Pope went to Avignon, there was nothing in Rome which could justly be called a government.

It was now that Cola di Rienzi rose and began to preach the "good estate" and to attack the nobles, rousing the enthusiasm of the people by his eloquent appeals to their patriotism, and his vehement denunciations of their oppressors. His well-known story is a romance and a tragedy, which abler pens have written in detail, and which here can only be glanced at. He first appears as a youthful deputy to Avignon to pray for the return of the Pope to Rome; and though Petrarca was his colleague and friend who accompanied him on his mission, Rienzi seems to have been the spokesman. On his return we find him in the Forum, standing on some ancient fragment, and with strong and brave words calling upon his countrymen to awake from their apathy, shake off the tyrannous yoke of the nobles, rescue their country from the servitude into which it had fallen, and revindicate its ancient glory. The people listened. The nobles sneered and smiled. But Cola smiled not. He was enthusiastic and in earnest, and he carried the people with him.

Next we see him coming forth on the morning of the 20th of May 1347 from the Church of St Giovanni, to which he had, by sound of trumpet, convoked the people to pray for the triumph of the "good estate." His head is uncovered, the Bishop of Orvieto is at his side; and surrounded by a crowd of youths, who share in his enthusiasm, and fill the air with shouts of joy, he marches down the steps of the church under the old portico of Octavia. Gonfalons and allegorical standards of justice, liberty, and peace, float before him, borne by friends of the good cause. A hundred armed men escort him, and crowds of adherents follow in his train. The procession slowly advances through the streets until it reaches the foot of the Capitol, and there pausing before the old basalt lions, he reads to them the constitution of the "good estate." The people accept it with cheers, and he is named Tribune by acclamation.

He had seized the opportunity, when Stefano Colonna was absent, to draw the curtain of this great revolutionary drama; and when this haughty noble returned, he affected to despise the Tribune and his government. He soon learned his mistake. One of the new Tribune's first acts was to send an order to Stefano Colonna to leave the city. The prince, furious at this presumption, tore the order to pieces, and threatened to throw Rienzi from the windows of the Capitol. Then sounded the great bell of the Capitol summoning the people to arms. They answered the appeal, and Colonna and the other most powerful nobles were forced to seek safety by instant flight.

Then began his remarkable career as Tribune. During its first days his rule was distinguished by justice, energy, and decision of purpose. Peace was again secured, authority established, law resumed, and liberty seemed about to be restored. But Rienzi's head was turned by his success. He assumed the pomp

of a sovereign. He distributed titles, surrounded himself with ceremonies, and multiplied feasts and processions. Flattered by the submission of most of the Italian States to his authority, his presumption and vanity increased as his prudence declined. Not satisfied with the plainness and simplicity which became him as the head of a republic, a theatrical spirit possessed him, and an insatiable love of show. He desired to be ennobled, and to have the title of Knight, as well as Tribune. To celebrate his installation as Knight, a splendid series of ceremonies was arranged, to which all the ambassadors, nobles, and strangers of distinction were invited. Towards evening he went to the Baptismal Chapel of the Lateran. The porphyry vase in which, according to tradition, Constantine had bathed, was filled with rose-water for him, and he bathed in it. He was then clothed in a white garment and slept in the church. In the morning, clad in scarlet, he showed himself on the Loggia to the people, and, accompanied by many nobles and gentlemen, he was endued by the Syndic of the city with sword, girdle, and golden spurs, and afterwards heard mass in the chapel. He then made an address, in which he cited the Pope, and Lewis of Bavaria, and Charles of Bohemia, to give reason for any claims they had on Rome; and pointing his sword to these three points of the compass, he exclaimed, "This is mine, and this mine, and this is mine." The day ended with a magnificent banquet, at which was exhibited the utmost luxury and expense; and from the nostrils of the Bronze Horse of Constantine wine flowed constantly for the people.

Folly had quite got the better of him now, and his vanity was leading him swiftly to ruin. At a banquet held shortly after, at which he was dressed in a regal cloak fringed with gold and rich embroideries, Stefano Colonna, lifting up the hem, said, "Are you not Tribune? and should you not rather wear the modest dress of your equals than these pompous ornaments?" This reproach, so far from producing its proper effect on him, inspired him with a notion that the nobles intended to play him false. Shortly afterwards he issued a proclamation that he had discovered a conspiracy against the people and himself, and declared that he would cut off the heads of all those concerned in it. The conspirators were seized and brought forward, and among them were seen the chief of the princely families of Rome. Solemn preparations were made for their execution, when Rienzi, not only suddenly and without reason, pardoned them all, but conferred upon them some of the most important charges and offices of the state.

No sooner were these nobles and princes free out of Rome than they began seriously to conspire to overthrow Rienzi and his government. They assembled their soldiers, and, after devastating the country, threatened to march upon Rome itself. The Tribune, who was no soldier, attempted to intimidate his enemies by threats; but finding that the people grew clamorous for action, he at last took up arms, and made a show of advancing against them. But after a few days, during which he did nothing except to destroy still more of the Campagna, he returned to Rome, clothed himself in the Imperial robes, and received a legate from the Pope.

These idle flourishes did not check the revolt, and Colonna advanced to the very gates of Rome. Still Rienzi did not move to attack him, but only rang the bells of the Capitol, and recounted his dreams of good augury. The Colonne, find-

ing the gates shut and hearing the bells ring, supposed the Romans were prepared to resist, and determined to withdraw for a space. They were in three divisions, and each defiled before the gate; as the third passed, at the head of which was young Giovanni Colonna, the gate opened, and he, supposing his friends had command of it, spurred his horse and rode into the city. His followers, however, remained behind, not daring to enter, and on he went alone. Finding himself, however, unsupported, he turned his horse to fly, when he was thrown to the ground, and the people rushing upon him killed him on the spot. His father Stefano hearing the noise, now rushed in, hoping to save his son; but he also lost his life in the attempt, and his companions then took flight, pursued by the Romans. Many of the Colonna troop were slain; among others, Agapito Colonna, who was found hiding in a vineyard.

The Tribune celebrated this victory with great vainglory. He returned in triumph to the Capitol, harangued the people, boasted loudly and without decency of what he had done, occupied himself with idle shows and ceremonies, and so conducted himself as finally to disgust his own followers. His power soon began to crumble away under him; and when, shortly afterwards, he endeavoured to prevail upon the people to rise and drive out the Count of Minorbino, who had set his authority at defiance, he found that his day was past. They listened passively to his eloquent words, and when he cried to them, "after having governed you for seven months, I now renounce my authority," no voice was raised to dissuade him. He then ordered the trumpets of silver to sound, and, clothed in all his pomp, he marched through Rome, accompanied by his small band of soldiers, and on the 15th October 1347, intrenched himself in the Castle St Angelo. Still the influence of his name and his power was so great, that it was not till three days after that the nobles ventured to return to Rome, and then they found that Cola's power had vanished. It faded away like a carnival pageant, as that gay procession entered the Castle St Angelo. There he remained until the beginning of March, and then fled, and found his way to Civita Vecchia, where he remained with a nephew of his for a short time. But his nephew having been arrested, he again returned to Rome secretly, and was concealed in Castle St Angelo by one of the Orsini who was friendly to him and his party. The other branch of the Orsini endeavoured to induce his friends to deliver him up by offering large bribes. But they did not prevail; and Cola soon after fled to Naples, fearing lest he should be betrayed into the hands of the Cardinal.

Rome now fell into a state of anarchy and confusion even worse than it was when he assumed the reins of power. Revolutions occurred. Brigandage was renewed. Cerroni, who had been installed as Prefect, was forced to fly, and the administration of the government was then put into the hands of Bertoldo Orsini and Stefano Colonna. But provisions growing dear, Orsini was stoned, and Colonna only escaped with his life by leaping out of a window in disguise. Francesco Baroncelli was then chosen as leader. He was as resolute as Cerroni had been weak. But the people would not tolerate his rule, and he soon fell. In 1353 Rienzi returned with Cardinal Albornoz, the legate of the Pope. He was received with enthusiasm, and again installed in power. But he was embarrassed in all his

actions by the Cardinal, who sought only to make use of him, while he himself exercised all the power. The title of Senator of Rome was conferred on him, and the people forgave him; for the dire experiences of Rome since his departure and his sad exile had obliterated the remembrance of his vanity and folly. But Rienzi had lost the secret of his power in losing his enthusiasm. He soon became entangled in his position; his expedition against Colonna in Palestrina failed; his punishment of Montreal and Pandolfucci brought him ill-will, and all things went badly with him. At last, in October 1353, a sedition broke out, and the mob rushed to the Capitol with cries of "Death to the traitor Rienzi!" In this extremity he was abandoned by his guards, attendants, and friends: only three of them all remained faithful. But under the pressure of imminent danger, the spirit and courage of Rienzi rose, and he showed his better self again. He closed the doors of the palace: the mob set fire to it. He appeared on the balcony clothed in his armour as knight, and, with the standard of the people in his hand, demanded to be heard. But the populace refused to listen to him, and drowned his voice in clamorous cries. There he stood in dumb show praying to be heard, while the populace raged below and pelted him with stones and other missiles. Pierced at last through the hand by an arrow, he withdrew, overcome by despair. Letting himself down by sheets from the windows to the terrace of the Cancelliere below, he again made a desperate effort to obtain a hearing, but in vain. Then came the great question as to whether he should rush in among his enemies and brave certain death, or seek escape by flight. Long he wavered; but at last he decided to fly. Tearing off his robes, he put on the miserable dress of the porter, rushed down the flaming stairs and through the burning chambers, where falling rafters and ceilings threatened death at every step, threaded the fiery passages in safety, and at last reached the third door, breathed the fresh air, and felt that he had still a chance for life. At this very moment his arm was seized, and a voice said, "Where are you going?" He saw that all was lost. But, at bay, he did nothing mean. Again there was a flash of heroic courage, not unworthy of him. He threw off his disguise, and, disdaining all subterfuges, said, "I am the Tribune!" He was then led out through the door into the crowd: at the sight of him it drew back and was silent. Firmly he walked as if among friends instead of enemies to the base of the basalt lions, where he had made his first great call upon the people. Standing there, undaunted by its tumultuous cries, he stood for an hour with folded arms, and looked around upon the raging crowd. At last, profiting by a lull of silence, he lifted his voice to address them, when suddenly an artisan at his side, fearing perhaps the result of his eloquence, and perhaps prompted by revenge, plunged his pike in his breast, and he fell. The wild mob rushed upon his corpse; they mutilated it; they cut off his head and dragged it through the streets; and at last, having wreaked their passion on his senseless remains, they carried them to the Mausoleum of Augustus, the fortress of the Colonna, and there, aided by the whole Jewish tribe, burnt them to ashes. By a strange chance, the last Tribune of the people was burnt and buried at the tomb of the ancient Emperors. In the Mausoleum of Hadrian he had trembled, a prisoner; in the Mausoleum of Augustus his ashes at last found rest.

CHAPTER V.

For twenty-three years after Rienzi's death, the seat of the papal Court remained at Avignon; and during this period, Rome and the States of the Church were harried to death by contending factions. The legates, representatives of the Pope, were treated with contempt, despoiled of their houses and goods, plunged into prison, and even assassinated. At last Gregory XI. returned in January 1377. The keys of the Castle St Angelo were sent to him at Corneto; the papal Court was re-established in Rome; but he survived only about a year, and died in March 1378. Then came the election of a new Pope, which was held in the Castle St Angelo. While the conclave was sitting, a crowd gathered around the place, crying out, "Romano lo volemo"—we will have a Roman for Pope. Yet, notwithstanding this clamour, Cardinal Prignani, Archbishop of Bari, and a Neapolitan by birth, was finally chosen, under the title of Urban VI. When Cardinal Orsini presented himself at the window to announce that a new Pope had been elected, the mob below cried out, "His name, his name!" "Go to St Peter's and you will learn," answered the Cardinal. The people, misunderstanding his answer, supposed him to announce the election of Cardinal Tebaldeschi, who was arch-priest of St Peter's, and a Roman by birth. This news was received with great joy and acclamation, and the crowd loudly called for Tebaldeschi, in order that they might prostrate themselves before him as Pope. The Cardinals, alarmed at this demonstration of public feeling, besought Tebaldeschi to assume the papal insignia for the moment, in order to calm the excitement. He yielded to their persuasion, and the crowd rushed to embrace him, and kiss his foot and hand. But the poor old Cardinal, who was crippled by gout, suffered so terribly under this demonstration, that he broke down at last, and cried out piteously, "I am not the Pope." The people, enraged with the deception which had been practised on them, broke into still fiercer cries, rushed to arms, and gathering round the conclave, threatened them with death unless a Roman was elected. But the conclave was strong in its position, and finally the people were pacified, and accepted Urban VI. Such, however, was the fear of the Cardinals, that they were with difficulty persuaded to proceed to the Vatican and perform the ceremonies necessary for the installation of the new Pope. This, however, finally was done, and the Castle was placed in the charge of Pietro Guntellino, a Frenchman, and garrisoned by a Gallic guard, the French Cardinals remaining also within its walls for safety. On the 20th of September they withdrew to Fondi, and in conjunction with other schismatics they afterwards elected an anti-Pope under the title of Clement VII. Guntellino, who took part with them, on being summoned by Urban to surrender the Castle, refused to do so without the order of his compatriots, the French Cardinals at Avignon. Meantime the papal and anti-papal party assaulted each other first with citations, censures, and angry words, and then with armed force. The anti-papal party, having with them the Breton and Gascon soldiery, and the Savoyards of the Count of Mountjoy, the anti-Pope's nephew, marched upon the city, overcame the undisciplined party of the Pope, reinforced the Castle St Angelo, and fortified themselves in the Vati-

can, ravaging the Campagna on their way. The papal party now besieged the Castle, attacking it with machines and artillery, but for a year's space it held out. Finally, on the 28th of April 1379, the anti-papal party were utterly routed by Alberico, Count of Palliano and Galeazzo, at the head of the papal, Italian, and imperial forces. Terrible was the bloodshed of this great battle, at which, according to Baronius, 5000 of the anti-papal army fell. But the Castle still refused to surrender, and the French Castellano vigorously defended it, pouring darts and bombs upon the attacking forces, and setting fire to the houses in the neighbourhood. At last, however, he was forced by famine to capitulate; and the Castle, "non sine divino miraculo," says Urban VI., came into the possession of the papal party. The damage done to it during this siege must have been very great. In some parts it had been utterly demolished, and of all its marbles not a trace now remained. On receiving it again, the Pope made a solemn procession, with prayers, from Sta Maria Trasteverina, in which all the people joined, and proceeded barefooted to St Peter's and to the Castle to take formal possession.*

Many a sad sight the Castle saw during the reign of Urban VI. He was a man of a very violent and vindictive character, and the prisons of St Angelo were seldom empty. On one occasion, suspecting some of the Cardinals by whom he was surrounded of treachery, he here put them to the torture to extract confession; and while they were stretched on the rack, he recited composedly his breviary in the adjoining chamber, totally unmoved by the shrieks of anguish drawn from his suffering victims.

After the surrender of the Castle to Urban, such was the rage of the people against it for the injury it had caused them during the siege, that they passed a public decree ordering it to be utterly destroyed and razed to the earth, so that it should no longer be a refuge for the enemies of the people, or a fortress from which to assail them. In consequence of this decree, an attempt was made to demolish it. It was stripped of everything by which it was adorned, and its outer casing was torn off; but the solid interior of peperino defied all their efforts, and the attempt was given up. Theodorico da Niem, in his account of the schism at Rome during this period, gives us an account of the Castle. After speaking of the subterranean passages, broad enough to admit two horsemen or five foot-passengers marching abreast, and covered with beautiful marbles, which he himself saw, he goes on to say, that after the Romans had taken possession of the Castle, they tore down from it the beautifully squared blocks of whitest marble with which it was cased, and also the walls of paonazzo marble, which they used to make the piazze in the city; but he adds that they found it impossible entirely to destroy the Castle. Poggius, who saw it a few years after, also tells us that though the title of it was still standing over the door, the Romans had greatly defaced it, and would indeed utterly have destroyed it, had they been able to pull it to pieces.

Boniface IX., who came to the papal chair in 1389, finding the Castle absolutely necessary in order to command the tumultuous Romans, began to repair and fortify it anew. In so doing he followed the advice of Natale and Petruccio Sacco, the Signori of Rome, who, on

* Such had been the depopulation of Rome by all these wars and tumults that it now numbered only 17,000 inhabitants.

surrendering to him "*lo stato di Roma*," said: "*Se tu vuoi mantenere lo stato di Roma acconcia Castello Sant' Angelo*"—if you wish to maintain the government of Rome, refortify St Angelo. The Pope did so—issuing an edict "*ne quis ex Hadriana mole, quæ magna ex parte dejecta erat, marmora saxa, etc., evelleret*"—that no one should take any more stones or marbles from the mole of Hadrian, already in great part destroyed. The marble to which he refers probably was that still existing in the interior of the Castle, as it would seem that all the outer casing was gone. After acting on the advice of Natale and Petruccio, 'the reward he gave them," says Infessura, "was to cut off their heads; and the Pope then said,—'These men gave me up the government that I should restore the Castle, and now I have restored it they wish to take it from me;' and from that time forward he preserved peace in the State."

Boniface had been more of a soldier than of a priest, and had succeeded in reducing the city of Rome to obedience and order. He had fortified it like a camp, and by severest measures repressed any attempt at rebellion against his authority. No sooner, however, was he dead, than, even before his successor was chosen, violent dissensions began to break out. The ambassadors of the anti-Pope, fearing for their lives, sought protection from the Cardinals; and it was formally promised that they should be safe in their persons so long as they chose to remain in Rome. But affairs were now so unsettled that despite the fair words of the Cardinals, the ambassadors were oppressed with doubts and fears, and finally made an attempt to get out of the city one evening. But the attempt was not successful. As they were passing Ponte St Angelo they were arrested by the Castellano, with all their equipages, beasts, and money, and carried into the Castle, where they were imprisoned. The Cardinals interfered in their behalf, but in vain. The Castellano refused to give them up. At last, however, after much discussion, he agreed to allow them to depart, upon their paying 5000 golden florins, 2 beasts, and a mule. The ransom was accordingly paid, and they were suffered to go.

This was but the prelude to other and more serious events. Battle again began in the streets, the Savelli and Colonna taking part with the people, and the Orsini with the Cardinals. The Aracoeli was taken by storm, the streets were barricaded, and many persons lost their lives. The first endeavour of Innocent VII., who was chosen in 1404, was to allay these dissensions and secure peace. Ladislaus had already come to Rome to take advantage of any turn of affairs. The knowledge that he, in combination with the Colonne and other nobles, sought to usurp the seigniory of the city, and the fear of what might happen if they succeeded, did much to conciliate the people with the Pope for a time. But troubles and discord soon intervened as usual. The Pope issued strenuous decrees against the Colonna, who were in open enmity with him; but this powerful family only laughed him to scorn. The Prefect in command of the Castle at this time was Antonello Tomacello, nephew of the late Pope Boniface. Corrupted by the gold offered by Ladislaus, he joined the party of the King and the Colonna and Peretti; and taking the occasion of the absence of the Pope, he openly rebelled against him, and surrendered the Castle into the hands of his enemies. But on the return of the Pope, the papal army, under the command of Paolo Orsini and Muscarda, besieged the Castle. The siege was vain, the

Castle holding out against all the attacks of the papal troops; but at last matters were settled. The Castle was restored to the Pope upon certain terms and conditions, and peace again was patched up.

It lasted, however, but a very short time; and stormy days soon succeeded, of which Leonardo Aretino gives us a vivid picture. The Castle St Angelo was then held on behalf of the Pope by Luigi da Migliorotti, his nephew; and the people demanded that the Milvian Bridge should be confided to them in charge. The Colonna and Savelli supported them in their demand; and upon the refusal of the Pope, they endeavoured to wrench it from him by a sudden night attack. The fight was determined on both sides; but towards daybreak the papal cavalry overcame their assailants, driving them back into the city. It was a *fête* day. The people were idly strolling about the streets, and many of them heated with wine. Seeing their friends flocking back into the city routed, and many of them bleeding and wounded, and learning the history of their defeat, they flew to arms, spread their banners, and advanced to attack the Pope in his palace. "Our soldiers," says Aretino, "on their side also prepared for combat. They made ready their arms, closed up and strengthened their ranks, exhorted each other, and put the Castle St Angelo in a state of defence. The attack of the people was suspended during the darkness, and all night the two parties remained under arms. The following day there was a talk of re-establishing peace, and with this view several Roman citizens came to the Pope. As they were returning at the close of the conference, they were attacked by Migliorotti, the nephew of the Pope, who, issuing from the Castle with a company of soldiers, assailed them at Hadrian's Mole. Eleven were taken and the rest escaped by flight. The prisoners, conducted to Migliorotti, were then cruelly massacred by his order. Among them were two nobles, whom the Roman people had chosen to govern the republic, and the others were distinguished citizens, some of whom had manifested a partiality for the Church.

"When the noise of this event spread through Rome, all rushed to arms. The streets were filled with soldiers, and the city resounded with clamours and imprecations. I myself ran very great danger this day; for, believing hostilities to be suspended, I had passed the river and entered the town. Hearing the tumult, I desired to withdraw, but I found the Bridge of Hadrian occupied by a troop of armed men, who were the relations and friends of those who had been massacred, and who were preparing to revenge themselves. As soon as I recognised them, I turned my horse and fled. Having reached a cross-street, I dismounted, covered myself with my servant's cloak, and mingled again with the crowd. I passed, without being recognised, through the midst of armed men, and approached our own party. The first object which met my eyes was the heap of corpses of those who had been massacred. They lay in the middle of the street, covered with blood and pierced with large wounds. I stopped, oppressed with horror, and ran my eyes over their faces. Among them I recognised, with tears, the bodies of some of my friends. I went immediately to the Pope, whom I found plunged in the most cruel affliction. He had no part in this massacre. He was a mild and pacific man, and nothing was more repugnant to his goodness and character than the shedding of human blood. He deplored his

fortune, lifting his eyes to heaven, as if to take God to witness that he was innocent."*

Against the people Migliorotti was unable to protect the Pope, and he fled the same night to Viterbo. On the 20th of August, King Ladislaus entered with 3000 horse, and the Castle St Angelo immediately broke with the Romans, and commenced bombarding Rome. The Romans set themselves to work to barricade the bridge, and the people beyond it allowed them to do this. After a severe contest there, during which several houses were set on fire, the Romans made a pact with the leaders, Conte di Troja, Giovanni Colonna, and Conte Gentile de Montesano, securing them by the promise of a bribe; and thus they were allowed to barricade the bridge. But after they had walled up the barricade, they refused to pay over the bribe, and the Castle continued to bombard the Romans. Finally, after much fighting and bloodshed, both parties alternately chasing each other out — now the Orsini and now the Colonna prevailing — a deputation was sent by the Romans to recall the Pope, promising obedience to him if he would return. He did accordingly return on the 13th of March 1406. One of the stipulations made and promised by the ambassadors was, that Castle St Angelo should be delivered up to him. Those who were in possession of it, however, absolutely refused to surrender it either to the Pope or the people, and the consequence was that siege was again laid to it; and finally it again came into the Pope's possession.

In June 1407, Gianni Colonna entered Rome with 400 cavalry and 400 infantry, and a battle ensued between him and the Romans who were allied with the Orsini. But the Romans routed him, killing a large number of his followers, and making many prisoners, among whom were Gianni and Niccolo Colonna. Ladislaus, who was in the city, and had joined in the plot with Colonna, was unable to render him much assistance, and the attempt was thus entirely foiled. But the Pope, in great fear, betook himself to the Castle at night, and there shut himself up.

Later in the same year, Ladislaus, uniting his forces with those of the Savelli and Colonna, attacked the Romans under the command of Paolo Orsini. A battle ensued, in which Ladislaus was defeated. But during the night Paolo went secretly into the camp of the King, and treacherously agreed to open the gates and surrender the city. The Romans, thus betrayed, were forced to yield; and on the 14th of April 1408, the King entered the city in great triumph, and the Capitol and nearly all the fortresses were delivered up to him.

Again, in 1413, Ladislaus, violating the treaty he had made with John XXIII., broke suddenly into Rome. The Pope, struck with terror, fled before him, on the swiftest horse that he could find, and the Castle was betrayed by the Castellano for a large bribe. But no sooner had the traitor betaken himself to Naples than he was seized and slain by order of Ladislaus, and robbed of the money he had thus disgracefully acquired. The Castle remained in possession of the Neapolitan family until 1419, when it was again restored by Joanna of Naples to Martin V., who was a Colonna.

Meanwhile, in June 1417, while there was a vacancy in the papal chair, Braccio da Montone marched from Perugia, and attacked and took Rome. He also assaulted the

* Leonardo Aretino, Comment, T. 19, p. 922.

Castle St Angelo, directing against it his strongest machines of siege, and bombarding it severely. But the Castle held out against his utmost efforts; and on the 28th of August Sforza arrived from Naples, sent by the Queen to succour its defenders. Then ensued a battle in which Giovanni Colonna was killed, having gallantly interposed his own body to save his brother Ludovico from a blow aimed at him by one of Orsini's followers. The result of the battle was disastrous to Braccio, who was routed and driven from the city. But, though defeated, he was a terror to Rome for seven years; and when, finally, on June 2, 1424, he was slain, great was the rejoicing among the Romans. The city blazed with illuminations and fireworks, and the whole mass of the Romans came out at night on horseback, each with a torch in his hand, to escort Giordano Colonna, the brother of the Pope, and congratulate him on the death of his enemy.

In 1431, Eugenius IV. was elected, and the Castle, which then was in possession of "Lo Principe," was restored to the Pope. But shortly afterwards, a dissension having taken place between him and Stefano Colonna, Colonna induced the Prince to unite with him and wrest the government from the Pope. The city was attacked by their troops. The people were called to arms. All Rome was in confusion. There was fighting in the streets, and particularly in the Piazza Colonna, at San Marco and at Porta Accia, and many men were killed. The Castle was still held by the Pope; but a conspiracy having been discovered, or at least suspected, to wrest it from him, drive him from the city, kill the Castellano, and give up the Castle to the Colonna, several persons of importance were arrested, among whom were the Archbishop of Benevento, son of Antonio Colonna, and his brother Frate Masi. The latter confessed, under pressure, and was then hanged and quartered in the Campo dei Fiori.

Martin V., on his death, left the treasures which he had accumulated to his nephews of the Colonna house. But Eugenius IV., on his succession, made a peremptory demand that they should be restored to him as Pope, alleging that they had been fraudulently carried off by Prospero Colonna; Antonio, Prince of Salerno; and Eduardo, Count of Celano. These princes, outraged by the insulting demands and pretensions of Eugenius, rose, and, under the lead of the Prince of Salerno, laid waste the country. The Pope, enraged at their conduct, made savage reprisals. He seized Otho, the treasurer of his predecessor, and put him to the torture; imprisoned more than 200 citizens of the Colonna party; erased the name and arms of Martin V., and insulted in every possible way his memory. On the 22d of October 1432, the Pope reaped the fruit of his vengeance. He was poisoned by one of his attendants, who was instigated to this act by the Colonna; and though he did not lose his life, he was permanently lamed by it on one side, so that he could not lift his right arm. Three years afterwards, in May, the government of Rome was taken from him, and seven Signori were chosen to protect the liberties of the people, under the title of Governatore della Republica. One of their first acts was to apprehend the nephew and chamberlain of the Pope and imprison them in the Capitol. The Pope then, in great alarm, sought safety in flight. Disguising himself as a friar, he, with one companion, a real friar, took a boat in the Trastevere quarter, slipped down the river with the current, and made his escape to Florence. Scarcely had he gone, when

the Castle began to thunder against the Romans, and to bombard the city. The Bridge of St Angelo was barricaded, and Paolo da Forlì, with five adjutants, put in command of it. Other barricades were made in the Piazza Castello, and at Sta Maria Traspontina, and all the city was under arms. The Castle was assaulted, but without success. The Romans, however, still continued to besiege it. At last a feint was made by its defenders: some soldiers appeared on the battlements, and cried "*Viva il popolo!*" while Baldassare di Nino, then in the Castle, cried out, "*Venite e pigliate il castello.*" The Romans were completely taken in the snare. Rushing forward, they poured into the Castle; but, as they entered, they were all made prisoners. And among these prisoners were two of the Governatori. At the same moment the Castle opened fire upon the Romans below, and drove them back with great slaughter.

Still another and equally successful scheme was tried by the defenders of the Castle. A soldier was privately let out through the lower gate, who cautiously advanced, pretending to make his escape. On reaching the Romans, he began to complain of the cruelty with which he had been treated by the Castellano, and offered, for a certain sum, to return and kill him, and hang him up at the window as a sign that he was dead, and then open the door to them. Again the Romans fell into the snare. They allowed the soldier to re-enter the Castle. After a certain delay, a figure representing the Castellano was seen to hang against the window, and the door was cautiously opened by the soldier, who cried to them to come in. In they rushed, and all again were made prisoners.

The Romans, at last weary of this constant fighting, restored the sovereignty of the city to the Pope, who again returned to Rome, and was received with great festivity and rejoicing. But he was not well assured of his safety. Many were his enemies; and he feared constantly lest he might be betrayed. His suspicion soon fell upon Giovanni Vitelleschi, who, though Cardinal, was the general-in-chief of the papal army; and an attempt was made to arrest him on the Bridge of St Angelo. The Cardinal defended himself vigorously; but in the struggle he was so seriously wounded that he died only four days after, in the Castle.

Nothing could exceed the turbulence of all these years. There is scarcely a pause of a few weeks in the fighting. When the clash of arms ceases for a moment, there comes a dismal record of eclipses and earthquakes, and great rains, tempests, and inundations. Executions of prisoners by hanging and decapitation are so frequent that one can scarcely walk through the streets of Rome without seeing exposed some fragment of a corpse, or some head, hand, or foot nailed against a wall. When these fail, there follow threatening comets that shake the people with fear; and, in the wake of these, come the dreadful scourges of famine and pestilence. The annals of the time are monotonous in their records of war and horrors of every kind. Liberty seems but a name. "Licence they mean, when liberty they cry," was never truer than at this period; nor is there much to choose between Pope, prince, and people. Treason runs riot everywhere; and all parties, as they get the upper hand, are equally faithless and cruel.

THE BRITISH NAVY:

WHAT WE HAVE, AND WHAT WE WANT.

No apology is needed, at the present juncture of European politics, for calling attention to the state of the British Navy. The subject is intimately connected with the national feeling, and our honour and independence are bound up with it. The discussion need not now evoke the controversial bitterness which a few years back seemed to be inseparable from the theme; nor need we, from patriotic motives, exaggerate its excellence or seek to hide its shortcomings. There have been people who, from a sense of duty, have persisted in regarding our broadside ironclads through a roseate official lens. Like the Swiss print-seller, who defended the predominance of the colour blue in his Swiss views by the plea, "Il faut toujours, Monsieur, beaucoup de bleu pour les Americains,"—the chronicler of our Navy seems to have thought the public would best be served by colouring his intelligence for the benefit of foreign readers. But in this country we live in a glass house: our faithful allies have their naval *attachés* residing here to spy out our weakness and our strength. We do not believe in the official "blue" which would seek to misguide their observation; and, with all its shortcomings, we do not think that the British Navy needs it.

Now, before we enumerate and describe its principal component parts, it cannot, we think, be superfluous or amiss to inquire for what purposes the British Empire requires a fleet. Before pronouncing on the fitness of a complicated machine, it cannot be wrong to form precise ideas of the work it will have to do. The imagination is apt to be unduly excited by the memory of great battles like Trafalgar and the Nile; but it may be well to remember that the chance of such supreme engagements is rare, and that the ordinary duties of her Majesty's ships in war are of a far less splendid character. Nor should we forget that war is still the exception, and peace the rule, of human affairs, and that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." In time of peace the British Navy maintains the police of the high seas, and protects the commerce and lives of Englishmen in foreign and remote stations. Preparation for war is the best security for peace; and one of the important functions of the Navy is, by a constant display of force, to support the political objects of the Government. During war, the defence of our coasts and harbours at home, and of our colonies abroad, the convoying of our mercantile marine, the attack of the enemy's coasts and arsenals, the possible blockading of his ports, and the command and patrol of the high seas, are to be superadded to the peaceable duties which devolve upon our sailors. If the memory of great and glorious victories in line of battle is recorded in the annals of the British Navy, its history is no less full of daring acts with single ships and boats, and of infinite damage inflicted upon an enemy by means quite incommensurate to the end. When we read of the miserable cruise of the fifteen French ironclads during the present war in the North Sea and the Baltic, of their prolonged inaction whilst waiting for a land-force which never came, and of councils of war summoned by

the commander-in-chief to determine what not to do; and then remember the dashing exploits of Lord Cochrane in his single frigate Impérieuse on the French coast—how he descended here and harried an ill-defended tract—and then, while regiments were hurrying up to repel his crew, moved off in the night and attacked another district in the rear, landing his small guns and storming forts, cutting down the semaphores, and neutralising a brigade of the enemy's land-forces—we begin to see what a power there may be in an efficient Navy, and how varied are the duties which a sailor may be called on to perform.

It was well said by the old Cavalier poet, that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage;" and, in a similar strain, Sir Francis Doyle has lately sung—

> "Vain, mightiest fleets, of iron framed;
> Vain, those all-shattering guns;
> Unless proud England keep, untamed,
> The strong heart of her sons."

Yet, admitting that armour-plates do not constitute a man-of-war, nor ironclads a fleet, and that no amount of mechanical invention can supply the place of that personal daring and contempt of danger of which the records of our Navy are so full, it is still the business of Government to supply our gallant seamen with the best implements of warfare which the exigencies of the day demand; and it cannot be useless for the public to be reminded, from time to time, what we have, and what we want.

Three distinct classes of fighting vessels appear to be required for the various duties of war and peace, which we have in general terms described. We want—

1*st*, Heavy-armoured ships of large size and of deep draught, fit to fight in line of battle, or to break into an enemy's port or arsenal;

2*d*, Small-armoured ships of light draught and high speed, for the protection of our coasts and of important strategical positions in the colonies, aided by gunboats which need not carry armour; and,

3*d*, Light squadrons of unarmoured corvettes and frigates, of the highest speed attainable, for police of the seas in peace time and escort of trade in war time, with swift despatch-boats for look-out purposes.

Our Ironclad Navy, so far as we can learn, consists at the present time of 51 vessels, of various degrees of speed and offensive and defensive power. There are many modes in which it may be useful to classify these ships, according as we choose to regard them; but we think the simplest course, in the first instance, is to arrange them according to their tonnage. For whatever purpose we may desire to compare them at a later stage, the following table on the next page will always be of service:—

	Tonnage.	Horse-Power.	Length between Perpendiculars.	Extreme Breadth.	Mean Draught of Water.	No. of Guns.
	Tons.		ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	
1. Agincourt,	6,621	1,350	400 0	59 5	26 5	28
2. Minotaur,	ditto	ditto	ditto	59 4¾	26 7	26
3. Northumberland,	ditto	ditto	400 4	59 5	27 0	28
4. Achilles,	6,121	1,250	380 0	58 3½	26 10	26
5. Black Prince,	6,109	ditto	380 2	58 4	26 7	28
6. Warrior,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	26 5	32
7. Hercules,	5,234	1,200	325 0	59 0½	24 8	14
8. Sultan,	5,226	ditto	ditto	59 0	25 2	12
9. Monarch,	5,102	1,100	330 0	57 6¼	24 3	7
10. Fury,	5,000	1,000	310 0	62 3	26 6	4
11. Devastation,	4,406	800	285 0	62 3	26 1	4
12. Thunderer,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	4
13. Bellerophon,	4,270	1,000	300 0	56 1	24 8	15
14. Caledonia,	4,125	ditto	273 0	59 2	25 8	24
15. Hector,	4,089	800	280 2	56 5	25 6	18
16. Lord Warden,	4,080	1,000	280 0	69 0½	25 11	18
17. Royal Alfred,	4,068	800	273 0	58 7	25 4	18
18. Lord Clyde,	4,067	1,000	280 0	58 11	25 5	18
19. Valiant,	4,063	800	280 2	56 4	25 8	18
20. Royal Oak,	4,056	ditto	273 0	58 6	24 6	24
21. Ocean,	4,047	1,000	273 1	58 5	25 11	24
22. Prince Consort,	4,045	ditto	ditto	ditto	25 5	24
23. Swiftsure,	3,892	800	280 0	55 0	24 9	14
24. Triumph,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	14
25. Audacious,	3,774	ditto	ditto	54 0	21 7	14
26. Invincible,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	21 8	14
27. Iron Duke,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	21 7	14
28. Vanguard,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	21 8	14
29. Royal Sovereign,	3,765	ditto	240 7	62 2	23 2	5
30. Repulse,	3,749	ditto	252 0	59 1½	25 9	12
31. Defence,	3,720	600	280 0	54 2	25 2	16
32. Zealous,	3,716	800	252 0	58 7	25 4	20
33. Resistance,	3,710	600	280 0	54 1	25 1	16
34. Rupert,	3,159	700	250 0	53 0	22 6	3
35. Penelope,	3,096	600	260 0	50 0	16 6	11
36. Glatton,	2,709	500	245 0	54 0	19 0	2
37. Hotspur,	2,637	600	235 0	50 0	21 0	2
38. Prince Albert,	2,529	500	240 0	48 1	19 6	4
39. Pallas,	2,372	600	225 0	50 0	21 8	8
40. Favourite,	2,094	400	ditto	46 9½	21 4	10
41. Cyclops,	2,107	250	225 0	45 0	15 0	4
42. Hecate,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	4
43. Gorgon,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	4
44. Hydra,	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	ditto	4
45. Wivern,	1,899	350	224 6	42 4½	15 11	4
46. Scorpion,	1,833	ditto	ditto	42 4	16 2	4
47. Research,	1,253	200	195 0	38 6	13 9	4
48. Enterprise,	993	160	180 0	36 0½	14 1	4
49. Waterwitch,	778	ditto	162 0	32 1	11 9	2
50. Vixen,	754	ditto	160 0	32 5	11 3	2
51. Viper,	737	ditto	ditto	32 0	10 11	2

The first six vessels upon the list form a class by themselves, and represent the earliest efforts of the constructive department of the Navy to supply us with armour-clad ships which should rival and surpass the original ironclads of the French navy. It is the fashion at the pre-

sent time to underrate these frigates, and to class them in the 3d or 4th rank of our broadside ironclads. Great objection has been taken to their length, which varies from 380 to 400 feet, and would undoubtedly be a hindrance to rapid turning in the *mêlée* of a naval engagement. The armour which they carry is also of little efficacy against the projectiles which in action they would now have to encounter; and two of them, the Warrior and the Black Prince, have the ends of the ship quite unprotected. But, after making every allowance for these comparative deficiencies, we hold they are still very admirable vessels, and reflect the greatest credit on Mr Watts, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, under whose auspices they were designed. Their speed, even with inferior engines, is fully equal to 14 knots an hour. Only three of them, we believe, are rigged with three masts in the usual manner. The others, contrary to the wishes of their designers, are masted with four or five masts, and have never been good sailers. But, even as they are, they have proved the best cruisers of our ironclad navy; the Achilles has been preferred by the admirals in command of the Channel Fleet to any other ship under their orders; and there is little doubt that, if we were engaged in a naval war, although they might not be adapted for fighting in line of battle against the artillery which is now afloat, they would be of essential value for distant cruising, and might sweep the seas of any number of Alabamas that endeavoured to assail our commerce.

The remainder of our ironclad fleet, which, with a few exceptions, has been designed under the direction of Mr Reed, consists of thirty broadside ships and fifteen turret-ships. The turret-ships have been principally commenced during the last two years, and were for a long time strenuously opposed by the authorities at Whitehall. If we adopt the classification which the First Lord of the Admiralty has followed in Parliament, these ships may be divided into seven classes of broadside and five of turret vessels, according to the following tabular arrangement:—

	Broadsides.	Turrets.
1st Class.	Hercules. Sultan.	Fury. Devastation. Thunderer.
2d Class.	Audacious. Invincible. Iron Duke. Vanguard. Triumph. Swiftsure.	Monarch. Rupert. Glatton. Hotspur.
3d Class.	Bellerophon. Lord Warden. Lord Clyde. Royal Alfred. Repulse. Penelope.	Cyclops. Hecate. Gorgon. Hydra.
4th Class.	Caledonia. Hector. Valiant. Royal Oak. Ocean. Prince Consort.	Royal Sovereign. Prince Albert.
5th Class.	Warrior. Black Prince. Defence. Zealous. Resistance.	Wivern. Scorpion.
6th Class.	Pallas. Favourite.	
7th Class.	Research. Enterprise. Viper. Vixen. Waterwitch.	

We proceed to consider them in their order of description.

The Hercules is the only one of our first-class ironclads which has yet been tried at sea, and it is due to her constructors to say that she has proved a great success. Her armament is very powerful, and consists of fourteen rifled guns, of which eight are of 10-inch, two of 9-inch, and four of 7-inch calibre. Her water-line is defended by a belt of very thick armour, perhaps impenetrable at the thickest part by any of the guns she carries, and extends for about 3 feet above and 3 feet below the water-line from stem to stern of the ship. As long, therefore, as the sea is sufficiently calm to confine her rolling to 6°, it is probably impossible for any ironclad now afloat in any foreign navy to deliver a shot which of itself can sink her. This great defensive strength is, however, confined to her belt; the battery from which her largest guns are worked is only protected with 6-inch armour; and experiment has shown that armour of that thickness with the ordinary backing can be penetrated at a distance of 1000 yards, and at an inclination of impact of 30°, by the 9-inch rifled gun, and at close quarters by the 7-inch rifled gun, such as is carried by all except one of our present ironclads. But the Hercules has other excellences. She is, for an ironclad, a fair sailer, though awkward in tacking or wearing. She has a speed under steam of 14 knots, and is a very steady ship, and can therefore use her great offensive powers under conditions of sea in which a less steady ship would be almost *hors de combat.*

Of our other first-class ironclads, the Sultan, which resembles the Hercules in most essential points, has been launched, but has not been tried. It is said she is deficient in stability. The Fury has hardly been commenced, and the Devastation and Thunderer, though well advanced, are hardly likely to be finished before the end of the present year. These latter are very remarkable ships; but we defer their consideration until after we have spoken of the remaining broadside vessels.

Our second class of broadside ironclads, which are commonly called the Audacious class, have not as yet been fully tried. They consist of six vessels of similar design, the difference of the Swiftsure and Triumph from the other four lying in a wooden casing with which their hull is proposed to be covered, to prevent the rapid fouling of the iron bottom. If the storms of controversy in which they originated, like the ancient goddess from the foam of the sea, were any preparation for their future career, they ought to prove the most efficient cruisers of our fleet. It was in the year 1867, in the midst of the controversy between the advocates of broadside and turret ironclads, that Mr Corry's Board of Admiralty resolved to invite the principal private shipbuilders of the country to compete in designs for either a turret or a broadside ship, at the option of the designer. Certain conditions were imposed in either case; the tonnage was not to exceed 3800 tons, nor the draught 22½ feet; the speed was to be 13½ knots; the armour-plating was to be at least 8 inches thick at and about the water-line, and 6 inches thick in other parts, except at the bow and stern; and it was essential that an all-round fire should be practicable, or that at least some one gun under armour-plates should command every point of the horizon. The Controller of the Navy was to be the referee, and award the prize to the successful competitor. Seven shipbuilding firms responded to the invitation, and sent in designs of various degrees

of merit. The London Engineering Company proposed to build a broadside ship of 3794 tons; the Millwall Company, a compound of broadside and turret of nearly the same tonnage; Messrs Palmer, a broadside ship with a movable upper-deck battery; and the Thames Company, a broadside ship; while Messrs Napier, Samuda, and Laird each designed a turret-ship fulfilling the proposed conditions. The Controller of the Navy, as he stated in his report, would have preferred that the reference had been made "to some unofficial tribunal, which should have been beyond even the suspicion of partiality." His department were strongly committed to a preference for the broadside over the turret type of armament, and Mr Reed especially had displayed much personal feeling on the question. To the surprise of the competitors, the referee referred the matter over to Mr Reed, the Chief Constructor of the Navy; and he, though selecting the design of Messrs Laird as by far the best offered, referred to a turret-ship of his own of the same dimensions, which he had submitted a few weeks before; and the Controller, in reporting on the private designs—which was the entire subject-matter referred to him—came to this conclusion, that Mr Reed's turret-ship was better than that of Messrs Laird; and that the Admiralty design for the Invincible or Audacious class of broadside ships was superior to either. The Admiralty adopted the views of Sir Spencer Robinson; for, as Mr Corry said, in his defence shortly afterwards in Parliament, "he must express his opinion that the Board would undertake a very great responsibility if they decided upon building a ship, the design of which the Controller did not approve." And the result of all this competition amongst the naval architects of the country was, that six of the Audacious class of vessels were ordered to be built; and, as a sop to the disappointed shipbuilders, four of them were given out to be built in the private yards. They have all, we believe, been finished, and some of them have been tried at sea; and, so far as these trials go, the result has been the most miserable failure which has yet been made by any naval architects in the kingdom.

In the first place, the calculations were so defective that the ships have turned out 500 tons lighter than was intended, and it has been necessary to fill into the bottom a mass of concrete and iron ballast to give moderate stability to the ships. The remedy does not remove the evil, for the object of a naval architect is to distribute the weights in such a manner as to combine steadiness with stability, and the addition of these large weights to the bottom of the ship is certain to make the vessel roll. If the weights had been better disposed, the ship might have been far more effectively plated. We imagine that few civilians have any idea how small a part of the surface of a broadside ironclad is really protected with armour. The Audacious, when broadside on, presents an area of 6670 superficial feet; and of these, only 3207, or less than half, are plated at all. There is a patch of 100 feet by 3 at the water-line of 8-inch armour, which tapers down to 4½ inches at the bow and stern; and the rest of the ship has nowhere any thicker armour than 6 inches, the ends of the main-deck battery having only 4 and 5 inch armour, while the ends of the upper-deck battery are unprotected against a raking fire, and more than half the ship's side is in the same unprotected state. A roll of 4° would lift the 8-inch belt well out of water, and a roll of 10° would show the unarmoured hull; and we

hear that on the trials outside Plymouth harbour, the ship, without a sail set, heeled over 16°, and the Admiralty have been compelled to order the rig of the ship to be altogether altered, and her sails and masts largely reduced. Yet these are the ships which are supposed to constitute our second class of broadside ironclads!

Our third-class ironclads comprise several in their number which are, in our opinion, far superior to the Audacious class. The defensive strength of a ship does not depend on the *maximum* thickness of iron which she carries over a very limited area, so much as on the general amount of protection which is given to her. The Bellerophon, which is placed at the head of the third class, is a very efficient broadside ship, carrying 6-inch armour over a considerable part of her side,—steady, fast, and handy under steam, and with ten 9-inch and five 7-inch calibre guns. The Lord Warden and Lord Clyde are better protected than the Bellerophon, though the armour they carry is not quite so thick, and carry two 9-inch, fourteen 8-inch, and four 7-inch guns, and have the best bow-fire of any of our broadsides. In smooth water we should propose to rank them next in efficacy to the Hercules; but they roll dreadfully in anything like a sea, and for general service are not the equal of the Bellerophon. The remainder of the third-class broadsides, though stated by Mr Childers, in his speech on moving the Navy estimates of 1869, to be "protected by 5½-inch to 6-inch armour, to possess a speed of 13 to 14 knots, and to carry 12-ton (that is, 9-inch) guns, or under"—are inferior to the three first mentioned; and the Penelope, from the peculiar structure of her double keel, is said to be extremely difficult to manage at sea.

The classification into four classes of the rest of our broadside ironclads is somewhat arbitrary. They none of them carry more than 4½ inches of armour, but most of them carry 8-inch guns, and all but one of them 7-inch guns, in their batteries.

We have stated above that the 9-inch rifled gun, fired at an angle of incidence of 30° with a Palliser shell, will, at a distance of 1000 yards, penetrate an armour-plate of 6 inches thick with any backing which has yet been tried afloat. So far as experiment has gone at present, it seems to be established as a rough-and-ready rule, that every rifled Woolwich gun, fired directly and at short range, is more than a match for an armoured plate well backed, the thickness of which is 1 inch less than its own calibre. Thus the 7-inch gun will penetrate 6-inch armour; the 9-inch gun, 8-inch armour; and the 12-inch gun is expected to pierce with shell 11-inch armour. When the Warrior was designed to carry 4½-inch armour, that defence was sufficient against the guns and projectiles of the day. But now the 7-inch gun will penetrate with shell any part of any broadside ship we possess, except the narrow belt of the Hercules and Sultan and Audacious class; that is, except a very limited portion—perhaps one-twentieth—of the entire area of eight of our ironclads; and we have afloat, in sixteen of our ironclads, 8-inch guns; in nineteen of them, 9-inch guns; in two of them, 10-inch guns; and in seven of them, 12-inch guns. There is only one of our broadsides which does not carry a 7-inch or much larger gun. This law of the comparative resistance of plates against guns makes it convenient to speak of guns according to their calibre; and we have uniformly adopted that mode in the present article. But it must not be forgotten that penetration is only

one of the terrors which rifled artillery presents. It is the fearfully destructive power of their shells bursting in the interior of a vessel, and especially in the small fortress in the centre of the vessel in which the greater part of the guns are worked, which serves as the pretext and valid reason for putting armour over our ships at all. The destructiveness of a shell varies fully as the cube of the calibre, as the following table, giving the weight and bursting-charge of the common and Palliser shells for the different class of guns, will partly show :—

Calibre of Gun.	Weight of Shell.		Bursting-charge of Shell.		Weight of Solid Shot.
	Common.	Palliser.	Common.	Palliser.	
	lb. oz.	lb. oz.	lb. oz.	lb. oz.	lb.
7-inch	106 12	112 8	8 4	2 8	115
8-inch	167 0	175 8	13 0	4 8	180
9-inch	232 0	244 8	18 0	5 8	250
10-inch	373 12	393 2	26 4	6 14	400
12-inch	460 0	586 0	35 0	14 0	600

The Palliser shell, being intended to penetrate armour, is more solid than the common shell, and therefore carries a smaller bursting-charge; but the charge is sufficient to burst it, and the resistance experienced in forcing a way through the ship's side is precisely the force which is wanted to make its hard and brittle substance break up; and the battery of every one of our broadside ironclads is liable in any engagement to have these powerful shells, varying from 18 inches to 30 inches in length, burst in the interior, filling it with smoke and fragments of wood and iron, and probably disabling one-half of the crew employed for the time being in working the guns.

It is this liability to danger, both of crew and vessel, which has made every foresighted naval officer and architect, during the last ten years, eager to introduce a type of shipbuilding better adapted for warfare against rifled artillery than the old broadside frigate. It is not that our sailors are less brave or indifferent to death than in days of old; but the conditions of exposure are now entirely different to what they were in the days of Nelson. The effect of a large shell bursting in a confined space is demoralising to the bravest crew. We have heard from an eyewitness that in the attack on the Sebastopol forts, the explosion of a shell between decks, with the material ruin which it scattered round, so unnerved a large part of the men on board one of our finest two-deckers, that the unwounded dropped over the side into a steamship lashed alongside. In the attack of the American fleet upon the forts of Mobile Bay, the Brooklyn, a partially-armoured broadside vessel, was struck twenty-three times, but only one shell exploded in her, yet she had eleven men killed and forty-three wounded. In the fight between the Weehawken, U.S. Monitor, with one 15-inch gun, against the Confederate broadside ironclad Atlanta, out of five shots that struck the Atlanta, one laid low forty and another disabled seventeen of her men. Yet the 440-pounder of the 15-inch gun was a less terrible projectile than that which is fired from the 12-inch gun of our own Navy.

There are limits to human courage; and although, amongst the chances of a naval fight, with every object moving and the gun-platform rolling up and down, it might well happen that an ill-protected vessel might escape a vital wound, yet it is contrary to reason to suppose that an ironclad like the Hercules could be effectively fought, if her battery were even once in each half-hour penetrated by even a 9-inch shell.

Viewing the disparity between guns and broadside ironclads, many persons of eminence have proposed to do away with armour-plating altogether, and let the shot and Palliser shell pass through and beyond the ship and drop into the sea. They have said, with some show of reason, that a thin side of unbacked iron or steel would neither break up the projectile nor send a shower of splinters into the ship between decks. The shot or hard shell would kill whom it hit, as did cannon-balls in former wars; but we should have no widespread devastation from a single projectile. But the resources of artillery are not confined to shot and chilled-iron shell, and we have seen above that the common shell is more dangerous than the Palliser wherever it can penetrate and explode. If an enemy found that his hard projectile passed through and did little damage, he would alter his charge and projectile, and inflict with it still greater injury on the unarmoured ship. We are driven, therefore, by the growing power of the guns, to a type of vessel which can carry armour of 10 to 12 inch thickness, and can carry it over the entire length; and this can only be attained by lowering the side of the vessel, and therefore reducing the area which has to be plated.

The late Captain Cowper Coles was the man who earliest recognised this necessity, and was prepared with devices to meet it. In season and out of season he persisted in pointing out the defensive weakness of our broadside ironclads, and the growing offensive power of artillery. The Admiralty persisted in the opposite policy, and continued to lay down ship after ship of the 36 broadsides which we now have, at a cost of about twelve millions sterling, and only reluctantly consented, under the pressure of public opinion, to build two turret-ships, the Prince Albert and the Monarch, and to convert one wooden three-decker, the Royal Sovereign, into an unmasted turret-ironclad. The catastrophe which has recently befallen the Captain turret-ship has led unthinking persons to suppose that the system of turret-armament is only adapted for the Monitor type of vessel; but it is due to Captain Coles to remember that the private shipbuilders of this country have differed from the Admiralty constructors on this point, and have built on Captain Coles's principle, for foreign powers, nearly twenty masted turret-vessels on comparatively small dimensions, three of which have crossed the Atlantic, and one has gone round Cape Horn to Peru, and all have proved more effective ships than our own ironclads *of the same dimensions.* Yet, from the year 1855 until his untimely death, though asserting that his invention was adapted for sea-going cruisers, he never failed to point out the superiority, as a fighting engine, of the low ship without masts and sails.

It was not until the accession of Mr Childers to office that the views to which we have given expression above were suffered to prevail. It is quite beside our mark to inquire why it was that the constructive department of the Navy so long opposed the building of anything but broadside ships, or to endeavour to

reconcile their policy of the last two years with their conduct during the previous eight. It was not in 1865, or in 1867, or in 1869, that the superiority of guns to armour-plating of 5 or 6 inches was established; but in 1865, before the naval committee upon turret-ships, and in 1867, in the competition of private shipbuilders, the late Controller and Chief Constructor of the Navy displayed a partisanship of opposition to turret-ironclads which is now most deeply to be deplored. Mr Childers came into office, as he tells us in his recent Minute, without any prejudices on the subject, but determined to give fair play to the advocates of either type of shipbuilding. He had opposed in the House of Commons, on the 13th July 1868, a motion censuring the Conservative Board of Admiralty for not having built more ships of the turret type. He suggested to Mr Reed the building of a turret-ship of 3000 tons with limited sail-power. Mr Reed produced in preference designs for a class of powerful unmasted ships, carrying on the sides solid 12-inch, and on the turrets solid 14-inch armour, with a freeboard of 4½ feet, and a plated breastwork rising 7 feet higher out of the deck, and enclosing the turrets, funnels, ventilators, and hatchways of the ship. A ship of this class had been already designed for the Russian navy, but, with that exception, the design was a novelty; and accordingly, before deciding on its adoption, an Admiralty Committee, consisting of Admiral Lord Lauderdale, Rear-Admiral Yelverton, Captain Cowper Coles, Mr (now Sir) W. Fairbairn, Mr (now Sir) Joseph Whitworth, and Dr Woolley, were appointed to criticise the design, and advise the Board upon it. The design was approved, and the ships ordered in accordance with it are the Thunderer and Devastation, two of our first class of turret-ironclads. The importance of the subject and the admirable clearness of the exposition will justify us in quoting at some length from the statement to the Committee made on that occasion by Sir Spencer Robinson:—

"The Controller of the Navy showed, by reference to the thickness of armour-plating carried by our ships compared with the power to pierce such plates possessed by the artillery known to be afloat, *not only in our own ships, but also in the ships of other Powers*, that the time had come when even 8-inch armour-plating was an insufficient protection; and, adverting to the increasing power of artillery, which, though slow, was an element not to be neglected, explained that the great feature of the new design was so to protect the water-line and armament of the ship as to resist practically, and for some time to come, the artillery that could be brought against such a ship at sea. He pointed out the slow progress that had been made in obtaining the so-called 600-pounder, which in reality is a 12-inch 25-ton rifled gun. It had taken upwards of four years to bring us even to our present position with reference to this gun, and even now it was hardly satisfactory; and admitting that it was possible that the process of constructing even larger guns might in future years be accelerated, he stated that the new designs were calculated practically to resist projectiles from guns even of 27 or 28 tons.

"For this purpose the thickness of armour-plating adopted was 12 inches on the hull, *and* 14 *inches to defend the armament.*

"He then showed, by reference to the enormous weights which such a system of defence rendered necessary, that the armour-plating must be limited as much as possible, to economise the size and therefore the cost of the ship; deducing from these premises the conclusion that *a ship of low freeboard was an absolute necessity, and that this necessity existing, a broadside armament was impossible;* so that the design naturally resolved itself into a Monitor type, and a turret-armament.

"He stated that the proposed armament was to be two 25-ton guns in each turret, that the ship was to carry two turrets, and that there was to be an absolute and uncompromised line of fire from these guns on every point of the horizon.

"He explained that the ships were specially designed as powerful sea-going ships; not so much as cruisers for the

ordinary protection of commerce, as engines of offence, capable of being sent to the Baltic or Mediterranean, across the Atlantic, to the West Indies, or to the Cape of Good Hope. In adverting to the lowness of the freeboard (4 ft. 6 inches at the load-line of the new ship), he showed that such lowness was not incompatible with safety, and was extremely favourable to steadiness. He instanced the remarkable cases of the Monadnock and the Miantonomah, ships of this type, one of which had gone into the Pacific; the other had twice crossed the Atlantic. The freeboard of this ship at her mean draught was only 2 ft. 7 inches amidships; and while the ships in her company of the ordinary construction were rolling as much as 20°, the Miantonomah was barely rolling 4°. He further explained that this lowness of freeboard, while it contributed powerfully to a steady platform for artillery, had of course the effect of allowing large masses of water to pass over the deck; and in ships like the Miantonomah, where the port-holes of the turret were but from 2 to 3 feet above the deck, they were necessarily closed in even a moderate sea-way, and thus the ship was in a great measure deprived of her artillery. As a remedy for this defect, and to protect the base of the turrets, an armour-plated breastwork, 7 ft. 6 inches high, surrounds the space occupied by the turrets. This breastwork, the upper part of which is 11 ft. 6 inches above the water, is closed in by a deck plated with iron 1½ inches thick, through which are carried up the hatchways, funnels, air-tubes, &c., and over which the guns command an uninterrupted range on every point of the horizon, at a height of upwards of 13 ft. from the water, insuring the use of the offensive powers of the ship under almost every possible circumstance.

"Dispensing with masts made a very large supply of coal necessary; and accordingly the design provides for 1700 tons of fuel—a quantity sufficient to enable the ship to steam for 10 days at 12 knots' speed, or for 18 days at 10 knots, or from 25 to 35 days at lower speeds.

"The security given to a ship by her masts and sails compared with that obtained by two propellers and double engines was referred to, and *it was stated as a fact perfectly well known to all naval officers, that, in going into action, the first order which must be given is to send everything down from aloft;* in fact, to deprive a ship as much as possible of the power of using any of her sails; *that, even so prepared, the risk to a ship having her masts shot away is great, and that if they were shot away it is all but certain that the ship would be deprived of her steam-power, through the wreck either fouling or destroying the screw.*

"This view of the case was illustrated by the history of several remarkable wrecks—those, for example, of the Prince and the Royal Charter amongst others—which occurred from the loss of masts destroying the propeller, which up to the time of that occurrence was taking care of the ship.

"There was, on the other hand, no known instance of any ironclad ship, or indeed of any screw-ship with a damaged engine, on a lee-shore, deriving her safety from the use of her sails; and in considering the benefit to be derived from sails in steadying a ship of the ordinary type in the trough of the sea, it was pointed out that the amount of canvas required for this purpose in a ship of about 9000 tons' displacement, would necessitate a system of masting entirely inconsistent with low freeboard and with the proper use of the turret-armament.

"The necessity of doing nothing to compromise the all-round fire and the end-on fighting qualities of the ship was insisted on, and the sacrifice of those qualities which would follow any system of masting pointed out.

"It was shown that the new designs somewhat resembled in type the Miantonomah and the Monadnock, while they differ widely and fundamentally from the Captain and Monarch. It seemed therefore certain that a far more correct forecast of the qualities of the new ships, especially of their steadiness in a sea-way, would be formed by making use of the experience already acquired in these American Monitors than could follow from any variety of trials of the Captain and Monarch. Indeed, on reviewing the turret-ships of the Royal Navy, it was evident that no such ship had that real lowness of freeboard which would enable any trials or experiments to be of use for purposes of comparison."

It is said that when Milo in his banishment read the eloquent oration which Cicero did not deliver on his behalf at the trial, but wrote at his leisure afterwards, he quietly observed, "If Cicero *had* made this speech, I should not be eating oysters now at Marseilles." So we, reading this admirable *exposé* of the vital question of ironclad shipbuild-

ing, may be content to remark, that if these views had only prevailed at an earlier date, we should not now be boasting of thirty-six broadside ironclads, of which no more than fourteen (if so many) could with any prudence be commissioned to fight in line of battle against a squadron of well armed Monitors. Here, for the first time in the record of official utterances, the importance of protecting the armament equally with, or even more than, the water-line, is expressly recognised and declared.

After listening to the Controller and Chief Constructor of the Navy, the Committee were unanimously of opinion that the thickness of armour required to meet such naval artillery as is even now found at sea could only be carried by a ship of a low freeboard; and there was a general concurrence that the height given in the design was sufficient for the services on which it was intended to employ the ships; that for such services the absence of masts was indispensable, and their presence would be far more than counterbalanced by the disadvantages attending their use. "Finally, it was urged that while no existing Monitor-ship afforded any conclusive comparison with the present design, *every kind of experiment with Monitor-ships should be made, the present design being pushed forward as rapidly as possible.*"

Shortly after the adoption of the designs appeared Mr Reed's very fascinating work on 'Our Ironclad Ships,' written probably in the previous year, which attempted again to show the superiority of broadsides to turrets. He illustrated his work with a number of well-chosen diagrams, in which he contrasted the exceptionally strong parts of the Hercules with the weak parts of the American Monitors. What the well-informed thought, however, of his book, and what of his last performances, is well shown in a letter of Mr John Ericsson, from New York, which appeared in the 'Engineer' of Feb. 18, 1870; with other diagrams contrasting the strength of one system with the strength of the other. He writes:—

"The turret-ships of the U.S. Navy are now sufficiently numerous to defeat the present armoured fleet of England, if entering our harbours. In support of this assertion, it will suffice to state that twenty-four of the English ironclad ships are protected with only 4½-inch armour-plating; the average thickness of plating of the forty-seven vessels tabulated in Mr Reed's recent work being only 5⅞-inch. *Thus, while the English gunner fights behind armour-plates less than 6 inch thick, the American Monitor turret affords a protection varying from 11 to 15 inches thickness of iron.* . . . Under these circumstances, the security of the maritime cities and dockyards of the United States against aggression has of late years been deemed assured. *But the means thus relied on have suddenly lost their potency.* Mr Reed is now building Monitors carrying the full thickness of solid armour possible, by adopting the turret and abandoning freeboard and sails. *The Devastation and the Thunderer may steam up the Hudson in spite of our batteries and our Monitors, and dictate terms off Castle Garden.*"

Such are two of our first-class turret-vessels, and the third differs from them in being of somewhat larger dimensions, in order to carry an additonal 100 tons of coal, and attain one knot more in speed. The former are to steam 12 knots, and the latter 13 knots an hour. When the designer of the successful ironclad fleet of the United States speaks so disparagingly of our broadsides, and so reverentially of our turret-ships under construction, we may well regret that the men who could design the latter so long persisted in building nothing but the former. Why prefer the weak defence to the strong?

> "Of two such lessons, why forget
> The nobler and the manlier one?"

It is not as if the low-lying type of heavily-armoured ship were a

new discovery. The action in the Hampton Roads was fought in 1862; and in 1868 the navy of the United States contained fifty Monitors of various types, ranging from 1500 to 7000 tons' displacement. The Russian navy at the same date comprised eleven turret-ships on Captain Coles's plan, and six Monitors of the American type. We had not one afloat unless the Royal Sovereign can be so called; and it was only after vehement pressure from both sides of the House of Commons that Mr Corry's Board consented to order the Glatton and the Hotspur to be built.

Our second class of turret-vessels (according to the Admiralty classification) consists of a miscellaneous collection of powerful ships, differing widely from one another. It comprises the Monarch, a full-rigged cruiser of high freeboard, protected in parts by 7-inch armour, with a speed under steam of 14 knots an hour, and an armament of four 12-inch and three 7-inch guns. Next comes the Glatton, of the Monitor type, protected by 10 to 12 inch armour, of 19 feet draught of water, 9¼-knot speed, and carrying two 12-inch guns. Next the Hotspur, a low freeboard ram, with a fixed turret and 4 open ports for one 12-inch gun, 21 feet draught, 12-knot speed, and 8 to 12 inch armour. And lastly, the Rupert, a larger Hotspur, with the same speed and armament, but 22½ feet draught, and 10 to 14 inch armour. While the offensive power of all these ships is very great, it is obvious that the Glatton and the Rupert are the only two which have an equivalent defensive strength, and that the high freeboard cruiser is lamentably weak compared with any one of the smaller class. She has the greater speed, and could therefore take up her own position; but having sides through which the 12-inch shot and shell would crash, and having masts and yards liable to fall and encumber her screw, she could not, without infinite risk, venture to encounter her less pretentious class-mates. The Glatton and Hotspur are less than half the tonnage of the Monarch, and cost one-third of her expense, and for fighting in line of battle are far more efficient vessels. A comparison of them will readily show how speed and armour-plating are interchangeable for ships of the same dimensions. If we wish more speed, we must have less protection; if more protection, we must have less speed.

Our third class of turret-ships is composed of four similar vessels of the Cyclops class, which were ordered in August last, after the breaking out of the present war. They are said to be nearly ready, and are very efficient specimens of the breastwork Monitor. They are similar to the Cerberus, which was constructed for the Melbourne Government, and carry four 12-inch guns in revolving turrets, have a speed of 10½ knots, 15 feet draught of water, and 6 to 10 inch armour. The cost of each, including engines and armament, is said to be about £125,000.

Our fourth class of turret-ships, the Royal Sovereign and the Prince Albert, have 4½ to 5½ inch armour, a speed of 12 knots, and an armament of 9-inch guns. The Wivern and the Scorpion have 4½-inch armour, 10-knot speed, and 9-inch guns. Of these ironclads, the Royal Sovereign, by the absence of masts, is incomparably the most powerful.

So stands the comparison, as a mere matter of builder's measurement, between our 36 broadside and 15 turret ironclads; and from that point of view, it is scarcely any exaggeration to say that, while there is no part of any one of our broadside ships (unless we except the narrow belt of the Hercules and Sultan) which could not be readily

penetrated at a thousand yards by shell from every gun of our turrets, there is no part protecting crew or engines or water-line of our ten best turret-ironclads which could, at the same distance, be penetrated by shell from any gun which our broadsides float. It almost comes to this, that the *maximum* armour of our largest broadsides is the *minimum* armour of those ten turret-vessels. This of itself, all other things being equal, is a conclusive and decisive argument in favour of the latter against the former type of ironclads. But the relative strength for fighting purposes of the two types is by no means adequately represented by such a comparison. The principal advantage of the revolving turret as a platform for artillery resides in the far greater freedom for taking aim, which the captain of the gun whose head emerges above the top of the turret, enjoys over the gunner who has to aim through the narrow portholes with which our broadside ironclads are provided. Every break in the armour-plated side of a ship is a necessary element of weakness, especially in the present day, when breech-loading rifles from the enemy's marines may be expected to pour a volley through every open porthole. There is no way of meeting this in a broadside, except by narrowing the size of the porthole, and providing it with a mantlet to fall over the opening as the gun is run in. But any one who has looked through the portholes of the Hercules or Bellerophon will appreciate the difficulty which the narrowing of the field of view has added to the aim of the gunner; and if a mantlet were used of the kind proposed, the crowded battery would be so filled with smoke as the gun ran in, as to add still further to the gunner's trouble. Fighting at sea is very different from practice at Shoeburyness. With the ship rolling and pitching, it is only at intervals that the enemy is visible through a narrow port. The turret-ship has the enormous advantage, that as soon as the gun is discharged the turret revolves, and the porthole is turned away during the interval of loading; and throughout the entire period the captain has an uninterrupted view, and can watch and follow the enemy wherever he may be.

The second great advantage for fighting in line of battle of the turret-ship proper over the broadside ironclad is, the readiness with which the former system lends itself to *complete* protection from stem to stern. It is no reproach to our naval constructors that they have left our broadsides unprotected, except at the water-line, for two-thirds of the ship's area. If a ship is to have the ordinary height above water, and to be of any ordinary dimensions, it is impossible to do more than put armour around the water-line, and build in the centre of the ship a more or less protected fortress. But, allowing this, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact, that the consequent want of protection is a very serious element of weakness. It is as though we surrounded our land-fortifications on the outside with inflammable dwellings for the garrison. The late Controller of the Navy has told us, in the passage we have quoted above, that "in going into action, the first order which must be given is to send everything down from aloft," so as to diminish the danger of the ship being disabled by the fall of masts and spars in the outset of the engagement. It would be well if the captain in command had power to order the unprotected bows and stern in like manner to be removed and sent below. Each portion of the ship contains a quantity of combustible woodwork, and there is absolutely nothing—as the experience of Lissa,

to which we now invite attention, will show—to prevent the lighting up of a conflagration which would drive the unhappy vessel out of action till the fire was extinguished.

We hoped that the present war between France and Germany might have furnished our naval architects and sailors with illustrations of the weakness of partly-armoured broadsides. As it is, we must rely on the lessons of the American war, and of the short and ill-contested fight at Lissa. We have before us, as we write, the official account of that battle, and wish that space permitted us to describe its movements and fortunes at length. We have been told, on the authority of one of the Austrian captains, that when his wooden broadside ship came alongside one of the finest Italian broadside ironclads, he thought that wood must give way to iron, and that the last hour of his good ship had struck. The sea was somewhat rough, but the Italians were at their guns, and delivered two concentrated broadsides at the wooden ship as she passed within 40 yards. To the amazement of the Austrian captain, his ship was not once touched: the Italian crew fired when they saw their mark, but the ship was rolling, and one broadside discharge was delivered downwards, and passed under the ship's bottom; the other was delivered on the ascending roll, and passed aloft through the rigging. We believe that under like circumstances the like result must always follow; firing through a narrow porthole, itself in motion, must always in a sea-way be liable to fail in this disastrous manner. Had either of these ships been a turret-vessel, the captain of the gun would have seen his adversary before the ship reached the horizontal, and would have been ready to deliver fire when the muzzle was opposite, instead of being above or below the mark.

The battle of Lissa signally illustrates the other danger of partly-armoured broadside ships. The Palestro was an ironclad gunboat of 2000 tons, carrying four guns, and a crew of 250 men. Although the smallest of the Italian ironclads, she was still a ship of considerable proportions, being a trifle smaller than the Pallas of our own Navy, and about the size of Nelson's Victory. She formed part of a picked squadron chosen by Admiral Persano, before the arrival of the Austrian fleet, to attack the fortifications of Port San Giorgio, being the strongest and most numerous on the island of Lissa. The Austrian fleet, consisting of 7 ironclads and 15 wooden frigates, bore down in a south-easterly direction, making for the island, with the ironclads in the front line of battle, and the wooden frigates in loose order behind them. The Italian fleet, consisting of 12 ironclads and 8 wooden frigates, steamed in a northerly direction so as to cross their path—the ironclads in single file, and the wooden ships at some distance in the rear. At 11.15 A.M. the engagement began. The first division of the Austrian ironclads fell upon the second division of the Italian ironclads, and with excellent judgment concentrated all their efforts against the flag-ship Re d'Italia. The Palestro, which was next in position, hastened to the rescue, but was struck abaft in her unarmoured part by a shell, which set her on fire, forcing her to go at once out of action in the hope of putting out the flames. Another Italian ship came up and tried to ram the Austrian ironclad which was astern of the Re d'Italia, but she eluded the blow, passed across the Re d'Italia's stern, raking her as she passed, and disabling her rudder. Then the Ferdinand Max, the Austrian flagship, seized the opportunity, ran full at the Re d'Italia with her spur and sank her. Meanwhile, the Pa-

lestro, her stern all in flame, was steaming at full speed against the wind, to prevent the fire from suffocating the crew. The Austrian fleet bore on for Lissa, their object being to relieve the place, and not to fight a naval action; the last shot was fired at 12.20 P.M., but before the fleets had separated, the Palestro blew up, and her captain, Chevellier Capellini, and all her crew, were lost.

The tragic fate which befell the Italian flag-ship at the battle of Lissa has led many officers to assert that naval engagements in future will be mainly decided by ramming. One thing we admit as certain, that no ship yet designed could stand the shock of the smallest ram, without a large hole being made in her hull below water; and this, unless she were built in numerous and very efficient water-tight compartments, would decide her fate at once. But if any one will carefully read the account of the 'Fatti di Lissa,' published by Admiral Persano, he will perceive the extreme difficulty which was experienced by both Austrian and Italian captains in delivering against a ship in motion the fatal and decisive blow. It was not until the rudder of the Re d'Italia was disabled, that the Austrian ironclad was able to ram her. This battle of one hour's duration cannot be quoted as decisive testimony of the value or weakness of broadside ironclads; but a careful study of it seems to us to establish two points of very material importance: first, the inaccuracy of broadside fire; and secondly, the peculiar dangers of a system of partial armour-plating.

Our *unarmoured* Navy comprises twelve old line-of-battle ships and heavy frigates fit for service, including the Ariadne and Orlando, of 13-knot speed, and the Mersey, Duncan, and Galatea, of 12 to 12½ knots. In addition, we have the Inconstant, an iron frigate covered with wood, of 15-knot speed, carrying 9-inch guns; the Active and the Volage, corvettes of similar speed and construction, carrying 7-inch guns; and fourteen corvette sloops of the Blanche and Druid class, with 13-knot speed; twelve gunboats of the Lapwing type, with 11-knot speed; and seventeen new type composite gunboats, with 10-knot speed, all built of wood, and carrying 7-inch guns; and others of the old type, including eight heavy corvettes. The total of our unarmoured fleet is therefore about sixty-six efficient vessels, besides a number of old sloops and gunboats.

It only remains for us to sum up the present article by showing how far we are supplied out of the above lists with the three distinct classes of fighting vessels which we appear to require for the varied duties of peace and war.

1st, For heavy-armoured ships of large size and deep draught, fit to fight in line of battle, or to break into an enemy's port or arsenal, we have in the Fury, Devastation, and Thunderer (or rather we shall, when they are completed, have), admirable examples; and the Hercules, Sultan, Monarch, Rupert, Glatton, and Hotspur, though far less formidable, are still very powerful auxiliaries. The broadside ships of the second and third class might also, under certain circumstances, and in an inferior degree, render efficient aid in line of battle. The rest of our broadside ironclad fleet could not be counted on for better service in action than was rendered at Lissa by the wooden frigates of the Austrian fleet. They carry, as those frigates carried, very formidable guns, but their defensive properties are quite inadequate to meet the shock of similar artillery.

We think that the Government ought not only to press on the completion of our three first-class turret-ironclads, but also to order, if necessary, from the private shipbuilders,

other specimens of the class, so as within four years to increase the number of that class of ships to twelve. And we would certainly discontinue the building of any new ironclads of the first or second class with masts or sails.

2*dly*, It is in small-armoured ships of light draught and high speed, for the protection of our coasts and important strategical positions in the colonies, that we now are most deficient. We have no broadside ironclads, except the five weak ships of the seventh class, which draw less than 16½ feet water; and none other, except the Penelope, which draws less than 21 feet water. Of turret-ships, we have the four new ironclads of the Cyclops class ordered in August last—very efficient vessels, both offensively and defensively, but designed to have 15 feet of draught; the Wivern and Scorpion, of 16 feet draught; and the Royal Sovereign and Prince Albert, of 23 and 19½ feet draught respectively. Apart from all other considerations, the depth of draught incapacitates these ships from service in shallow waters. The Russian Monitors have only 10½ feet draught, and are very formidable craft for coast attack as well as coast defence. This, indeed, is a point to be always borne in mind —the best ships for coast defence are also the best for coast attack.

We cannot expect impossibilities from our naval architects, but there ought, we imagine, to be no difficulty in supplying us with vessels capable of steaming 10 knots in all weathers, with a low freeboard, heavy armour, and one if not two turrets with an unobstructed range of fire. They should not exceed 10 to 12 feet draught of water. By lowering the freeboard of the Cyclops class from 3½ to 2 feet of water, and dispensing, if necessary, with one of the turrets, these conditions ought surely to be attained. We want of this class of ironclads at least 20 for home service, 6 for the Mediterranean, 6 in the East Indies, 1 in the Straits of Malacca, 6 in Australia, 2 at Vancouver's Island, and 6 in the West Indies and North American station, making 47 in all. In time of peace they might be hauled on shore or on slips and preserved from decay; and those that had to be sent to foreign stations could easily be escorted to their posts, after taking out their armament for safety. In time of war they would require few seamen to manage them, their guns being worked by artillerymen or volunteers; and, apart from the enormous defensive power we should possess at home in 20 such vessels, we might, in fine weather, throw such a force across the seas, and destroy any enemy's fleet while assembling for the invasion of our coasts. With such a naval strength, capable of being rapidly increased if war broke out, it would be absolute insanity for any power to dream of invading our country; and the elaborate schemes of the War Office engineers for girdling London with a circle of earthen fortresses might be relegated to their appropriate pigeon-holes.

A question may naturally here be asked, What, then, are we to do with those of our present broadside ironclads which find no place in the above programme, either of offence or of defence? The difficulty is indeed somewhat similar to that of the Scotch dramatic author who was told by Garrick on one occasion that his talents did not lie in tragedy, and on another, that they did not lie in comedy, and thereupon logically inquired, "Where the deil, then, do they lie, mon?" There are many naval officers who tell us that ships like the Warrior, Black Prince, Resistance, Defence, Hector, and Valiant, are a delusion and a snare; and

that it would be sound policy at once to sell them, or to sink them in mid-Atlantic. We have expressed an opinion above, that the Warrior and Black Prince would, in case of war, find a most useful occupation in protecting our commerce against the Alabamas of the day. Their speed is greater than that of any unarmoured ship afloat, unless it be the American Wampanoag or our own Inconstant. But as to our other broadside ironclads, which are not suited for the line of battle, and are not in their present state adapted for coast defence, we think the true remedy is to cut them down into turret-ships of low freeboard, and utilise the weight saved by the removal of their masts and rigging, and reduction of height above water, by covering them from stem to stern with an additional coat of 4 or 5 inches of armour. All our broadsides of the fourth, fifth, and sixth classes, so converted, would find their way into the second and third classes of turret-ships, and become very formidable vessels; and the cost of conversion would be little beyond the labour, as they would themselves furnish the additional armour-plates required.

3*dly*, In respect of unarmoured corvettes and frigates, though fault may be found with the Inconstant for its crankness, and with the Blanche and Danae class for their want of greater speed, we believe that we stand in a better position than the United States or any other nation. The difficulty of building a very fast unarmoured ship to carry heavy guns appears to be extreme. Either she must be of wood—in which case she is not strong enough for the vibration of her powerful engines; or of iron, and then she rapidly loses speed by the fouling of her bottom; or of iron covered with wood, like the Inconstant, Volage, and Active—a very costly method of construction, which is said to be ill adapted for the impact of shot or shell. All we can say is, that neither the Americans nor ourselves, nor any other nation, have yet invented a perfect type of fast unarmoured men-of-war. We stand, however, in need of swift paddle-wheel despatch-boats.

In the face of the troubled state of Europe, with interests and political objects that clash in the East and in the West—in the midst of the armed rule and misrule that now agitate the nations—it is with mingled feelings of remorse and relief that we survey the condition of the British Navy. With remorse we contemplate the wasted time, the lost opportunities, the lavished treasure, which a few self-willed and mistaken men have spent in the creation of our broadside ironclad fleet. With relief we recognise that before it was quite too late a new course was taken, sound principles enunciated, a different type selected, and a class of vessels commenced to which we can with confidence and security intrust the honour of the British flag. Vessels like our broadside ironclads—of which the best you can say is, that where all such ships are defensively weak, ours are less weak than those of foreign nations—are not the bulwarks that Britannia needs. Already the naval architects and officers of Russia and the United States speak of our strength at sea in altered terms. They know the immense resources of England, and feel that now, in the event of war, all those resources would without delay be turned in the right direction. We trust that this may equally happen in time of peace, and that a retrospect of our Navy in the year 1880 may supply materials for nothing but congratulation and content.

A RETROSPECT OF THE WAR.

Go to the geologist, and learn how long nature spends in accumulating the atoms that compose a continent. Bid him present it to you passing, after it is first formed, through its submerged, glacial, marshy centuries, uninhabitable. Ask then for the slow growth by which man, made master of the land, attains to knowledge and civilisation. After that find from your own experience in how incredibly short a time man, with his evil passions aroused, can reduce the fair earth to a desert, and spread havoc, suffering, want, and death.

Yea, destruction is man's most rapid achievement. Woe to this generation that it should know the truth so well! We have been confounded by the frequent ruin; stunned repeatedly by shock after shock. Blood and destruction are so in use, and dreadful objects so familiar, that we have ceased to take due note of the sequence of events, looking always for the next tidings, and turning our backs upon the past.

How pleasant to reflect that this feverish period seems at last to approach its term! We may contemplate the ferment of passion as a thing that has bounds. It is no longer the daily life of waiting for unknown issues, but there is an accomplished convulsion, a comprehended epoch to look back upon and take account of. While history was a-making, we could only gaze and marvel; but now that this chapter is complete, or nearly so, let us know the luxury of reflection. We feel that we have lived through stirring times: we will meditate on our catalogue of events.

It is difficult to recall the aspect which affairs bore in the first half of 1870. So rudely was the repose of that period disturbed, such has been the excitement ever since, that quiet seems an abnormal condition which we may never witness again. That first note of war, how we refused to believe that it was real! How we hugged the idea that the quarrel would be composed after a little altercation, as so many others had been! And when it became only too certain that war was at hand, how our minds failed to understand the feelings which, without tangible ground of quarrel, could impel two powerful and prosperous nations to deadly combat. England stood aloof from the first, shocked at the reckless behaviour of both sides; and history will condemn, as England did, this cold-blooded, this gigantic crime. But there was no possibility of staying the combatants in the fierceness of their pride. Europe could only look on aghast and shudder as she thought of the future. France—impetuous, romantic France—will bear all before her in the first assault: sturdy, phlegmatic Prussia may endure until the fine point of chivalry shall be blunted, and then, perhaps, if there be still sufficient life in her, she will turn and overcome. This was the prophecy of onlookers; Prussia herself did not hope for a much better result. She required time, she said, to assemble her powers, while the enemy was already prepared, so that the onset would take place on her own soil. These forecasts were made while the hosts assembled, on both sides. But the very first event after the irrevocable declaration of war was ominous. Bavaria and Wirtemberg both cast in their lot with Prussia. France had fondly thought the two states

adverse at heart to Prussia, and had hoped that her own powerful interference would induce them to declare their opposition. It was a disappointment; but what of that? Was not France all-sufficient in herself?

And then the armies gathered: the French, with much demonstration, centring on Metz; the Germans moving mysteriously on the right bank of the Rhine, then pushing some of their forces over the river, and along the boundary of the Palatinate and the Rhenish province as far as Treves. To this distribution the French answered by extending from Metz through Sarreguemines, Bitsche, Weissembourg, and then bending back a little, so as to rest upon the Rhine at Lauterburg and Selz. M'Mahon's division was at Strasbourg, Douay's at Belfort. Canrobert with a division was at Chalons, and the Imperial Guard under Bourbaki at Nancy.

Europe still looked on, breathless with expectation, and at the same time astonished at the huge musters which it taxed the imagination to conceive, somewhere about 300,000 on each side — hundreds of thousands of men,

"All furnished, all in arms,
All plumed, like estridges that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer."

These were the hosts destined to mar the fair face of France; but by us believed to have a different mission, as we wondered why the onset was delayed. For the war did pause, and none could say why. The French Emperor, we know, intended to carry the war into Germany, for he told his army that the scene of their operations would be a land "full of fortresses and obstacles." And it was undoubtedly open to him to pierce the long German lines which, after the French were already assembled in force around Metz, manned, and probably but imperfectly manned, the right bank of the Rhine south of Carlsruhe, and the boundary which divides Prussia from the north of France. He did not strike soon nor strike hard. He did not strike at all, save in a contemptible *coup de théâtre* perpetrated at Saarbruck, to baptise, as he said, his tender son with fire. But he dealt with an enemy who soon tired of waiting to be attacked—who, though prepared in the first instance for defence, knew how, with a master's skill, to reverse suddenly the plan of his campaign, and dare the attack if his adversary would not. So one morning—it was on the 4th of August—while the pens of many wiseacres were explaining to the world how the delay was necessary in these days of great armaments, and by no means a circumstance to furnish an augury, the Crown Prince of Prussia, having broken into French territory, struck suddenly at and defeated the division of General Abel Douay at Weissembourg, slaying the commander and capturing a gun. Marshal M'Mahon's corps was moving rapidly northward from Strasbourg: Abel Douay commanded M'Mahon's leading division. The slaughter was considerable, and five hundred unwounded French were made prisoners. Yet no one saw in this event cause for altering the preconceived idea of the course of affairs. M'Mahon was said to be coming up in strength to avenge Douay; and the talk was still, for a day, of where Napoleon would break the German line. And yet Weissembourg was a field of fate. There rolled the first wave of a bloody tide which never ceased to flow till gasping France sought a truce to realise her ruin and hear the victor's demands. There man gave an earnest of his readiness to destroy. He did not devastate the land as yet: he showed only his

ruthless regard of the being whose coming on the earth the voice of the Creator had heralded, saying, "Let us make man in our image:" he dispelled only the breath which God had breathed into man's nostrils; and for what end?

Those who thought the fight of Weissembourg but an accident, of small account in the great war that was to be, did not wait long to be convinced of their error. The appearance of the Crown Prince at Weissembourg was part of a well-considered movement. It was an attack on the French right—on that flank to guard which M'Mahon was hurrying up from Strasbourg, a day too late. After his victory the Crown Prince moved south along the river's bank. M'Mahon also moved south on another line, having met the fugitives from Weissembourg, and he sent for succour to General de Failly, who commanded the nearest corps on the west, apparently recognising the danger of his situation, and the importance of holding his ground. For the Crown Prince turning suddenly to his right, found M'Mahon at Woerth on the 6th of August, and fell upon him there. The French had the advantage of position, but they were inferior in numbers. The recent affair at Weissembourg operated on both sides in favour of the Prussians. This, the best-fought battle of the war, lasted all day. It was a well-contested field. There was tactical ingenuity displayed. Fortune inclined now this way, now that. The result was not certain from the first. And a little halo surrounds this action, glittering about the devotion of M'Mahon, who clearly saw that much (he did not know how much) depended on his maintaining the position. He might have retreated, but to check there the Crown Prince, who was operating on the flank of their general position, was most important. De Failly, on whom he would have fallen back, had an enemy watching him in front, who by pressing him there while the Crown Prince should be driving in M'Mahon upon his flank, would have placed the two generals in a position more disadvantageous than that in which M'Mahon stood alone at Woerth. It would seem, therefore, that M'Mahon did his *devoir* in engaging a superior foe, taking his chance of any help which de Failly might be able to despatch in answer to his appeal. One of de Failly's divisions did, it is understood, come up before the fight was over—that is to say, before the French were utterly beaten, as they were on the 6th, at evening. Thus the German army were able to roll up their adversaries; for as the French were not prompt to use the opportunity of breaking somewhere through the long German lines, they were subjected to the compressing process to which an extended force can subject a more condensed one, if allowed to have its way.

But the story of Woerth is only half the dismal story of the Sixth of August. The Emperor Napoleon had heard the day before of the affair at Weissembourg, and, becoming alarmed, thought fit to order a retrograde movement—to what extent we do not know, neither is that point important, since the Germans, and not he, determined how far it should extend. What he did not order, or rather what he did not secure, was proper communications and concerted action between the parts of his army. This disjointed condition, and the alarm of the day before, account for M'Mahon having received no help in his gallant and most important struggle. And it would have been a sufficiently bad business if the disaster at Woerth had been the only evil of the day. But, if the French were acting without concert, the Germans' right hand probably knew what their left hand

was doing. So when the Emperor ordered his troops at Saarbruck to withdraw, the Germans followed for a while the retiring force, and kept close up to them, using the cover of the woods to conceal their numbers. On the morning of the 6th, the French, observing some sign of the enemy, began to feel about, and soon found to their surprise that they had been closely followed by some 40,000 or 50,000 men, not simply by an advanced brigade. They had, however, a fine position on the height of Spichern and on a part of the heights of Saarbruck, where one is fain to think that they ought to have defended themselves successfully. The Prussians attacked in great force early in the afternoon; reinforcements came up on both sides; the ground in places was hotly contested: but the Prussian artillery did wonders; Prussian tactics carefully applied in the heat of battle secured advantage after advantage; the heights were stormed and carried with great slaughter; and by nightfall the French *corps d'armée* (General Froissard's) was retreating along its whole line.

This disaster might have been endured, or possibly retrieved, but for the tidings which the same night reached the Emperor of M'Mahon's defeat at Woerth. That was the top rung of a treacherous ladder, which, slipping from its side-hold, the Empire came hurrying down, plunge after plunge, each step giving way as it was touched, the supports drawing asunder, and the whole fabric dissolving with rattle and confusion. Had that upper rail held by only the narrowest bearing, ruin might have been averted. We do not learn that after the two shocks of the 6th of August the Emperor had any resource, or was equal to an effort for deliverance. He simply ran for it, his whole army, of which several corps had never yet been engaged, hurrying towards Metz without any object that has transpired, except that of getting quickly out of the way of their pursuers. Communication with M'Mahon was interrupted, so that there was not concert in even this sad retreat. One cannot contemplate the case without being carried back to days when French armies, in tenfold severer straits, lost neither head nor heart. A fraction of the spirit which won the bridge of Lodi, retrieved Marengo, and, undaunted by the crushing misfortune of Aspern, dared the fortune of war again, and won at Wagram, would have prevented this discreditable retreat. But now it seemed that there had been neither a well-devised plan at setting out, nor the ability to decide and act according to the casualties of the war. Now began in earnest the woes of the civil population in the north-west of France. Two immense armies were sweeping over the villages and fields, destroying or consuming the ripe harvest, and spreading consternation and ruin. The conqueror was a little modest and remorseful as yet, but he soon learned how to make the civil population feel the weight of his hand.

"All may yet be retrieved," said the Emperor, in communicating his reverses to Paris; and the expression coming from a leader more than half of whose forces had never yet come into collision with the enemy, seemed to show how little equal he was to the curing of these ills or the avoidance of worse. His words, if intended to carry comfort, were interpreted in his capital in the darkest sense. His Ministers, unable to face the excited citizens, resigned, and were replaced by an incapable set, remarkable for the facility with which they believed impossible fables, and the mad design on the success of which they staked the fate of the Empire. The Empress-Regent, who showed more sense

and firmness than her advisers, was greatly to be pitied.

The retreat of the French armies was without order, without definite design, and under no fixed control. The generals commanding *corps d'armée* acted much as to each seemed good in his own eyes. It was an instinct rather than concert among them which directed the march of the whole on the Moselle. In the midst of this confusion the Emperor relinquished the command-in-chief in the field, and Marshal Bazaine assumed that office. It seems to be a necessity in France to make a change of directors at a time of peril. They have but one remedy for all ills, civil or military—revolution. It has not worked so happily in their case as to encourage other peoples to adopt it.

Marshal M'Mahon, in his retreat from Woerth, effected communication with de Failly, and these two leaders retreated by different roads upon Nancy, where Marshal Canrobert lay with 50,000 men. M'Mahon and de Failly were thought to be bringing 50,000 more, and there was much talk of defending the passes of the Vosges, when the Prussians—fondly represented as being crippled by their victories—should summon energy to come up. But this was only a stave of the dislocated ladder. No stand was made, and the beaten French retired upon Nancy. There was sounding talk, too, about a great battle to be fought before Metz, which was another stave that yielded to the slightest pressure. With their own goodwill the French would have fought no battle before or near Metz. They left off talking of a battle on the Moselle, but were loud now concerning the next step of the ladder, which was Verdun. On Verdun accordingly the whole Imperial army was to concentrate, Bazaine retreating from Metz, and Canrobert and M'Mahon from Nancy, and then ——. But the armies of M'Mahon and Bazaine were not destined again to join each other. The former continued his retreat to Chalons, and at last to Rheims, on the way to Paris; but the latter was not permitted to move beyond Metz in the direction of the capital. He set out, it is true, but was encountered by the Prussian armies which, on the 14th, 16th, and 18th August, fought with him furiously. The French claimed to have been victorious on the two first days; but, whatever damage they may have inflicted upon their enemies, they were balked of their westward retreat, and therefore weighted with the consequences of defeat. After the severe action of the 18th, which they can scarcely pretend to have won, they were fain to seek the shelter of the guns of Metz: a Prussian army of 200,000 men remained to observe and beleaguer them there; while the army of the Crown Prince, and a portion of that which had pursued the Emperor to Metz, steadily followed on toward Paris.

From the enormous forces which the Germans had in the field, it is certain that reinforcements from beyond the Rhine were continually coming up to them. Notwithstanding battles and marches, their armies on the theatre of war were more numerous now than when the rivals, before a blow was struck, were facing each other on the frontier. They entered the French territory with a perfect provision for maintaining themselves there, and for retreating in safety upon their own land, if retreat should be necessary. Everything seems to have been provided for; the co-operation between the different branches of the army was perfect; and the discipline and organisation of the immense host was more remarkable than its successes. The King, on crossing the border, issued a proclamation to the

French people, wherein he said that he made war with the French Emperor and the French army, but that French citizens should receive his protection as long as they did not render themselves unworthy of it by hostile attempts. Reading this document by the light of subsequent events, it would seem to have been a very difficult task indeed for a Frenchman to purge himself of the unworthiness which it had in view, and which, to judge from the universality of punishment, must have been like original sin.

Just before the battles at Metz, a German army sat down before Strasbourg, thus neutralising the force in that city; in observation also of Bitsche and Phalsburg, and other strong places which they were obliged to pass, they left adequate detachments. Indeed, the keeping open their communications must have employed troops enough to have composed what the last generation would have considered a large army.

While the retreat on Paris was being made, the Ministers of the Empress-Regent were continually receiving or inventing most favourable intelligence, and devising the sagest plans, which they were compelled to keep secret lest the enemy should get a suspicion of them, and so escape the ruin which was being made ready for him. Announcements and promises were made so often while affairs showed no sign of mending, that the people grew incredulous: whereupon it became necessary to do something at once; and a plan was conceived, which for its folly was quite worthy of a place in the history of this French campaign. Marshal M'Mahon was to be reinforced from Paris, then to slip away to the north, gain a day's or two days' march upon the Prussians, turn their right flank, drop down by Thionville on Metz, and liberate Bazaine. The first Napoleon, by profound *ruses de guerre*, by indefatigable exertions, and by working according to the nicest calculations, was capable of carrying out such a design. But with such generals and such want of enterprise as were now the fashion—above all, with such a well-appointed watchful enemy, how could such an attempt succeed? A god had decreed the ruin of a great French army, and sent this mad conception to produce that end.

Marshal M'Mahon reached Rheims before he diverged from the route to Paris; for, after fixing the great battle of deliverance first at Verdun, then at Chalons, then at Rheims, the staves of the ladder had successively given way, and no stand at all was made. De Failly was with M'Mahon, and reinforcements from Paris and the west—additions which made his army up to some 120,000 men. If they had marched as straight upon Metz as the roads would permit, their pursuers could reach the same fortress by a shorter route. But M'Mahon's march was to be on a loop, round the flank of the Germans, and, as the design has been stated, he was to be round the bend and between them and Metz before they were aware of him—that is to say, Von Moltke, who had not been shown to have made a blunder or to have overlooked a possible contingency since the war began, was to trudge innocently along with his face to Paris while the astute M'Mahon should be circumventing him. Not an effort is known to have been made to deceive or amuse the Prussians. The scheme makes one think again of nursery days—"You mustn't see till I'm over there, and then you must turn round and be caught." The mere rashness of M'Mahon's move did, however, gain for him some advantage in point of time. The Germans, never conceiving such folly, certainly did continue their westward march after M'Mahon

had turned his columns to the north. Paris was in the secret. Paris knew of, and exulted in, the masterly stratagem. And, when M'Mahon was known to be some thirty-six hours in advance, there was no further concealment; the rescue of Bazaine and the annihilation of the Prussians were discounted at once on the Boulevards—and in other places too, where men could yet be misled by French assurance.

When Wellington at Salamanca saw Marmont's circuitous move, he is said to have exclaimed, "Now I have him!" Whatever Von Moltke said when he heard of M'Mahon's flitting, he too must have felt that he was sure of his quarry; for he had not waited till to-day to guard the northern passage. That *some* force from the north or west might try the passage by Rethel, Montmedy, and Briey, was an obvious danger; and it had been met by the formation of a fourth German army under the Crown Prince of Saxony, who was already guarding the ground when M'Mahon set off to traverse it. And the Crown Prince of Prussia lost no time after he heard of the French army's altered course in striking north after it and ascertaining its movements. M'Mahon could not have hoped for success except his movements should be very rapid; and yet he did not advance with celerity. It was a bungling expedition from first to last; and the poor, blundering, and now almost unnoticed Emperor fell in with it somewhere on its march, and participated in its evil fortune.

M'Mahon's march was on Montmedy. He left Rheims on 22d August. Waiting for him on the right bank of the Meuse, and watching the line between Sedan and Verdun, lay the Saxon Prince; coming rapidly up from the south, so as to cut across his line of march, spurred the Prince of Prussia. There was not an evidence of strategic ability or of ordinary prudence on the part of the French General in this supreme crisis. If he could have managed to throw his whole force on one of the princes there might have been some chance of escape for him; but such a course was far beyond his achievement. The disastrous events of the 30th and 31st August, and of the 1st September, have been detailed so often and so minutely, that it is needless to repeat them here. M'Mahon with a part of his force crossed the Meuse on the 29th; on the 30th, meeting the Saxon Prince near Carignan, he was stopped and then pushed back after a fierce encounter. On the 30th also, part of his force which was yet on the left bank of the river, was taken in flank and beaten by a detachment from the Saxon Prince's army, joined with the advanced divisions of the Crown Prince of Prussia, which had by this time come up. On the 31st there was some fighting; but the important event of that day was the arrival of the King and the Crown Prince of Prussia with numerous forces, which they spread out on the flanks of the French so as to leave only a retreat in a north or north-west direction possible. And on the morning of the 1st September the Prussian line was still further extended round the flanks, so as completely to hem the French army in. There was a battle of a day's duration: M'Mahon was severely wounded; his army was thoroughly beaten in upon Sedan; the victorious Prussians, posted in overwhelming numbers all round, left to the beaten troops of the Empire no chance of escape. Then followed the catastrophe. The Emperor and all that remained of what had been an army of 120,000 men, surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

So prepared for all accidents of war was the Prussian army—so thor-

oughly was it disciplined—that its marvellous successes did not embarrass it or shake its steadiness in the least. While an appointed staff saw to the disposal of the captives and the material prize, a brief rest of only two days was all that was allotted to the victors after their hard and most profitable work. The 4th of September showed the spectacle of these magnificent troops—more to be admired for their rigorous obedience than for their deeds of valour—marching again in dense columns upon Paris, in front of which city they arrived about the 14th of the month, there being no longer a hostile army to bar their progress.

Here ends the first most brilliant chapter of the campaign. Up to this point the achievements of the Prussians, taken altogether, are probably without parallel. It was not simply that they won battles; the troops of other nations have done that. It was the state of preparation, equal to every accident and to every requirement of the war, the entire absence of confusion or haphazard action, the grave disciplined devotion of the army, which were above all praise. Our instruction would have been larger could we have seen this host opposed by a worthy adversary, and subject to more of the vicissitudes of war. As it was, they carried everything before them, controlled the acts of the campaign according, as it seemed, to a deliberately-framed programme, and were hardly called upon for sudden decisions or ingenious combinations. But we learned this much at any rate, that the nation that would excel in strength, or that would even maintain itself in honour in these days, must hold itself in every respect prepared for war, its officers and soldiers thoroughly instructed, its arms of the newest and the best construction, its material sufficient in both quantity and quality, and its departments of transport and supply perfectly organised and in harmony with the other branches of the service. If this can be done cheaply so much the better; but it must be done. And we learned, besides, what it is to have war devastating a land. We understood how in two months a smiling and a fruitful country might be pillaged and trampled into a desert, and made to flow with tears and blood. We were terribly convinced of man's power to undo the work of nature and of progressing industrious man, and to force back vast districts to the condition of primitive colonists. It is hoped, too, that we have been taught the prudence of insuring ourselves, be the cost what it may, against the invasion of our native land. We can do it, and we must.*

When Paris heard of the fate of the Emperor and his army, she flew to her accustomed stimulant, instead of calmly and wisely considering these mischances. As a weak man gains courage to endure evil from the dram-bottle, Paris wrought herself to heroism by a political revolution. The Ministry dispersed: the Empress-Regent fled to England: a Republic was proclaimed: where everything was being cast into a chaotic vortex, the Imperial crown, as a matter of course, was tumbled in. A self-elected Government, with the acquiescence of the country, assumed the powers of state, and called itself the Government of National Defence. It proclaimed itself pre-eminently a Government of Peace; but it also proclaimed that it would not purchase peace by relinquishing an inch of territory or a stone of a fortress, which seemed a roundabout way of

* See the paper, "Why is Prussia Victorious?" in our December Number, with which the writer of the present article quite coincides.

saying that it did not intend to have peace at all. But France likes the sound of the word *Peace*, though it may be careless about the thing signified. The Empire also was Peace!

The Prussian hosts coming up from the eastward ranged themselves round Paris in the latter half of September, and proceeded to form the investment. From this point, however, the decision and the immutable purpose which had marked their proceedings are not so apparent. Though they no doubt intended to become masters of the city, yet they clearly hesitated so much about using the ordinary means for attaining that object, that they greatly hazarded their success. At first they appeared to think that famine alone would give them their desire; and they sat looking at the city for three months without attacking it. At the beginning of 1871 they began to attack, as if despairing of their first plan. Now the attack, if to be made at all, should have been made in October. They obtained the surrender at last, and so did not incur disappointment as regarded the result; the prestige, however, which at first attached to their movements, declined after their arrival before Paris.

A negotiation for peace between Count Bismark and M. Jules Favre was opened; but as the Republicans would hear of no surrender of territory, no peace was made. The Prussian band was drawn more closely round Paris, while the French Government made to the country unbounded promises of victory by means of the levies which Republican ardour was sure to evoke. The immense regular army of France had retreated before their enemies. One huge segment had surrendered and gone into captivity, and another segment, comprising nearly all the remainder, was shut up in Metz and neutralised. The few regular troops that remained were in Paris, and these, it was agreed on all hands, were thoroughly demoralised. Yet, notwithstanding this collapse, armies were to start up at the touch of the Republican wand, whose achievements should call back the glories of the first Revolution, annihilate their enemies, and restore its sanctity to the soil of France. However one might distrust the bombast that was uttered, it was impossible, before they had made their attempts, to prove that these loud talkers had really no resource, and no rational hope of success. Now that the event is known, they lie open to having, by most unwarrantable delusions, prolonged the miseries and aggravated the humiliation of their country. For the agony, and the exhaustion, and the arrest of civilisation which France has undergone since the autumn, the Government of National Defence is responsible, rather than the sword of Prussia.

As resistance *à l'outrance* was now the cry, Paris was victualled and otherwise provided for the long and trying siege that was expected. Her suburbs were ruthlessly defaced, and the timber of her beautiful woods cut down. The Germans were not, of course, allowed to establish themselves around the walls entirely unopposed, while the defending forces numbered 300,000 men, made up of troops of the line, National Guards, Mobiles, and marine artillery. Here and there the French troops who were found occupying positions outside the fortifications attempted to make good their ground, but were invariably driven in. Once or twice the garrison debouched into the plains, and tried the fortune of battle, which to them was in every instance heavy loss and discomfiture, and there were numerous small but unavailing sorties. The general result showed the utter inability of the defenders to cope outside of the walls with the attacking forces.

The useless efforts attracted some attention when they were made, but they had so little effect in respect to the siege that they are not worth recounting in detail. Meanwhile the Government put a pressure upon the country, and began to assemble an army "behind the Loire," as the saying was, from which army, being a Republican and not an Imperial force, immense exploits were promised. The Government, or the principal members of it, before the capital was wholly invested, removed from Paris to Tours. General Trochu, the commandant of Paris, was said to be exhibiting prodigious energy in training within the walls the immense force which was to be used for the defence, and which, co-operating vigorously with the army of the Loire, would, it was hoped, occupy the Germans rather more closely than they might desire.

Towards the end of September came the news that Strasbourg had surrendered on the 27th. It had stood a siege of some forty-eight days, whereof the attack does not seem to have been very vigorously conducted, nor the defence to have had any very brilliant episode. Nevertheless the passive courage of the defenders was respectable, and the capitulation of the town an evil for France, as it set free between 20,000 and 30,000 German soldiers who had been besieging, and it opened another way from Germany into France, exposing more of the eastern departments to be ravaged by the enemy. 450 French officers and 17,000 soldiers surrendered. It was still strongly in favour of the French that Metz continued to hold out. The force there imprisoned, if it could do nothing more, at least occupied 200,000 Germans in watching it; and if anything was to be done on the Loire or elsewhere, it was plainly desirable to do it before these Germans should be disposable in other directions. Besides the army of the Loire an army of Lyons was announced, as also levies in the east of France. The first mentioned began to take some form under the command of General de la Motte Rouge, and notices of its distribution and movements were regularly given.

Balloons were in this siege used for escaping from Paris, and for emitting intelligence therefrom. Great *éclat* attached to one aerial voyage by which M. Gambetta, who was Minister of the Interior at the birth of the Republic, arrived safely at Amiens from Paris, on the 8th October. He came to awaken the Departments to the necessity for instant, general, and unremitting exertion if Paris was to be saved, and France to be victorious. He proclaimed and exhorted, and he did more than this: he undertook the direction of things military, becoming, in fact, War Minister; ordered levies and equipments, set up and put down commanders, and gave a decided impetus to the kind of military exertion of which the country was yet capable. Of what value this reanimation was we know now. At the time of M. Gambetta's descent from the upper air, it raised new hope in many well-wishers of France who had been yielding to despair. About the same time came General Garibaldi, and offered his services to the Republic. They were accepted, and he received a command in the Vosges. But almost the first intelligence after that which announced these energetic proceedings, was of disaster to all the armies. The army in the east of France, said to number 14,000 men, was attacked by a little army of Badeners, who, nothing daunted by the numerical superiority of their enemy, fought and signally beat him. It had now become the rule for the French to lose, and German troops of any quality did not hesi-

tate to engage them against odds, so confident had they learned to be of the result. As to the Army of the Loire, it began to make itself felt by little excursions, thereby challenging the attention of the enemy, who, by drafts from the different armies, quickly composed a new corps, which was placed under the command of General von der Tann. This corps marched upon de la Motte Rouge, and the first event of the expedition was the unusual one of a slight French success. For some of the cavalry which covered the advance were set upon at Ablis by some *franc-tireurs*, and very severely handled. The combat there was, however, a subordinate affair, and did not in any wise arrest the advance of der Tann's divisions, which fell in on the 8th October with the foremost brigade, and drove it back upon supports which came up, but in most disproportioned strength. The French, though overmatched, made a respectable stand, but were driven back with heavy loss of prisoners and guns upon Orleans, which, however, they did not hold. De la Motte Rouge made a show of defending the city on the approach of Von der Tann, but unsuccessfully, and the Germans entered the place on the 11th or 12th, in triumph, the French General disappearing from the scene. The army at Lyons could not make up its mind to become an army. Lyons seemed more intent on settling political differences within its walls, than on contributing to the national defence. The army, if it had any existence save on paper, was entirely inoperative in the field.

Thus the first burst of Republican energy was without any good result. And although M. Gambetta did not cease to call succeeding and greater armies into existence, the fate of all was the same. They were swept away by the Germans; and it cannot be said that at any time they had a chance of intercepting the siege of Metz or the siege of Paris, both which operations went steadily, if not rapidly, forward. Of course a success such as M. Gambetta promised in the field would have disconcerted the Germans grievously, and have forced them to look to their own safety and communications, rather than to the reduction of fortresses. But they knew well what they were about, and, while employing the body of their force against these important cities, always had a spare limb or two ready and able to frustrate the attempts of M. Gambetta's armies.

Although General de la Motte Rouge disappeared, the Army of the Loire did not disappear. Either a second army rose from the remains of the first, or the army of de la Motte Rouge was only part of a greater army, which still was announced, and which at length again took the field under the command of a mysterious chief, General d'Aurelles de Paladine, about whom we know about as much as we do of Melchisedec. He turns up of a sudden a full-blown General, his antecedents unknown, a romantic interest about his mission. He is said to be this personage and that personage, and sometimes, as Mrs Malaprop said of Cerberus, three gentlemen at once. He came, he saw, but he did *not* conquer; and he disappeared as mystically as he came on the stage. He, however, was, at his first coming, the chief hope of France. General Bourbaki had gone to reorganise the forces in the north, Garibaldi was preparing for a partisan warfare in the Vosges, when the world was astonished by the second memorable event of the war. Metz capitulated on the 27th October, three French Marshals and 173,000 French troops thus becoming prisoners of war, and yielding up their arms and stores. This blow differed from the calamity of Sedan, inas-

much as that it was expected. But, moderated as it was by this foreknowledge, it was still a most astounding event. Another huge army moved away as prisoners from the theatre of war, all hope gone of France having the aid of regular forces during the contest, another immense encouragement afforded to the invader, and the very darkest omens for besieged Paris;—these results followed when the fortress of Metz succumbed to famine. We did not turn aside from the narration of events in the provinces to note, as they occurred, incidents of the siege, and indeed the incidents are not remarkable. Bazaine's army did not remain quiescent after it was driven upon Metz on the 18th August, but it did nothing to affect the result of the war. On the 31st August a sortie was made, intended, it was thought, to be in concert with an attack expected to be made by M'Mahon from without. But M'Mahon was then *in extremis* at Sedan. On the 27th September and the 7th October Bazaine made heavy sorties, the last of them a serious affair, but unsuccessful; and many minor assaults were also made upon the beleaguering force, which nevertheless through all held its ground, and eventually attained its object. Of course this capture cleared the chess-board in a great degree. Expectation was centred on Paris, on the calculation how long it could hold out, and on the operations of the armies which still kept the field—hoping yet, amid the gloom of misfortune and of coming winter, to do something for deliverance. Although from the 31st October to 31st January is as long a period as that which contained the most stirring events of the war, this winter quarter, now that it is past, appears almost barren. Verdun capitulated on the 8th November, Neu Brisach on the 11th of the same month, Phalsburg on the 12th December—the fortresses thus passing one after another into the invaders' hands. Neither the fighting without nor the sallies from within, although both frequently occurred, at all affected the progress of the siege of Paris, which went on with stern persistency. For many weeks the reading world was amused with accounts of the arrival of the Prussian siege train, and the approaching commencement of regular siege works; but week after week slipped away, and though distant batteries were constructed there was no sign of a vigorous attack. We have said before, and we say again, that the Prussians risked a great deal by this course. Great as was their superiority in so many respects, they were not secure from the many accidents which come sometimes to disconcert the very best laid plans. Had fortune but smiled for a day or two on one of the French armies in the field, and enabled it to sever the German communications, the raising of the siege, and possibly a difficult retreat through the snow, might have ensued. But the result has now justified all that was done.

About the 8th of November the French Army of the Loire was in motion, and even achieved a slight success. For, being far more numerous than the army of General von der Tann, it advanced upon Orleans where that General was, and obliged him to leave the town, and to retreat with some loss. But he was soon reinforced, and acting once more in concert with other corps. The Army of the Loire did not follow up its success. Meanwhile General Bourbaki, who had been organising troops in the north of France, was transferred to the east by M. Gambetta. An army appeared in Brittany, and Garibaldi was by this time in the south near Dijon. All these armies experienced reverses about the beginning of December.

The Army of the Loire was so crushingly defeated by a German force numerically far inferior, that for a long while it was said to have altogether dispersed. But it had not altogether dispersed. Chanzy, at the head of one portion, did some hard fighting, and kept the field near Le Mans; and Bourbaki, who from the east had joined d'Aurelles de Paladine, was near Bourges. D'Aurelles was not heard of as a leader again; but Chanzy and Bourbaki continued their campaign through December and January. Faidherbe succeeded to the command of the corps in the north from which Bourbaki had been removed; and these names remained connected with the field operations until the armistice which followed the capitulation of the capital. After the signal defeat of the Army of the Loire, the chief of the Prussian staff sent information of the event to the commandant of Paris. The latter, however, replied that Paris would defend itself independently; and Paris, without doubt, was led to entertain a belief of the state of things outside very different from the facts that were known elsewhere. One of these facts was, the increase of the German forces in France by a very large number—it was said, 150,000 men. Another effect of the defeat was, that the French Government removed from Tours to Bordeaux. The different armies in the field did not again cause much sensation till the very end of the year, and then General Faidherbe in the north took up the fighting, and was opposed by General Manteuffel. At first Faidherbe, though he gave ground, maintained pertinaciously that he had beaten the Germans; but it was soon apparent that the beating could have been theoretical only, as Faidherbe was in retreat to the north, whereas his object was to advance on Paris. Great hopes were then rested upon General Chanzy, who was advancing on Paris from the south-west, and whose guns the unhappy Parisians thought they heard as he pressed on to their relief; but, alas! Chanzy had been taken in hand by the Duke of Mecklenburg and cruelly entreated. His army, if not annihilated, was dispersed and rendered incapable for a long time of being again formidable. General Bourbaki, though not so completely beaten as Chanzy, was making but a sorry fight of it near Belfort. He too claimed victories, while his movements too plainly appeared the consequences of defeat. In fact, the effervescence which M. Gambetta had excited in the Departments was generally and effectually quelled just by the time when the distressed capital had borne the straitness of the siege to the last degree of endurance.

From the middle of September, when Paris was invested, till the end of January, when it became suddenly clear that the sad game was played out, the confidence of the city seems to have been very great. Its behaviour under trial was far better than any expected it to be. One not very violent attempt was made to overset the Government of National Defence, and that was the only political ebullition of consequence until the very end, when, as we have only lately been learning, there was again some disturbance. The deportment of the citizens during the siege appears to have been grave, as became the situation—not frivolous and reckless, not fanatically violent, but steadily determined and sanguine to a degree as long as there was the least ground or apparent ground for hope. The defence of the city was, on the whole, quite as good as could have been expected under all the circumstances. At first there was an idea that the garrison could sally and cut their way through the German line; and attempts were made on different occasions, but in vain. The first of these was on the 19th September;

there were small sorties on the 23d, and a sortie in force on the 30th, none of them improving the condition of the besieged. On the 30th November a sortie in great force under General Ducrot sallied and attacked the three villages of Champigny, Brie, and Villiers, of all which they obtained temporary possession. The fighting was very severe, and Ducrot's force, though it retired under the shelter of the guns, was for some days outside the walls. It is supposed that Trochu had notice of the advance at this time of the armies of the Loire, the north, and the east, and that the sortie was designed to co-operate with these. After all this fighting the investment remained undisturbed, and, as we have seen, the armies were all disposed of. On the 19th January another grand sortie, supposed to have been made to satisfy popular clamour rather than by the will of General Trochu, came out, and made an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the Germans. At the commencement of the siege the French worked diligently at the construction of auxiliary and connecting works, in some of which they established formidable batteries, which might have added greatly to the strength of the fortifications. And towards the end of December General Trochu provisioned Mont Valerien, and strengthened it, for the purpose, as was thought, of making it a citadel. One of the new redoubts, Mount Avron, became troublesome to the Prussians, who replied vigorously to its fire, and, to their surprise, found that it had been abandoned, after thirty-six hours' fighting, on the 29th December. This abandonment remains a great discredit to the French troops. For the work was found to be remarkably strong and well provided, so that a proper spirit would undoubtedly have turned it to great account. It took a month to construct.

After having once begun to fire at Mont Avron, the Prussians did not again desist from the use of their artillery. The three months' blockade and the trials of winter had evidently made them somewhat distrustful of their own plans, and a half-hearted attack was commenced on the forts and *enceinte*. Shells here and there fell within the city, causing more or less damage. But it may be assumed now that this expenditure of projectiles did not in the least hasten the capitulation of the city. As long as there was food, on ever so small a scale, Paris resisted; when utter starvation stared her in the face, she yielded.

It should be the endeavour of France now, as it is the wish and the hope of all Europe, to bring this abominable war to an end. History will count up its battles and its gigantic operations, will tell of France's humiliation and the cession of her territory. Fame will trumpet the German victories, as indeed she is bound to do, and name Prussia first among the nations in council as in the field. But in the homes and in the hearts of both the German and the French peoples, there will remain for many a day recollections of this diabolical war, which patriotism cannot cure, to which honour's voice cannot minister. We may not refuse our sympathy to bleeding hearts; but justice will not be quite swallowed up in compassion. We cannot forget the contemptible quarrel out of which all this misery and destruction arose; and much as we may pity the individual sufferers, we cannot forgive the unbridled arrogance which has wantonly drawn a pall over Europe, and revived the feuds of barbarism in the nineteenth century.

THE SICK ARMY AND ITS DOCTORS.

Some potent remedies are about to be applied to the British army without doubt. We seem all to be pretty well agreed about that. But somehow there is a lack of clearness about the disease or diseases that we propose to cure. For want of a correct diagnosis physicians are getting a little wild: pills, potions, forceps, saws, knives, are pushed menacingly into view; the thought has ceased to be of what the patient wants: who shall be first to subject him to sharp treatment of some sort? that is the question.

We quite understand that those who think proper to hate the army will be content to thrust at it, no matter how, provided they can damage it. We know, too, that to a dull aspiring politician, something which he can denounce *ad libitum*, to audiences who know nothing whatever concerning it, is too tempting to allow him to reflect whether he says what is just or unjust. We pass these cases, but have a word for fair, well-intentioned Englishmen who may have been wrought by iteration to a belief that the army is wholly unsound, and that only the most energetic treatment can restore it. Of these men we would ask whether they have definite ideas as to the evils with which they are ready to deal; whether these, when defined, are such as to render the army useless; or whether they merely make it not so good as it might be? If we should be met with the well-known cries, Purchase system, Dual Government, Half-pay list, Efficiency with economy, and so on, we remark that an army can, as we know, exist and do its work in spite of the ills which these cries indicate. The loudest cries, then, do not point to a fatal disease — some chronic complaints perhaps, but nothing threatening the life or the mind of the patient. And, after all, these cries do not show in what respects the imputed diseases cause incapacity or vicious qualities; they only prove that there are some matters connected with the service at which the public is highly indignant. Now we will endeavour to turn, for a moment, from the sensational cries, and to direct attention to the patient. It is clear that before we can determine to what extent the army or anything else fails of its purpose, we must have a clear idea of what that purpose is.

Defence, in the broad sense of the word, comprehends the great purpose of a British army. Our arms are carried abroad sometimes, but always in support of a defensive, not an aggressive, policy. Clearly, then, the first point to ascertain beyond dispute in weighing the merits and demerits of our force is, Are its qualities and constitution (we say nothing of numbers now) such as to give us reasonable reliance on its ability to protect us? If the answer be affirmative, then the evils cannot be considered of the first degree, they will be moved out of the list of highly dangerous diseases; and the answer may be promptly given without the least fear of contradiction. The army has never fled before our enemies; has been always ready to sail or march to meet those enemies; does never move or manifest volition, except at the call of the State; politically is as little felt as if it did not exist; maintains its discipline and its skill in the use of arms. We assume all these points to be granted, and then say that the charges cannot be of the gravest order. We have at least a reliable

defence; whether of the most efficient and economical kind is another question, but at any rate we have a machine which can do its work. Now this consideration, we feel assured, will calm the anxieties of dispassionate men, whenever it may recur to their minds. It will convince them that whatever room there may be for improvement, there is not that desperate disease which calls for desperate, instant, kill-or-cure remedies. On the contrary, there is so much of good in the service, that the preservation of that good is as important as the eradication of evil. There is not the least difficulty in pointing out blemishes, and if the blemishes were merely superficial, there would be no difficulty in dealing with them. But, unfortunately, the remedies would have to go very near the core, and an unskilful physician in treating one malady would be in danger of producing twenty. It is therefore of the first importance that those who prescribe should know thoroughly the constitution on which they design to work; that there should be no undue haste in taking action, or *animus* allowed to operate; that popular excitement should be as little as possible used in reference to the subject.

Those who know the reasons why it is dangerous to tamper with the constitution of the army, have been very chary of giving those reasons. They have spoken mysteriously, and in parables. The consequence has been, an impression that they had no reason to give, that their own inclinations or interests alone swayed them, and that their oracular utterances were simply a cloak for their wilfulness. Thus this reticence is by no means wholesome, and one sees, at last, that to utter the plain truth would be the better course. We venture to be a little more communicative than some others have been, and trust that in being so we shall not offend John Bullism beyond hope of forgiveness.

In fact, then, it is the great degree of liberty enjoyed by the civil population of these kingdoms which makes dealing with the military body such a dangerous proceeding. We all know that there is nothing that the Briton prizes so much, no privilege which he exercises so habitually, as his right to think, and speak, and act as he may choose within the broad limits of a most tolerant common law. He is free from restraint himself, and he absolutely hates and never tires of testifying his hatred of, and of denouncing, everything that has the appearance of restraint, no matter what the purpose of the restraint may be. He is jealous, morbidly jealous, of authority. There is the greatest difficulty in getting him to submit himself for a moment, even that he may obtain his heart's desire, so much does he loathe the appearance of enduring dictation. Whether he incline to work good or evil, or to be utterly idle, or to play the fool, he says as peremptorily as Abraham's seed that he was never in bondage to any man. We do not think that this overstates the creed and practice of the civil population. But now behold a marvel! Interspersed among them, reared in their homes, imbued originally with the same opinions, are to be seen an exceptional few who have learned to control their wills, their sentiments, probably their very thoughts, in deference to the wills of superiors; who glory in obedience, yet who have lost not a *scintilla* of the genuine Briton's fire, but who rather, by not expending that fire at will, have a double portion ready for occasions where it may be called for. We have a perfectly tame and domesticated fighting organism, which can be

wholly free and social during its leisure, but which at a call assumes its disciplined character, and stands ready to act by command. Think carefully, reader, what our peculiarities are, and you cannot but wonder how obedience in any form can coexist with them. You can get but little from your servants or your workmen—for, as you know to your cost, the services which they render in return for wages, are not very cheerfully given, and are carefully distinguished from anything like a general obedience; and yet, by some means or other, you have of your own flesh and blood individuals whose submission can be hearty and perfect. And pray do not think that this is matter of course. Do not say, It is not necessary in civil life, therefore we don't enforce it; but among soldiers, of course, everybody knows that there must be discipline, and so we all agree to have it,—for we agree to nothing of the sort. Not only does the British public not assist in maintaining the discipline of the army, but notoriously it does its utmost when occasion offers to weaken that discipline. It takes part invariably with the inferior against the superior. The discipline of our army is one of the curiosities of the nation. It exists in spite of a variety of national feelings, modes of thought, and habits quite inimical to it.

It is very necessary that the above arguments should be considered, because we believe that many of the *soi-disant* army reformers imagine that the eradication of everything objectionable is a very simple matter; that after they have revolutionised the old-fashioned army, there will be no difficulty in reconstructing another having all its good points and none of its faults. If they do not exactly succeed at first, they soon will succeed once they have begun to tinker; and, after the second attempt if not after the first, after the third if not after the second, they will certainly produce a perfect article. They think only of removing the blots; they hardly know what they undertake when they set about reconstructing the machine. The offer of certain wages, the promise of advancement, and so on, will, they think, procure a certain amount of service regulated as may be required. But this is just where they would be liable to fail. Service may certainly be got for wages, but can obedience?

And now to return to this obedient incongruity amid an independent population. The secret of it lies no doubt in the constitution of the army, which is not a chance invention, not a natural or artificial aggregation, but a thing that has grown, a thing that in the course of centuries has become adapted to the temper of the people, finding out the mysterious channels through which alone discipline can be made to circulate, and the subtile ties which link the leader and the follower together. In the classes from which the different ranks of the service are drawn may be found probably the explanation of how and why it is made to work under so many disadvantages. Some of the very abuses which, abstractedly, seem so glaring and intolerable, may be the main-springs of the organisation. Indeed, those who know the service can have no doubt that the discipline of the army is in great measure due to the personal influence of the officers. It would be a poor recompense for some zealous army regenerator when he should have constructed an army after his own heart to find himself a Frankenstein, the author of a dangerous monster!

But we are not making this representation with a view of deterring competent persons from improving

the service. Changes must come; and, provided they be well-considered changes, we do not wish to avert them. But we do earnestly wish that popular passion may not be excited to rush wildly at the service; we wish that no aspiring politician may be allowed to make capital out of its defects, to turn its diseases to commodity. It should be meddled with by those only who know it intimately, who can tell where it can bear alteration without losing its distinctive character, who will still keep it at heart the same true servant that it has ever been.

Having, as we hope, shown that the evils which afflict the army are not of the first magnitude, we will try to ascertain what these evils are. And, putting aside the attacks which proceed from pure envy, or cynicism, or from a desire to obtain political notice, we take the complaint that a large part of the army is rather *idle* in time of peace to be the foremost, and to include a great many other complaints that are separately put forward. Idleness among the rank and file of the army naturally offends many who have to fill the idle mouths, and who do not quite see what good is ever to come of maintaining so many unproductive hands. Idleness among the officers brings the purchase system into question, is really what induces the public to believe the army inefficient, is really the cause of many of the disabilities with which the dual government is charged. It appears to us that this is the first thing to cure, that if it were cured much beside would be cured. The men could not well be idle if the officers be not so, it is pretty evident; but the benefit would reach further than that, as we will try to show.

The only tenable objection to the purchase system is, that under it officers in reality receive scarcely the interest of their money in the form of pay, and so consider it only fair that they should be to a great extent masters of their own time while the country is at peace. Wherever amusement is going on, there, as a matter of course, are a large proportion of military officers who appear never to have business sufficiently pressing to prevent their attendance. And we must admit that, while in other countries officers are devoting themselves to the improvement of the military service, and while confessedly our own service wants increased supervision and improved organisation in all its branches, the country has a right to complain that military officers should always find time at their disposal. And it is not merely the time during which he is really away from duty which is debited against the officer by the public. He has the unfortunate habit of making himself appear a much harder bargain than he really is. His affected avoidance of military subjects in conversation, which he designates "talking shop," and the anxiety which he shows to strip off his uniform as soon as he is released from duty, though they are known by the initiated to be mere silly fashions which accident or the love of change might at any time alter, yet appear to more distant observers as signs of utter indifference to the profession. It is no wonder if, now and then, John Bull the paymaster is irritated at this. No wonder if he says, I must have men who will work at their profession, who will show some little pride in it, who will give up their time and thoughts to it. And a great deal of this animadversion there is no doubt that officers have brought upon themselves. They would seem to have reversed Hamlet's maxim, and instead of assuming virtues which they have not, to assume a want of virtue of which as a body they are not

guilty. We need scarcely pursue this part of the subject farther, as there are few to whom the reflection is suggested who cannot fill in details for themselves. But there is another effect of idleness not so easy to trace to its source, and yet explanatory, as we believe, of a difficulty that is cruelly perplexing John Bull, and the ministers and stewards of his mysteries.

There is an antagonism extant between what are called the Departments of the army and the Combatant army. The Combatants accuse the Departments of being remiss, obstructive, unjust in making charges and in questioning requisitions. The Departments, who are most or all of them accountants, complain that they have the greatest difficulty in getting demands, returns, accounts, certificates, &c., rendered at proper times, with proper care, and in proper form, so much do combatant officers chafe at documentary labour. The combatant branches look to the Horse Guards authorities as their only legitimate rulers, and to the War Department as a sort of evil influence to which they are in some sort given over by the unhappy constitution of things.* The Departments bewail the friction which is caused by the feeling against them and their work in barracks, and think with sorrow how smoothly things might go if regimental officers would only condescend to study War Office regulations, and recognise work which concerns stores, barracks, and payments, as equally legitimate with that which concerns military exercises and military discipline. A great number of the disputes thus arising have eventually to be settled—perhaps fought out—between the Horse Guards and the War Office; and hence, to a great extent, is the duality of the two branches, which need not be dual at all, if regimental officers were a little more disposed to work, and to consider what a complex duty the administration of an army is. No doubt there was a time when what is now the work of the Departments of the army was a comparatively simple care. Either the commanding officer received a round sum in money for providing what he thought necessary (as was the case with the "Clothing Colonels," only recently abolished), or else the officers who performed the duties of supply were attached to regiments, subject to the commanding officer, and obliged to manage things according to his will, receiving his powerful support when they did so, and thus averting all serious obstruction. In those days inferior officers were fain to be content with what the colonel thought to be sufficient for them or their men, and they got this without personal trouble. But the service has grown and grown, the accessories have multiplied continually. It is no longer possible for a regimental officer to take upon himself the various duties relating to shelter, transport, and supply; neither would the country be content to intrust these duties to an officer who is considered to have enough to do without them. And accordingly, the different departments of the army have come into being as a necessity, and to the benefit of all, as any reflecting soldier must perceive. For the regimental officers would not in the present day endure to receive stores or provisions, tents or barracks, at

* There is a Nemesis in this. The Ordnance was by far the best constituted and most skilfully worked Department that John Bull ever had. The Horse Guards and the Combatant army set upon it, destroyed it, and raised up in its place the War Department, which is going to swallow them up!

the discretion of an officer undertaking the whole for a round sum; and yet they would gladly still enjoy that immunity from personal trouble which the old system allowed them. But this, of course, is impossible. If the rights and claims of individuals are separately cared for, some little trouble must be taken to show that each receives his due, and not more than his due, while all is as economically arranged as possible. This trouble is due to the public and to all concerned. It is, however, a considerable trouble, and if properly encountered will be an appreciable addition to the routine business of a regimental officer. We have reason to think, however, that the necessity for performing such duties has never been recognised by the combatant officers; that their creed and their practice follow the theory that all such service as we now call departmental, should be done for them at their nod, and they be no further troubled concerning matters so much below their dignity. Now, at the bottom of this is the idea that the officer has a right to a great deal of leisure, and to resent as an invasion of his right all duty-calls which are unconnected with fighting, marching, discipline, or martial exercise. He is continually aggrieved because things are not properly and instantly done for him, he is unmerciful in his condemnation of the Departments, and yet he will not heartily co-operate in making inspections, considering requisitions, adhering to forms, respecting regulations, and overlooking the economical consumption and use of stores. These duties, when done hastily and carelessly, lead to misunderstandings, and the misunderstandings to squabbles. And so the service halts.

The blot has at last been hit: purchase of commissions is seen to be indirectly culpable in this matter, and many of those who perceive its complicity have come to the conclusion that it ought to cease. The War Office, irritated by continual opposition and disputes, is inclining more and more towards those who are leading the crusade against purchase. The purchase system will soon, therefore, disappear, unless there be wisdom enough on the part of the public and on the part of the combatant officers to cure what is manifestly wrong without sweeping away what is manifestly advantageous in many respects. Under the purchase system has grown, and is maintained, that discipline of which we have spoken; and by means of the system the service gets rid of men who find themselves unsuited to it, and a current of promotion is kept up. It would therefore be a great benefit if, without disturbing the system itself, we could abolish the idleness to which it gives rise. Authority can do a great deal in this respect; and if officers are wise, they will give up more of their time to their duties, and not be ashamed of appearing to the public to take some interest in their profession. They will study the War Office regulations—which we admit to be a most intricate and endless study, for they are altered every two or three months — and cordially assist in carrying them out. They do not wish the purchase system to cease, and if they will only cure the chief defect—namely, *idleness*—to which purchase gives rise, they will probably be able to defy agitators and the enemies of their profession.

We must not, however, leave ourselves open to be thought uncompromising admirers of the War Office and its Departments, for we by no means consider them free from blame. The complexity of their regulations, and the continual startling changes in the methods of con-

ducting the duties, of apportioning the responsibility, and of keeping the accounts, are of themselves enough to try patience and shake confidence. It is certain that there is no controlling spirit within the walls of the office in Pall Mall; and that power, without the requisite knowledge or ability to decide, resides with an official who is blown about by every wind of doctrine, as mutable as fortune, inclining now before military, now before *quasi*-military influence, timid and tentative, without purpose and without firmness. This want of an able resolute head we can only point out and grieve over. But of the vagaries which that head is made to execute we can suggest some explanation. It will be remembered that until very recently the War Office had not even nominal power over the Combatant service; and that, now that it has got power, the power is too recently acquired to be at once fearlessly and beneficially wielded. Consequently, the acts of the War Department have been attempts to twist the regulations into a shape in which they will work smoothly—futile and endless attempts, of course; because the fault did not lie in the regulations—it lay in the relations of the Combatants to the Departments.

But, in order to get a true idea of the condition of things, it should be noted that the War Department, besides promulgating and cancelling regulations, has taken another measure for insuring some respect for its decrees, by appointing in all districts officers to represent it, and wholly devoted to its interests and ascendancy, as combatant officers are said to be to the interests and ascendancy of the Horse Guards. By means of these controllers, as they are called, an influence counter to that of the purely military staff is raised up in every command: a powerful advocate stands up to plead for War Department rights before general officers and adjutants-general, and to point to regulations and insist that they be regarded. This plan, clever to a certain extent, certainly does negative a great deal of evil, and override a great many difficulties, simply by acting as checks and neutralisers; but they curb and restrain, they do not obtain co-operation; and the animosity to them of the military staff, who have been accustomed to order things their own way, is said to be very bitter. Nevertheless the operation of the controllers has been to our mind beneficial in securing proper respect for War Office requirements; the fault of it would seem to be that it effects its object by an antagonism which, though it may, as long as peace continues, produce equilibrium, may yet bear bitter fruit some day, when, after or during a successful war, our combatants are once more in the ascendant, bearing all before them, and seeking vengeance for the fancied opposition and humiliation to which they have been subjected. How, if under such circumstances they should overthrow the control, and perhaps not the control alone, as they overthrew the Ordnance!

Again, we think it much to be regretted that the original idea of taking controllers from all branches of the service was departed from. There are substantial inducements to accept these appointments; and we believe that, if a few cavalry and infantry colonels had been turned into controllers, that expedient would have done more to open the eyes of both sides to the origin of the troubles than any they could have adopted. As it is, most of the controllers have been taken from the Commissariat and the Military Store branches, which were departments already; so that there has

been no fusion or alliance, no inspection of both sides of the canvass.

For the above reasons, we doubt whether the controllers, though dominant to-day, will maintain their ascendancy. We would largely prefer to enforce, in the first instance, a co-operation of the combatant officers, which, once yielded, would probably be continued from a conviction of its necessity, and from an appreciation of the ends to be gained by it. If it can be proved that the late admirable achievements of the Germans were the work of an army divided against itself, whereof the regiments and staff on the one side, and the departments of transport and supply on the other side, simply balanced and counterchecked each other, so as to make a show of unanimity where there was no real consent or co-operation, then we will be hopeful of the success of the control scheme; but believing as we do that the Prussians won by a far wiser arrangement, we still desire to try means for producing complete harmony and joint action.

To return to the purchase system —we have reason to believe that a large section of the country is strangely misinformed as to what that system really means. There are many, if we do not greatly err, who suppose that an officer can take his commission to market as he would his horse, and sell it to the highest bidder. The truth is, that the senior of the next rank below that of the seller has always the first right to purchase, supposing him to be thought fit for promotion by the authorities under whose observation and control sale and purchase invariably take place. If the senior cannot put down the regulated sum, the opportunity of purchase passes to the next below him; and no officer by offering more than the fixed price can overleap a senior who is ready to pay that price. Payments beyond the regulation do certainly take place, but these are generally made as inducements to an officer to retire whom the regulated allowance would not induce; they do not alter the established order of succession. For example, Major A. is half disposed to retire, and it is certain that whenever he may retire he will be succeeded by Captain B., whose money, according to regulation, is ready, and who is the senior captain. But Captain B. is very anxious indeed for the step, and is willing to pay something to put an end to Major A.'s indecision: he therefore tells him privately that if he will retire at once he will give him a douceur over and above the regulation. Mark, however, that no other captain could do this to the prejudice of Captain B. Major A. may retire or not retire; but whenever he does retire, Captain B. must succeed him.*

Promotion by seniority or promotion by merit is to be the rule when promotion by purchase shall be abolished, but the reformers don't seem to know which.† That they have not some ready substitute of good promise to replace the system which they would extinguish is not

* To show how entirely this question of purchase is misunderstood, we quote the following, published since the text above was in type, in a leader of the 'Times' of 17th February:—"The regular army is supplied with officers under a system which, now that the Commission of last year has reported that the payment of over-regulation prices must be recognised, without disguise throws open the command of regiments to the highest bidder among those who can satisfy a few easy conditions of service." This is simply absurd, and it comes from a professed instructor. Shall the blind lead the blind?

† This was in type before the Secretary of State for War announced the preference of Ministers for promotion by selection.

a good sign. It seems to argue that they are more intent on knocking down, at any rate, than on improving — that it is more animosity against the service as it is than a wish to amend it which prompts their efforts. Once more, guarding ourselves against the supposition that we condemn all reform, we say that, before relinquishing the purchase system, we ought to have a clear idea of what we would establish in its place, and a fair and reasonable expectation that the new method will be preferable to the old. To show the probable results of both the proposed methods we subjoin a few remarks on each.

What the seniority system is can be learned from the promotion of the Artillery and Engineers. In these corps it is never rapid, and often discouragingly slow. Alternate periods of stagnation and moderately-slow advancement have place. In the bad times the upper ranks are too old for work: there are grey captains and middle-aged subalterns. Despair drives away many of the disappointed, and death at last takes the old. The two together clear the way for young officers, and bring about a fortunate period. Any one who can recall the condition of the Ordnance corps in the twenty years from 1825 to 1845 has a knowledge of a very gloomy epoch in their history. The casualties and demands of the Peninsular War had previously opened the way for the introduction of numerous aspirants, whose prospects the peace suddenly clouded. The field-officers and senior captains were nearly contemporaries, and not yet old enough to make vacancies in obedience to nature's law; the junior captains and the subalterns were men of all ages from 45 to 18. The stoppage continued until some of the eldest subalterns had registered twenty-five years of service. Then—that is to say, about 1838—things began to look a little brighter through many hopeless captains leaving the service. In due time Death began his work, and the seniors, being nearly of one age, succumbed to him in numbers. The old subalterns began to see a better prospect, but they, being already stricken in years, were not likely to cumber the upper grades long enough to injure the prospects of those below them. Accordingly the officers who entered the service in 1840 have enjoyed a tolerably even promotion. These, with thirty years' service or thereabouts, and at the age of some 50 years, now fill the highest regimental grades, still fit for their work, and with the experience of a long service. But as a majority of these are likely to last for a quarter of a century longer, the prospects of those who are now beginning, or who have seen a short service, are not flattering. By the time when the present field-officers shall have become aged men, another period of stagnation will be upon those below them, so that, in its turn, a bad time is imminent. A liberal system of retirement, or the accidents of war, may modify the operation of the law, but the law nevertheless obtains of alternate tardy and moderate promotion.

At the times when the upper ranks are too old for their several positions, it would be necessary, in case of the whole service moving by seniority, to meet the evil at any cost; and that the cost would at times be considerable there can be no doubt. To keep up a regular continuous stream of promotion there are no means except the compulsory retirement of men at a certain age,—either at a certain age absolutely, or at a certain age for each rank. Probably the former would be better for the public, as

securing in some grade or other the best years of every officer's life, and letting only his old age be burdensome. The plan of forcing only *regimental* officers of a certain age to retire seems not to be the best. To get rid of the oldest first—*i.e.*, to insist on the retirement of the Generals—is the surest way to open the door for the gradual promotion of all. But even thus the country must face the burden of maintaining all officers who may have passed the retiring age (which, it is presumed, would be 65), from the date of retirement to the day of death. The retirement must be liberal, or the whole service will suffer for its insufficiency; and, to produce the greatest general benefit, retirement at the prescribed age should be an inexorable necessity for all.

As to promotion by selection, what the authorities may consider best is hard to predict, but what officers themselves would say is not doubtful. They would prefer fortune, or money, or the chances of life, as arbiters, rather than the opinion of an official, be he who he may. They have no belief that selections will be made fairly, and this distrust must render the person whose duty it may be to make selections, as well as the officers interested in that person's choice, uncomfortable. Selection by a committee has been suggested, but this would be worse than selection by an individual: the latter would, at any rate, feel that all responsibility of his acts rested on him, while, among the members of the former, responsibility would be frittered away so that each man's share would be trifling.

An idea of what promotion by selection would be, may be formed from observation of the selections made now for the Staff and the civil offices of the army. It is notorious that not merit but personal favour, or connection, or political influence, or the habit of working with a particular person, decides the appointments. In this way persons most unfit find their way to positions of high trust, where they do infinite mischief. The regulation limits the time of holding a Staff appointment to five years, but there seems to be an unwritten law, overriding the apparent regulation, by which an officer once appointed to the Staff scarcely ever returns to regimental duty. If not continued in his first appointment, he is transferred to another. It would seem as if the habit of seeing him day by day, once begun, could never be dispensed with; and change would cause so great a disturbance to the august repose of the higher authorities, that it could not be thought of. Thus, simply because working with a strange officer may be disagreeable at first, hundreds are never allowed a chance of showing what they are good for, while a few continue to monopolise all the posts which are considered prizes. There are at this minute many officers who have not taken any foreign service for upwards of twenty years, they having been passed from one home appointment to another during that period. It would be invidious to particularise cases, and for those who know the service it is not necessary to do so: they are only too well acquainted, each in his own line, with glaring instances of men selected for no apparent merit, and sometimes in spite of notorious incapacity and want of desert, and of men continued in offices in defiance of regulations; and for no apparent reason, except that these men have got into the way of doing the duty—have, by daily intercourse with those who can give, or recommend for, appointments, been able to plead for themselves, and that the superiors dislike the idea of strange men about them.

Of the two methods of promotion, that by seniority would be far preferable to that by selection, provided only that a liberal and inexorable system of retirement clear the lists, and bring men on to commands at the best time of life.

Now, before they begin to pull down, our legislators should consider carefully the above things, and one thing more. To redeem all the purchased commissions fairly will cost the country seven millions. To institute a liberal system of retirement for the whole army—such a system as would be required if promotion were by seniority—would load the estimates with a huge annual non-effective charge, varying from time to time, as we have shown that the rate of promotion in the seniority corps varies. Why should all this money be spent if we can improve the present system so as to give us what we want? Now that the War Minister can impose his will upon the army, and that Parliament can impose its will upon the War Minister, why not begin by insisting upon less leave, more (so to speak) domestic work, and the wearing of their uniform by officers? Why not impress upon commanding officers the necessity of making their officers really and openly military on pain of losing their own commands in case of failure? Why not let officers see that the opinion formed of their efficiency will be grounded on the will and ability they may show to deal with matters of finance, to economise stores, keep their barracks in order, &c., as well as on their knowledge of discipline and proficiency in drill? All this can be done without doubt, and could have been done long ago if the Horse-Guards had had the will to do it. The consequence would be an immediate retirement by sale of a good many idlers who might very conveniently be spared, while officers of the right kind would remain and invigorate the profession. Scions of wealthy houses would reflect, before entering the service, whether or not they could make up their minds to the duty, and take their idleness elsewhere if they found it impossible to work. But this would not alter the class from which we officer our army: it would insure only that out of the twenty candidates who are said now to compete for every vacant commission, we should get a working officer instead of a scapegrace. Zealous officers would soon make their men productive in some way or other, so that the soldier should no longer be a sort of social blot. There would be harmony and co-operation in the service, which is what we want, and there would be efficiency with ten times more economy than can possibly be achieved if we undertake to buy up all commissions, to pay the increased salaries which a new class of men would undoubtedly demand, and to maintain every officer who may attain advanced age in idleness for a large fraction of his life.

If we get the right kind of men, and a sufficient number of them, what matters it whether they rise by purchase or not? Remember that the service makes no complaint of purchase—does not consider it a grievance. It is only the reformers outside who, seeing what a promising subject for declamation it afforded, "go in" at promotion by purchase. You may, we are persuaded, get the right men without abolishing purchase. You would have to move a hard-headed colonel or two, but still you may succeed. There is undoubtedly a disease, but we are not yet persuaded that the disease may not be successfully dealt with without tampering with the patient's constitution.

And now, having made admissions which will perhaps be considered

large, and revealed some matters which have no place in the burden of the old song that has been droned so pertinaciously for many seasons; —having, we say, stated the case pretty broadly against the administration and officers of the army, we may perhaps be allowed to address a few words to another quarter, to a personage who, however astonished and indignant he may look, is not altogether without soil in this matter. Stand up, John Bull. Look at those people in red, if you have the assurance to do it. You complain grievously, don't you, of their shortcomings and inefficiency? They are not the wares for your money, eh? You must have something a little more highly trained, something more like the real article than that; something that can match the foreigner's war-men. We've got the stuff, why shouldn't we have the use of it? Now, supposing all your complaint to be just and reasonable —which it isn't—will you be good enough to say what you have ever done to induce superior men to don your livery, or what you have ever done to attach and encourage the men that you have got? Do you ever manifest the least interest in them? Do you pay them decently? Do you attend at all to their wants or their wishes? Do you ever, except in times of danger, when you feel your need of them, give them even a kind word? Do you not rather take every opportunity of showing how cordially you grudge whatever you are forced to give for their maintenance? Do you not seek by every means to grind and pare to the lowest farthing the provision which is made for them? Is it not often made a boast by those who seek your favour, that they are ready and anxious to reduce the service, its pay, its accessories, its rewards; that they loathe the very sight of a soldier? And do you not continually select your representatives and your Ministry because they hold your army in low esteem, and are anxious to despoil it? Do you not take every available opportunity (saving always the times when you are frightened) of showing your low appreciation of your army, and of putting indignity upon it? As for superior men, such as you now talk of having, what possible inducement have they to serve you? You say, and we admit, that to put you at all on a footing with your fellows, you must have in your armies some of the very best heads that you can produce; but, as we have asked you before,* what on earth should such men come into your service for? There is hardly any other profession in which they may not hope to find better appreciation for their talents and a better reward for their exertions. And these, your present defenders, with whom it is now a passion with you to find so much fault, have you ever thought of who and what they are? what it is that they do for you in exchange for the pittance and the insult which you are pleased to throw at them? how their ordinary lives have nothing better in them than repeated banishment, endurance of the extremes of heat and cold, voyages, fatigues, losses, broken health? and how, in times of danger, they sacrifice all for you, ride into the cannon's mouth as they would into another (*you* know) mouth, lest you should suffer loss or injury? and how they have ever wrought so faithfully and effectually, that however negligent you may have been, whatever risks you may have run, or

* See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for December 1870; article, "Thoughts suggested by the War."

perilous straits you may have been lured into by evil counsellors, yet you have always been brought safely through your troubles? You have enjoyed immunity for so long that it is to be feared that you look upon it as the consequence of a natural law, rather than the hard-won purchase of men's blood and lives. You have received all this, but what have you done to deserve it? Instead of criticising and abusing your troops, you ought to blush in their presence, and think it your supreme good fortune that any gallant men think it worth their while to serve so hard and penurious a master. You have nothing to say? well, that, perhaps, is a hopeful sign, for it shows that you have some shame left. You may go down.

It need hardly be said that much of this paper was written and in type before the Secretary of State for War expounded in Parliament the views of the Ministry with regard to our land defences, or it could not now be before our readers. We have time, however, to add a few words expressive of our disappointment and regret at the miserable display which was so speciously unfolded as to obtain at the first announcement the cheers of the House of Commons. Having stated our views so clearly in respect of purchase of commissions, we will for the present only record our chagrin at finding that the only money additional to the expenses of last year, which the country is to be invited to allow, is to be spent for the vain, and, as we think, mischievous, purpose of redeeming officers' commissions, while what we want, the real defence of the country, is absolutely neglected. For what is it that is promised to us? an increased militia (when we can get it), which is not to be embodied except for training, a paper reserve for the regular army, a small addition to the Artillery—a good thing in itself, but altogether insufficient to uphold our position in Europe—a few regiments recruited up to their strength, and there an end, for the rest is only pensioners and volunteers. The Minister seemed to understand the power of large numbers upon the House, for he dealt in hundreds of thousands; while in fact, if he be allowed to provide for us, we shall be at any time in this year 1871-72, if a neighbour should think proper to behave as Russia did in 1870, exactly in the helpless position that we were in then; and we know very well that then, on taking account of our means, we learned to our confusion that we could not put 50,000 men into the field, whatever force there might be on paper. Now let us examine the figures with which the Commons were so easily delighted. The provision is for 497,000 men—enough, one thinks, for all purposes of defence. But we are not allowed for an instant to enjoy the illusion that we have such a protection, for immediately we find that in this number are included 170,000 volunteers; 30,000 second army reserve and pensioners (that is, if we can get the reserve); 9000 first army reserve, if we can get them; 14,000 disembodied yeomanry; 139,000 disembodied militia, of whom 45,000 have yet to be raised; and then 139,000 regular forces, of whom 108,000 are to be, or supposed to be, in this country, when 20,600 men who are to be added to different branches shall have been recruited. Thus the really available army is hoped or pretended to be 139,000 men at home and abroad; and of these we are told that 108,100 will be at home. Now, if we deduct the 20,000 not yet all raised, it reduces the force at home to 88,100, made up, we are not told how, but doubtless a paper

manufacture to a great extent; for if in November last we were unable, as we certainly were, to turn out a fighting force of 50,000 men, whence can the additional 30,000 have come during the winter? Probably from the same inexhaustible stores from whence the 300,000 breech-loading rifles were spirited last year. But, without waiting to see how this ingenious paradox will be made out, we confidently assume that we are in no respect stronger than we were in November last; and that even when we get, if ever we get, our 20,000 * additional men and our 9000 reserve, we shall be, in comparison with our Continental neighbours, not appreciably stronger than we were before; for 29,000, even if they stood in the flesh instead of on paper, would not, when added to our present force, enable us to speak with our enemies in the gate without confusion. In short, the country, if it approves these army estimates, will have been defrauded of its proper defence. What we all demanded was immediate and sufficient defence; and we all said not long ago that the continued existence of the Ministry would depend on whether or not they should provide the defence. They have *not* provided it. They have amused us with an expensive crotchet regarding commissions which adds nothing to our strength; they have changed the source from which the commissions of militia officers shall emanate, which is a judicious change, but adds nothing to our strength; they have divided the reserve forces into districts under colonels on the Staff, which, though a satisfactory measure in itself, adds nothing to our strength; and they propose to promote officers by selection, which is a most hazardous proposal, likely to ruin the service by jobbery and heart-burnings, but which again adds nothing to our strength. A paper army swollen to amazing figures seems to us as worthless as to Master Dumbleton seemed the names of Falstaff and Bardolph at the bottom of a bill. We "like not the security."

But it is not only the fact of the insufficient defence that we have to consider; we have to think also of the more dangerous fact which this insufficient defence reveals. It tells us that the safety and honour of the country are no more the care of the Government than they were when the army and navy were being reduced, or when we so disgracefully temporised with Russian insolence.†

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* Some of the 20,000 would appear to have been already recruited before November, and would therefore be included in the 50,000 said to be then possibly available, which makes the case worse for the Government.

† The difficulty we have felt in digesting the *buffet* received from Russia, and the Quaker-like submission with which it has been acquiesced in, has not been removed by the very singular but very *frank* explanation given by the Premier of the relations subsisting between the Government and the representatives employed by them in their communications with foreign countries. That explanation we find thus set forth in the Parliamentary report of the 'Times' of 17th February:—

"MR ODO RUSSELL'S DIPLOMACY.

"Sir J. HAY.—I wish to ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether the declaration made by Mr Odo Russell to Count Bismark on the 21st of November (contained in No. 76, page 45, of the correspondence respecting the Treaty of March 1856)—

It tells us that what little has been done is simply to make a show, and that Ministers may keep their places; that they have learned nothing and unlearned nothing by the stirring events of the last seven months; and that they are at heart the same grovelling politicians as before, the slaves of Mr Bright and the Peace party. Now it is a maxim of the Peace party, that if the armaments be but kept down the country *cannot* fight, be the necessity what it may; and it would look very much as if we were being cheated into this feeble condition, so that if in the course of the year there should be a cry for vigorous action, the country may be reminded, as it was in November 1870, that we have not the means of going to war. If, then, there were any meaning in what the country said, the Ministry have earned their dismissal, and should at once give place to other Ministers who will not only give us the requisite number of forces, but on whom we can rely to make those forces a means of upholding the honour and insuring the integrity of the British empire.

Thus much of the vital question

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namely, that 'the question was one which Mr Odo Russell had frankly proved to Count Bismark was of a nature in its present state to compel us, with or without allies, to go to war with Russia,' was authorised by Her Majesty's Government, and what preparation Her Majesty's Government had made in support of their threat.

"Mr GLADSTONE.—The argument used by Mr Odo Russell, as reported by him in the despatch referred to, was not one which had been directed by Her Majesty's Government. In saying that I do not imply the slightest blame attached to Mr Odo Russell, because it is perfectly well known that the duty of Her Majesty's diplomatic agents requires them to express themselves in that mode in which they think they can best support and recommend the propositions of which they wish to procure acceptance. I do not therefore blame Mr Odo Russell; but such was the fact, that it was not under any specific authority or instruction from the Government that the argument referred to was used by him."

This statement reminds us of the old story told by Isaac Walton of Sir Henry Wotton, who, when going on his embassy to Venice, passed through a German town, where, in the course of an evening's amusement, he was asked to give a definition of an Ambassador. He accordingly wrote in an album these words:—"Legatus est vir bonus peregrè missus *ad mentiendum* Reipublicæ causa." Of which definition he proposed this as the English translation: "An Ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." After an interval of some years, Scioppius, a violent Romanist, got hold of the sentence and published it, by having it written on many of the windows at Venice, as revealing the true principle on which Sir Henry, and his master, James I., conducted their diplomacy. James was highly displeased at this indiscreet jest, and was with difficulty prevailed on to forgive it, upon Sir Henry writing and circulating an ample apology, and disclaimer of any such view of an Ambassador's functions.

Does our present Government openly avow and act on that conception of "the office of an Ambassador" which James was so indignant at having imputed to him? Is there any difference between sending an honest man to tell *falsehoods* to foreign countries, and giving him permission and encouragement to use *threats* that are never to be followed up by his employers? The element of intended deception exists in the one case as well as in the other, though, fortunately or unfortunately, the clear and candid information now afforded lets the cat out of the bag, and will enable our foreign friends to estimate in future any similar menace by a British Envoy as a *brutum fulmen* which need cause no uneasiness.

of defence. Let us now look at some of the other proposed measures. Taxpayers ought at once to take note of the fact, that the new system of army promotion which Parliament has been invited to approve contains within it the certainty of heavy and lasting expense. As soon as promotion by purchase shall have disappeared, it will be necessary to increase very largely the pay of officers in the army. The miserable pay now given is the same as was allowed in the days of the Peninsular War, when the value of money and the requirements of life were very different from what they now are. Under the purchase system officers have not cared for this; but it will force consideration now that we are about to open the way into the army for men who may have to live wholly by their profession. Though much has been done for the health, comfort, and means of non-commissioned officers and soldiers, not the least move has been made for improving the pay and position of officers; and that, we may rely on it, will now have to be done, to our immediate and permanent cost. Again, when the outlet which purchase afforded shall be taken away, all officers who may become old or broken must be pensioned. It is impossible to foresee to what expense this may lead us; yet when once we shall have abolished purchase, there will be no choice but to incur the expense—we must provide pensions, or no officer will enter the service.

If the officers of the army were polled, they would decide by an immense majority against promotion by selection. It is most hateful to them, and is likely permanently to damage the service. Emulations and envyings, unjust advancement, cruel neglect, will break up the harmony of regiments. Not true performance of duty, but cultivation of political interest, will be the means resorted to by those who desire to get on. Foreign service will become in the highest degree distasteful, because the hangers-on within reach of London will make the first application for vacancies, and secure them, spite of the merits of those who may be serving abroad—*les absens ont toujours tort.* And we do not believe in any machinery that can prevent or check corruption in this respect. The Minister may keep aloof in appearance, and approve of promotion on only the best testimonials; yet injustice will not only creep in, but will prevail. Do we not remember how "Dowb" was taken care of?

We do hope that the public will pause—pause long before they consent to this useless change in the system of promotion. If they are anxious to get rid of seven or eight millions, we will suggest to them lower down a more profitable method of doing so.

We had thought that the country had emphatically pronounced for the ballot in regard to the militia. Mr Cardwell says he can get men without the ballot, but that is to be seen; and he says that he can dispense with the ballot, because we are at peace, and we need not hurry our levies. But that is just where we are at issue with him. If England is at peace, Europe is not at peace. The balance of power has been violently disturbed, and no man can see when it may be even again, or how soon we may have to cast our sword into the scale. As we have taken occasion to say before,* there will be no time for raising troops by complex channels

* 'Blackwood's Magazine' for December, 1870—article, "Thoughts suggested by the War."

after the gauntlet shall have been once thrown down and taken up. We ought to be prepared now, at once; and if we understand at all what the public voice has been saying all through the winter, it insists on the country being put into a respectable condition of defence with the least possible delay. Then the occasion is one for the ballot, and the ballot ought to be resorted to.

The same fallacy, that this is really a time of peace, runs through the whole of Mr Cardwell's argument. By it he defends all the tardy experiments of angling for first and second reserves, improving the militia and volunteers, attenuating regiments, &c. These things take time, and we want the defences as soon as we can get them. While the grass is growing the horse starves.

And now, tired of blaming, let us find something (if under the circumstances it be but a minor matter) that merits praise. The division of the volunteers into sections of 15,000 to 20,000, each under the command of a colonel on the staff, will, if anything can, render them efficient soldiers in time. And the plan of strengthening the militia, and of giving to its officers the sovereign's commissions, has our full approbation, only we contend that the former should be effected by the very speediest means. The raising of reserves, too, is a very proper endeavour, provided we do not count these reserves among our forces until we have got them. There is a story in 'The Thousand and One Nights' of a sultan who possessed a tent, which at idle times would fold up and lie in the hollow of his hand, but when he took the field, would expand so as to cover his whole army. Now an army possessed of the same qualities as this tent is what our Ministers are trying to constitute; and possibly they may in time acquire one, and we wish they may. But in the mean time we strongly desire to have a respectable army raised immediately upon the old and approved plan. On the whole, we are glad to be able to say that, provided we ever get an army, Mr Cardwell has hit on two or three changes which may increase the efficiency of that army.

It is very easy to find fault, people are apt to say; but can the critics, after all their condemnation, suggest anything better than that to which they object? If such a question should be asked in respect to our strictures on the Army Estimates, we say at once that we could propose something much more satisfactory, and here is our scheme:—

1st, Give up the foolish plan of abolishing purchase; vote the money or part of the money that it would cost for purposes of real defence.

2d, Call out the militia *at once*, and keep it under arms until you have a sufficient regular force.*

3d, Augment the militia by ballot, not by voluntary enlistment. Thus you may have 139,000 militia under arms in a month's time, if the Minister's figures can be relied on.

4th, Recruit the regular army as fast as possible, and, as it increases, diminish the number of embodied militia.

5th, Notwithstanding, and in addition to, the above measures, try the scheme of completing the reserve. If it bear fruit, well. And when you have available and efficient reserves, then, and not till then, attenuate your battalions.

* See the article, "What we may Learn," in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for February, where it is recommended, at page 137, that every militia regiment should serve through one continuous year.

Now our project will cost less money than that of the Administration, and it will give us, instead of the realisation of a fancy, the substance of many thousand soldiers armed in proof. If it were to be followed, we should immediately be able to assert our place in European councils. We should have a reality, and not a sham. And we should have a better chance of remaining at peace than we have had since France and Prussia went to war.

Shall we accept the Ministerial scheme, and be rendered, or kept, incapable of defending ourselves, and of resenting affront; or shall we insist on being armed to a degree becoming our standing in Europe, and proportioned to our large interest throughout the world? That is the question.

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FAIR TO SEE.—PART IV.

CHAPTER X.

"It seems the member for the boroughs has resigned," said Mr M'Killop at breakfast, on the morning after Eila's arrival. "I have a letter from Mr Tainsh excusing himself from coming here this week, on the ground that he will be busy electioneering."

"And I have a note from young Duncanson to the same effect," said Mrs M'Killop.

"Will there be a contest?" inquired Pigott.

"Tainsh doesn't say; I don't think it likely; the boroughs always go the same way, I believe; still one can never tell till the eleventh hour, and so the canvassing and the speech-making must all be gone through."

"What has Mr Duncanson got to do with the boroughs?" asked Eila.

"Oh, his father has property and influence in Ardmartin."

"What a pleasant canvasser he will make!"

"He has plenty to say for himself, and he's very advanced, and both qualities are popular in many places."

"What do the people of Ardmartin go in for?" asked Bertrand; "are they Radicals or Tories, or what?"

"Oh, they're Liberal," replied M'Killop—"very advanced Liberals. I should say that no one had a chance there who is not prepared to go considerable lengths."

"I shouldn't have thought Mr Tainsh was in that line."

"That's just one of the faults Mr Tainsh has," said Mrs M'Killop; and then, mindful of her pact, "he has not many, worthy man!—but that is one, and, in my opinion, it is to be regretted."

"Oh, I don't think Tainsh is advanced, or a Radical at all," said M'Killop; "but you see most of his clients are Whigs, and it's his business to be of their way of thinking; but nowadays every one who isn't a Tory is simply a Liberal, whether he's a Whig or a Radical; and so the Whigs are often obliged to support candidates they can't like in

their hearts, simply because the Liberal majority in a place happens to be of a Radical turn, and they must either cast in their lot with them or let a Tory candidate win."

"Yes," said Pigott, "the poor Whigs are between the devil and the deep sea—no mistake about it. What are your own politics, Mr M'Killop?—if that is a fair question."

"Well, I'm not much of a politician: but I've always had a liberal bias—still I don't think that means a subversive bias—so I don't mix myself up with politics at all. I confess I don't altogether understand the policy of either party, and what I do understand I am bound to say that I don't altogether sympathise with or respect."

"Hear, hear!" cried Pigott.

"Is that what you think of them too, Captain Pigott?" asked Eila, who was again apparently blind to Bertrand's existence in favour of his friend.

"Think of them, Miss M'Killop? I don't like to think of them. Because when I do I am forced to confess that the Radicals are the best of the lot, and that is enough to break a gentleman's, not to say a patriot's, heart. They have the courage of their opinions, at all events; they are bold and aggressive. If they are dishonest, they are outspoken. They are the weakest party of the three, and yet they are supreme. They stick to their points, and carry them always. They have outflanked and befooled the other two, because the leader of one had a spasmodic conscience and a twisted brain, and the leader of the other had a spasmodic brain and no conscience at all. As for that eternal 'working man,' the political 'working man'—the Radical's fetish—done into plain English, he is a brutal, rapacious savage—a political brigand."

"Oh, Captain!" cried M'Killop, "I can't allow you to say that."

"My dear sir, you are only falling into the prevailing humbug of the day. You know perfectly well that the political 'working man' is quite a recent and very artificial institution, invented on the stump by Mr Bright, developed in these blackguard processions and demonstrations he was so fond of, and now playing the mischief with everything in the polling-booths. Personally, he is the lowest of his class—the mangiest of the flock has become the bell-wether."*

"Hush, hush, Captain!—think a little."

"Think a little! I *have* thought not a little about the matter. Tell me how you test the common-sense, the honesty, the morality, the patriotism, of an individual or a class. Isn't it by words and deeds? Is the 'working man' to be an exception; and if so, how is he to be tested? I protest I can't see—so I stick to my opinion; but I promise to change it if you can show me that he ever gives out a single patriotic sentiment, ever utters a wish or an idea that is not grudging, subversive, impudently selfish, stamped with ungenerous ignorance, and with moral and intellectual degradation."

"But where am I to find all these dreadful things done and said by the working man?"

"Where?—wherever he is, in his political capacity. Listen to him catechising a candidate; look at him mountebanking in procession; observe him at an election, bonneting the respectable voter, and covering

* Captain Pigott might have added, in justice and with truth, that the political "working man" is looked upon with no confidence, but rather with feelings of contempt and dislike, by all the industrious and intelligent of the working classes; wherefore it is to be hoped that, as education becomes more widely diffused, the evil influence he is now able to exercise will in proportion be diminished.

every decent coat belonging to the opposition with his saliva. The Belleville Socialist in Paris is the plant in full flourish of which our political *ouvrier* is a germ; but ours will develop into a grosser, coarser type. It might have been nipped in the bud; a few round-shot down Piccadilly in the teeth of the park-railing mob would have stopped this infernal revolution. Pray let us change the subject; this is quite enough to destroy any meal; and to destroy breakfast is to assassinate the day."

"Oh, Captain! you soldiers are bloodthirsty politicians. Fire upon her Majesty's lieges! Fie, fie!"

"Certainly, when they disturb the social system and trample on the laws; just as we hang a Queen's liege when he disturbs the social economy by murdering his neighbour."

"What horrible things politics are!" said Morna. "Every one seems to be in a passion the moment they are mentioned. Even you, Captain Pigott, are looking quite terrible at this moment."

"Every gentleman *ought* to feel angry," cried Eila, "just now, when politics are mentioned; I feel quite as angry as Captain Pigott myself, although I know nothing about the matter, except that all the common people have suddenly changed, and become rude and disrespectful, and discontented and greedy. I suppose that is politics."

"Oh! but, Miss M'Killop," replied Pigott, ashamed of being betrayed into so much heat, "please don't suppose that I'm angry or excited, or anything of the sort. It is a thoroughly selfish age, and I have schooled myself in its doctrines—and so I say, 'What does it matter to me?' I have no land to lose, thank goodness! and I daresay they won't begin to guillotine the fund-holders for a time; and when they do, one surely will be able to find an asylum somewhere between China and Peru. Is that a duck's egg you've got, Bertrand, you lucky fellow?"

"I—I don't really know; perhaps it is."

"Or a swan's?"

"I—I—perhaps."

"*You* are quite unfit for the suffrage—that's evident."

"Mr Cameron is not so unpatriotic as you say you are," said Eila; "he is thinking of something else; *he* is angry, I am sure. *Are* you angry, Mr Cameron?"

"I? Oh dear! yes, I am angry—very angry—furious," stammered Bertrand, staggered by a sudden fire from the batteries, and looking about as ferocious as a dispirited sheep.

"I think the politics of your family used to be Liberal," said Mrs M'Killop.

"No, no; only for the last two generations. My uncle is a Whig, but I don't fancy he would support the present Government."

"Oh!" cried Eila, "that puts me in mind of our last night's plan—the yachting excursion to Aberlorna—and this tiresome election will put it off; for of course Mr Duncanson won't be able to come till the election is over."

"But is Mr Duncanson indispensable?" asked Pigott. "He would be a great addition, of course; but couldn't we manage to struggle through a picnic without him?"

"No—because I have set my heart upon his yacht; and I don't think we could invite the yacht without inviting him. We certainly shouldn't get it, at least. I suppose even you couldn't manage *that*, Morna? It would be such a boon, though, if you could."

"Still the same *pick* at James Duncanson!" fleered Mrs M'Killop; "there *must* be something rankling."

"Yes, dear mamma, of course there is; we quite settled all that yesterday. But, Morna, do you

think you can really do nothing for us?"

"I have no influence with Mr Duncanson; and if I had, I should be sorry to ask a favour of him."

"That brat Eila is going to spoil everything!" said Mrs M'Killop to herself; and then aloud, "Well, if no one will take James's part" (he had mysteriously become "James" of late), "*I* must, and I will say that he is not so ungallant and so selfish as you make out; and whatever Morna chose to ask him he would grant—of that I'm sure."

"There, Morna," cried Eila; "mamma understands him twice as well as any of us, and she must be right. Do petition 'James.'"

Morna's confusion and annoyance became very great. She glanced quickly round the table; her eye rested on Bertrand. What of consolation did she expect to find in his face? She found nothing there, at all events, but a look of blank, moping vacancy; and then answered Eila in a hurried, tremulous voice.

"I wish you would not be so very—teasing."

Her tormentor glanced quickly at her, and seeing that tears were close to the surface, "ceased firing," and said,—

"Then we must have patience till the election is over."

"But there is some gaiety next week to console you, you know," said Mrs M'Killop. "'The gathering.'"

"Is 'the gathering' next week? Oh, of course; I had forgotten. And are we to go to the ball?"

"Certainly; did you not count upon it?"

"I hadn't thought about it; it *is* such a poky little 'gathering,' and the balls are always very stupid; but I suppose we shall survive it. There is no chance of our being over-fatigued—that is one consolation—for there is never any one worth dancing with."

"Upon my word, my dear Eila, you're growing very fine upon our hands! It struck me that some people thought Lord Edgar Swan very well worth dancing with last year."

"I daresay they did: he had on real clothes—a black coat, you know, and things—and spoke two or three words of the English language, and these were novelties, and so far pleasant; but we can't expect to be always so fortunate."

"You're civil to the present company."

"It is always excepted, mamma dear; and then we can't expect Captain Pigott to dance with us *all* the evening, or" (as if he were quite an after-thought) "Mr Cameron."

"It—would—be too much happiness," Bertrand managed to stammer out.

"Oh, please, don't apologise, Mr Cameron, we are not really very exacting."

"Indeed I am serious;" and any one who saw his lugubrious face must have admitted it.

"Yes, yes; and knowing how sad a thing too much happiness is, you will avoid it, won't you?"

One little blink of sunshine—rather wintry, but still sunshine—flickered for an instant in Bertrand's eyes, and all power of replication left him.

"What is to be to-day's programme, Captain Pigott?" asked Mrs M'Killop.

"Grouse, Mrs M'Killop. The hill to-day—is it not, Bertrand?"

"Ye-es, I suppose so; or, by the by, was it not to-morrow we fixed for Craiginfrioch?"

"Come now, Mr Bertrand, no shirking; you know it was to-day; and, what is more, we ought to start almost immediately."

"Are you going to fish to-day, Morna?" asked her step-sister.

"Yes, I think so. The day looks well for it."

"I think I'll go with you, if you don't go till after luncheon."

"Do come. I'm not going till after luncheon."

"Are you also a fisher, Miss M'Killop?" asked Pigott.

"Oh no; I'm not at all useful."

Bertrand felt that the obvious antithesis ought to be made some use of; but not even by a look could he point to it.

"I can do nothing useful," continued Eila; "but while Morna fishes in her severe and terrible way, I can amuse myself by watching her, and teasing her, and making pictures of her and the equally stern mountains, time about. Besides, the coolest and pleasantest place where one can be in this fiery weather is down by the river; and the very idea that you are scrambling up Craiginfrioch will make it feel all the cooler. Poor people! I pity you."

"On second thoughts let us give it up, Pigott," cried Bertrand, desperately; "it is really rather too hot to-day."

"Nonsense! A man who has soldiered in the tropics cave in for a day like this! No, no."

"It is very unheroic of you, Mr Cameron," said Eila. "I've quite come to the conclusion, by the by, that all sport is a sort of martyrdom, and therefore the greater the anguish the higher the pleasure. Now, next to sailing on an iceberg in pursuit of walruses, I should think that Craiginfrioch on a day like this was almost perfection in the way of real sporting pleasure. You ought not to miss it, Mr Cameron." But as the ladies left the room, a glance of her eye would have been understood by Bertrand, if he had had any understanding, to say, "You know perfectly well that you can't go to Craiginfrioch to-day; in point of fact, I defy you to go."

"Now then, Bertrand!" cried the inexorable Pigott, "let us look alive."

"Well, really, Pigott, do you know I *am* a little seedy. Suppose we put it off? Eh, old fellow?"

"Nonsense! the grouse are eating their heads off. We haven't touched Craiginfrioch yet; the weather may break again; and if it does, you know they must 'pack.' Seedy? that's a novelty, but all the more reason for going; it will be quite cool up there. Nothing like a walk to put you straight. Come along. Here comes old Campbell with the dogs. Allons!"

So Bertrand went sorrowfully with his friend, and as they made their final exit from the house, a voice came like a falling-star from a diaphanous haze of light muslin at an upper window, "Will somebody be very kind and bring me a bunch of white heather? It grows at the very top of Craiginfrioch, and there are so few opportunities of getting it."

Pigott answered in his earthy way, that if they got to the top he would not forget; and Bertrand, veiling his bonnet, was going to cry out—— but he was too slow. The muslin haze was gone before his ideas came, and he went away bitterly; feeling, however, that if he had to visit the highest mountain in the moon, fight its legendary inhabitant, smash his lantern, and kill his dog, the white heather should certainly be Eila's; and at his hand—not Pigott's, nor another's. There are many pleasanter things in the world than zigzagging up a precipitous mountain, with the sun beating furiously on the climber, and the thermometer ranging at, say, from 90° to 100° Fahrenheit, particularly when the footing is exceptionally bad and slippery. The excitement of an occasional "point" goes far, of course, to balance such inconveniences.

Still, at best, there is always required, as the Scotch proverb says, "a stout heart for a stiff brae." And how then face such an ordeal with equanimity, when a sleepless night has unstrung the climber's nerves; when the pointing of a dog or the flushing of a covey is to him as nought; above all, when his heart is in open mutiny against the upward movement, and, for reasons which are omnipotent with that unruly member, it beats "Retro Propera" with every pulsation?

Such was Bertrand's case. The sun was very cruel, and Craiginfrioch was odiously steep and slippery; as for sleep, the poor wretch had had none the night before, except a few moments of semi-delirious unconsciousness, a very travesty of nature's sweet restorer. As for the dogs and the grouse, and their pointings and risings, these were but aggravations, punctuated by Pigott's steady upward tramp, and his frequent anathema for the laggard who was for ever behind, and "simply ruining these two young dogs—simply playing Old Harry with two valuable animals." As for Bertrand's heart, we know where it was—down below, in the pleasant meadows, by the cool river, among the shadowy trees, where were flowers, and lingering dew, and grateful umbrage, and where he fancied to himself the vocal pines mingling Æolian murmurs with the warbling of the waters and the dreamy summer-song of birds, and thought how the sweet natural diapason would soon be completed by a music more exquisite still.

But the white heather was above, and Eila's voice (still fulfilling its obvious function as a falling-star) rang in his ears, "Excelsior!" and so this poor Tityrus, his heart among the groves with Amaryllis, had to dree the weird of a promethean passion on the rugged breast of Craiginfrioch. Some men glide unconsciously into love; some educate themselves into it; some are lured and surprised into it; and some fall into it, wildly catching at every branch and tuft to save themselves as they slip down the "facilis descensus;" but Bertrand had been seized by a giant power and whirled clear of every obstacle, so that he had fallen sudden, sheer, and prone into that seething whirlpool of troubles. No wonder he was breathless and shaken, and sorely disinclined for Craiginfrioch. When noon was at about his height, he suddenly halted, and cried out to his companion, "Pigott, would you mind waiting a minute or two? I'm awfully thirsty, and I've got such a headache. I see water in that corrie, and I wish to go and drink, and wet my head."

"Go along with you—only, for goodness' sake, look sharp!"

Bertrand went with listless steps towards the corrie, but when within a few yards of it he stopped abruptly, gazed intently forward to some object down by the little rill, and then, going with a run and a rush and a bound, flung himself upon the ground beside it with a cry of exultation. What was it? "Sunstroke!" said Pigott, and began to descend rapidly from his eminence: but it was rather an antidote to sunstroke; for hermiting there among the cool moist moss and bracken, under the shadow of a dripping rock, nestled one solitary little plant of white heather. There is nothing so cunning as love, unless it be suicidal mania, and Bertrand was all *finesse* and stratagem in an instant. In an instant the hermit had been plucked up by the roots, and thrust bodily into Bertrand's bosom; and when Pigott arrived some moments later, with anxiety in his face, he found his friend laving his forehead with sober earnestness.

"Anything wrong, old fellow?" he asked.

"Beat, Pigott—dead beat!" quoth the serpent, with a splendid simulation of the woe-begone in voice and manner.

"You fell, didn't you?"

"Ye-es—a kind of a—sort of a trip; but I'll be better presently; don't mind me, old boy. I wouldn't spoil your day for worlds, and I don't think it would be quite—quite prudent for me to go on. I feel a sort of something—a sort of fuzziness inside my head, you know; but don't stop, I'll find my way home slowly."

"Oh, but I think I had better go with you, Bertrand; you are looking a little queer."

"On no account, Pigott; I should be wretched if you did. In fact I would rather go on than spoil your day's sport. Look! I'm quite strong on my legs again;" and he jumped up with amazing vigour.

"Well, promise me to take it easily, and wet your handkerchief and tie it round your head. Mind you go slow. Better leave your gun with Campbell. I'll take it to him."

"All right—thanks."

"And, by the by," cried Pigott, turning back, "if Miss Thingumbob chaffs you about the heather, tell her I won't forget, if I come across it. I won't go searching for it, though. I hate these humbugging school-girl crotchets."

"Oh, she wouldn't expect that, you know. *Au revoir!*" said Bertrand, sweetly; and then to himself, "Miss Thingumbob! the savage! Miss Thingumbob! the blasphemer! the abominable! My angel! my star! my—— oh!" and he sat down under the lee of the bank, and took out the white heather, and apostrophised it, talking nonsense enough to make angels weep; and then he kissed it over and over again. "She may wear it in her bosom this evening, you know," he explained aloud to all creation, not apparently to the satisfaction of its only animal representative within earshot, a sturdy little Highland cow, staring angrily at him from the other side of the corrie, who stamped her foot defiantly at the sound of the idiot's voice. The distant report of Pigott's gun roused him; he came forth from his lair, and finding that his friend had entirely disappeared behind a shoulder of the hill, began, bounding like the roe, to descend to the valley. Craiginfrioch was the hill which rose immediately behind the house, and as it was very steep, the time occupied in its ascent was great compared with the amount of ground got over. Not so, however, with the descent, especially when accomplished in Love's seven-league boots, in which Bertrand travelled, ignoring all obstacles with the recklessness of young Lochinvar, and only not swimming across the river below, because, here more fortunate than Lochinvar, he found a ford. That having been crossed, there was only an ascent of a few hundred yards, and then the house. Cairnarvoch, by the by, was by this time scarcely a mere "house;" it was an "Abode" at the very least, and was rapidly developing into a "Bower;" Mrs M'Killop constituting the chief obstacle to its being immediately advanced to that position.

The Abode being thus, so to speak, "within hail," and the ascent being singularly precipitous, the first circumstance suggested to Bertrand the question, "Why am I here?" and the second gave him time to ponder it. Fears and tremors came over him. Why had he come here? because *she* was here; there was no sort of difficulty about that, at all events. But then that must be kept a secret—a dead secret—for

she hated him—that was evident; still he would love her, and love her, and perhaps, &c. How then account for his return? A slight threatening of sunstroke? Good! capital! but ah! people with slight threatenings of sunstroke generally lie down in dark rooms, with wet things round their heads and their feet in mustard. Women like Mrs M'Killop are always medical; she would certainly understand this system of treatment, and insist upon it, and this was not compatible with angel-worship by the river for the rest of the afternoon, while that other "very agreeable girl" was fishing in the abstraction of her fancy-free meditations.

A sudden call to write an important letter? How would that do? No, that wouldn't do. The telegraphic system did not as yet embrace the summits of Craiginfrioch; and if it did, the post did not go out till to-morrow morning.

Despair! what was to be done? Perhaps he had better go up the hill again? Impossible. What then? So there he stood under the ledge of the terrace about a hundred yards from *her*, love and fear fixing him in a stable equilibrium. Suddenly, making him start as if an avenging demon had hissed in his ear, burst forth the strain of Hamish's bagpipes. "Luncheon!" he said to himself, and moved fifty yards farther on. Then he stopped again: luncheon was no excuse; quite the contrary. What was he to do? But, at all events, if they were all at luncheon, he could not be seen from the windows; and thus encouraging himself, he crept up towards the Abode, with all the air of "being on the premises with the intention of committing a felony."

He stopped at the hall-door; sooner than enter it he would have been torn limb from limb by wild horses. He positively fawned upon Hamish when that minstrel had finished his performance beside him. He wanted moral support, you see: even a very large dog would have been something; and so he buttonholed the piper, complimented him upon his playing, asked the name of the air just let off with so much *éclat*, receiving a shock on learning that it was known in the musical world as "Give my love brose and butter." Brose and butter! what a revolting class of viands to administer to an angel! The suggestion was coarse and abominable; but Hamish, who was obviously impatient to get to *his* brose and butter, must be detained. Therefore Bertrand said it was a splendid air, and, in short, would the piper accept an encore?

Hamish, being hungry, averred that that was entirely contrary to etiquette; as commuted into a pecuniary shape, however, the compliment was not open to the same objection, as far as he knew, so he accepted five shillings, "for snuff," with surprise and gratitude, and under the influence of these feelings allowed his professional spirit to be roused by Bertrand's compliments and questions, so that he launched into a dissertation on the 376 pipe-tunes in which he was proficient, Bertrand hanging on his words with a pitiable eagerness.

Now, what was Bertrand's plan? What end was to be served by this most idiotic proceeding? and how long did he mean there to remain? It would have puzzled the wretched creature himself to say; and, indeed, has any one, under such circumstances, ever got any plan?

Compassed about as we are with all manner of influencing spirits,—white, black, and grey—that is, good, bad, and indifferent,—it would seem that in such cases all the others give place, and leave Puck and his *confrères*

to be the operators of the hour; and a fine time they have of it with their victims, as a rule.

So Bertrand vaguely remained there, talking, or rather listening, to Hamish, with fear and shame raging in his heart.

His back was to the door, but a lover has eyes in the back of his head and an ear in every pore; and after he had been thus engaged for half an hour or so, it needed not the piper's exclamation, "Goot life! here are the leddies!" to inform Bertrand that the luncheon-party, in passing from the dining-room, had turned to the open hall-door, and were standing there at that moment. Deaf to Bertrand's piteous entreaty, "Stop a bit, Hamish; do stop; just one question about the 'M'Intosh's Lament,'" the piper fled, and Bertrand, in an instant, was overboard without a cork-jacket.

"Mr Cameron! where have *you* dropped from?" The voice was the voice of Mrs M'Killop, and perforce he turned towards it, seeing at first only a luminous mist, in which the huge red face of his hostess seemed to roll about like an intoxicated sun.

"Where *have* you dropped from?" repeated the voice; and Bertrand, slowly approaching the group, forced himself to look steadily at it, and replied, with a sort of asthmatic gasp,—

"From the hill."

"Nothing wrong with Captain Pigott, I hope?"

"Oh no; Captain Pigott is perfectly well, thank you."

"But what *is* the matter? you look very strange; are you ill, or only lazy? Oh dear me, you are quite pale!"

By this time he could distinctly see "his angel," and the other "very agreeable girl," as well as the balance of Mrs M'Killop's body, and had recovered a slight command of his senses. Wherefore it flashed upon him that if he said "lazy," the secret was out; whereas if he said "ill," wet applications and mustard were inevitable.

Here was a dilemma. "Not lazy," he replied—"oh no, not at all lazy; and not exactly ill—in fact well, but——"

"But what? are you faint?"

The very thing; faintness is evanescent; you may fish or worship immediately after being faint. Yes, he was a little faint, he thought.

"Girls, wine!"

The light fled from the hall-door, and Morna went with it; and presently, sitting on the steps, in the cool shade and pleasant draught, while Hebe herself proffered a cup of nectar, and a minor (but estimable) Olympian satellite mixed it with water, Bertrand began to think that he would cheerfully pass the remainder of his existence in a state of chronic faintness, even under the supervising eye of Jupiter Tonans (in petticoats). Eila was bewitchingly sympathetic; she looked at him with all her eyes; and oh! did he feel better now? and oh! would he not put his head against the cool pillar? and oh! mamma, dear, wasn't eau-de-Cologne a good thing? and oh! she would run and get some; and oh! she went, and brought back and poured on his handkerchief a subtle, beatified essence, surely expressed from no earthly rind. And then the hypocrite tried to *look* faint (we can imagine with what results), and kept on being only "a little better" for a rather unreasonable time, during which, Morna having said at first (drily, Bertrand thought) she was sorry he felt ill, said nothing more, and eventually went away (very unfeelingly, and so unlike "his angel") to get ready for fishing, which recalled Bertrand to himself, and he jumped up hale and hearty with a miraculous alacrity and re-

novation, announcing that he was "quite well."

"But you must keep within doors," said Mrs M'Killop. (Hang it! she *was* medical.)

"Perhaps I had better; yes, perhaps it would be prudent," quoth Bertrand, on the *reculer-pour-mieux-sauter* principle; and then, "on second thoughts, open air is the best thing; but I'll keep in the shade, of course, and I think I'll just stroll down by the river, where the trees are, and watch Miss Grant fishing, and perhaps throw a fly myself when the sun gets lower."

"Very imprudent, Mr Cameron," said Mrs M'Killop; but Bertrand, hastily retreating "to get ready," avoided further opposition.

A few minutes later he was again in the hall, where he was soon joined by Morna. "Are you really going to venture out in the heat already, after being so unwell, Mr Cameron?" she inquired.

"Oh yes, it was nothing,—a mere passing trifle; and it is such an age since I had a fishing lesson, I could not miss the opportunity."

"An age? why, it was only two days ago."

"Two days ago, Miss Grant! absurd! why, it is——" Bertrand stopped short. It was an age to him, for he had lived a decade in the last twenty-four hours; but as a mere matter of fact, Miss Grant was correct. "I believe you *are* right," he went on; "I can't think how I had forgotten. Yes, of course, it was the day before yesterday. Still an opportunity is an opportunity; and besides, I've got a new 'spider' from Campbell, which he says is infallible on a day like this."

"We had better start, then, and make the most of it, if you are quite ready."

"Oh, quite—quite; but hadn't we better wait for Mrs M'Killop?"

"She is not coming."

"Oh, I thought——ahem!—but, by the by, Miss M'Killop is coming; it wouldn't be fair to start without her, would it?"

"Unless she has changed her mind since luncheon, she is not coming either; she had quite given up the plan: did she *say* she was coming just now?"

"I—yes—oh, certainly I thought so!"

"Very well, I'll go and ask her." And Morna went, and presently came back, saying, with Eila's compliments, that Bertrand must have dreamt it. It was much too warm to go out; and she was reading *such* a delicious novel, which could not be parted with before dinner, and then only with a struggle. "So," said Morna, "we had better start, if you are quite ready."

Bertrand having abandoned a half-entertained idea of becoming "faint" again, was ready to go anywhere any one chose to take him, and surrendered himself to gloom and misery—DEEP, DARK, FATHOMLESS. For all his pains, poor man—for all his pains, he might as well have been on the top of Craiginfrioch. She was avoiding him—that was evident. What *had* he done to make himself so obnoxious? And yet ten minutes ago she was full of the kindest interest and sympathy. Ah! that was only by the impulse of her faultless heart! her repugnance had been for the moment curbed by her pure philanthropy—that was all. She would have looked the same looks, and spoken the same words, to the merest costermonger who was fortunate enough to be afflicted with a temporary faintness in her presence. And then, without doubt, she thought he had misunderstood her gentle kindness, so that she was offended, hurt, and a prisoner, this bright afternoon, all on account of his coarse, selfish infatuation. It

was certain that her maidenly feeling was outraged; and he had done it. Bertrand did not spare himself: he cunningly devised instruments for his own torture, and used them without mercy. Still came back the eternal refrain, that he would love her, and love her, and perhaps years of devotion illustrated by splendid deeds done for her sake (and of course under her immediate eye), might at last gain for him some slight response from that precious heart, which no mere man could hope to win in its entirety. But at present a darkness that could be felt compassed him round about as he went away with Morna, a charming companion, we can conceive, for any young lady. Fortunately, perhaps, Morna was not herself conversationally inclined. She, too, had her abstraction.

Just such another day was this as that on which these two had paid their first visit, in company, to the river. It seemed very long ago to both of them. To Bertrand it was a dim passage in a remote and other life; and to Morna, who now recalled it, it suggested the idea of the beginning of a pleasant song that had been interrupted, and was never likely to be taken up again and finished; a song that had promised to be so beautiful, too, that it, and it alone, might have filled her whole life with music. And was it gone? was it really gone for ever and ever? But certain feelings are too subtle for analysis; or, if analysis be possible, too sacred for exposition in words; and so we prefer to spare Morna's inner consciousness any farther contact with the *brusquerie* of our clumsy touches. Mechanically, as it seemed, they turned their steps towards the same part of the river they had visited on that first day; passing the spot where the trees had rung with the water-spirit's lamentations, had echoed their light laughter, and tossed away to the vagrant breeze the eloquent utterances of their still more vagrant fancies.

This historical spot was passed in silence (it is not likely that Bertrand even recognised it, for all the landscape was to him like some blurred *fiasco* of a photograph; and as to Morna—— but we are not going to pry into *her* feelings), and indeed the silence was only broken once or twice in the whole journey from the house to the Blue Rock, and then on this wise.

"Terribly warm!"

"Intensely!"

Five minutes' interval.

"Awfully hot!"

"Excessively!"

"Fine fishing will be necessary to-day."

"It will."

Deep meditation on both sides for ten minutes.

"I have everything very fine with me."

"That is fortunate."

Protracted pause.

"This is an African day."

"I can quite imagine that it is *exactly* an African day."

"Campbell's spider ought to do in a day like this."

"It ought."

Ten minutes more for reflection.

"This weather is almost intolerable."

"It is indeed. Here we are at the Blue Rock; shall we keep our usual stations?"

"If you please."

"*Au revoir*, then, and good sport!" and so they separated and began to fish.

Bertrand got into the water and stalked slowly up mid-stream, looking like a disconsolate heron, throwing his fly to right and to left with mechanical impartiality, but occasionally halting and favouring some special spot with a protracted flagel-

lation, as if he knew of a trout thereabouts who was not to be lured, but might be bullied, into accepting a fly. For about an hour Bertrand continued his watery promenade. The solitude and the stillness favoured reflection—not a trout rose to interfere with it; while the calmness of the sunshine, the silence of the woods, the sleepy aspect of the quiet mountain-side, and the monotonous sing-song of the river, materially assisted in piling up the agony of his troubled thoughts.

Before him, as he gazed into the river, floated two images: one all that was lovely and perfect, but with a sort of celestial anger, chastened by benevolence and sorrow, disturbing the features of the divine countenance; the other of a dark, brutal type, turning in Cain-like remorse from the bright figure which had just dismissed him, with as much scorn and indignation as is compatible with complete purity and elevation of soul.

The dark figure turned again and again, and held up his coarse swart hands in the attitude of supplication, almost of worship, but the diviner being shook her beautiful head and ever waved him off.

"Oh! is there no hope? is there no hope?" cried Bertrand aloud in his agony.

"Not when you fish without any fly at all," replied a voice (apparently from heaven), with a symphony of silvery laughter.

Bertrand gave a prodigious start, so that he slipped, was half down, up again, down again. Entirely ridiculous. Whence the voice which kept laughing all the time? He looked to right and to left, down into the river, up into the clouds; he saw no one. Was it a dream? No; there at last, in the shadow of the trees, blooming among the flowers, "herself a fairer flower," he descried the speaker. There was "outraged maidenly feeling" surprisingly merry, all things considered.

Turning red, white, and blue by turns, Bertrand reeled up, discovering that his cast of flies was entirely gone; and then, floundering and stumbling, made the best of his way to the bank. "His angel" was sketching some object, between which and the fair artist his clumsy person seemed to be for ever interposing; for she kept craning (if an angel can be conceived to crane) past his edges, laughing and talking, and occasionally putting in a stroke, without ever looking at him.

"You must be very sanguine, Mr Cameron," she said.

"I—I didn't know I had lost my cast; it must have gone at the last throw."

"A large trout, I suppose?"

"I should say so. Oh yes, a very large trout—immense."

"You saw him, did you?"

"Well, no—not quite."

"Perhaps it was a salmon?"

"I daresay it was."

"Or a pike?"

"Very likely a pike."

If she had suggested a dolphin, Bertrand would have cheerfully assented.

"And what are you to do? have you another cast?"

He had a dozen, at the least, in his pocket; but all lovers are indifferent to truth, so he said he had been stupid, and forgotten his book.

"This has been quite a day of catastrophes for you," said Eila, looking round his right edge; and when he had executed a demivolt to clear her line of vision, instantly discovering that she had to look on the other side, involving a counter-demivolt, and for a moment or two she kept him prancing from right to left like a bear on hot irons. Nothing, however, could be more demure than her expression all the time.

"Yes," replied Bertrand, "and yet not altogether. I am very he—appy now."

"Happy, are you?" (pause to crane); "really?" (pause to pencil); "why?"

Oh, the bewitching unconsciousness! Oh, the simplicity! Oh, the *naïveté!* Embarrassing, though —very.

"Why? ahem! because—hum, ahem!—you see——"

"If you would be so very kind as to move just the least little bit to the left—thanks! Now I see beautifully."

"May I sit down here?"

"Oh, pray do, and then you won't have to trouble moving so often. I fear I'm a terrible fidget."

"It is a pleasure to move when one is—a—a—ordered."

Could anything be more *bête?* and no one could be more conscious of it than the hapless speaker; but Puck ruled the hour.

"That is a very military sentiment."

"Oh, I didn't mean in that sense. I——"

"Are you fond of the army?"

"Yes, I like it very well."

"Have you been in a great many battles?"

"Well, no—not many." He had once marched with his company to *look* at an electioneering row, and be pelted for a couple of hours by Irish patriots at Killygobslithereen.

"A battle must be delightful?"

"Ye-es, it has a wild excitement, which is always pleasant, of course."

"I hope you always gave quarter, and were merciful?"

"I—I really—don't you know—I——"

"Oh, you didn't! I am afraid you are dreadfully cruel and" (that tiresome cow will *not* stand still) "ferocious. I'm really quite afraid of you."

And then she looked up from her drawing, and looked at him, and beamed and scintillated, so that Bertrand was one all-pervading "tingle" from head to foot.

"I quite despair of getting that foreground right," she resumed, laying down her pencil. "I must give it up, or I shall be cross and disagreeable for the rest of the day."

"Pray let me look at it."

'Oh no, no! not for worlds! I know you are terribly critical and severe, and you don't give quarter to your enemies; oh no!" And as Bertrand extended his hand (which appeared to him to be a veritable paw) to take the drawing, she withdrew it with a bewitching gesture, and hid it under her shawl with *such* an arch little nod of defiance.

"You talk of giving quarter to enemies, Miss M'Killop, just as if I counted you as one. Why?"

"Because it is true, Mr Cameron."

"True!"

"Yes; you don't like me. I always know when people don't like me by their eyes. I think a great many people don't like me, and I always want them to tell me why. Now, be frank; look me in the face and tell me why."

"Whe—whe—when I look you in the face, I swear——"

"Oh, please, don't swear; but, look! look!—oh, do look at that! What is it? A real orange butterfly! Oh, pray, catch it for me!—do, pray, Mr Cameron!"

Bertrand was up in an instant, performing all sorts of acrobatic feats with his legs and arms and hat, dodging the butterfly out and in the trees, and among the tangle of blackthorn and wild rose and honeysuckle, butting his head against projecting branches, tearing his clothes and wounding his body in many places. The butterfly entered into the spirit of the thing, and flew low, and Ber-

trand had a quick three minutes with it, resulting in its capture.

He brought it carefully under his cap: she bent forward over the cap; he bent forward over the cap. The streamers of a ribbon round her neck were lifted by a little breath of wind and lay on his shoulder; her hand touched his; he trembled all over, so that he collapsed heavily on the cap, the cap on the butterfly, the butterfly into powder.

"Oh, Mr Cameron, how cruel! how cruel! You have killed the poor, dear, beautiful butterfly," and she looked at him reproachfully with eyes that expressed tears, if they shed none.

What sensibility! Still the ribbons lay on his shoulder (the accolade of a thousand knighthoods would have been valueless compared with that blessed contact), and in her emotion her hand still clasped the cap—would have touched his hand—but he shrank from *that*.

"Are you sorry?" she said, after a pause, during which Bertrand felt as if his eyes were being drawn out like telescopes by the attraction of hers—"are you sorry?"

"I am very sorry—very, very sorry." His voice shook, and changed its key with every second word.

"I believe you are very sorry," she said, slowly withdrawing her eyes, and moving back so that the ribbons glided from his shoulder, gently, lingeringly, inch by inch—"and I forgive you."

What magnanimity!

"To prove that I am not an enemy," said Bertrand, "I can show that at least I have tried to please you; I have executed your commission."

"What commission, Mr Cameron?"

"White heather. Look!"—and he withdrew from the interior of his waistcoat the hermit of the corrie, looking rather jaded, to be sure, from long contact with a flannel shirt that had been shot in, and fished in, and fainted in, all in a mean temperature of 90° Fahrenheit or so.

"Oh, how kind! how very good of you! to think of me, and when you were ill! Thank you; thank you so much."

"Let me dip it in the river to freshen it before you take it."

"Oh no, no! I will take it *just* as you brought it. I never thought you would trouble about it, or think of it any more."

Bertrand made a tremendous effort, and murmured, in rapid, husky jerks, "I never thought of anything else. I would never—have gone to the hill to-day—except to get it. I wish it was a thousand times prettier—I wish it was worthier of you."

"Can anything be worthier of a child of the mountains than the most beautiful thing that grows upon them?"

"Oh yes—everything is worthier—of you."

Puck was at him again. "But I am sorry you had the trouble and the fatigue. I am afraid you made yourself ill in looking for it. How kind of you! but if you made yourself ill in looking for it, I shall never forgive myself. Tell me, did you?"

"Oh no, not at all; I would have been ill——" He was going to try to add, "a thousand times, and died a thousand times, in such a cause," or some absurdity of the sort, but Eila turned it off.

"Should you, at any rate? Then I am satisfied, and" (rather a tame climax) "really very much obliged."

"Will you do me a favour?" cried Bertrand.

"If I can I will—what is it?"

"Will you wear the heather this evening?"

"Oh yes; I will begin now.

See!" and she placed it in the bosom of her dress. A————h!

"Please tell me a story, Mr Cameron," she resumed suddenly, after the flower was adjusted.

"A story, Miss M'Killop! but what sort of story?"

"About battles and adventures; I like reading about them, and it would be delightful to hear about them from a real soldier who has been in them, and done them, and been made a prisoner and wounded. You *have* been wounded, of course?"

"No — yes — very slightly — a mere nothing" (in allusion to a tremendous black eye from a brickbat at Killygobslithereen, painful but not romantic, and certainly not the incident for the moment)—"a mere nothing; but no man likes to talk about his own exploits," particularly, he might have added, when he has to draw exclusively for them on his imagination—before dinner. "So if you really want to hear a little romance of war, I'll tell you about an adventure in the Indian Mutiny of one of our fellows—Gibbs."

"Gibbs! what an ugly name! rhymes to 'fibs,' doesn't it?"

Bertrand admitted that it did, and also to "ribs," for the matter of that; but Gibbs, notwithstanding his prosodial misfortunes, was really a tremendous fellow—a V.C. even. Still Eila would have none of Gibbs, though his deeds might have shed lustre on a de Montmorency. "Well, then, another of my friends really did a splendid thing at the Taku Forts, and had such an adventure in the Summer Palace afterwards; shall I tell you about that?"

"What was his name?"

The hero's name was really Barton, but Bertrand saw at once that while rhyming to "tartan" he was unfit for service, so he eliminated the disqualifying letter and said "Baron."

"Yes, I would like to hear about Mr Baron."

And Bertrand told her a terrible anecdote all about junks and joss-houses and gingalls, and the yells of the Celestials, and the terrible British cheer, and mandarins, and the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and his silks and furs and jewels, and the palatial bonfire,—through all which the sword of the terrible Barton meandered like a streak of lightning caught and drilled for the occasion to warlike purposes. The story was lengthy; it had outfalls of episode, and a pretty broad dreary current of its own, and during its progress Bertrand made a discovery—angels can yawn. The discovery depressed him; the full-flowing river of his speech rolled on with a more languid movement, and the lightning of Barton the destroyer began to shed rather sickly gleams on its sluggish wave. Still it went on to a point where Barton, after having lost an arm from a round-shot, received a sword-thrust through the body and a contusion on the head, and become reluctantly insensible, might reasonably be suppose to have terminated his exploits; and here Eila, assuming the close of the narrative, thanked Bertrand for it with great alacrity, said it was most interesting, and what a surprising person Mr Baron must be —and probably she might have found him so to be, if she had had patience, and got beyond the mere threshold of the anecdote; for, of course, she had only heard Act I.; and fellows like Barton, as a rule, never succumb; the lopping off of a limb or two only clears them, as it were, for more vigorous action; and if they ever condescend to die at all, it is in the picturesque Chevy-Chase attitude of fighting on their stumps.

Bertrand acquiesced in the dropping of the curtain; he felt that he was not shining; and indeed what

kind of figure can a wax-taper cut, when flickering in the full beams of Hyperion?—and so he allowed Eila even to imagine Mr Barton's death. That, at least, lent him an interest which could not belong to one whose voice was even at that hour contributing to "the thunder of the captains and the shouting" in the Long Valley.

"If I had been a man, I *must* have been a soldier!" cried Eila, as a sort of funeral-shot over Barton and his glories.

It flashed across Bertrand's mind that he had better hum (archly), "If I was a lad, for a soldier I'd go," but he curbed the inclination as profane, and said instead, "Surely you would not have preferred to be a man?"

"Oh, indeed I should: do you think a woman's life *can* be a very happy one, except under very peculiar circumstances? How would you like to be *au convent* under the shadow of Craiginfrioch for the rest of your days, or some place just as bad?"

"That fate can never be yours, except by choice."

"It is generally a choice of evils in the world, is it not? for a woman, at least," said Eila, with a graceful little shrug.

"Oh, please, don't speak like that," cried Bertrand, with genuine earnestness. It gave him a quick pain to think of so bright and beautiful a being living in any atmosphere save one of perpetual joy, radiance, and delight. "I think women," he said, "beautiful women, clever women, and, above all, good women, even without being beautiful or clever, have as fine a career, if they choose to accept it, as any man can have."

"You are beginning to be grave—please, don't."

"I beg your pardon, I won't. But think of us poor men with compassion. If all the beautiful women in the world were withdrawn or transformed, what would become of us? What would the knight in the lists have been without the Queen of Beauty or his lady-love in the gallery?"

"That is very pretty! I like that. Are you fond of poetry?"

"Devoted to it."

"And music?"

"There I am a fanatic."

"Oh, I see now why Morna and you are such allies!"

"Allies?" The villain was on the point of denying an alliance too good for nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of his sex. Love, which conquers all things, walks lightly over loyalty, generosity, and all the verities. "Allies?" he repeated; and then, as a compromise, "*Are* we allies?"

"You act as if you were, at all events, don't you?" and then, with sudden eagerness (who can say from what source?), "and you may be very proud to be an ally of hers, because there is no one the least like her. She is too good to be any one's ally. It makes one better to be with her: she is the only person in all the world I like."

How beautiful she looked, thus animated for her friend! And how delightful to know that she cared for no one else ("the present company," she had expressly stated, "is always excepted"); and what a goodly thing was a beautiful girl's love for another—girl! Slightly inconsistent though at times, as now appeared; for instantly after her glowing eulogy, she laid her hand on Bertrand's arm, and said, "Hush! hush! look, here is Morna; lie down and hide." Whereupon the wretch "crouched fawning in the weed," and Morna passed away on the other side. She looked jaded and tired; she was carrying her own basket slung over her shoulder,

and her rod. Her eyes were bent on the ground; she was not looking very happy. At sight of her, some emotion of—what was it?—pity? remorse? of conscious desertion and betrayal?—something unpleasant, at any rate, struck into Bertrand's heart, and with it an impulse to dash across the river and carry her things for her, and be "jolly" to her generally. But he looked up to his beautiful companion, who sat leaning against a tree twined with murderous honeysuckle; and as the tree was clasped in that deadly-sweet embrace, so did the influence of those enthralling eyes wind itself round his heart, and choke the generous emotion. Retributive justice halts not always; and in about a minute Eila said, "You had better follow her now." This was illogical, also unpleasant.

"Oh, please, don't send me away," said Bertrand.

"You came out to fish with her, you know; and so you belong to her—for the afternoon."

"But will you come too? You have no idea how interesting it is to watch Miss Grant fishing;—she catches lots of them—every minute—most exciting; do come."

"Thanks—no; I must go back to my novel: I can think of nothing else till it is finished. Please don't mind me. I shall find my way home by the bridge. If you ford the river here you will be able to overtake Morna. Poor dear Morna! looking so tired and bored all by herself! Do run away quickly, please."

"And you will wear *it?*" languishingly.

"*It?* What, Mr Cameron?"

"The heather!"

"Oh, the heather! Oh yes, if you wish it, and it isn't dead by the evening. Good-bye—*au revoir.*"

So, with an east wind whistling in every nook and cranny of his soul, Bertrand took the water and followed "poor dear Morna." Memoranda—angels yawn—are sometimes illogical, and always incomprehensible. He did not long follow Morna in a straight course, but soon diverged to the left, and, circling round at top-speed, managed to head her, and was fishing at the point where he ought to have been when, half an hour later, she came up to pass him again. Few and short were the words they spoke. Morna had had bad sport; Bertrand none—as represented in his basket, that is; and eventually, after various passings and repassings, they walked home together much as they had walked out together, both regretting, with wonder and animation, the total and surprising failure of Campbell's new "spider."

Pigott came in late from the hill, and found Bertrand already—rather prematurely—dressed for dinner, and about to descend to the drawing-room.

"Well, Bertrand, all right again?"

"Oh, all right, thanks."

"Been out?"

"Just took a stroll by the river for a bit. How have you done to-day?"

"Pretty well; dogs rather demoralised, though. Look here, I found that heather for Miss What's-her-name; rather a fine specimen, isn't it?"

"Beautiful, yes; but I found a bit on the hillside, and have given it to her; so we can keep yours for our own drawing-room table."

"No, I shall give this to her. I've had rather a time of it with the thing. I stuck it in my cap to keep fresh, and it kept tumbling out, and lost me a brace of grouse by getting across my eyes at the critical moment; besides, the only ptarmigan I saw to-day rose when I was digging it up; so I'll give it to her, and tell her about it as a hint not to go bothering again."

"As you please," said Bertrand, and went to the drawing-room.

No one there. Presently in came Mr M'Killop—bother *him!*—no *tête-à-tête* was now possible; then came Mrs M'Killop—bother *her!*—how loud she looked! then came Morna, bother—no, not exactly that—and immediately after entered Eila (in blue); but, alas! where was the white heather? Not there, at all events, where it would have looked so well in harmony with a blue dress. It was an occasion to sulk a little, and Bertrand did so (in the window). The sulking was dramatic, *bien entendu.* There was nothing in his heart but humble grief and a sense of merited discomfiture.

Presently in walked Pigott, cool, trim, dry, in his hand the bunch of heather. He walked up to Eila, held out the offering with—

"This is the vegetable you wanted, Miss M'Killop, is it not?"

"Oh, Captain Pigott!" cries Eila. "Oh, so many thanks! how beautiful!"

She takes it;—it is no longer heather—it is amaranth—although the gift of Pigott.

"On the very tip-top of Craiginfrioch did you find it?"

"On the very tip-top — where there are ptarmigan!"

"On the very *tip-top*, where there are ptarmigan! Delightful!"

"The only ptarmigan I saw today rose when I was tearing up that plant."

"How tiresome! and did you carry it *all* the way down, yourself?"

"All the way in my hat; as a proof, it tumbled across my eyes and made me miss a brace of grouse."

"What a pity! but how kind of you to get it for me, and to go missing grouse and ptarmigans to oblige me! Thank you so much—it is quite beautiful; a finer plant, I think, than Mr Cameron brought me, though it was very pretty too. Oh, by the by, Mr Cameron, I am so sorry I couldn't do what you wished; the poor thing was too much faded." Bertrand was understood to say that it didn't signify, and Eila went on, "But this comes instead, and I shall wear *it.* Shall I wear it, Captain Pigott?"

"Oh, by all means."

"Then I will," and she ran airily to the mirror and placed one bunch in her bosom and another in her hair (coquettishly)—and then turned round, putting her hands down by her side, with the fairy-like gesture of a playful child, for inspection. "How does it do? Is it pretty?"

Pretty! but Bertrand could say nothing, and Pigott remarked jocularly, "Yes, it looks very well; it literally does honour to your head and heart."

He was getting just a little beyond human endurance—this—this *groundling.*

Pigott's seniority constituted him Mrs M'Killop's daily escort to the dining-room, and Eila fell to Bertrand. "Wasn't it kind of Captain Pigott to get this for me from the tip-top of Craiginfrioch, where the ptarmigans are?" she inquired confidentially of Bertrand, as they passed from the drawing-room; "but do you think, *entre nous*, it bored him? I should be in despair if I thought I had bored him."

"It was a great privilege for Captain Pigott to have the happiness of doing anything to give you pleasure," said Bertrand, grimly.

"He *is* very good-natured and kind, is he not?"

"Very."

"He has such a nice kind face, has he not?"

"Yes."

"Like a good dog's, isn't it?"

"Ha! ha! yes, not bad that—rather like a dog's, certainly."

"A good dog's, though, and that is not the least laughable, for a good dog's face is the pleasantest face in the world—to me."

Not being a dog of any sort, there was clearly nothing for Bertrand but to sulk after that. All through dinner Eila was perversely enchanting, and Bertrand was in and out of the sulks a score of times at the least; the trying part of it all being that she never appeared to know when he was supposed to be in a state of dignity, and when in a state of delight, penitence, worship, or what not. The same sort of thing went on in the drawing-room, where Eila cajoled her father and the two ecartists into playing whist with her, so that Morna and Bertrand were left to a dismal *tête-à-tête;* then she threw up the cards after the first rubber, alleging a headache; then she coaxed Morna to sing, and when Bertrand approached, with earnest pleading eyes, to seat himself by her, snubbed him instantly by rising, and "though so sorry to be unsociable, really wishing to sit quite quiet by the window, for her headache's sake, if he didn't mind." And so the evening passed, and much in the same way passed the next few days, as regarded the relations of Eila and Morna and Bertrand; the latter now like the Peri at the gate of Paradise, disconsolate, now admitted for one instant within the glittering portals, and the next expelled from it by the lightning eye of the avenging angel. Like Jeanie pining for Jamie, he began to "gang like a ghaist and caredna to spin"—that is, to shoot or fish, or eat or drink, or sleep or hold commune with Pigott or any other flesh of man, save only with her, who by a word could make him the blessedest of mortals, and by a look could cause him to peak and pine and dwindle. He had no quarrel with Pigott, quite the reverse—but he avoided a *tête-à-tête* with that officer as he would have shunned the plague, ignoring the smoking-room and the boudoir sacred to *bonne camaraderie,* and rushing to bed of nights with a hasty "tired as a dog, old fellow—can*not* smoke to-night—really can't." Pigott, of course, knew the state of the case as well as, if not better than, his friend; but though he said to himself that the present juncture was not gay, still he was certain that to endure it was the less of two evils, the alternative being to become confidant, and listen to his friend's eternal maunderings about *that* girl, for ever harvesting with her unquiet eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

The arrival of the day of "the gathering" brought a diversion, not unwelcome, perhaps, to any of the performers in this tragi-comedy.

It was to be a day full of events; for not only was there to be "a gathering" and a ball, but, as an interlude, suggested, no doubt, by the expected concourse of "the countryside," the candidate for the boroughs was in the evening to address the electors of the town of Ardmartin; so that the bill of fare held out inducements to all the world, and everybody said that all the world would be there. The weather was splendid, and so the party were conveyed to the scene of action—about fourteen miles distant—in an open brake; Mrs M'Killop having covenanted that a certain absence of state in the character of the vehicle should be balanced by its being drawn by four post-horses, which

was very noble. One of the postilions, indeed, had a red jacket, while the other was in blue—an incongruity not perhaps altogether corrected by the very black eye which dimmed the lustre of the gentleman in red; but this was a mere matter of detail: and what with Hamish on the box, his pipes adorned with a banner of the M'Killop arms quartered with those of M'Whannel, M'Cuaig, M'Kechnie, and a good many other rather guttural septs; what with Mrs M'Killop inside, blazing like the fire of Baal, not to mention the chaster brightness of Eila and Morna,—it must be admitted that they made a brave appearance on the whole. They were to dine and dress at the hotel, therefore there was luggage; they were to luncheon *al fresco* at "the gathering," therefore there were hampers—bountiful, well-filled hampers—for the Cairnarvoch cook was a good cook, and the mistress of Cairnarvoch loved the handiwork of her handmaiden. Also there was wine; for "there is to be no nonsense about the champagne, M'Killop," had been much on Mrs M'Killop's lips for the two previous days; and there *was* no nonsense about it; so that the brake, which was also to bring back Messrs Duncanson and Tainsh for their visit, if they preferred that to travelling separately, was by no means overhorsed with four.

Eila began the day very propitiously, in the brightest of moods. She was kindness itself to Bertrand; manœuvred him into a seat beside her in the brake; told him it was a comfort in going to a stupid ball to feel that one was with a nice party, and therefore independent; hoped he and Captain Pigott would be very civil, and not desert them; wished to know *exactly* what he thought of her new hat, of which she herself was doubtful; and confided to him that she had selected and made up with her own hands a bouquet for his coat in the evening, which was "with her things" under charge of M'Kenzie, the spectral maid. A minute or two later, Bertrand was a little dashed by discovering that the same distinction was to be enjoyed by Pigott and her father; but rallied again on being assured that he should have first choice, as well as the advantage of her advice in his selection. And "I do hope you are not going in the Highland dress, Mr Cameron?" she added. It was desolation to Bertrand to confess that that garb and no other was in his portmanteau in the boat.

"I'm sorry for that," said Eila; "because almost everybody else will wear it,—and the other is so much more distinguished on such an occasion; it looks, you know, as if you didn't care. I had quite made up my mind not to dance with any one in the Highland dress; but now, as, of course, I *must* dance with you, I shan't be able to make it a law for the evening, which would have been great fun, wouldn't it? It is very provoking. I do hope Captain Pigott is not to be in a kilt."

No; Bertrand was obliged to admit that his friend would certainly be in pantaloons.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss M'Killop. As soon as we get to Ardmartin I'll send a man back with a trap for my other things."

"Oh, please do—oh, thank you; yes, that will be such fun. Fancy sending nearly thirty miles! That *will* be delightful!"

"I would send round the world to—ahem!"

"Now I will tell you a secret," Eila interrupted, with great earnestness of eye;—"I am going to wear mauve!"

"Really!"

"Yes; and not a single bit of tartan. *That* ought to make them very angry!"

Who was to be made angry, and with what purpose, Bertrand did not pause to investigate, but assented unhesitatingly that it ought to rouse the most vindictive feelings.

"Mamma doesn't know."

"How lucky!"

"And not even Morna!"

"What a triumph of *finesse!*"

In such blissful converse the fourteen miles were traversed all too rapidly; and they reached the ground where "the gathering" was to be held in about two and a half minutes, as it appeared to Bertrand.

The term "gathering," in its technical sense of a coming together of various clans marshalled in warlike array by their chiefs, was not strictly applicable to the meeting at Ardmartin, as the clans did not parade in this formidable shape, but came in independent units to take part in the athletic games of the Gael, or to look on at them, or to see the "country-side" and the gala, and fulfil one of the chief ends of (Scottish) man in a patriotic consumption of the fluid staple of the district.

The ground where the meeting was to be held was both picturesque and well adapted to the purpose. It lay in a small circular valley, surrounded on all sides by hills that sloped gently down to a perfectly level centre, several hundred square yards in area. It was a natural amphitheatre, with a natural arena, affording the athletes ample space for all their cantrips, and to the spectators the best possible convenience for looking on. The country-people were already clustered in tier above tier on the hillside, the bright tartan which belonged to some part of the dress of the most of them, male and female, making the circle look like a gay fringe attached to the imperial robe of purple heather in which the hills were clothed. On one side a certain space had been told off on the level for the carriages of the gentry, and in the centre of this was a flag-staff, from which floated the golden banner of Scotland with its ruddy ramping lion. In front of this position two kilted companies of Rifle Volunteers were posted—as a guard of honour, it was alleged, but in whose honour no one seemed quite to have ascertained. This mysterious force from time to time, apparently when it had nothing else to do, deployed into line on its leading company, opened ranks and vaguely presented arms, re-forming column again, and standing at ease with a precision that must have satisfied any alarmist as to the safety of that part of her Majesty's dominions. It was attended by its band, consisting of a dozen rather swollen-looking Celts, who did not spare themselves—or the audience—but brayed with tremendous energy during the major part of the day; and altogether the Volunteers formed a conspicuous feature in the scene. Mr Tainsh was in command of them. Mr Tainsh was one of those men about whom all local offices of trust, emolument, and dignity seem to encrust themselves as by an inevitable law of nature; so, of course, he commanded the Riflemen; and if there had been a Volunteer flotilla in connection with Ardmartin, no one doubted that Mr Tainsh would also have been the admiral or commodore in charge of it. There was already a full muster of carriages of the country aristocracy — indeed there did not seem to be a niche for the Cairnarvoch party; and the postilions, demoralised by the haughty bearing of the family coachmen already on the ground, made no proper effort to assert themselves

and squeeze into a place. Thus they were in difficulties, but help was at hand.

Pushing through the crowd, with a drawn sword in his hand, before which and his local influence all gave way, approached the deliverer. He looked very hot and flustered, and his uniform gave him rather the air of a fowl trussed for the table; but he was a pleasant sight to the people in the brake, for he was the secretary of the games and managing steward of the meeting—in a word, Mr Tainsh.

He hailed the carriage from a distance with loud greetings, shook hands tumultuously with the whole party when he came up, said they were rather late, but he had postponed the commencement of the games, of course (with his eye on Eila), till their arrival, and had reserved for them the best place on the ground. Then he jumped on the back-step, and called out to the postilion with the black eye to put the spurs in and fear no evil. It was a great thing to be well with Tainsh on such a day as this. So they drove to their position slowly past the line of carriages, Mrs M'Killop (whom, from her first arrival among them, the county had decided to ignore) doing her best, with a tremendous double eye-glass, to return the broadside of all the eyes in each, rearing her head up like some terrible sea-serpent about to spring, in a manner calculated to awe the boldest, and altogether running the gauntlet with much bravery and spirit.

"Dreadful-looking person!"

"Quite an eyesore!"

"Pretty girls, though."

"Oh no! very bold and pert-looking."

"Who are these men?"

"How can you ask?"

"Nobody knows anything about such people."

"I am sure that red woman drinks."

"She is evidently very tipsy at this moment."

"How she stares!"

"The termagant!"

"The ogress!"

One can imagine that the glances directed at the brake by the utterers of such sentiments were not very amicable, and so estimate the weight of the guns she had to engage. Pigott was really delighted with the sensation they produced, and stared in a pleased wooden way (acting as a sort of auxiliary gunboat to Mrs M'Killop) at the indignant *beau-monde*.

"Holloa! here's Bob West!" he cried out suddenly, as they approached, and for an instant halted beside a carriage of very distinguished appearance, outside of which was the gentleman in question. "How are you, Bob?"

"By George! it's the Pig!" (by this swinish *sobriquet* our friend was known in pigeon-shooting circles.) "You here! Wonderful! Where have you dropped from? Awfully glad to see you."

"I'll come back and talk to you presently."

"Do, my porker;" and they rolled on again.

"The Jook's carriage!" exclaimed Mrs M'Killop with bated breath (she had struck her topgallants, so to speak, on approaching the gracious vehicle). "Who is your very distinguished-looking friend, Captain Pigott?—a nobleman, of course?"

"Well, he's Bob West. No, he's not a nobleman; he is a lord, however, his papa being the very dilapidated Irish Marquess of something or other. He's a capital shot."

"A most refined-looking man. By the by, Captain Pigott, any friends you may wish to give luncheon to, will be welcome here, you know. Consider the brake

your own home, and use every freedom."

"You are very kind; I'll bring Lord Robert and present him. I am sure you will like him."

"He looks really fascinating; does he not, girls?"

The moment they got on to the ground Bertrand felt a sort of chill presentiment that his good times were over for the day. His confidential intercourse with Eila abruptly terminated, and he saw her face change, and flush, and brighten with excitement, as she gazed on the concourse, recognising, no doubt, new worlds to conquer.

Instantly he was jealous, furiously jealous, of everything and everybody; of Tainsh when he came up like a conquering hero, swaying crowds and recalcitrant coachmen with disgusting omnipotence; of a tall, dark, bearded man, on a private omnibus, with lavender gloves and a binocular, through which he appeared (the vampire!) to feast on Eila's beauty as long as they were in sight; of Bob West, who *was* a most insufferably pleasant-looking fellow, and had his eye on *her* at once; in short, of every male being within eyeshot of the brake. When they were safely ensconced in a capital place at the head of the line, Tainsh said "he would now go and start them," inviting himself, with the easy grace of an emperor assured of his welcome, to return to luncheon, when, as he said to Eila, he would take *her* orders as to any change in the programme she might like to suggest (surely the "fellow" was "riding on the tip-top of his commission"), and also bring her the list of dances for the evening "as soon as it came down from the printer." Tainsh was, of course, managing steward of the ball, and had all the arrangement of it and everything else—being on this day an embodiment of pluralism and patronage; so that it was really a case of "Nisi Tainsh frustra." Eila perhaps fully realised this, for she was fascination itself to him, even going so far, apropos of some talk about bouquets, as to promise to confiscate, for the use of this "beast of a factor," the flowers destined for her papa, who, she said, would never miss them; whereupon Bertrand, unable to endure this levelling-up process, cried out, "Mr M'Killop can have mine! it is heartily at his service!"

"But you haven't got one, Mr Cameron, have you?" retorted Eila. "I said I had some bouquets, and that *perhaps* I would give you one; but that was only if you behaved very well;" then, when Tainsh had gone away grinning, and she saw that Bertrand's face was furious and dark, she added, with her winsomest smile, "but as you always behave well, of course it will be yours, and" (*sotto voce*) "I flattered myself that you would not be so ready to part with a gift of *mine*."

Away clouds and tempests! away! avaunt! Retro Sathanas! "Part with it? I will wear it next my heart till I die." But, alas! this is only what Bertrand was *going* to cry out, when he was interrupted by a shrill exclamation from Eila, in chorus with several hundred female voices, and due to the letting-off of a field-piece, which had "played bang!" as Hamish expressed it, in obedience to a signal from Tainsh when he left the carriage, and which meant that the games were to begin. Then in an instant all was stir and commotion, so that Bertrand could get no further hearing; and seeing the postilions moving off to stable their horses in the town, he got down hastily and ran after them to arrange for the despatch of a messenger to Cairnarvoch for his things, finding on his return Eila and Morna established on the box-seat

("so cosily," the former said), *vice* Hamish, gone away to compete for something, so there was nothing for him but to get inside and look gloomily on at the athletes.

The games were like all other games, which everybody has seen—for where are they not held wherever a few Highlanders are gathered together, from Braemar to Borneo?

And a goodly sight they were, and pleasant it was to see the flower of the flower of the lusty and stalwart manhood of the world taxing sinews of iron, and straining matchless powers of endurance, as the hammer was hurled, and the caber tossed, and the long stern race run up the rugged mountain-side, and the measure of a tall man's stature cleared with the lightness of the hunted deer,—and the wild grace, spirit, and enthusiasm of the glorious "strathspey"; while at every feat or failure a wave of deep sound, like the rolling boom of surf upon the shore, came from thousands of voices on the hill. Besides the more energetic exhibitions, the less violent part of the usual programme was duly fulfilled; and the quoiters quoited, and the "best-dressed Highlanders at their own expense," paraded before often-puzzled judges; and, above all things, the pipers piped in emulation, and everywhere over the hillside were little groups of umpires, and in the centre of each a competitor doing his best to enchant their ears—while in every nook and dell a performer not yet "called," tortured his yelling instrument up to the proper pitch of readiness, so that the air quivered with the sound of diffused piping, "giving a mere Englishman," as Pigott said, "the feeling of spending his day on board a steamer for ever in the act of making a temporary stoppage at a station."

The luncheon-hour came, and Pigott, who had gone to "look up" Bob West, brought back that noble Lord, who proved to be exactly as Bertrand had feared, a most engaging fellow, blind to Mrs M'Killop's absurdities, observant of M'Killop, frank and jolly to Bertrand himself, and oh! so gay, so easy, so unembarrassedly *debonnair* and delightful to the young ladies, especially to *her* upon whom Bertrand felt that Bob West's noble eye rested with much too admiring an expression.

"Now you've come, my Lord," cried Mrs M'Killop in delight, "we'll have luncheon. Pray step in, and come up to this end, where your Lordship will have a rest for 'his' back."

So his Lordship, who was not the least of a swell, but rather accused of being the companion of publicans and sinners, got in, somewhat crushed by the homage he received, and took up his position exactly under the heavenly elevation on which Bertrand's angel was perched. Dashed, moping, miserable, Bertrand himself allowed one person after another to pass above him, so that he finished in a seat at the door, whence he could command a fine view of Bob West handing up viands to the box-seat, always with some pleasantry which "took," or proffering goblets of champagne with remarks of an equivalent sparkle, and generally compassing the box-seat "with sweet observances."

And yet Bob West could eat at the same time very heartily, and drink really with spirit, and answer Mrs M'Killop's questions about the "Ditchess" whose guest he was, and assure Mr M'Killop that he was making a capital lunch, so cordially, that if the thing had gone on long M'Killop must inevitably have tackled him about "wool"; and altogether it was sackcloth and ashes for Bertrand; and when Bob, his luncheon finished, stood up, and was begged "as a favour" by the

box-seat to smoke, and did so with his back to the company, and his face to *her* (who "blazed into him eighteen to the dozen," as Pigott subsequently reported), the cup quite ran over, and Bertrand began to think that a permanent residence on the tip-top of the Cordilleras was the Doom to which he had better consign himself with all convenient speed. He selected the Cordilleras as a nice desolate sort of mountains, where you can be cosily frozen to death without any sort of fuss or trouble. The noble Lord seemed in no hurry to move; and when he had asked for a third tumbler of champagne, and lighted a fresh cigar, Mrs M'Killop, whose foible it was to sleep after meals, fearing to commit so grave a breach of etiquette in presence of a future Marquess, "thought she would take a turn," and impressed the wretched Bertrand into her service as escort, who went with her mechanically, and she ran him right under the guns again; for, brave at all times, Mrs M'Killop was slightly pot-valiant now, and thirsted for the fray; and so twice up and down the line of carriages she passed, tossing and fleering and glaring through her glass, and explaining to Bertrand, with very articulate enunciation, that there was no one here "whom any one knew anything at all about, except the "Ditchess," with whom (*viâ* Bob West) she felt herself to be in a sort of *rapport*. From the line they passed to a judgment of "best-dressed Highlanders," and among the umpires whom should they find but Mr Duncanson?

"You have never been near us, James!" exclaimed Mrs M'Killop, in a *quasi* hurt tone. "Very polite of you, I must say."

James explained, that having the entire cares of the meeting on his shoulders, it had been impossible for him to get away as he could have wished; but he hoped to visit the brake before very long, and asked for Miss Morna.

"Oh, Morna is very well and very happy! I left her in charge of our friend, Lord Robert West—who is a monstrous agreeable young man—making them all die of laughing. You'd better go soon, or the luncheon will be all gone. His Lordship knows what's what, and has asked leave to bring some of his friends from 'the castle' to try the grouse-pie; go soon"—and Duncanson made short work of an old man, with a great deal of untanned hide about his body (and who announced that his model in dress was Gilian Glas of the seventh century or so), and went. And Mrs M'Killop, remembering an old dowager at the other end of the line who had looked spiteful, but whose eye she had failed to catch, took Bertrand up the line again, and having polished off the dowager by remarking under her very nose, after a careful inspection, "Just as I thought! Rouged, the teeth false, and the left eye artificial!" marched gaily back to her cantonments. Here things had by no means altered for the better. Bob West still occupied his old place; beside him, talking to Morna, was another man of the same type, with a splendid buccaneering auburn beard. On the step, in front of Eila, stood Tainsh rattling away, quite unabashed, and dividing Eila pretty fairly with his Lordship—just as the Lord Mayor of the day at a City banquet can hold his own with all sorts of principalities and powers; while on the ground, waiting for *his* innings, but occasionally anticipating them by a bold swipe, stood that horrible, black-bearded, lavender-gloved vampire from the omnibus, who made up for his disadvantageous position by a far-carrying and rather plaintive play of eye. It was horrible. Duncanson was on

the off step with a tumbler of champagne in one hand, trying to eye down the auburn buccaneer, in which he did not seem quite to succeed, perhaps because his mouth was so full of grouse-pie, a plate of which delicacy was before him on the foot-board.

The programme for the evening had just reached Tainsh "from the printer;" and as Bertrand came up, he heard a deal of petitioning for this dance and that going on on the part of Bob West, Tainsh, and the murky villain down below.

"Really, Lord Robert," Eila was saying, "you are too avaricious! I have given you four already. No, no; I must be firm."

"Give me *all* the 'Hoolichans,' Miss Eila," cried Tainsh.

"Really, Mr Tainsh, you are too greedy" (*N.B.*—A noble Lord is "avaricious"—a factor, however prosperous, cannot rise above "greed"); "be contented with the first and the last: and then, you know, you have the country-dance, and you would insist on the 'Bonny Dundee' Quadrille."

"I only ask one favour, Miss M'Killop; I ask you to make me a sporting promise—don't read the composers' names, but promise me all the valses by Strauss in the programme. If they are many, I shall be in Paradise; if there are none, I shall go to bed—voilà." This (in a voice full of the grand colossal melancholy of a colossal Alpine horn wailing among the Alps) was the Vampire's contribution to Bertrand's misery. He grew sick at heart—he would stay there no longer—he would be off to the Cordilleras at once, and he started away from the carriage in that sense.

"Mr Cameron!" He looked round; she was calling him. "You have not asked me for a dance; how unkind! and they are nearly all gone."

Every eye in and about the carriage was turned upon Bertrand, but his Highland blood was fairly up, and he confronted them all, even including *her*, with a fierce and haughty bearing; then said, in a cold, acrid (as *he* imagined), thoroughly-indifferent-to-her voice, "Please don't keep one for me; I'm rather fastidious about floors; and I don't really think I should be quite equal to getting round on the kind of thing we are likely to have to-night. So sorry." And, impervious to a mournful, pleading eye, and a sort of coaxing, deprecating pout of the lips, he turned and went. "I have made her *feel*," he said to himself, with savage exultation—"feel!" And so he had, no doubt, and all the others too; the feelings of the latter (not, it is to be hoped, of the former) were, however, mirthful and derisive.

"What's the matter with him?" laughed easy Lord Bob.

"Who *is* the beggar?" demanded the buccaneer.

"I think I've seen him before," said the Vampire, still in his blow-bugle-blow tones; "or is it, tell me, is it only that he's so like Sidney Bancroft in his most 'walking' and dignified moments?"

"He's making a precious fool of himself," cried Tainsh, who was perhaps a little jealous, and at all events could not have impertinences directed against the floor which he had "arranged" and "managed."

"As he always does," gobbled Duncanson.

No voice of defence came from the box-seat, although Morna's face flushed, and she looked as if she was going to speak almost; but from inside came a still, small, dry, rather languid voice.

"His name is Bertrand Cameron, if you want to know, and he's got more sense and 'go' in his little finger than all you fellows have in your

united brains — except you, Mr Tainsh, and you, Mr Duncanson—because I don't know you well enough to take the freedom of speaking the truth yet. Poor Bertrand is awfully seedy. He had a touch of the sun on the hill the other day, and he hasn't been right since. I'll go and look after him. Don't finish all the champagne, Bob; you've been drinking like a camel for the last hour;" and Pigott followed his friend.

He did not find him, however, for he had turned abruptly off to the left and taken to the steep hillside at once. And up it he tore with the energy of a maniac till he was spent and breathless, and perforce obliged to slacken his pace; after which, in a little, came cooler reflection, and then in a little came remorse, and then, in a little more, came repentance. After all, had he not "abdicated his functions?" (like the Peers when they don't happen to be in their normal condition of "exercising an intolerable oligarchical pressure.")

After all, was it her fault that she was so attractive that all the world came a-wooing? After all, had he not himself been a brute, a maniac, a ruffian? And oh! that look of tenderness, sorrow, simple, guileless Woe! How could he have turned from *that* with a flinty heart and flintier countenance? Hang the Cordilleras! he would go back to her; he would beg for forgiveness. And so, like the King of France, having marched up the hill, he marched down again; and there was Eila (having exchanged seats with Mrs M'Killop) sitting inside, all alone, looking desolate; and he went in beside her and made his peace; saying, in answer to her earnest and even suggestive inquiries, that he *had* been again "faint," and promptly receiving eau-de-Cologne from a glorified phial with a gold and turquoise top, taken from her own blessed pocket. And then he heard with rapture that, although her card was filled up, still for *him* she must try to make some arrangement — *Anglicé*, throw some one over; and learned, with a thrill, that she had *quite* decided (after mature thought) that his bouquet was to consist of a blush rose, supported by myrtle-leaves, jessamine, and heliotrope: and now was he happy? And he said he was happier than ———, but he had no words to express what he meant; still he looked it pretty fairly, and they interogled strenuously in silence for one brief ecstatic minute, when the accursed posters arrived to take them back to the town, the games being all over, "except the shouting," of which, by the by, they had soon more than enough; for presently arrived Hamish M'Erracher, furiously drunk and minus his bagpipes, which, having been overcome in a musical contest, he had (with the sensibility of a defeated Celt) obligingly thrown over a precipice. And Hamish swore, like any French soldier, that he had been betrayed and duped by one Parlane M'Farlane, beguiled by that "nestee, powterin' plŏckhēēd and răscăl" into inordinate whisky, so that the cunning of his hand and lip had failed him, and he was disgraced; but had a kick or so left in him yet, for he would fight then and there any man in honour of Mr M'Killop and the leddies—emphatically "annee man," not even excepting "fechting Geordie," who was understood to be the postilion whose honourable scars lent a sombre distinction to the M'Killop equipage.

Hamish gave much trouble, and frightened the ladies a good deal, but was eventually captured and led away by two constables, between whose grandmothers' maternal aunts and Mrs M'Killop he was heard to draw (in Gaelic) comparisons alto-

gether unfavourable to the former ladies. This trouble disposed of, they drove to the hotel for an early dinner, where all went merry as a marriage-bell—no Lord Bob, no Buccaneer, no Vampire to cast shadows over the banquet. It was all too short, however, to please Bertrand; for the ladies had to rest in the middle of a somewhat formidable day's work, and then they had to dress, which would be a work of time; so Mrs M'Killop withdrew the young ladies the moment dinner was over. When they were gone, M'Killop suggested that perhaps the two gentlemen might like to go to the meeting and hear the candidate for the boroughs explain his views to the electors of Ardmartin; he, M'Killop, not caring to go himself, thinking it unseemly, he said, as a mere sojourner in the district, to mix himself up with its politics.

"What do you say to going, Bertrand?" asked Pigott.

"Oh, I'll go with pleasure."

Bertrand was again in spirits, and would go anywhere or do anything; so off they went, leaving their host to devour the "Money Market and City Intelligence."

CHAPTER XII.

The meeting was held in a chapel of one of those mysterious and numerous dissenting sects, the shepherds of which appear now to exercise in Scotland that supreme political influence formerly enjoyed in Ireland by the Roman Catholic priests; and in this building a large and noisy assembly was already congregated when our friends entered. Much whisky had been imbibed on the ground during the day, and more still in the town by earnest topers, who, regarding time occupied in visiting the games as the merest misuse of golden moments diverted from the real business of the occasion, had stayed at home and toped earnestly. At the games the whisky had "lain" very fairly during the day, Hamish's escapade being almost the only call upon the services of the force; but towards evening, as the carriages rolled into the town after the games were over, their drivers had to contend with a good deal of staggering latitudinarianism, which required the road, and the whole road, not to mention an occasional bold slice out of an adjacent field or two, to make anything like a satisfactory course to Ardmartin. And now the saturnalia had begun in earnest, and as Pigott and Bertrand passed down the street they found themselves in the midst of it, as it raved, and screeched, and quarrelled, and danced, and hugged, and wept, and sang, and fought through the town, or reposed in sodden content in the gutters, or philosophised in muttered broken apostrophes to lamp-posts, pumps, and such other objects as, from the nature of things, can be button-holed to a certainty. Inside the meeting itself there was to be found pretty nearly every stage of intoxication—the furious, the imbecile, the philosophic, the declamatory, the maudlin. The air was loaded with alcoholic fumes; a cubic foot of it resolved into its chemical elements might have produced a gallon or so of fair Glenlivet.

Yells of impatience, political cries, local witticisms, personal altercations, made a babel of strange sounds. There was a party for smoking, and a party opposed to it—as sacrilegious; so that pipes were lighted and smashed, from a theological point of view. Then bottles were handed about, sucked at, fought for, dropped, broken. Songs

were called for, toasts proposed, hissed, cheered, and hooted. Never was such a wild, orgiastic hurly-burly in any place of worship, save perhaps that of Bacchus.

This was a specimen section of the stratum in which Mr Disraeli expected to find calm, temperate, patriotic Conservatism, when he leaped, with nine-tenths of his party, down the coal-pit to look for it.

Presently there was a lull as a procession entered by a side door from the vestry, and ascended to the platform, which was arranged round the desk from which the "leader of song" on Sabbaths conducted the praises of the congregation. The procession was really sober. It was headed (of course) by Mr Tainsh, who "conducted" the candidate, and was composed of the respectables of the town, with here and there a Liberal laird (or rather "bonnet-laird"), looking as if on that occasion at least he rather regretted his political creed.

A certain Bailie M'Candlish came to the front of the rostrum and was saluted with various cries.

"See till Caundlish!" "A sang frae Caundlish!" "Pit on yer specs, man." "Stick in, Bylie!" "Wha boucht the deed coo?" The last—an allusion apparently to some questionable transaction of the Bailie's which divided the sentiment of the place—produced a terrific uproar, in a slight lull of which he, however, contrived to move that his honourable friend Mr Tainsh (of course) should take the chair; and a storm of indiscriminate howling being assumed as assent, Mr Tainsh marched into the precentor's box, bowed to pandemonium, said (amid interruptions) that they knew the object of the meeting (which could only have been true in a very restricted sense), and that, without farther parley, he begged to introduce Mr Platt-Crump from London, who was recommended to the attention of the boroughs by that eminent friend and adviser of the "working man," Mr John Bright.

Under the ægis of this great name Mr Platt-Crump, on coming forward, was received with immense applause. He was a tall, thin, wiry, middle-aged man, with rather a hungry face, understood to be a barrister, and justifying the belief by a certain cosy, confidential, and withal fluent method of speaking, as well as by a forensic habit of tucking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. The people shouted "Bravo!" and "Go it!" and thus encouraged, Mr Platt-Crump went it, and no mistake. He began by saying that he was, before everything else, "progressive,"—which might have been true once, but, by his own subsequent showing, was at present rather incredible, Mr Crump having apparently got as far as was possible, until some one was kind enough to invent a bran-new set of institutions for Mr Crump to "progress" through and demolish with his inexorable hoofs. He then proceeded to show that he was not merely a reforming broom, but also a political petard; and if only the good folks of Ardmartin would be kind enough to place him in position, and apply the match, he was prepared to blow everything, with one or two very trifling exceptions, to smithereens.

If he was asked, "Would he support a measure for the abolition of the law of hypothec?" Mr Platt-Crump's reply was that he would strain every sinew and muscle to get it passed.

Of the Game Laws? all his energy should be devoted to digging up that subtle r-r-root of an effete feudalism.

Of the restrictions upon Trades-unions? he would say, "Erase from the statute-book such a discreditable BLOT."

Of the State Church? he would cry, "Down with it!"

Of the Commander-in-Chief? he would sign the death-warrant of that entirely bloated official.

Of Bishops in the House of Lords? he would sweep these sanctimonious dotards from their pride of place.

Of the House of Peers itself? that was a delicate question, but Mr Platt-Crump was prepared to face it with calm, and he would tell the Peers (frankly) that vitality having passed from them, they were now a mere "excrescence" for which he knew of only one remedy, and that was "the knife, gentlemen—the incisive, trenchant knife of radical reform." (Cheers.) As to University Tests—but they were too nauseous a subject, and Mr Platt-Cramp turned his head aside and archly feigned a temporary sickness, thereby delicately suggesting the fate that awaited *them.* Then the army in its present state must be abolished, and some popular substitute provided—(officered, if possible, by working men); in its present state it was intolerable. Would any one kindly tell him why the sweat of toiling moiling millions should be squandered upon a *sham*, a *farce*, that gilded lordlings (ever ready to batten upon the inwards of the working man) might r-r-ruffle it in the haunts of aristocratic sensuality? (Immense applause, but apparently a good deal of local irritation about the chairman's scalp.) Yes, he would abolish that and everything else—everything, that was to say, that weighed upon the working man, was distasteful to his feelings or repugnant to his conscience. He would abolish every tax that was any sort of restriction upon the enjoyments to which the working man felt he had not merely a bias but a claim. The deficit thence resulting he would meet by dealing with the land in a bold spirit. (Hear, hear.)

If he (Platt-Crump) swayed the destinies of this great country, every working man should begin his day, to use the impressive, he might say epigrammatic, words of his illustrious friend John Bright (thunders of applause), at a "free breakfast-table;" and—though in this, perhaps, he advanced boldly—starting from the dictum of that great man, he would extend that freedom to every meal of which honest labour partook in the course of the day, even topping up at night with a free pipe of tobacco and a free glass of toddy. (Frantic applause and much laughter.)

Then, of course, came Mr Platt-Crump's peroration that there was only one MAN who could secure these inestimable advantages for the working classes, and he would do it—ay, he *would* do it, sure as his name was a name before which bigots and oligarchs quailed, and tricksy reactionaries trembled in their spangles and their motley (sensation, and a voice, "Jimsie, gie's the dottle o' yer pipe!")—sure as his name was WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the only great statesman with a brain (John Bright excepted), the only great statesman with a conscience, the only great statesman with a heart, all, with every other item of his system, mental and corporeal, entirely devoted to the people from whom he sprang.

Have faith in Gladstone. Give him a following, and he will do it. Then came the obvious deduction, "Therefore rally round Platt-Crump and support first-rate talent." And Mr Platt-Crump sat down smiling among the ruins, as it were, of everything except Mr Gladstone and the working man, amid hurricanes of applause. There was hardly an adverse sentiment expressed even by

the soberest of the audience. A very mealy baker, indeed, loudly stated his opinion that Mr Platt-Crump was "naething but a bletherin' speldran;" a view supported with a good many quaint oaths by a mason, perhaps from some hazy professional feeling, that though a first-rate puller-down of edifices, Mr Crump had contrived to hide his light as a constructor under a very comprehensive bushel. These reactionaries having been eliminated after a tough resistance, Mr Crump was subjected to the process of "heckling"—that is, cross-examination by the more representative men of the meeting; and here his success was not so marked. It was all very fine and very easy to deal in a set speech with large imperial questions, particularly when he had nothing to suggest but a saw-and-pick-axe policy; but every locality has its own pet political maggot, and with a Scotch constituency there are two subjects at all times tender, sacred, and ticklish — the Sabbath and liquor (the irreverence of the collocation is not with the writer, but in the deplorable fact). Mr Crump had either been badly posted up on these questions, or he had got muddled by the row and the alcoholic atmosphere; for upon being asked by a hoary old man with a reverend quaver in his voice, what his views were as to trading on "the Saw-ă-ă-bath" (here the quaver came out strongly), he began to bounce away about the working man being clearly entitled to buy his bit of bacon or his bit of baccy on any day in the week, and (jocularly) the better day the better deed. Similarly, as to Sunday places of recreation, Mr Platt-Crump thought that the working man, who had been moiling all the week, was not to be denied such amusement as might be in harmony with his own conscience. He was for perfect freedom. No one would deprecate more strongly than he any attempt to coerce the working man into an unwilling visit to a tea-garden of a Sunday; but at the same time he would deprecate any attempt to shut the tea-garden against the working man, if it was on that day his pleasure to visit that tea-garden. Murmurs had symphonied the whole course of this explanation, but at its conclusion they came to a head; the iteration of the word tea-garden was out of harmony with the spirit of the meeting, and a storm of disapprobation burst upon the bewildered Crump. "Remember the Saw-ă-ă-bath-day, to keep—" began the ancient querist; but his voice was drowned by the tumult, from which an occasional shrill cry shot out distinctly, such as "Awtheist!" "Blăsphaymer!" "Polly, pit the kettle on!" "Doon wi' the Pope!" "Bash him on the heed, Tainsh!" "Stap him up the chumley, Bylie!" and so on. Mr Tainsh having with difficulty procured silence, and rapidly consulted with Mr Platt-Crump, stated that the candidate would make an explanation, which after a time he was allowed to do; and which was to the effect that what he had said was merely a casual, ill-considered *résumé* of the general feeling of the Liberal party, including Mr Bright (cries of "No, no; it's a big lee!" &c. &c.), on the question. For himself, he had no strong bias either way; and if he became their Member, would consult their views and vote as they, in their wisdom, might direct. This appeased the assembly pretty well, except the reverend quaverer, who left the room expressing his conviction that Mr Platt-Crump was a "Laa-o-di-cayan," in addition to being a "foolish Galatian" and "a tinkling cymbal."

Then a determined-looking, stout, red-faced man rose and said that a question of grave interest to all

thinking men was involved in the proposal to enact a Permissive Liquor Law. He (the red-faced man) hoped Mr Platt-Crump was prepared to grapple with that question in a bold, decided, and thoroughly British spirit.

Here poor Crump was in terrible difficulties. The constituent group consisted of some five or six boroughs. These all agreed in the grand testing shibboleth "Gladstone," and the worship of one or two similar fetishes were matters of course; but in other respects they often differed. An opinion that was dogmatic in one, was indifferent in another, and on some questions there was open antagonism between them.

Thus in A the cry might be, "Down with the Church!"
" B " " "Death to the Rabbit!"
" C " " "A man may marry his grandmother!"
" D " " "Hypothec no more!"
" E " " "The Sawbath."

But A would raze the Church, and yet not marry his grandmother; while B, if you would only exterminate the rabbit, was prepared to let both the Church and his grandmother alone; and so on with infinite permutations and combinations, difficult for a poor man to carry always in his head who was speechifying, and being "heckled" day after day and night after night, till he hardly knew which was uppermost—his head or his feet.

Thus Crump had forgotten all about the speciality of the town of Ardmartin; and so he, in his difficulty, thus reasoned with himself: "To abolish is liberal, to oppose is conservative, but you can't abolish what doesn't exist; whereas, if you oppose a new idea, however fallacious, you are in danger of condemnation as a Tory;" and therefore, after vainly trying to discern by the sodden faces of the audience what would be popular, he stammered out that it was "a large question—a *very* large question," he might go the length of saying "an *excessively* large question," "*and* a broad question" into the bargain. It was a question, he was free to confess, which had puzzled his head, ay, and wiser heads than his—being, in fact, one of those complicated problems which abound in a state of society resulting from an old civilisation, and a highly artificial condition of things in general.

But here the red-faced man jumped up and said that he was a plain man (which was incontrovertible), and that he had no relish for "hocus-pocus." "Would Mr Platt-Crump kindly abstain from hocus-pocussing him, and say "yes or no"? Would he or would he not support a Permissive Liquor Bill?"

Thus spurred to the edge of the precipice, Mr Platt-Crump jumped over it and said he would support such a bill.

There was a solemn portentous silence for a few moments, and then came the ringing voice of the red-faced man with these words: "In that case, sir, I shall not support *you;* and I think I can pledge myself that nine-tenths of the gentlemen here present will follow my example."

Now the murder was out; the querist was the leading distiller of a district abounding in distilleries; half the people in the room were somehow or other connected with his trade, and the entire assembly tenderly sympathised with it as consumers.

"I hate humbug and cant, sir," added the red-faced man; "and I move that this meeting has no con-

fidence in your political views; also, that they are entirely unworthy of a great nation."

A hundred seconders rose to their feet, and Tainsh was called upon to put the motion to the meeting. He declined upon some technical ground; and immediately, with the yells of pandemonium, a rush was made to the platform, and the last things Bertrand and Pigott saw, as they left the place, were Platt-Crump vindicating his character as a progressive by a rapid flank movement towards the vestry, heavily salivated by a mob of pursuers, and Tainsh besieged in the pulpit, dodging missiles with surprising activity, and holding the position with the desperate valour of a Maori chief, alone, surrounded in his "pah," but resolved not to be taken alive.

Yet, as a matter of fact, Crump was eventually elected. He had been more successful in hocus-pocussing the other boroughs, probably, so that no opposition had been started; and now it was too late for the good folks of Ardmartin to organise one. So Crump went to Parliament, and is perhaps at this hour a tractable member of that wondrous majority; and if so, no doubt one of those poor devils—those dumb, delegate dogs who are bullied all round—who tremble at the bleating of the constituent flock, and crouch before the awful eye of the remedial but acid shepherd-in-chief.

"What do you think of that?" laughed Bertrand, when they were clear of the meeting.

"Think of it, my good fellow? Please don't let us think of it—it really makes me feel more inclined to cry than to laugh. We used to be able to look down upon—laugh at, if you please—the political life and customs of most other countries; but is there in all Europe, or perhaps even in America, to be seen any political exhibition so low, so filthy, so degraded, as this we have just left? You blessed Scotchmen shake your solemn heads over the Irish difficulty, but, by George! you're as bad for old England as the Irish are, or worse; and what with Scotch Radicalism and Irish Fenianism and Ribbonism, England is between Scylla and Charybdis—destined, I fear, to sink. Platt-Crump ought to be stewed in some of that red-faced ruffian's whisky. Apropos, do you know if they give any decent sort of suppers at these gathering balls?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"I hope they do; it was a wretched dinner, and I'm hungry already. Well, here's the hostel, and I suppose it is time to adorn."

NEW BOOKS.

THANK heaven for peace, such as it is! The reign of our Own Correspondent is over, and literature may again begin to breathe, and it is possible for books to be!

One sign that we are not so much the worse for the interregnum as might have been feared, is the appearance of some books which take their place at the very extreme end of the scale from that breathless, breakneck race of the historians of the moment, which a month or two ago bade fair to demoralise us all. Such are the thoughtful Essays on religious and literary subjects collected into a permanent form by Mr Hutton,* which will be very welcome to many who know his skill and power in that art of criticism which is soiled by so much ignoble use, and yet is so worthy and noble an art. At the first glance it would seem that to criticise criticism was a somewhat unnecessary proceeding; and yet there is no literary work more delicate, more difficult, more important when well done, or demanding more conscience and care. The faculties necessary for the critic are almost more distinctly marked than those which are required by any other literary workman. He must have the power of close observation—the eye to see, the skill to analyse; he must combine much positive knowledge, and confidence in his own power and judicial authority, with so much intellectual modesty as will make him ready to perceive excellence, even outside the laws which usually regulate its manifestation; and, above all, he must have true sympathetic insight, such as will lay open to him the meanings, not always clearly expressed, the *motif*, not always distinctly indicated, of his subjects. The true critic should see more than the book before him—he should see the mind that produced it; he should be able to catch at full tide the currents of thought that brought it into being, the mental convulsion which it marks, or the ripening existence of which it is the fruit. All those subtle mental influences, which are as dew and sunshine to the spiritual seed, he should note in their unseen courses; he should be able to trace the idea which runs through a lifetime, sometimes, like a river-course, invisible through the trees and ravines, yet here betraying itself by the fresh greenness, and there all of a sudden flashing to the sun. An eminent writer (to be sure it was at the moment when he committed a great literary blunder, and the Philistines were upon him) has lately delivered the contemptuous judgment upon critics, that they are men who have failed in their own attempts at original composition. Such an opinion is a very common one among painters, though not, we think, among writers generally. But we are not much minded to resist the imputation. To a certain extent it is and ought to be true. No man, for instance, can so realise the difficulties of art as the man who has done his best in his own person to overcome them: and in the same way, he who would criticise philosophy must be a philosopher; and he alone may lay a hand upon the ark of poetry who has a certain consecration upon him, and knows at least what is the divine gift which he undertakes to discuss. The attempt to *do* in one's own person always

* Essays, Theological and Literary. By R. H. Hutton. Strahan & Co., London.

increases the power to understand the works of others. So that the sneer becomes in reality a declaration of right.

In the case of most of our finest critics, however, the assertion, as a matter of fact, is simply untrue, though this and a great many other spiteful sayings of authors are much justified by the general want of high morality in criticism—a want which seriously injures the weight of all judgments of books. There is nothing in literature to which a high standard of morals is so necessary, and nothing which is so separated ordinarily from all moral considerations whatever. The fashion of untruthfulness at present prevalent is that of personal favour. The fashion that used to be in highest acceptance was that of personal assault; and there can be no doubt that the most popular bits of criticism which we know are those effusions of clever spite and brilliant malice, the "slashing articles" of a former generation, in which all the art and skill of the writer were taxed to make his subject ridiculous, and impart to the reader the same sense of triumphant mischief which made his own style buoyant, and stirred the blood in his veins. A certain *élan* and *go* are required for this branch of the art, and it suited youth, which is always ready to attack the powers that be. Maga herself has many a sin of this description on her conscience, committed in the heyday of the blood, of which we fear she is not at all ashamed even now; though Maga's vehemence of assault, let us add, has always been accompanied by generous recognition of real merit. But when we recollect poor Jeffrey with his complacent, impatient verdict, "THIS WILL NEVER DO," placing himself like another Colossus to bar the path of Wordsworth, a shudder of terror at such temerity comes over us, and we cannot but feel that, in all the fulness of poetic justice, such operators sometimes got their reward. Imagine the mental anguish, the never-to-be-revealed-or-forgotten shame, of the critic who had committed himself to such an utterance! It is true that so vast a mistake is seldom made by any well-qualified writer; but it is a salutary reminder to us of human imperfection. Let not the reader, however, look for any of the malicious amusement to be derived from slashing articles in the scholarly and judicious essays of Mr Hutton. They are divided into two parts, theological and literary, and it is with the latter that we shall chiefly concern ourselves. The essays in this volume are, with scarcely an exception, upon Poetry, which, of all branches of literature, is the one most open to, and most requiring, the critic's study. We say, with scarcely an exception; for in the two essays on George Eliot and Nathaniel Hawthorne, these writers are contemplated in the poetical and creative aspect of their genius; and, what is still more to the purpose, those essays seem to us (as does also the criticism on Mr Browning) so far unsuitable to the dignity of *a book* that the writers discussed are our own immediate contemporaries. Hawthorne, it is true, is dead; but he is not long enough dead to have much enlarged our conception of him as an author; and George Eliot and Mr Browning are both in full possession of their remarkable gifts, and may yet, and we trust *will* yet, do much that will make Mr Hutton's essays imperfect and incomplete to our grandchildren, with an eye for whose benefit, criticism, where it is made permanent in a book, ought to be written. It is, we think, a mistake to withdraw such essays as these from the pages of a magazine or review, in which they

have a fit and natural place, and to gather them in a permanent volume for which they are not adapted. It is not yet three years since the 'Ring and the Book' was published, yet how imperfect, how unsatisfactory, would be any criticism on Mr Browning's productions which left out that wonderful poem! and we sincerely trust that this is neither the last nor the greatest (though we hope the longest) of the poet's works. The same thing is of course true of the other great writer whose powers are still in their zenith, and whose greatest production may yet, for anything we know, be in the future. For this reason we object to the reproduction in a permanent form of criticism upon living writers. We might even go further, and say, upon very recently deceased writers. The reviews, the magazines, and journals of the day, are the proper places for the work of the day; the work which is intended to be placed in a library should be complete. We are sure that in the case of such a writer as Mr Hutton, the essays we have mentioned have a real excellence which justifies their preservation; but Mr Hutton's example will no doubt afford an excuse to many an inferior critic whose hasty and crude performances are thrust into permanent print, for no better reason than that thrift, which is an excellent thing in domestic economy—which throws away nothing, and makes use of every scrap and candle-end; an admirable quality for a housewife, perhaps—though even a housewife would sometimes be the better for knowing when to throw away.

We have relieved our conscience, and now let us pass on to our more agreeable work. The three first essays in this volume—those on Goethe, Wordsworth, and Shelley—are models of sound and delicate criticism; and nothing could more clearly prove the expediency of keeping silent, at least in the more important judicial capacity of a critic, until time has "orbed into the perfect star" those souls and works of men which death alone can complete and make perfect. How much more instructive, how much more full, is the judgment which can be passed upon those whose lives lie before us—most powerful of all commentaries upon their works—in the calm stillness and accomplished meaning of things which are past,—than that which has to be passed upon the work which is elucidated by no life, and which the modest veil of natural reserve and human modesty still covers, as it ought to cover, the doings of the living? In the article upon Goethe, Mr Hutton enters fully into the character of that amazing man, and dwells, as all who have not entirely yielded to his fascination must have dwelt more or less consciously, upon the inadequacy of his works, great as these are, to explain the astonishing intoxicating personal influence which even now he seems to wield over his adorers — and which Mr Hutton attributes to what Goethe himself calls "dæmonic influence." "It was not divine, for it seemed unintellectual; nor human, for it was no result of understanding; nor diabolical, for it was of beneficent tendency; nor angelic, for you would often notice in it a certain mischievousness. It resembled chance, inasmuch as it demonstrated nothing; but was like providence, inasmuch as it showed symptoms of continuity." This is the description that Goethe himself gives of the marvellous personal power which there can be no doubt some individuals possess, in absolute independence of their own claims to regard, or right to rule over others. He goes on to say that it is not

always "the first and best, either in moral nature or abilities," who possess this gift. It is a power about which no man can reason, which we obey or resist with instinctive vehemence, feeling that there can be no middle way. To this "dæmonic influence," this magnetic force, Mr Hutton attributes the wonderful ascendancy which Goethe has acquired over the minds of men—a something altogether irrespective of his genius. Mr Hutton defines this special quality as "*presence of mind in combination with a keen knowledge of men;*" but this, we think, is an inadequate description. Is it not more truly the power of a severely self-contained and uncommunicative nature, wrapping itself in a splendid veil of superficial emotion, and even passion, such as lights up its surface brilliantly, without ever warming its heart over the simpler, less complex natures, which accept the superficial as real, and are penetrated and consumed by the flame which merely illuminates and never melts the other? This, it may be said, would be no explanation of his influence over Schiller, for example, or, still more remarkably, over our own countryman, Carlyle. But we are by no means prepared to admit this; for absolute Sincerity is always more or less deceivable, in the noble way of incapacity to comprehend the Insincere.

Goethe's insincerity, however, is nothing to be apologetic about, as if it were the defect and weakness of his character. On the contrary, it was its principle, and in one way its strength. He was as open, perhaps more open, to the loves and sympathies common to humanity than other men; where he differed from other men was in his power of subduing them, and putting them away from him when he had got the full sweetness out of them, and felt, with that diabolical insight which weak natures are said to admire, that they could be of no further service to him. Thus he separated himself—not without tugs at his own heart-strings, which he got rid of by means of "the loveliest lyrics," and much benefit to the poetry-reading world—from one after another of the women whom he professed to love, and who loved him; doing on principle what other men are universally condemned as scoundrels for doing on the pressure of temptation—a peculiarity which his biographers scarcely venture to blame, and which it seems to be acknowledged is permissible in a man whose mental greatness places him above the sway of ordinary morals. Goethe was not unfaithful on the common ground of fickle affections, or because the beauty or attractions of another love tempted him from the first—but because he had made up his mind on mature and philosophical reflection that he had got the full intellectual and spiritual benefit of his love, and that it was now expedient to go on to "fresh fields and pastures new." This frightful philosophy of the matter, and the total absence of all that modesty and reserve with which in this country it is our principle (however broken in practice) to shroud all interchanges of sentiment which do not end in marriage, have filled German literature with an innocent seraglio of Goethe's abandoned loves. Modesty of this description, it may be remarked, is not a German attribute. No Teuton lover, even in these days which have made us acquainted with so many new attributes in the Teutonic character undreamed of a few years ago, has yet thought of inventing for it the grace of reserve in its love-affairs; and accordingly everybody knows all about the

Gretchens, Lilis, Fredrikas, who helped forward the development of the great poet, and were repaid for their love by "the loveliest lyrics." Yet his love, while he chose that it should last, was real enough: he had a certain pain in getting free from it. The flame which consumed those human moths who believed in him, flickered regretfully, lingeringly, about himself, ere it went out. He got the good of it to its last moment. Even, we may suppose, the great poet was capable of a certain human sorrow that it should be necessary to buy his perfection at such a cost; but it was necessary, and there was no more to be said. Here is Mr Hutton's summary of this remarkable principle of his life:—

"The thing that jars upon the mind throughout Goethe's life, in his letters, his books—everything he said and did—is the absence of anything like devotion to any being human or divine, morally above himself. God he regarded as inscrutable, and as best left to reveal Himself. The future life was not yet. From all men he withdrew himself in a sort of kindly isolation—sympathising with them, aiding them, helping them against themselves, understanding them, but never making any of them the object of his life. The object of his life, so far as any man can consciously and permanently have one, was the completion of that ground-plan of character presented to the world in Johann Wolfgang Goethe. To perfect this he denied himself much both of enjoyment and real happiness; to keep this ground-plan intact, or to build upon it, he was always ready to sacrifice either himself or anybody else. To this he sacrificed Fredrika's love, Lili's love, and his own love for them—the friendship of any who attempted to interfere with his own modes of self-development; to this he would at any time have sacrificed, had he supposed it needful, the favour of the Duke, and his position at Court; to this, in fact, his life was one long offering. There was nothing Goethe would not have given up for others, except any iota of what he considered to be his own individuality. To tend that was his idolatry—and that this self-worship grew upon him at Weimar, no one can doubt."

Mr Hutton goes on from Goethe to Wordsworth, without perhaps perceiving, what seems very apparent to us, a certain fundamental resemblance between the two characters, immensely modified by circumstances, and lessened by a great many equally fundamental diversities. They are both men who, in soul and spirit, dwell apart, choosing the isolation as a means of perfection; they are both bent, as upon the greatest of all earthly objects, upon the accomplishment of their own individual career. In the case of Goethe, it is "the ground-plan of character" which is his primary object, because Goethe is full of that *un*moral (to quote a good distinction from Mr Hutton) honesty peculiar to Germans which leads them to follow out their conclusions unsparingly, and do what their philosophy bids them do without any consideration for such foreign and illogical matters as right or wrong, morality or immorality; whereas Wordsworth, being, for his part, bound by all the principles, and even prejudices, of the English middle class, was incapable, by nature and education, of any declared self-worship, and could place only the perfection of his work in the shrine where Goethe boldly places his own individuality. This distinction separates broadly the two characters. Goethe acts as a man absolutely free from rule; Wordsworth, as one dutifully and with full consent of his nature subject to it. The one is unmoral, the other moral to the severest height of morality; the one is strong in his "impartial sympathy for good and evil alike"—the other holds by virtue as the secret of all greatness. Yet, notwithstanding this immense difference—notwithstanding the unlikeness of that little, fluttering, worshipping ,sentimental, wicked court at Weimar, to the austere purity and

loneliness of Rydal Mount, we cannot but believe that a fundamental resemblance of character exists between these two great minds. They are both intent upon themselves; to each the centre of the world, and in a manner its *raison d'être*, is himself; they are lonely as Lucifer among the crowds of lesser creatures that fill the earth—working out each for himself the great mournful problem, burdened by a weight of greatness which neither in heaven nor earth is there one soul to share.

Mr Hutton does not, we think, make the same allowance for the character of Wordsworth as affecting his works as he does for that of Goethe. He judges the English poet more from a purely intellectual point of view—a thing so far natural that we are all, so to speak, nearer to Wordsworth than we are to Goethe, and that the reserve of actual life still hangs to a certain extent about the history of the former. Yet we think that Wordsworth's poetry can scarcely be fully understood without a glance at the unimpassioned nature of the man. Full of grave and deep affection, and a strong sense of natural duty, he was, we think, absolutely without passion, realising it with difficulty, and feeling little sympathy with the violence and completeness of its sway. The only instance, indeed, which we can remember, where he ventures to treat it at all, is in that story of Margaret in the first book of the "Excursion," where it is kept in so persistent a monotone, and so deprived of all the wild life and colour and energy peculiar to it, that the effect upon the reader is never exciting, but only depressing—a picture of dull absorption rather than of fiery power. It seems to us that this defect of nature, rather than the frugality of imagination on which Mr Hutton loves to dwell, accounts in a great measure for Wordsworth's preference of the secondary emotions—the joys of anticipation and recollection — the contemplative use of sorrow. The agency of passion annoyed and troubled him: it drove him out of his reckoning. A thing in which there is no serenity, no power to pause, no possibility of reflection, upset—as indeed it is its vocation to do—his conception of the world. This grand use of passion in the earth troubled Wordsworth as the gift of working miracles would disturb a positivist philosopher. He did not want this wild spontaneity — this power whose movements could not be calculated. He disapproved of it, in fact, just as, no doubt, the positivist (could he believe in them) would disapprove of miracles, and consider them as immoral and lawless manifestations of power. It is, however, more to the purpose to show Mr Hutton's conception of the poet's mind than our own; and whether we accept it freely or not, it is impossible not to admire the able and ingenious theory which he thus sets forth:—

"The commonplace modern criticism on Wordsworth is, that he is too transcendental. On the other hand, the criticism with which he was first assailed, which Coleridge indignantly repelled, and which is reflected in the admirable parody published among the 'Rejected Addresses,' was, that he was ridiculously simple—that he made an unintelligible fuss about common feelings and common things. The reconciliation of these opposite criticisms is not difficult. He drew uncommon delights from very common things. His circle of interests was, for a poet, singularly narrow. He was a hardy Cumbrian mountaineer, with the temperament of a thoroughly frugal peasant, and a unique personal gift of discovering the deepest secondary springs of joy in what ordinary men either took as matter of course, or found uninteresting, or even full of pain. The same sort of power which scientific men have of studiously fixing their minds on natural phenomena till they make these phenomena yield lessons and laws of which no understanding destitute of this capa-

city for detaching itself entirely from the commonplace train of intellectual associations would have dreamt, Wordsworth had in relation to objects of the imagination. He could detach his mind from the commonplace series of impressions which are generated by commonplace objects or events, resist and often reverse the current of emotion to which ordinary minds are liable, and triumphantly justify the strain of rapture with which he celebrated what excites either no feeling, or weary feeling, or painful feeling, in the mass of unreflecting men. Two distinct peculiarities, and rare peculiarities, of character, chiefly assisted him in this—his keen spiritual courage, and his stern spiritual frugality. Though his poetry reads so transcendental, and is so meditative, there never was a poet who was so little of a dreamer as Wordsworth. There is volition and self-government in every line of his poetry; and his best thoughts come from the steady resistance he opposes to the ebb and flow of ordinary desires and regrets. He contests the ground inch by inch with all despondent and indolent humours, and often, too, with movements of inconsiderate and wasteful joy—turning defeat into victory, and victory into defeat. He transmutes sorrows into food for lonely rapture, as he dwells upon the evidence they bear of the depth and fortitude of human nature: he transmutes the periodic joy of social conventions into melancholy as he recalls how 'the wiser mind'

> 'Mourns less for what age takes away
> Than what it leaves behind.'

No poet ever contrived by dint of 'plain living and high thinking' to get nearer to the reality of such life as he understood, and to dispel more thoroughly the illusions of superficial impression.

"To this same result, again, the rare spiritual frugality of Wordsworth greatly contributed. Poets, as a rule, lust for emotion; some of the most unique poets—like Shelley and Byron—in their very different ways, pant for an unbroken succession of ardent feelings. Wordsworth, as I shall try to show, was almost a miser in his reluctance to trench upon the spiritual capital at his disposal. He hoarded his joys, and lived upon the interest which they paid in the form of hope and expectation. This is one of the most original parts of his poetic character. It was only the windfalls, as one may say, of his imagination, the accidents on which he had never counted beforehand, the delight of which he dared thoroughly to exhaust. He paused almost in awe at the threshold of any promised enjoyment, as if it were a spendthrift policy to exchange the hope for the reality. A delight once over, he multiplied it a thousand-fold through the vision of 'that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.' Spiritual thrift was at the very root of his soul, and this was one of his most remarkable distinctions among a race who in spiritual things are too often prodigals and spendthrifts. In these two characteristics lies sufficient explanation of the opposite views as to his simplicity as a poet. No poet ever drew from simpler sources than Wordsworth; but none ever made so much out of so little. He stemmed the commonplace currents of emotion, and often succeeded in so reversing them, that men were puzzled when they saw weakness transformed into power, and sorrow into rapture. He used up successfully the waifs and strays of his imaginative life, reaped so much from opportunity, hope, and memory, that men were as puzzled at the simplicity of his delights as they are when they watch the occasions of a child's laughter."

Here is another very fine bit of criticism and contrast, in which, though we cannot quite agree with it, the delicate perception and sympathetic insight of the critic are well marked.

"Wordsworth deliberately withdraws his imagination from the heart of his picture, to contemplate it in its spiritual relations. Thus, for instance, Tennyson and Wordsworth start from the same mood, the one in the song, 'Tears, idle tears,' the other in the poem called the 'Fountain.' Tennyson's exquisite poem is well-known:—

> 'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
> Tears from the depth of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
> In looking on the happy autumn fields,
> And thinking of the days that are no more.
>
> Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
> That brings our friends up from the under world;
> Sad as the last which reddens over one
> That sinks with all we love below the verge;
> So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
>
> Ah! sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
> The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
> To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
> The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
> So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O death in life, the days that are no more.'

"Now turn to Wordsworth's treatment of the same theme:—

'My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carol when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.'

"Tennyson continues in the same strain of emotion with which he begins, picturing the profound unspeakable sadness with which we survey the irrecoverable past; Wordsworth no sooner touches the same theme than he checks the current of emotion, and, to use his own words, 'instead of being restlessly propelled' by it, he makes it the object of contemplation, and, 'with no unconquerable sighs, yet with a melancholy in the tone, sinks inward into himself, from thought to thought, to a steady remonstrance and a high resolve.' And, thus meditating, he wrings from the temporary sadness fresh conviction that the ebbing away, both in spirit and in appearance, of the brightest past, sad as it must ever be, is not so sad a thing as the weak yearning which, in departing, it often leaves stranded on the soul, to cling to the appearance when the spirit is irrecoverably lost. There is no other great poet who thus redeems new ground for spiritual meditation from beneath the very sweep of the tides of the most engrossing affections, and quietly maintains it in possession of the musing intellect."

We have said that we do not quite agree with Mr Hutton in this opinion; but perhaps it would be more just to say that our agreement in his judgment comes from a different strain of thought. To us Tennyson's poem is the utterance of a mind in the full height of life and passion, unable, without a wrench of its whole being, to tear itself from the days that are no more—days so near that it can still snatch at them, the deadly line of separation being as yet scarce indicated by Time's slow finger. On the other hand, Wordsworth's verses are those of an old man fallen into the soft and contemplative melancholies and regrets of age; his eyes are only dim with a moisture of regret, which he tenderly calls "childish"—not blinded with salt and bitter tears. Long years have taught him how useless it is to consume his being with an unavailing grief, and the philosophy of age is strengthened by all the tendencies of the unimpassioned reasonable nature, which is incapable of "waging a foolish strife" with the irrevocable. Perhaps his sadness is not less deep because it is so calm; but it is not, cannot be, impassioned; character and age alike forbid it—not poetical principle alone. In this point we are disposed to think Mr Hutton has fallen a victim to his own theory of interpretation, a danger to which critics of the finest skill and temper are especially liable.

We add his defence of Wordsworth from the charge of egotism brought against him by Hazlitt, in which the pleading is again perhaps more skilful than absolutely convincing:—

"Hazlitt has set up a theory, founded in some measure, perhaps, on these little personal egotisms, to prove that Wordsworth's poetic power is born of egotism, and is part and parcel of his complete want of universality. . . . He tells us further on that Wordsworth's 'strength, as it often happens, arises from excess of weakness.' This is but the sceptic's bitter version of the truth that 'weakness constantly arises from excess of strength'—a form of the proposition not only more true in itself, but far more applicable to Wordsworth's poetry. Rare

gifts of mind almost always tend to some overbalance of habit, or thought, or feeling—to some narrowness, pride, or humour that is in itself a weakness. But no weakness ever of *itself* tends to an opposite strength, even though, as Wordsworth so finely observes in a passage I have already quoted, the free and voluntary wisdom of man may transmute it into an occasion for developing the highest strength; but this is through the supernatural life, not through any natural gravitation of weakness towards its opposite. Strong affections may tend to feebleness of purpose, but not feebleness of purpose to strong affections. Great contemplative power will tend to self-occupation, but self-occupation does not tend to contemplative power. Hazlitt saw that the egotism and the genius in Wordsworth were closely related, and with half-malicious pleasure hastily assumed that the worse quality had the deeper root. When he says that Wordsworth's poetry is mainly derived from 'looking at home into himself,' he says what I have all along endeavoured to establish; but when he *means* by this the contradictory of 'looking abroad into universality,' he is certainly and wilfully wrong. There are two selfs in every man—the private and the universal—the source of personal crotchets, and the humanity that is our bond with our fellow-men, and gives us our influence over them. Half Wordsworth's weakness springs from the egotistical self, as he himself applies when he says—

'Or is it that when human souls a journey long have had,
And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad?'

But all his power springs from the universal self. Nor is it in the least true that Wordsworth's finest poems, as Hazlitt implies, are cocoons of arbitrary personal associations spun around local and accidental centres. The worst element in Wordsworth is the arbitrary and occasional element. Freedom, indeed, enters into his very finest poems—but thoughtful, not arbitrary, freedom. He draws us out of the natural currents of thought and emotion; but if it be from 'chance desires,' if it be to have us 'all to himself,' and give us an egotistic lecture in his own little study—he is as far as possible from his true poetic mood."

Mr Hutton's conception of Shelley is one in which we fully concur. Nothing could be more sharply defined in its diversity from the broad calm natures of the two great poets whom the critic has already discussed, than the restless, feverish, all-craving being, the impersonation of Desire, whom he here sets before us. A painful hurry and eagerness and speed, a never-satisfied thirst, a feverish hunger for emotion, are its chief characteristics. And it is unnecessary to add that there is no music in the world more exquisite than the music of those ineffable longings which, in their passion and intensity, are death to the poet, but which to more moderate natures—spirits finely touched, yet not given over to that inappeasable desire of joy and beauty—afford such a power of expression to the inexpressible as scarcely any other poetry, as perhaps nothing else except the inarticulate passion of music, can give. Nothing can be finer or more true than the following sketch of Shelley's mind and character:—

"Shelley . . . was essentially the poet of intellectual desire, not of mere emotion. The thrill of some fugitive feeling, which he is either vainly pursuing or which has just slipped through his faint intellectual grasp, gives the key-note to every one of his finest poems. His wonderful description of the Hours in the 'Prometheus Unbound'—one of the few passages in which Shelley has given a great subject to any painter capable of entering into him—is a description, in fact, of the two poetic attitudes of his own mind:—

'The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no snakes but the keen stars;
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all
Sweep onward.'

As it seems to me, Shelley himself, in one of his moods of wild-eyed, breathless inspiration—"l'Inglese malincolico," as

the poor people called him at Florence—leaning passionately forward into the future, or backwards to the past, should be the impersonation of these spirit-charioteers of time. Eager, visionary, flashing forms, 'drinking the wind of their own speed,' they are wonderful impersonations of his most characteristic poetic moods. If we look at any of the lyrics on which he has set the full stamp of his genius, we find that it images one of these two attitudes of intellect,—the keen, exquisite sense of want, gazing wildly forward or wildly backward, but vainly striving to close on something which eludes its grasp.

> 'The desire of the earth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion of something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow;'—

that is the true burden of every song. Sometimes the gaze is fixed on the future, and sometimes on the past: sometimes it is—

> 'Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
> Spirit of Night!
> Out of the misty eastern cave,
> Where all the long and lone daylight
> Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
> Which make thee terrible and dear,—
> Swift be thy flight!'

and sometimes—

> 'When the lamp is shattered,
> The light in the dust lies dead;
> When the cloud is scattered,
> The rainbow's glory is shed;
> When the lute is broken,
> Sweet tones are remembered not;
> When the lips have spoken,
> Loved accents are soon forgot;'

but whether forward or backward gazing, the attitude of unsatisfied desire is always the same, distinguishing Shelley from the many great contemporaries who, like Goethe himself, for instance—except in 'Faust,' where he had set himself to delineate the pangs of an insatiable heart and intellect—sing out of the wealth of happy possession even more melodiously than out of the growing ardour of desire. And even between the animating spirit of 'Faust' and the poetical moods of Shelley's poetry there is one very marked distinction. Faust's passion is a hunger for experience,—human experience in the largest and most universal sense; but the thirst which breathes through Shelley is a continual thirst for those rare moments of tingling veins and flushing soul, those instants when the whole frame of nature and human life seems a transparency for sweet emotion, which are but one element in Faust's pursuit. What the passages in 'Faust' were which fascinated Shelley most intensely, he himself may tell us. Speaking of some fine German etchings of 'Faust,' he says: 'I never perfectly understood the Hartz Mountain scene until I saw the etching; and then Margaret in the summer-house with Faust. The artist makes one envy his happiness that he can sketch such things with calmness, which I only dared look upon once, and which made my brain swim round only to touch the leaf on the opposite side of which I knew it was figured.' This is of the very essence of Shelley. He is the poet, not of human yearning in general, but of the yearning for that youthful ecstasy which bounds like fresh life through every nerve. He cannot be satisfied without a *thrill* of his whole soul. He knows nothing of serene joy. He thinks the whole universe should be ever thrilling in every fibre with mysterious tenderness."

Mr Hutton's merits as a theological writer are less in our way than are the literary sketches, in which we cannot help feeling he himself is more at home. His religious views, as he announces in the preface to his book, are founded upon those of Mr Maurice, which will give the reader a tolerably clear indication of their tendency and meaning. All the characteristic beauty of those views, their sympathy with and adaptation to the confused religious sentiment of the age, and, at the same time, the weakness which we cannot but consider equally characteristic of them, will be found in these pages—in which there is at the same time a frank and open avowal, such as wins the deepest sympathy of the reader, that by means of those views the writer has been brought from a less genial region of religious thought, into the light and comfort of the Gospel. This confession is at the same time, there can be no doubt, the highest testimony that man can give to the efficacy of any system of belief, and throws into the scale along with it all the per-

sonal weight of a sound judgment and discriminating intelligence. The only one of these essays, however, to which our space will permit us to refer, is the one on the Fourth Gospel, which may be welcome to many a reader who has unwillingly received into his mind some shadow of the many scepticisms on the subject. Those who have no special theological or philosophical tendencies are, perhaps, scarcely likely to be acquainted with the elaborate criticisms of Baur, on which this essay is a commentary. But Rénan's popular and light-hearted scepticism has penetrated into many regions which the philosophical German could not be expected to reach; and we do not doubt that Mr Hutton's calm and able treatment of the difficulties involved will give assurance and comfort to that uneasy consciousness of possible doubt which is so apt to rise in the minds of readers who have not the time nor the means of satisfying themselves personally upon matters of religious belief thus lightly called in question.

It is with a certain reluctance that we turn from Mr Hutton's book to the life of Hugh Miller,* in two prodigious volumes, big enough to contain the history of a country for fifty years, much less the life of a modest man of science and letters. We turn to it, we say, with reluctance, because the idea of adverse criticism in such a case is painful; and yet it is impossible to refrain from remonstrance in respect to the quite undue length and over-pretensions of the book. When will writers learn that nothing improves by dilution—and that a man whose qualities are chiefly personal, and whose work, though well and truly done, was not of a kind to move the world, has a shade of absurdity rather than reverence thrown upon him by the false importance of such a prolonged narrative? Hugh Miller was a man of genuine talent, even of something which approached genius—or, at least, the humble position in which he was born, and the fact that the first thirty years of his life were spent in manual labour, makes the impulse which developed his literary gift, through all difficulties and hindrances, look very much like the spontaneous and irrepressible impulse of genius. But his works, though delightful reading, are neither so original nor so important as to claim an independent place in literature. A keen and lively power of observation, and a wonderfully lucid and graphic style, were his chief literary distinctions. We do not pretend to estimate the weight of his contributions to science, but there can be no doubt that he has done more to make science (or at least his own special branch of it) popular, than any other man of his generation. His 'Old Red Sandstone,' though the subject to the ordinary mind is far from exciting, carries the reader along with as warm an interest as if it were a drama of rapid and unflagging action; and still more interesting than his work is the figure of the man himself, a true son of the soil, rising out of that primitive stock which is the strength of the nation, and on the whole very true and faithful to it, with no cravings after gentility, or vulgar desire to rise in social rank. It is our sense of all this natural interest which makes us resent Mr Bayne's pretentious exposition and glorification of all the young mason's boyish intellectualisms, and all the influences that attended his youth. Such a life is difficult to treat, let us allow,

* Life and Letters of Hugh Miller. By Peter Bayne, M.A. Strahan & Co., London.

and demands all the more modesty and reticence in the biographer, because his hero had, as was natural, a strong sense of his own merit in overcoming so many obstacles, and of the power of those talents which had carried him triumphantly from his Cromarty cottage into the heart of the scientific and literary world. This personal consciousness of merit must always remain one of the greatest drawbacks of the self-made man, as one of the most solid advantages of education and breeding is the defence they give against undue self-importance. However, the defects of this description in the book before us are very much less those of Hugh Miller than of his biographer; and the reader, by judicious skipping, may manage to glean from it a very true idea of the man. When Mr Bayne spends five pages in trying, with pleasant superiority, to account for the fact that Hugh at five years old thought he saw a spectral apparition, and an equal number to prove that he really followed the best models in choosing to be a dunce and truant at school, we may safely pass on and acquit Hugh Miller of all participation in these jaunty philosophies. A great many of his letters, written in the leisure and loquacity of youth, have been preserved, and are included in these bulky volumes. The letters are in proportion as bulky as the volumes, and we ask ourselves in wonder if any one nowadays expends as many pages in the description of scenery? It is usual to say that the penny post has put an end to such correspondences; but these were written in the days of the penny post. There is a little of Hugh Miller in them, sometimes curiously fine and important, sometimes very gentle and true; but a great deal more of Cromarty and the sea and sky. Hugh Miller was no unappreciated man of genius, but on the contrary, it is apparent, a very fortunate person, through all his career. The little society of his native town, consisting, as Mr Bayne quaintly informs us, after "the Rev. Mr Stewart, the central star in its social firmament," of "a colonel, a captain, both intelligent beyond the average of their class, with ladies to match, a banker, who had been an officer in the navy, and retained professional enthusiasm enough to make him study naval history until he became a walking encyclopædia of information on sea-battles—these, with a variety of studious and accomplished ladies, eminent, some for Calvinistic metaphysics, some for geological predilections," received him into its bosom while he was still a young man of seven or eight and twenty, working as a stone-mason in the sight of all the community. This "group of notablities circled round Alexander Stewart and Hugh Miller, *the Duke and the Goethe of this miniature Weimar*," says our biographer; and, knowing what colonels, and captains, and accomplished and studious ladies in small country towns usually are, we cannot but feel that the young mason must have fallen upon singularly liberal-minded specimens of the class. They not only received him to their tea-tables, but one of the young ladies of the little community, after a very mild and short-lived opposition, was permitted to receive him as her lover. The story is perhaps unique in social annals—at least, at this moment we can remember no parallel to it—for, be it remembered, Hugh Miller was living in the midst of his own people, and no illusion was possible as to his antecedents or surroundings; and he was doing his daily work with hammer and chisel before the eyes of the gentry who thus adopted him into their sphere. All honour to those good people: they must have

had a superiority to the prejudices of caste, and a real appreciation of intellect, which is very rare even in the widest range of society, much less in circles so limited.

The period before this, however, the time in which Hugh Miller was nothing more nor less than a mason-lad, apprentice and journeyman, is the most curious and characteristic in the book. The determined certainty that he was to be something of note in the world, the studies of literary style and the best mode of expressing himself, which occupied the young man who was working hard all day at his rough trade (which, by the way, he always dignifies by the name of profession), and had no retirement at night but that of the bothy, is very remarkable. Here is a description of the temporary home of the working mason:—

"It consisted of one large apartment. Along the wall, and across one of the gables, there was a range of beds rudely constructed of outside slab deals, and filled with straw, which bristled from beneath the blankets, and from between the crevices of the frame, in a manner much less neat than picturesque. At each bedside there were two chests, which served not only the purpose originally intended, but also for chairs and tables. Suspended by ropes from the rafters above, there hung, at the height of a man's head from the ground, several bags filled with oatmeal, which by this contrivance was secured from the rats, with which the place was infested. Along the gable furthest removed from the door there was a huge wood-fire; above it, there were hung several small pots, enveloped in smoke, which, for lack of proper vent, after filling the whole barrack, escaped by the door. Before the fire there was a row of stones, each of which supported an oaten cake. The inmates, who exceeded twenty, had disposed of themselves in every possible manner. Some were lounging in the beds, others were seated on the chests. Two of them were dancing on the floor to the whistling of a third. There was one employed in baking, another in making ready the bread. The chaos of sounds which reigned among them was much more complete than that which appalled their prototypes, the builders of Babel. There was the gabbling of Saxon, the sputtering of Gaelic, the humming of church music, the whistling of the musician, and the stamping of the dancers. Three of the pots on the fire began to boil together, and there was a cry for the cook. He came rushing forward, pushed the man engaged in baking from out his way with one hand, and drawing the seat from under the one employed in making ready the bread with the other, he began to shout out, so as to drown their united voices, for meal and salt. Both were brought him, and in a few minutes he had completed his task."

From this unpromising scene the following letter, or rather the following scrap from a letter six times as long, is written. It is addressed to a fellow-workman, a young house-painter. It is not a fine piece of writing made up in after-years, as later age dictated, such as many of the scenes in 'My Schools and Schoolmasters' seem to have been, but the genuine utterance of the moment:—

GAIRLOCH, *July* 1823.

"You may expect a very long letter. I was so unlucky, two days ago, as to get my left foot crushed in a quarry by a huge stone, and I am now completely chained to my seat. My comrades are all out at work, I have no books, and the hours pass away heavily enough; but I have just set myself to try whether I cannot beguile them by conversing with you. You are sitting before me on a large smooth stone, the only spare seat in the barrack (my own—for I love to sit soft—I have cushioned with a sod), and I have to tell you a long gossiping story—which, after all, is no story—of my journey hither, and of what I have been seeing and doing since I came. . . . The weather cleared up as we proceeded. We had quitted the highway immediately on leaving the inn, and our path, which seemed to have been formed rather by the feet of animals than the hands of men, went winding for about seven miles through a brown mossy valley, whose tedious length was enlivened by a blue oblong lake—beautiful in itself, but reflecting, like the mirror of a homely female, the tame and unlovely features that hung over it. At its upper end we found the ruins of a solitary cottage, the only vestige of man in the val-

ley. We then began to descend into a deep narrow glen or ravine, through which there runs a little brattling streamlet, the first we saw falling towards the Atlantic. The hills rise to a great height on either hand, bare, rocky, stripped into long furrows, mottled over with *débris* and huge fragments of stone, and nearly desolate of even heather. The day had become clear and pleasant, but the voice of a bird was not to be heard in this dismal place, nor sheep nor goat to be seen among the cliffs. I wish my favourite John Bunyan had passed a night in it at a season when the heather-fires of the shepherd are flaming on the heights above,—were it but to enable him to impart more tangibility to the hills which border the deep valley of the shadow of death. Through the gloomy vista of the ravine a little paradise seemed opening before us—a paradise like that which Mirza contemplated from the heights of Bagdad, of smooth water and green islands. 'There,' said my comrade, 'is Loch Marie: we have to sail over it for about fourteen miles, as there is no path on which we could bring the cart with the luggage, but the horse and his master must push onward on foot.' The carter growled like an angry bear, but said nothing we could understand. Emerging from the ravine our road ran through a little moory plain bordered with hills which seemed to have at one time formed the shores of the lake. A few patches of corn and potatoes, that, surrounded by the brown heath, reminded me of openings in a dark sky, together with half-a-dozen miserable-looking cottages, a little larger than ant-hills, though not quite so regularly formed, showed us that this part of the country had its inhabitants. . . . .

"At the lower end of the lake we encountered a large boat full of people. A piper stood in the bows, and the wild notes of his bagpipe, softened by distance and multiplied by the echoes of the mountains, formed a music that suited well with the character of the scene. 'It is a wedding-party,' said my comrade; 'they are going to that white house which you see at the foot of the hill. I wish you understood Gaelic; the boatmen are telling me strange stories of the loch that I know would delight you. Do you see that little green island, that lies off about half a mile to the right? The boldest Highlander would hesitate to land there an hour after sunset. It is said to be haunted by wraiths and fairies, and every variety of land and water spirits. Directly in the middle of it there is a little lake, in the lake an island, and on the island a tree beneath which the Queen of the Fairies holds her court. What would not you give to see her?' Night came on before we got landed; and we lost sight of the lake while yet sailing over it. Is it not strange that with all its beauty it should be so little known? I never heard nor met with so much as its name, until it opened upon me with all its islands, except once, in a copy of verses written by a gentleman of the parish of Cromarty—a Mr Williamson. The voyage terminated about an hour after nightfall, our journey an hour after midnight.

"Good-bye. My companions are just coming into dinner. Shall we not have another *tête-à-tête* to-morrow?"

It is curious to realise that so refined a description of natural beauty came forth from a bothy; and that the working lad had not only the taste to perceive, but already, at twenty, the skill to write with so much vigour and elegance. The young stone-mason, however, does not always show so much good taste. Sometimes he glorifies his pride and learning with an amusing grandeur, evidently feeling, to the bottom of his heart, his own superiority, and that of the correspondent who could appreciate him. It is quite possible, however, that this innocent magnificence of self-estimation might be found to bulk as largely in the intellectual correspondence of two youths at Oxford, feeling themselves immeasurably exalted by their higher pursuits above their brainless fellows: it is a peculiarity of youth rather than of condition. It is curious, at the same time, to read the following somewhat prim condemnation of the much more ordinary strain of life which Miller saw in certain farm-labourers, sharers of his bothy. This, however, was written some years later, in an autobiographical letter addressed to Principal Baird, and did not come, like the preceding one, out of the very bothy itself.

"There were two unmarried farm-servants who lodged with us in the barrack.

They were both young men, and the life they were almost necessitated to lead was one of the most unfriendly possible to the formation of moral character. All day they were employed in the monotonous labours of the farm. Their evenings, as they had no home, were spent either in neighbouring houses, where young people similarly situated with themselves were accustomed to meet, or in a small village, about a mile distant, where there was an alehouse. Their ordinary pleasures consisted in drinking, and amusements of a low and gross character: their principal enjoyment they derived *from what they termed a ball*, and scarce a fortnight passed at this season without one being held at the village. The effects of this heartless course of life was apparent in their dispositions and conduct."

Poor ploughmen! It seems a little hard that their ball once a-fortnight should be characterised as a heartless course of life. "I could not think without regret that they were yet to become husbands and fathers of families," says our young Puritan; which is as curious an instance as could be found of the radical difference of opinion on such points. There are philosophers in plenty to whom that "ball once a-fortnight" would seem one of the principal gleams of humanity in the ploughman's existence: but not so thinks the prim youthful observer, who knows nothing of any consolatory and inspiring element in life which is not intellectual or spiritual. No doubt, the honest ploughboys themselves had a certain sheepish sense of inferiority in their own preference for this homely diversion; it must have felt to them, too, a great deal less fine than the mason-lad's devotion to his books.

We have neither space nor inclination to enter upon that part of Hugh Miller's life which, we suppose, is considered to have been the crown and culmination of his career —the time of his editorship of the 'Witness' newspaper, and residence in Edinburgh, where he died painfully and bitterly in harness, as most readers know. Enough has been written about that dreary controversy which ended in the Free Church secession; and it is almost sickening now, in the light of after-events, to turn back upon it. We do not wish to discredit the sacrifice made on that occasion, nor the feeling that a very high principle was involved which supported the seceding ministers. If less worthy motives were also involved, the price was dear which was paid for their indulgence. But the fact is, that such a proceeding could only be justified by being broadly national. The separation of an entire Church from the State for the sake of conscience would be, what the Free Church still insists upon considering its sacrifice to have been, sublime. But the secession of half a church, though there may be many instances of individual heroism, cannot be sublime—and indeed can scarcely be otherwise than a mistake. Every new "Disruption," tearing asunder, is to be viewed with horror. The delusion that it was indeed the whole Church which was making this memorable movement, was perhaps the strongest element in the excitement and enthusiasm which it undoubtedly caused; and the writer for one will never forget the sense of disenchantment with which, after much admiration from a distance of what seemed so magnanimous a national sacrifice, he was struck on actual sight of the effect in Scotland. Two churches where one had been, two rival communities in every parish; a sudden rent which tore the whole country asunder, and weakened and embittered both sides,—are results which we cannot venture to dismiss, and which it is strange to suppose can be regarded with any degree of complacency by the performers of a division so sad for Scotland. To ourselves the subject is one of unmixed pain. Hugh

Miller's editorship made the 'Witness' newspaper memorable in many respects. Several of his most popular works were first published in its pages; which are also distinguished by many less praiseworthy and valuable examples of a high temper and power of vituperation, such as are very serviceable to party leaders and in party quarrels, but are of no advantage to the peaceful reputation of a man of letters. Pleasanter things are still in his life, even after the time of the bothies. To our own mind the delightful little interlude of the young man's leisure, when, having nothing particular to do, he turned to and "built a house" for his aunt Jenny, is worth a hundred 'Witnesses.' How one envies the strong fellow that beneficent primitive power; what a pleasure it must have been to him—greater surely than that of writing mediocre verse, or even very good descriptions of scenery! But in this world all the arrangements of fate are perverse, and we suppose Miller preferred the article-writing to the house-building, which latter power had not to him the same delightful novelty nor sense of creation which it has to us.

There is something very pleasant, however, in the sober and chastened manner of his love-making, and in the delicate and unexpected revolution made in the young working man's thoughts by the curious new sensation of finding himself suddenly enthralled and taken into closest union with a life belonging to a totally different sphere. He had intended to content himself in his mason-trade with the books he had collected, and the new science which had taken hold upon him, and with the modest pride of knowing himself to be considered fit company for the best society in his neighbourhood. But this sober idea of life ceased to charm him after his engagement. "The pride of the stone-mason who has been accepted as lover by a lady, forbade him," says his biographer, "to place her in any position in which the world might fail to recognise her for what she was;" which is a rather involved way of saying that Miller, unambitious for himself, was determined not to drag down in the social scale the young gentlewoman who loved him. The story of their long and patient wooing is more modestly told than any other part of their history; a quaint courtship, with no levity in it, nor perhaps much trace of the foolish delights of common youth: yet his many and constant letters, always serious in their affectionateness, give a pleasant picture of his mind, and of the kind of intercourse—an intercourse very unlike common love-making—which united the son of the soil to the more daintily nurtured and better-born woman, who was, as became her, as fond of him as if he had been a prince.

There is a certain link of connection, half scientific, half natural, which brings the Duke of Argyll's little book about 'Iona'* to our hand when we have put down the extremely big book about Hugh Miller. The salt and briny air of the northern sea—the glow of colour which sunshine wakes over all those lonely stretches of rock, and sky, and water—the grey mists and blinding fogs which are perhaps their most abiding garments, belong to both; and to both also belongs that profound religious feeling which yet cannot resist a fling of half-condescension, half-scorn, at the priests of old, and which distinctly declines to understand how medieval Catholics, for instance, might be as true, as good, as pure, and probably not less lively, than Evangelican Pro-

* Iona. By the Duke of Argyll. Strahan & Co., London.

testants. Columba is far enough back to conciliate the sympathies of the island-prince who has succeeded him as proprietor of Iona; but it somewhat troubles the Duke to have to confess that the remains of ecclesiastical buildings on the Holy Isle "are monuments not of the fire, the freshness, and the comparative simplicity, of the old Celtic church, but of the dull and often corrupt monotony of medieval Romanism." Now we are not concerned to make ourselves champion of the middle ages; and if his Grace of Argyll prefers a wattled shed to a Gothic cathedral, far be it from us to contradict him; but how there could be "fire and freshness" in the one, and corrupt "monotony" in the other, we find it rather hard to make out. Perhaps to ducal eyes there may be "fire and freshness" in the steepled barn of a Scotch parish, but architecture need not be polemical; and we humbly submit that the twelfth century was, as a general rule, much more gifted in the art of building churches than we, our enlightened selves, have been for three or four centuries past. If the Duke does not think so, he differs from most competent judges. No doubt there would be a great deal of "freshness" in Columba's early edifice, but we have very serious doubts about the "fire." This book, however, is altogether polemical: a whimsical vein of irritation against Count de Montalembert and his well-known description of the Hebridean landscape runs all through it, and seems to be the inspiring motive of the little volume; but the Duke of Argyll, though a man of great talent and literary power, is taking an incautious step when he pits himself against one of the greatest modern masters of style—a writer whose gifts are so transcendent as those of the late historian of the western monks. Montalembert's description is evidently written under the influence of one of those grey days of wrapping mist and leaden sky, which are, at least, as characteristic of the locality as is the sunshine, though that, we allow, makes an enormous difference, and one which perhaps the traveller who has not beheld its awakening effect upon all those dark headlands and solemn cliffs might with difficulty realise. But why this simple explanation—a natural accident, which befalls, let us say, at least fifty tourists out of every hundred who visit these regions every summer—should not be sufficient to explain the matter, and why the Duke should betake himself to spiteful suggestions as to "the incapacity of any Frenchman to understand any form of natural beauty except those to which he has been accustomed," it is hard to tell. Montalembert, however, we may be allowed to say, was not a French Philistine of the *épicier* type, but a man "accustomed" to as "many forms of natural beauty" as most enlightened men are in the way of knowing. Even an *épicier*, however, though the lord of Iona seems to have forgotten the fact, might happen to be acquainted with the wild and mysterious Breton coasts, where neither wine nor oil abound, yet which have an attraction for French writers much greater than the attraction generally exercised upon us by those isles which even a Scotch poet describes as "placed far amid the melancholy main." If the climate of the Western Isles is not "one of continual mists and rains, with frequent storms," then it is delightfully unlike the climate of the western mainland; and though we will not yield even to the Duke of Argyll in admiration for the wonderful transformation produced by the brilliant occasional day of summer,

which is well worth waiting weeks for, and which converts the gloom into instant glory—a glory so bright, so radiant, so full at once of splendour and pathos, that we know no other sunshine effect to equal it—yet we cannot ignore those rains and mists, nor the wonderful solemn semitones of shadow which are still more natural to the scenery. It is fair that he should be allowed his own little enthusiastic bit of description, of which we must premise, however, that though equally true, it is much more rarely to be seen than the gloomier picture drawn by Montalembert—with which, unfortunately, we have not space to compare it.

"I have seen from Athens, 'morning spread upon the mountains,' along the opposite range of Parnes, and the low sun streaming up the Gulf of Corinth upon the hills of the Morea. Those tints are certainly beyond measure beautiful. But the sunsets which are to be seen constantly among the Western Isles are not, as compared with those of the Mediterranean, 'obscurely bright.' It is true, the colouring is darker; but it is also deeper, richer, more intense. Nothing, indeed, can exceed its splendour. And so of the sea: its aspects around Iona are singularly various and beautiful. On one side is the open ocean, with nothing to break its fetch of waves from the shores of the New World. On the other side it is divided into innumerable creeks and bays and inlets, which carry the eye round capes and islands, and along retreating lines of shore, far in among the hills. Its waters are exquisitely pure—of a luminous and transparent green, shading off into a rich purple, where the white sandy bottom is occupied by beds of algæ. Into those greens and purples on the opposite side of a narrow sound, dip granite rocks of the brightest red."

Thus, in a flash of light and colour, such as one does not always see on the shores of Italy or Greece, the patriot Duke hangs up his companion picture to that of the brilliant Frenchman. May it be Duke's weather, and not tourists', when we visit Iona! Except this polemical and rival sketch of the beauties of the Holy Island, his Grace does not seem to have much to say on the subject, or at least not anything requiring comment here.

Such an amazing glow of brightness and sunshine naturally brings before us the 'Walks in Rome,'* lately published, by Mr Augustus Hare. No title could be more suggestive. Where will he take us? to Pincio, with all the giddy world, to watch the carriages in their dull habitual circle, and the red-ribboned Albanese nurses with their babies—and yonder in the west the great sun sinking behind St Peter's, throwing up in a golden blackness the big dome and long façade; or out through the Flaminian Gate to the Villa Borghese, to gather violets under the trees—or away through the Appian Way to the wild sweet edge of the flowery Campagna—or across the tawny Tiber to the vast colonnades of San Pietro or the galleries of the Vatican? What images throng before the reader's eyes!—how the streets crowd with well-remembered figures!—how the fountains sparkle in the sun!—how the magical skies flash bright, then darken over, as night pursues the day! Mr Augustus Hare will lead you to all these places, dear reader, but in no foolish, picturesque, emotional way. His book is extremely sensible, and no doubt trustworthy; but it pretends to be nothing more than a refined and gentlemanly Murray—a guide-book of a higher class, full of other people's opinions, from Ampère to Lady Eastlake — from the dreamy sketches of Hawthorne to the impertinences of Dickens; but with nothing in it to repay any reader who is not at the same time a visitor or intending visitor of Rome. His sense of the confusion

* Walks in Rome. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Strahan & Co., London.

which attends a traveller who finds in his Murray, Baedeker, or Bradshaw, "an appalling list of churches, temples, and villas, which ought to be seen," without any arrangement which can make the inspection easy, has inspired his present undertaking.

"It is therefore," he says, "in the hope of aiding some of those bewildered ones, and of making their walks in Rome more easy and more interesting, that the following chapters are written. They aim at nothing original, and are only a gathering up of the information of others, and a gleaning from what has already been given to the world, in a far better and fuller but less portable form; while in their plan they attempt to guide the traveller in his daily wanderings through the city and its suburbs."

With this explanation we leave the book to those whom it concerns, not doubting that they will find much benefit and use in it; though we feel that it would have been more honest to have intimated in the title the character of a book which is not intended for the reading public, and can convey to them neither amusement nor instruction.

And what shall we say of 'Friendship's Garland'?* Is it amusement—is it instruction—which Mr Matthew Arnold is minded to convey to us in this quaint publication, by which, we have no doubt, many honest brains will be bewildered? Perhaps his name is sufficient to warrant the supposition that the latter is what is chiefly intended; and we cannot but in all humility venture a doubt whether Mr Matthew Arnold—whose literary powers we admire, if not as much as he does himself (for that is a very high standard), at least as much as a defective education permits—has been adapted by nature to afford any vivid amusement to his fellow-creatures. When he does so to any high degree, we fear it will not be wittingly or willingly, but in his own despite. The disquisitions of Baron Arminius von Thunder-Ten-Tronkh, whose lamentable death was mournfully celebrated not very long ago in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' contain, we believe, a great many true as well as many caustic sayings. But the fun is very ponderous, to say the least of it, and has a heavy German roll, which no doubt is true to the character, but which has the terrible defect, worse than any other viciousness, of not being in the very least funny. Fun is not the forte of the editor of this interesting collection of papers; the play is elephantine, the jokes creak on their hinges like doors hard to open, and the central figure, which is Mr Matthew Arnold himself, is distressingly prominent and deeply self-conscious. He was always so, to be sure, in or out of masquerade, and so are all the personages in this little drama. We have great doubt, indeed, whether the effect of the volume upon the obtuse British intelligence to which it is meant to be so very cutting, will be at all commensurate with the trouble taken; for, oddly enough, Mr Arnold does not seem to take into consideration the important, and we should say essential, matter, of reaching the special audience to which he preaches. His discussions of the shortcomings of the British Philistine, which are uttered in a voice much too finely pitched ever to reach that culprit's veritable ear, remind us somewhat of the awakening sermons aimed at brutal vice which evangelical clergymen often thunder at a meek score of innocent women, guilty of no enormity greater than a bit of scandal. Does Mr

* Friendship's Garland; being the Conversations, Letters, and Opinions of the late Arminius Baron von Thunder-Ten-Tronkh. By Matthew Arnold. Smith, Elder, & Co., London.

Arnold suppose that his shadowy Bottles, for instance, who "is one of our self-made middle-class men—a Radical of the purest water, quite one of the Manchester school; who was one of the earliest of Free-traders; who has always gone as straight as an arrow about Reform; who is an ardent voluntary in every possible line — opposed the Ten Hours' Bill, was one of the leaders of the Dissenting opposition out of Parliament which smashed up the education clauses of Sir James Graham's Factory Act; who paid the whole expenses of a most important church-rate contest out of his own pocket; and, finally, who looks forward to marrying his deceased wife's sister;" — does Mr Arnold, we repeat, believe for a moment that this attack of his will ever reach Bottles? Our satirist stands and mocks at the pit in a highly-refined small vôice which never reaches beyond the orchestra-stalls; some of the people there, it is true, are much entertained by the abuse of their neighbours; but still it is wasted zeal. Neither will Lord Lumpington, nor the sporting parson whom Mr Arnold sets forth as another genuine type of the uninstructed Briton (though we thought the species was nearly extinct), be likely to benefit much by the onslaught made upon him.

But yet they are all very fair game; and we wish Mr Arnold a great deal better luck than he is likely to have in persuading the British public that it is not in reality the very fine thing it supposes itself to be. There is enough of truth in his description of the strange changes English sentiment has undergone on many matters, and enough that is alarming in the national aspect both at home and abroad, to make us grieve greatly when any competent critic, who might be of real service to his country, chooses to put on the mountebank's cap and bells instead. We, for one, do not in the least undervalue the importance of such subjects, nor the serious use and advantage to a country of hearing the truth about the opinions its neighbours entertain of it. The gift of seeing ourselves as others see us is of as much importance to a community as to an individual; and all the curious discussions of recent days—that about national honour, for example, which our publicists never venture to discuss without a certain shrinking alarm for the consequences of a decided conclusion—are very remarkable signs of the times; as is also that universal outburst of brag and boast over our charities, which, did any private individual do it, would sink that individual to the lowest depths of contempt. What is bad for the character of a man cannot be very noble in the character of a nation; and we confess that it is with a sickening sense of shame that we have read the over-and-over-again repeated pæans of self-applause into which the British press has burst over the recent liberalities of England to France. Could we individually ever look our neighbour in the face again after thus boasting of our alms to him? if that neighbour were our washerwoman instead of our equal, we know very well that we dare not do it, except at the risk of universal scorn. But we do it nationally, without a doubt or hesitation. This is such a proof of the surging upwards of all that is ignoble and petty in the public as opposed to the private mind, that its importance as a symptom is very grave indeed. And accordingly, of all things in the world that the British public want, we believe there is nothing half so important as sound and unexaggerated public criticism. And here is what we get for it. Mr Matthew Arnold astride

upon his British Philistine, whipping and spurring over hedges and ditches—alas! as Philistinish, as intent upon his own beautiful qualities, as deliciously unconscious of his weakness, as is his steed.

To those, however, who take a cynical pleasure in seeing a man make himself ridiculous, there will be good sport in this little volume. Never was there more loving banter, more affectionate abuse, more tender snubbing, than is apportioned to Mr Matthew Arnold in every page of 'Friendship's Garland.' The editor of that volume cannot think enough or say enough of him. With a hundred pretty tricks of love, such as an English Sevigné might employ in order to bring in the beloved recollection of her idol, this little book returns, and again returns, to the one adored name. He is pelted with delicious gibes, such as a bridegroom employs when he jeers fondly at his bride; in short, we are obliged to exhaust the fondest and dearest relationships in order to express, and that imperfectly, the tender devotion of this book to its author, and its sense of the supreme insight, cleverness, wit, genius, and universal superiority which are embodied in that name of Matthew Arnold, and breathe forth in it the very music of the spheres.

We have met with nothing in literature for a long time more fresh, more quaint and strange, than the pretty book entitled 'Tales of Old Japan.' * The grotesque and wonderful figures which animate its very boards, are but an indication of the wonders within. Stories of an old, old world, unmoved by the changes of Western thought, pursuing the same formulas and the same feelings for centuries, with really little more than the ineradicable resemblances of human nature to mark its inhabitants as of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, these tales have something above novelty to recommend them. Their newness is more than novel — it is unexpected; it reveals to us not the merely elementary life of an early age, in which we can trace the germs of our own, but a life moved by different sentiments, different laws, unlike at once in semblance and in substance. The more important tales are chiefly devoted to the description and eulogy of certain chivalric virtues, carried out, with a kind of visionary logic, to such lengths of self-devotion as no clansman ever dreamt of. The Highland veteran who devoted all his sons, one by one—"another for Hector" —to the safety of his chief, becomes a dull, mediocre, respectable servitor, in presence of the forty-seven Ronins, who calmly and cunningly give themselves up to the work of avenging their dead master, on the high religious principle that it is impossible to dwell under the same sky with one who has injured your parent or your lord. With them there is no personal feeling in the matter, no hatred nor fiery revenge, but only a sense of duty; duty, let us add, which is fully recognised by the whole community, and which does not call forth a single word of morality from any observer as to the wickedness of revenge. They go about it in the most calculating manner, the chief of the conspirators giving himself up to an abandoned life, in order to lull the fears of the murderer, and put him off his guard. We commend to the reader's attention the vigorous sketch designed by a Japanese artist, and drawn on the wood by a Japanese draughtsman, which immortalises the insult

* Tales of Old Japan. By A. B. Mitford, second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. Macmillan & Co., London.

done to this devoted vassal, as he lies drunk on the roadside, by a passer-by who is unaware of the glorious meaning of his debauchery. The forty-seven lay their plans with a care and elaboration worthy of a German *corps d'armée*, and success rewards their efforts. And when they have accomplished their revenge, it never seems to occur to them to disperse and escape, or attempt to escape. On the contrary, they give themselves up as a matter of course—and as a matter of course are lauded, blessed, honoured, and executed, by an admiring country; executed that is, as far as a well-born Japanese gentleman, entitled to the rite of *hara-kiri*, can be executed—he himself being privileged to give the death-blow. The wonderful thing in the story, however, is the complete acquiescence of all, at once in the justice and splendour of the vengeance, and in the absolute inevitableness of the counter-vengeance—the award of the law which slays the slayer. No one steps in to avert the arm of justice, the great lords and princes never attempt to interfere, and not even a weak-minded priest or woman raises a cry for mercy. It is all rigid as the Eastern blaze of light and heat upon the landscape, immovable as the laws of a race older than Medes and Persians. They have committed no crime—every Japanese honours and reverences them for what they have done—they are heroes while they live, and saints when they are dead—yet it never enters into any one's mind to ask why they should die, or to dream of the possibility of saving them. This fact separates this record from those medieval romances which might parallel the retainers' self-devotion, but would inevitably raise up some feudal castle for them to take refuge in, and some great baron or valiant prince to defend and reward them. Had the forty-seven been men-at-arms in the pages of Froissart, or in the Morte D'Arthur, all Christendom would have been moved to interfere; and if the tyrant law had succeeded in fulfilling its fell sentence, judgment and vengeance would have followed from earth and heaven. The Japanese attains a higher height of chivalrous self-devotion; all through their records the same thing is visible. Sogoró, the brave peasant who takes it upon him to remonstrate with his lord against the exactions by which a hundred and thirty-six villages are being rendered desperate, counts the cost beforehand, and makes up his mind that it must cost him his life, but never hesitates on that account. When he is condemned, and all his family with him, the peasants for whom he has sacrificed himself petition their lord that the family may be spared, but "with fear and trembling recognise the justice of his sentence," and no one thinks it wonderful that he is ready to die for his people. Again, when a necessity arises for getting quit of a certain great lord, his superior sends for his physician, and asks if he is willing to serve his country at the cost of his own life? The physician does not hesitate for a moment. What he has to do is to administer a poisonous draught to his patient, the Japanese custom requiring him to drink the half of everything he administers. He does it without another word, and nobody is surprised; it is too evident a duty to merit notice. It would be curious to know how this extraordinary height of self-renunciation is attained; whether the religion of Buddhism, with all its strange resemblances to Christianity, has inspired it, or how a law of self-sacrifice, so complete and so destitute of self-consciousness, should have come into being. There are a great

many curious things in the book, but nothing so wonderful as this. The calm of the spectators is immovable, but it never springs from want of sympathy with the sufferer. It would seem, on the contrary, to bear witness to a general greatness of feeling in this one point, and a sense of the pre-eminent excellence of self-sacrifice, such as no people we have ever heard of attained to before.

But yet they are not, we suppose, a very moral people, and certainly not the least addicted to sentiment. Nothing can be more charming, however, than some of the stories about animals, which appear to have a much higher place in the Japanese imagination than in ours, even Reynard proving capable of self-renunciation (again the pervading sentiment of every elevated character), as in the story of the Grateful Foxes. The regulations for the ceremony of *hara-kiri*, given in full detail in the appendix from a formal Japanese document, read like the minute regulations of Garter King-at-arms for some imposing court ceremony, and have a wonderful stately air in their minute directions which is strangely imposing, and suggests some magnanimous community of knights and warriors solemnly and harmoniously carrying out an exalted code, rather than the half-savage though wholly-civilised nation which has for hundreds of years been shut out from all communication with its kind. Never was a more curious light thrown into the very midst of a new community. The illustrations are in most cases full of quaint vigour and (intentional or unintentional) humour. Some of them are irresistibly funny. The only drawback of the book is, that while, outside and in, it is such a book as children will naturally be permitted to read without thought of any danger or difficulty, there are explanatory chapters here and there such as are not to edification, and surely might without much disadvantage be modified or left out.

It is, perhaps, a very old-fashioned notion on our part to think that a certain amount of good taste is necessary in the choice of subjects for novels. The novels of the day have gone beyond such rules. We have no wish to be intolerant or Puritanical. We acknowledge the claims of murder either as a fine art, or as an instrument of the fine arts, as our authors please. We are ready to admit the necessity of one killing at least in every three volumes. But there are limits.——And we submit with all deference to the taste of the public, that the Road murder, most cold-blooded of recent crimes, and the once famous case of Madeline Smith, are not fit subjects to be enshrined in fiction. The last of these is the model for 'Esther Hill's Secret,' a book which sets forth how a certain pale beautiful woman appears in an English village, is taken notice of at the Hall, refuses to accept that notice, then yields, then is fallen in love with by the squire, and finally flies from him, leaving a confession behind her of the ghastly reason she has for keeping out of the way of Christian folks—to wit, that she has been tried for the murder of her husband, and dismissed by a Scotch jury with the awful verdict of *Not Proven* overshadowing her for ever. The squire is so dauntless that he follows, finds, and marries her all the same. Now this, we submit, is a horror beyond the legitimate range of fiction. We recollect at the time of Madeline Smith's trial the curious rumours that were afloat as to the love-letters (love!—the word is revolting in such a connection) that were poured upon her in her prison, and the proposals of marriage made to her by fools—as if the likelihood that she had killed one man gave

her a charm in the imagination of others. Anything more debasing and abominable could scarcely be conceived. In real life, such terrible interruptions of the blessed monotony of good behaviour, which, thank heaven, is, after all, the common rule, must be supported as best we can, and forgotten as soon as possible. But what shall we say for the taste of the writer who selects this frightful story, and the critics who applaud, and the readers who like it? 'Six Months Hence' is worse, because it is rather better than 'Esther Hill's Secret.' The subject is not quite so revolting, since the murderess of the child is not its sister, as in the actual story; but there never was madness so absurd, or insane motive so far-fetched, as those which are invented to account for the crime; and the whole tale is wildly unreal and unlifelike from beginning to end. We protest in the name of art against this vulgarest and most ignoble way of finding the necessary machinery to hang a story upon. If it is so difficult to make a plot, in heaven's name let us rather do without one; but there are abundance of plots in the world, one or two at least in every man's or woman's life, if our young writers will but take the trouble to find them out. The law courts perhaps have been nearly worked out for subjects of late, notwithstanding the wealth secured to them by the fantastic vagaries of will-making; but, at all events, these are preferable to the criminal side, and especially to the murder cases, of which we have enough in the newspapers. Let us allow that, as strong effects are required in all kinds of dramatic writing, we must have a supply of murders; but, at least, they might be original. Studies might be made, as painters make studies, which are not portraits of their model—the incidents of two or three might at least be mixed together, as a great novelist of the day mixes up his dukes. Thus we would be saved from the horrors of absolute reproduction, a practice for which we cannot find words strong enough to express our reprobation.

Mr Adolphus Trollope gives us a murder, too, in the 'Siren'—a murder of a very melodramatic and unlikely kind—which does not, however, lessen the probability that it is a simple matter of fact. Our own impression, indeed, is, that the things which look most unreal in a novel are generally those which are copied exactly from actual life—a truth which warrants the rejection of "real life" by most good writers as material for fiction. This book has some curious artistic defects—the most notable of which is its extremely clumsy construction: the leading event in the tale is produced at once, and the reader is then tantalised and provoked by being led backward for nearly two volumes, and made to trace the story in detail up to the point at which he was permitted to begin—a quite unnecessary waste of his interest and the writer's powers. But this, and various other faults, are made up for by the perfect truth and reality of the Italian life which is here placed before us. We open the book, and by our English fireside, where we sit starving or roasting, as the case may be, lo! we are in Italy—not the Italy of conventional description, nor of historical splendour, but such as it is at the present moment. The story opens with a narrative of the excitement which moved a whole town to its depths by the great question whether or not a certain wonderful singer could be induced to honour the place by singing there in the Carnival—a terrible peradventure, such as set all hearts on flame. The town itself, so strangely unlike anything known to England, the little civic world in which every rank is represented, with its *circolo dei*

nobili, its old aristocracy, its artists, its professors, stands out before us, not under any eternal brightness of sunshine, but under skies that rain, and winds that blow strongly enough, though they are Italian breezes. The hapless, scheming, clever, and beautiful *prima donna*, who is not without her virtues—the noble *dilettante* Marchese, whose serene untempted life has never made him aware of the depths of passion in him—the young noble, living an aimless life of idle occupation—the painter-girl Paolina,—are all as true to their country as it is possible to imagine. The same thing may be said of a very different work, 'The Florentines,' by the Comtesse de Montemerli, an amiable book, in which everybody is made happy, and the wicked people are turned into good, or at least partially good, with a pleasant compassion and reluctance to leave any harm unrighted or any truth unsustained, which is natural to a gentle and inexperienced writer of fiction. One is so sorry to do any harm to the people whom one has brought into being: a kind of moral responsibility is felt on their account, and to suffer them to go on in their profanity seems an almost crime. In this way 'The Florentines' is perhaps a little tame, perhaps a little too much disposed to set wrong things right; but it is so sweetly, so truthfully Italian, so full of that simple, primitive, old-world life which the stranger sometimes finds out all at once with much of the same feeling as if he had found out an undiscovered country—that its weaknesses are forgotten. The book surprises us in the same way that the discovery surprises us. Is it possible that behind-backs, in those great old palaces which look so princely, people can be living lives so pinched and chilly, so generous and simple, so dutiful to the last formality of devotion? And it is quite true. The Marchesina Elena is over thirty; but she is bewildered, almost overpowered, by the liberty accorded to her by her mother of corresponding with her long-betrothed lover without any surveillance of his letters or her own. So great a concession is almost too much for her; and yet Elena is the stay of the house, the counsellor-sister upon whose help and advice every one relies, even gay Beppo the soldier, who is a young man of advanced opinions; though, for that matter, they are all of advanced opinion, and in the van of the new world, although old duty tender and filial holds possession of them thus out of date. It is a very prepossessing, very attractive picture, though it is chilly in those marble rooms where there is no fire, and the *scaldino* is one's only comfort. The servants take their part in all the discussions as they serve the frugal table; and clever Giovacchino puts in his lines, in the pretty national poetic play of improvising, as he serves the young people their coffee. "It is your turn, Giovacchino," his young mistress says to him; and Giovacchino's lines are sometimes the best. This is such a state of society as one has dreamt of, and which has been over and over again stigmatised as Utopian; and yet it exists, and is as real as are our English homes with good comfortable fires and plentiful means, where the girls and the boys are extremely independent about their letters, and the servants know their own place, and better themselves when occasion serves. The difference is pleasant to think of, though we might find it very difficult to content ourselves with the ways of the Borgo Santi Apostoli. We recommend these two novels to everybody who knows or loves Italy, and to all who can relish an independent sketch of national life.

THE CONDITION OF THE SCOTCH AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

THE Royal Commission, the title of which we give below,* and which was appointed in 1867, has very recently made its final Report on the important subjects submitted to it for investigation. The Commission,† from having been in terms almost exclusively an educational inquiry, became, by the force of circumstances, one into the whole social and economical state of the agricultural class; and the Commissioners found themselves, in order effectually to carry out the wishes of the Government, to investigate deeply the condition of the agricultural labourer in every county of England, Wales, and Scotland, more especially in reference to his capability to defray out of his wages the cost of the education of his children. The amount of his annual earnings, their mode of payment, his mode of living, the state of cottage accommodation, the encouragements or impediments to marriage which certain conditions of agricultural life imply, and the disposition to save or to spend money, have all been the subjects of careful investigation. Confining ourselves to the last Report of the Commissioners, which relates exclusively to Scotland, we propose to present a short summary of its facts and conclusions.

We can scarcely fail to profit by the results which five intelligent gentlemen, selected for their competence to prosecute such an inquiry, have arrived at, after a patient investigation of the facts of our agricultural life; and it is, we think, an advantage that the Commission should have consisted of English gentlemen who would naturally view any peculiarities in Scotch customs without prejudice or partiality.

The course of proceeding of the Assistant-Commissioners was to select, under the best local advice, certain districts in each county as typical of the whole, to make their inquiries as minute as possible in those districts, and to invite opinions and information, by circulars of inquiry with which they were furnished, and by other means, from the portions of each county exterior to those districts. Questions relating to the ages of children, hours of labour, meal-times, employment of females, &c., were submitted for consideration; but attention was specially directed to the education of the young employed in field-labour, and to the effect of that labour in limiting its amount or abridging its duration.

The contrasts afforded by the Scotch parochial system of education, which has been established by law for so many generations, and its results, as compared with what had come under the notice of the Assistant-Commissioners in Eng-

* Fourth Report of the Royal Commission on the Employment of Children, Young Persons, and Women in Agriculture (Scotland), 1871.

† The Commission was thus constituted: Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, Esq.; Edward Carleton Tufnell, Esq.,—Commissioners. The Assistant-Commissioners in the Scotch inquiry were as follows: F. H. Norman, Esq., for the counties of Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, Moray, and Nairn; G. Culley, Esq., for the counties of Perth, Stirling, Clackmannan, Kinross, Fife, Linlithgow, Edinburgh, Haddington, Peebles, Berwick, Selkirk, and Roxburgh; J. H. Tremenheere, Esq., for the counties of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Wigtown, and Ayr; R. F. Boyle, Esq., for the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, and Argyll; and C. W. Campion, Esq., for the counties of Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness.

land and Wales, were also made objects of attention.

On the important subject of compulsory education, while cordially acknowledging that there exists among the labouring classes in the rural districts of Scotland a remarkably high tone of feeling on the subject of education, and a very real appreciation among the parents of the benefits of education, the Assistant-Commissioners state that there exists a large minority even among the native Scotch children in the rural districts who are growing up with very imperfect education, and a large proportion of the children of the fast-increasing Irish population who receive no education at all.

Mr Sellar and Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, the able Assistant-Commissioners in the Scotch inquiry into the state of elementary education in the rural districts, were, in the course of their inquiries, led to consider whether, in the admitted imperfect state of elementary education in Scotland, it would be desirable and practicable to apply the principle of compulsion. They were of opinion that, in the then uncertain state of education, it would be hazardous to express any decided views on the subject, and they added that difficulties lay in the public feeling against all restrictive measures; and the conclusion they came to was, that if compulsory education is ultimately to be established, the process must be gradual, and public opinion must be first prepared to acknowledge the necessity of it.

That there were grounds for the difficulty that weighed upon the minds of Mr Sellar and Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell is proved by the evidence collected by the Assistant-Commissioners in this inquiry. For in some parishes and districts, where the education of the children of the rural labouring class has been well attended to, a feeling undoubtedly prevails against legislative interference; nevertheless, the greatly preponderating weight of testimony shows that public opinion has considerably matured upon the subject, and that it is now prepared for some measure of compulsion, in harmony with the habits of the rural population and with the exigencies of agriculture.

On no subject is the difference between the Scotch and English more clearly marked than on the subject of education. In the rural districts of England the farmers are too often opposed to education; the labourers, and sometimes the landowners themselves, are indifferent about it; and it happens not unfrequently that the clergyman is the only person in the parish who takes any interest in the matter. In Scotland the feelings of the people are totally different. All classes, farmers and servants, ministers and laymen, are unanimous in their opinion of the importance of education, and are willing to co-operate for the purpose of securing it. The parochial schools are abundant, although the changes in the population may require some redistribution—the masters are generally efficient, and the subjects of instruction are adapted to the wants of all classes; nevertheless, although the school-life is longer, the attendance is proved to be more irregular in Scotland than in England.

It is satisfactory to find that the practice of employing children in agricultural labour before the age of twelve does not exist in Scotland. The only exceptions are the occasional employment, and for short periods, of children from eight to twelve years of age, in herding, carrot-weeding, and turnip-thinning. The school-returns generally confirm the impression that farm-labour is a very slight hindrance to education in Scotland up to thirteen years of age. The pro-

portion of boys employed in farm-labour in England is one to about seven adult males; in Scotland it is one to about twenty-two adult males. This proportion is in winter further reduced till we find only one boy employed to every fifty-four adult males. It follows that farm-labour need not prevent a large proportion of the children from attending school for the greater part of the year, and that there are comparatively few who cannot attend during the winter months. The problem of education for the rural population in Scotland is therefore reduced to one of comparatively narrow limits, and it is rather to the neglect and indifference of parents than to the prevalence of juvenile labour that the pressure of legislation requires to be applied. The Commissioners, while declining to suggest any definite plan for bringing all the children in the rural districts to the parochial or other schools, and for enforcing regularity of attendance, offer as the conclusion of their Assistant-Commissioners, the following suggestions:—

1st, A compulsory school attendance of eight months in the year for children between eight and ten years of age, and of four months for those between ten and thirteen.

2d, To release any child twelve years of age from any further obligation of school attendance who could pass the fifth standard of the Revised Code, and to let any child of nine who could pass in the fourth standard rank as a child ten years old.

These propositions probably require some modifications to be applicable to the Highlands, where the severe winters would render it very difficult to obtain the attendances required. It is almost needless to add that the provisions of the Factory Act, as regards half-time, alternate days of labour and work, and other regulations suitable to indoor employment, and with large numbers of children always at hand for relays, have been found wholly inapplicable to agricultural industry. In recording their final judgment on the subject, the Commissioners thus express themselves:—

"We have thus brought into one view the opinions recorded in the Reports of the Commissioners on Education in Scotland (1866) on the subject of irregularity of school attendance, and the neglect of elementary education, so far as it prevails among the rural classes in Scotland, together with the facts and opinions of our Assistant-Commissioners on those subjects, and their opinions regarding the necessity and advisableness, or otherwise, of applying the principle of compulsion in Scotland; and we have given an abstract of so much of the recent Act for providing for elementary education in England as refers to the subject of compulsory attendance at school. We have therefore fully presented the materials for forming a judgment on those questions. These materials will be earnestly examined throughout the whole of Scotland by a vast body of persons of the highest intelligence, to whom the whole question of elementary education has been long familiar, and who approach the consideration of what further measures may be required, with a just sense of patriotic pride in the benefits which their parochial system of education has for so many generations conferred upon their country, and with an enlightened determination to give it every extension that it may be capable of, until sound elementary education has pervaded their whole people. To the facts and opinions, therefore, of our Assistant-Commissioners, gathered and formed upon the spot, in the course of a very extensive and careful inquiry, we do not think it necessary or desirable that we should add any detailed conclusions of our own. The details which we have submitted for consideration will be best judged of in the respective districts to which they refer."

It appears that if children are taken from school for labour in the fields in the summer months, before they have been able to pass the third standard, the winter attendance, however regular, is insufficient to make up the loss which the child has sustained by prolonged

absence from school during the summer; and that such children generally leave the parochial school very imperfectly educated — the greater number being unable either to read intelligently or to write correctly. In the Lowlands, few children stay at school later than twelve or thirteen years of age; in the Highlands, very few attend school after ten years of age, those who do so coming almost all of them only for the winter months.

Intimately connected with the educational question, which is now about to receive a legislative solution, is the general condition of the agricultural labourer, which has naturally formed a prominent subject of inquiry; and probably in no former Parliamentary paper has so large an amount of information been collected bearing upon the material condition of the humble tillers of the soil. Into the details of the subject as respects England and Wales it is not in our power to enter, and we must confine ourselves to the facts bearing upon the condition of the Scotch labourer as disclosed in the Reports of the Assistant-Commissioners.

Wages.—It is established by the fullest evidence that a large increase, amounting in some districts to as much as 100 per cent, has taken place in the wages of the agricultural labourer within the last thirty years. Mr Culley, the Assistant-Commissioner for the South-Eastern District of Scotland, states that wages have been steadily rising for the last twenty-five years, and that in that time they have increased nearly one-third. In Dumfriesshire the rise has been still greater. In Ayrshire, owing chiefly to the competition of iron-mines, collieries, and smelting-works with agriculture, wages are probably higher than in any other Scotch county, with the exception of Renfrewshire—the general rate being from 12s. to 15s. a-week, in some places rising to 18s.

In any statement of an agricultural labourer's earnings it is necessary to bear in mind the difference in Scotland between farm-servants and day-labourers — the former being paid by the year or half-year, and receiving their board and lodging as part of their wages; the latter by the day or week, and wholly in money. As the result of elaborate calculation and comparisons, the Assistant-Commissioner for the South-Eastern Counties comes to the conclusion that the married ploughman throughout his extensive district (hired by year or half-year) receives a wage in money and in kind equal to about 15s. a-week; and the unmarried ploughman (similarly hired and paid) a wage equal to 14s. a-week. Ordinary labourers, hired by the day or week, receive 1s. less.

The result, in the case of the Scotch labourer, in regard to his means for educating his children, and for commencing married life in comfort by the aid of previous savings, and continuing it in a condition of ease and family union by means of the family purse, is thus described:—

"You have, then, about 15s. a-week as the available means of a Scotch hind to educate his childen up to the time when the elder children begin to work. He may or may not have some assistance from the earnings of his wife; but in this respect his position differs very little from the English ploughman.

"There is, however, one very important difference. The English couple usually begin with no provision to set up a house, and therefore begin the battle of life in debt. A Scotch couple (save where the marriage is hastened by a 'misfortune' on the part of the woman) seldom marry without a providing of something like £40 equally divided between the man and woman.

"As soon as the elder children have received what the hind considers a sufficient education, the position of the family is one of comparative ease. Under the

family system of the Lothians and Border district, with its accompanying family purse, incomes of from £75 to £100 a-year coming into a hind's cottage are by no means uncommon."—(S. 61.)

Mr Norman, the Assistant-Commissioner, whose district included the counties of Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Banff, Moray, and Nairn, remarks that in his district unmarried servants can easily save £10 every year, without denying themselves any reasonable gratification. Of the savings by agricultural labourers many striking examples are brought together. We insert below, a table showing the difference of agricultural wages in Dumfriesshire in the years 1840 and 1870; and another, the general rate of wages in the south-east of Scotland. And we apprehend that, with the exception of the Highlands, the rise and present rate of wages in the other counties would be found to approximate very nearly to these returns.*

Is the agricultural labourer in Scotland really in a better social position for this great addition, within a comparatively short period, to his means of subsistence? Considering impartially the evidence which these reports supply, the answer cannot, we fear, be altogether satisfactory, as is shown by the following extract from the Report on the South-Eastern Counties:

"The farmers constantly complained of the unsettled condition of their servants, who, they say, are always desirous of 'flitting,' and they seem to evince no attachment either to master or place. In this respect they differ greatly from English labourers." "It was considered," says an old woman of the county of Haddington, "an awfu' thing for a family to flit in my day, and now they're always flitting."

In the matter of saving, although, as we have before observed, some agricultural labourers do save, the practice is exceptional. "I can only guess," says the experienced agent for the Aberdeen Town and County Bank at Alford, "what proportion of farm-servants save, but I don't think that more than one in fifty does; many are very extravagant,

	1840.	1870.
* Ploughman's half-yearly wage, with food,	£5, 10s. to £6.	£10 to £11.
Man's wage during harvest, with food,	£2, 2s.	£4, 4s.
Labourer's wage per day-work, without food,	1s. 9d.	2s. 6d. to 3s.
Woman's half-yearly wage, with food,	£2, 10s.	£6.
Woman's wage during harvest, with food,	£1, 10s.	£2, 5s.
Woman's wage per day, without food,	9d.	1s. 3d.

Mr M'Claren, factor to Lord Kinnaird, gives the following table of the earnings of different classes of farm-labourers:—

	1st-Class Foreman.	2d-Class Foreman.	1st-Class Married Ploughman.	2d-Class Married Ploughman.	1st-Class Unmarried Ploughman.	2d-Class Unmarried Ploughman.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Money,	30 0 0	25 0 0	23 0 0	19 0 0	24 0 0	19 0 0
Meal,	6 10 0	6 10 0	6 10 0	6 10 0	6 10 0	6 10 0
Milk,	5 4 0	5 4 0	5 4 0	5 4 0	5 4 0	5 4 0
House and garden,	3 0 0	3 0 0	2 10 0	2 10 0	—	—
Bothy lodging,	—	—	—	—	2 12 0	2 12 0
Potatoes,	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	—	—
Firing and lights,	—	—	—	—	1 0 0	1 0 0
Haulage of fuel,	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	—
Food in harvest, &c.	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
Pig manure,	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	—
Totals,	47 14 0	42 14 0	40 4 0	36 4 0	40 6 0	35 6 0

and anticipate their wages. I don't think that any of them save anything unless they begin young. I don't recollect any of them saving who began to save later than eighteen or twenty. They never begin to save after marriage."

Whatever may be the actual proportion of the persons of this class who save, there can be no doubt that the desire to save has been diminishing since 1844, when the new poor-law was introduced. Up to that year it was a matter of pride for a man to support himself and his family in sickness and old age. It was considered disgraceful to depend upon alms for support. This feeling of independence has, according to general testimony, been most seriously impaired, and men no longer hesitate to have recourse to those funds upon which the law gives them a claim for support.

From Dumfriesshire we have the following report of the social state of the agricultural labouring class:

"Notwithstanding these proofs of general education, I am compelled to state that I heard numerous complaints that a sensible deterioration of character has taken place among the agricultural labouring population, and that it has been in progress for the last twenty-five years. This falling-off is attributed to the fact of farm-servants frequently changing their places, and the substitution of a mere commercial relationship between employer and employed for the kindly and paternal intercourse which formerly existed between a farmer and his labourers; the consequence being, as I was told by an eminent member of the Dumfries Presbytery, that there is now scarcely an example to be found of what was not unfrequent in former days—viz., a farmer gathering his ploughmen together on the Sabbath evening for exercises of religious devotion.

"To these causes I must add the discontinuance of the old practice in farm-houses of farmers and their labourers taking their meals in common. In the smaller class of holdings the custom still prevails; but in the larger, no doubt with some exceptions, an employer sees little of his work-people except when engaged in their occupations, and is indifferent to the mode in which they pass their time after they have been released from the labours of the day."

Nor is the report on Ayrshire more favourable.

"Nor, I regret to state, is the moral condition of the Ayrshire farm-servants and cottars what it once was. It was impressed upon me, not only by farmers but by persons who could not be suspected of having any interests opposed to those of the labouring classes, that a sensible deterioration has taken place within the last fifty years in the character of the peasantry.

"The influence which the large number of Irish immigrants who have settled in Ayrshire, Wigtownshire, and Kirkcudbrightshire has had upon the native Scotch population is not favourable. Instead of the Irish having been elevated in the social scale by communication with the Scotch, the Scotch have lost something of their moral and intellectual characteristics by intermixture with the Irish. This is especially observable in the matter of education; for wherever a large Irish population has settled, that indifference to the education of their children for which the Irish are everywhere noticeable, has in too many instances extended to the Scotch.

"The mode of living, too, has changed even within the last twenty years. Formerly the cottar was content with oatmeal-porridge and potatoes and milk as his daily food. Now tea and wheaten bread form the principal part of his diet, and add considerably to his annual expenditure; and although wages have risen within the last thirty years 100 per cent, it may be doubted whether the labourer is practically in a better position than he was when wages were low. I have the authority of many trustworthy farmers for stating that half the money wages of cottars is now spent in superfluities, and that if they could be content with the simple and nutritious diet of former days, they might educate their children with ease, save a considerable part of their wages, and would be stronger and more vigorous men. Tea and tobacco run away with a great deal of a labourer's money; and, as a rule, it must be said that the cottar now generally lives fully up to his wages, and looks to the poor-rate as a final resource."

A fact which meets us everywhere in these reports is the great increase of late in the employment

of Irish labourers in agriculture in Scotland, and its deteriorating influence upon the native population. "Farmers," says Mr Culley, "seem every day to become more dependent on Irish labour. Irish men and lads are employed in time of sowing and thinning turnips, and at the same time that turnip-culture is spreading up the steep hillsides even the Irish supply is failing. The Scotch labouring population available for agriculture is diminishing in an alarming proportion; and unless something is done to increase that population, and retain it in the interests of agriculture, we must expect to see all field-work in Scotland given up to Irish immigrants." Upon the remedies for this state of things we shall have occasion hereafter to remark.

The three plans generally adopted in Scotland for lodging agricultural labourers are,—*the kitchen system*, where the men and women servants take their meals together, and sleep either under the same roof, or the women in the house and the men in outhouses or stable-lofts; *the bothy system*, in which the labourers are lodged in a separate house or cottage with a certain allowance of food—generally oatmeal and milk and potatoes — which they cook themselves; and *the cottage system*, in which married men and their families reside on the farms, receiving about a third of their wages in kind and the remainder in money. The *village system*, in which labourers are hired by the day or by the week as wanted, only exists where hamlets or villages are found in the vicinity of farms—a rare occurrence in Scotland.

The kitchen system still exists in most of the counties, but is in more extensive use in some than in others; it is, however, said to be gradually falling into disuse, the farmers not liking to be troubled with feeding and lodging labourers in their own house, and naturally preferring to have their work-people either in cottages, where they provide for themselves, or in bothies, where they give no trouble and receive little supervision. Much discussion has arisen between the advocates of these two systems. It may be said, in general, that those who live in the districts where bothies prevail condemn the kitchen plan, and *vice versâ*. The advantages of the kitchen plan are, that the men get a greater variety of food, that it is better prepared and more wholesome, and that they pass their evenings in the farmer's house, and often under their master's eye, and that they are therefore under a better supervision than the bothy-men, who live out of the house in a place which the master very seldom enters. The kitchen system, moreover, affords better opportunities for study and self-improvement than the bothy. On the other hand it is said that the men are far more independent than they used to be, are more particular about their food, and that it is difficult to give them satisfaction, and it affords them opportunities for associating with the female servants which lead to immorality.

The kitchen plan, as originally instituted, was well adapted to small farms, where the farmer was little raised above his servant in the social scale; but he has since become much more refined, and will not expose himself to the annoyance caused by a dirty troop of field-labourers tramping into his kitchen three times a-day, and with their loose jokes and manners depraving the minds of his female servants.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, noticed and lamented the change which even in his day had taken place in the character of the kitchen system from what it had once been, in an admirable paper

which he contributed to the 'Scottish Quarterly Journal of Agriculture' so long ago as 1832, pointing out in his graphic style the great change that had taken place in regard to the intercourse between master and servant. Formerly, he said, every master sat at the head of his own table, and shared the meal with his servants; he asked a blessing and returned thanks. There was no badinage or idle language in the farmer's hall in those days, but all was decency and order. Every night the master performed family worship, at which every member of the family was bound to be present, and the oldest male servant in his absence took that duty upon him, and every family formed a little community of its own. Formerly a master and his servants rarely parted; now there was a constant circulation from one family to another throughout the whole country. At one period one farmer held only one farm, and his family were his principal servants; now for the most part every farmer had three, four, or ten farms, which made the distance between the master and servant wider and wider. The gradual advancement of the aristocracy of farming, district after district being thrown into large farms, had placed such a distance between master and servant, that in fact they have no communication whatever, and very little interest in common.

Whether from a change in the position of farmers or in the character of labourers, the kitchen system is certainly no longer what it once was—a family system; it is in the highest degree unpopular with farmers, who rarely resort to it if it can possibly be helped—and with the progress of agriculture and the consolidation of farms, is probably destined sooner or later to complete extinction in Scotland.

The bothy system is the general substitute for the kitchen system where the farms do not possess cottages enough to house the labourers employed on them. This system, for which certain counties had acquired, whether justly or not, an evil reputation, naturally occupied the attention of the Assistant-Commissioners, and their reports are not on the whole unfavourable to that system under proper management. In some districts it is, for the present at least, an admitted necessity. It is satisfactory to find that the bothy system, as it at present exists, is no longer liable to the charges which were brought against it a few years ago by that eminent reformer and philanthropist, the Rev. Harry Stuart. The abuses which came to his knowledge in the course of his investigations produced their effect, and doubtless led to great improvements. "Whatever," Mr Culley writes, "may have been the condition of bothies in time past—and according to all accounts they must have been wretched dwellings indeed—I saw little to complain of in those I visited. It was only in small bothies, intended for two or three men, that I found the beds in the kitchen; and in this respect they are certainly not worse than many cottages. We had been told that we should find obscene drawings and writings on the walls of bothies: such things I could never discover; and whatever may be the rough tastes of the bothy-man, I wish to record this fact to his credit, mural adornments or disfigurements there were none in the many bothies I visited. I think the bothy system a mistake economically, and that it subjects young men to many unnecessary temptations. I am bound, however, to add that, while the young men appear to like the system, I heard no complaints of misconduct other than those common to young men lodged in their parents' houses."

The effect of the bothy system upon the character of the men must depend greatly upon the control exercised by the master. It is quite clear that when left to themselves the bothy-men are likely to become careless and unsteady, and to lose their pride and self-respect. There can be no question but that a life in bothies must have the effect of making its inmates rude and boorish; and this appears to be the greatest objection to them, not that they lead necessarily to vice and immorality.

In the supplement to the monthly and quarterly returns of births, marriages, and deaths in Scotland for the year 1869, occurs the following passage:—

"Much of the illegitimacy prevailing in certain counties was at one time attributed to the existence of what are called bothies—that is, houses apart from the farmhouse, in which the male and female workers on the farm are separately lodged. These bothies only exist on the large farms, and if they had any influence in increasing the illegitimacy, the proportion of illegitimate births would have been found to be highest in those counties which had the largest arable farms. It is a known fact that the smaller the size of the farm the more it is worked with the assistance of young unmarried men and women, who are fed in the house, and sleep either in the house or in the stable-loft or offices. It is only on large farms that married men are employed, so that in many districts, as soon as a young man marries he loses his situation as a ploughman, and is forced to become a daily labourer dependent on his daily work for his bread; this of course acts as a strong check on his openly marrying.

"An official return was published in 1857, which to a certain extent enables us to trace the effect of the size of the farm on the proportion of illegitimate births in each county of Scotland; and it is instructive to note, that in a general way the illegitimacy was found to be highest in those counties in which the smallest farms occurred. Thus in Banff the farms paying £20 and upwards of annual rent only averaged 64 acres each, and 15.5 per cent of the births were illegitimate annually. In Aberdeen the farms paying £20 and upwards of rent only averaged 66 acres in extent, and 15.3 per cent of the births were annually illegitimate. In Dumfries the average size of the farms paying £20 and upwards was 87 acres only, and the high proportion of 14.4 per cent of the births was illegitimate annually. In Kirkcudbright the average size of the farms paying £20 and upwards was 88 acres, and 13.4 per cent of the births were illegitimate. Contrast these with a few counties with large farms, where married men are employed, and bothies are of course more common. In the county of Edinburgh the average size of farms paying £20 and upwards was 114 acres, and among the rural population only 8 per cent of the births were illegitimate. In Fife the average size of the farms above £20 of yearly rental was 110 acres, and only 7.6 per cent of the births were illegitimate. In Haddington the average size of the farms above £20 of yearly rental was 219 acres, and only 8.7 per cent of the births were illegitimate."

The strongest condemnation of the bothy system which we have met with comes from a minister of the Established Church in Perthshire, a part of the country where it largely prevails.* He denounces it as bad in every respect, congregating young men without any superintendence, separating them from family influences, comforts, and decencies, contaminating them with vicious examples, leading to nocturnal roving habits, and making them reckless and given to change. Bothies, in his opinion, are the result of an avaricious or indolent neglect of duty on the part of landowners, who will not go to the expense of erecting a sufficient number of ploughmen's cottages, thus often consigning the working force of the farm to accommodation inferior to that of the cattle. The discouragement to marriage which this system implies is one of its greatest blots; for early marriages, where there is a reasonable prospect of supporting a family, are the true sources of national strength, and agricultural

* Evidence, p. 82.

life offers more facilities for them than most other callings. Children come into existence when the parents are in the prime and vigour of life. They are the best blood that can be infused into the community, forming the very bone and muscle of the commonwealth, and, if they enter the ranks of the army, constituting the real sinews of war.

The bothy system, it is said, may be seen in its best phase and under the most favourable circumstances that it admits of in the east coast of Sutherland; but even there the better class of farmers are averse to it, accepting it only as a necessary evil in default of proper cottage accommodation for their ploughmen. The system is intrinsically a bad one, and it would be for the true interest of the country that it should be abandoned as speedily as practicable.

We have stated the average wages of the agricultural day-labourer as contrasted with those of bothy-men and farm-servants, which we now proceed to state. The bothy-men in Caithness and Sutherland are generally allowed one Scotch pint of milk daily, and from seven to eight bolls of meal per annum, while their money wages range from £11 to £16 a-year. They are also provided with abundance of fuel, and having neither house-rent to pay nor families to support, and having no necessary expenses but clothes, they are well able, after allowing for every reasonable indulgence, to save money.

The amount which married ploughmen receive in money does not differ very materially in the different counties to which these reports refer: a grieve or bailiff receives about from £24 to £30, with a cottage rent-free, often a cow's grass and certain perquisites, such as the use of land for planting potatoes, coals and firewood, and the profit of a pig, which bring his wages up to about £38 or £40 a-year. The portion of their wages which married labourers receive in kind differs in different counties, but the aggregate amount of the yearly wage is tolerably uniform. The allowances and privileges vary so much in different districts, and depend so much upon the opinion or caprice of farmers, that it seems impossible to estimate their value accurately. Of the advantage of this system of paying the men partly in money and partly in kind there can be no doubt. It doubtless originated at a time when villages were more rare than they are, although the normal condition of rural Scotland will probably ever be that of a country scantily provided with hamlets, and having its population widely dispersed. It must always have been a convenience to the labourer, by saving him from resorting to a distant town for his necessary supplies; and the part payment of wages in provisions will probably long endure in Scotland, to the mutual advantage of master and servant. It economises the time of the servant by rendering journeys even to the nearest market needless, to procure the necessaries of life, and secures to the master the full benefit of the unexhausted strength of his labourer. It helps to prevent wastefulness, and, to a considerable extent, equalises wages and the price of food; for it matters nothing to the ploughman who is paid in kind whether meal is dear or cheap, unless, of course, he exceeds the stipulated allowance. Having less cash at his command, he is under less temptation to squander it; and it acts as a wholesome check upon the wives, to whom the possession of money too often signifies only the means of self-indulgence, and the power of buying

finery unsuited to their position in life. We observe with regret that the character given of the wives of the labouring men in these reports is far from favourable. Many farmers state that they have had to part with some of their best workmen in consequence of their wives getting them irremediably into debt.

The crofter system, as it exists in the Highlands and the northern counties, naturally engaged the attention of the Commissioners. The term is applied to small holdings generally. Formerly crofts were frequently sublet by a farmer to his servants in return for their labour, but this practice has been generally discontinued, farmers being commonly precluded from sub-letting by the terms of their leases. But crofters are still often made use of for the purpose of bringing mountain-land into cultivation. Usually a few, say from five to thirty, acres of land are let on a nineteen years' lease at a nominal rent to some farm-servant of good character, whose industry and judgment can be relied on. He begins by building himself a cottage, the landlord assisting him by the advance of a few pounds, or more frequently by supplying him with building materials. At the end of the term the lease is generally renewed at a moderate rent, and at the end of the second term the land reclaimed will probably be of the average value of agricultural land in the neighbourhood. A great deal of moorland has thus been brought into cultivation in Sutherland and Caithness without any outlay on the part of the freeholder, except that expended in assisting in the construction of the cottages and for roads.

The success of this system must mainly depend on the crofts or pendicles not being too large. Six acres are stated to be the limit which will enable a crofter to devote the greater part of his time to working as a servant for hire. It is of importance that he should retain the character of a labourer, only supplementing his earnings by the profit derived from his croft. The strongest desire exists on the part of the agricultural population of Scotland to become occupiers of land. "The means of livelihood possessed by a crofter are doubtless," writes Mr Campion, the Assistant-Commissioner who has devoted most attention to this subject, "often precarious, and the work he must perform most severe; but the feeling of independence which he enjoys in being able to work for himself instead of for a farmer, seems to afford an ample compensation for all the difficulties he has thus to encounter." As a matter of fact, the crofters are generally prosperous. They themselves, with the assistance of their families, do the whole work necessary for the cultivation of their land. They seem to take every opportunity of giving their children the best education in their power, allowing nothing to interfere with the regularity of their attendance at school. They bring up large families in habits of industry, and some of them no doubt save considerable sums of money. Crofters are generally favourably looked upon by landlords; and although on particular estates efforts are being made to consolidate the small holdings, the tendency to aggregation does not appear to be very general. To the larger farmers the crofters are very useful, by forming, as they do, a reserve force of labourers to whom they can have recourse at busy periods of the year. There is no doubt, however, that crofts cannot be maintained, after the land has once been brought into cultivation, without some sacrifice on the part of the landlord. This does not

arise from loss of rent, for the rents paid by crofters are as high as, if not higher than, those paid by large farmers; but principally from the number of buildings that have to be kept in repair. Crofters are no doubt generally bound to keep their houses in good condition; but their means are small, the obligation is often imperfectly discharged, and a croft seldom falls in to the landlord without some outlay on the buildings being required.

There is, however, another light in which the crofter system must be viewed. If the crofts are just large enough to barely support a crofter and his family without the aid of wages, he is in danger of becoming a small impoverished farmer, with barely the means of keeping body and soul together; or if he depends for his livelihood mainly upon the crops grown by himself, eking out his small means by working, as on the Caithness coast, for hire in the fisheries, in which his earnings are too irregular and desultory to reckon upon with certainty, he is in imminent danger of becoming a pauper. The greatest discretion ought to be exercised by landlords in adding to this, in many respects, deserving class. The eagerness to possess these holdings is one of the features of our peasantry; but an unrestrained indulgence in it might reduce some parts of Scotland to the moral level of Tipperary. To attain a croft is, however, often the only means of obtaining a cottage by a young man who wishes to marry; and he prefers incurring the risk of hardship and privation in a home of his own, to continuing a life of comparative abundance in a bothy. Accordingly, whenever a croft falls vacant, there seems to be an eager competition for it.

The practice adopted in some parts of the country, as on Lord Lovat's estates in Inverness-shire, of placing small crofters in the neighbourhood of large arable farms, and the larger crofters, whose land is sufficient for the support of themselves and their families, at a greater distance, is best adapted to develop all the advantages of the system without its counteracting evils. We find it stated that fifteen acres of good land, well managed, are considered sufficient to support a medium-sized family, independent of any extra work. Those with crofts under twelve acres cannot, as a rule, support a family without doing other work as well. The job-labour required in the harvest and turnip seasons is best supplied by this class when they have been judiciously located. In judging of the means of subsistence afforded by a croft, supplementary advantages require in some cases to be taken into consideration. Thus a holding of even three or four acres may be sufficient for the support of a family if it carries with it, as it often does, a right of pasture on the neighbouring hill for one or more cows, with the addition of a few sheep and a horse during the summer. The mere possession of a croft, however, too often seems to convey the idea that it will alone support a man and his family with the least possible amount of additional labour; but when crofts are moderate in size, and moderately rented, and industrious habits have been formed, crofters may be considered as a contented and happy portion of the agricultural community of Scotland.

The Scottish shepherds appear to have impressed the Commissioners with a strong sense of their intelligence and high moral character. Their scrupulous attention to their duties, and saving habits, are highly commended. Mr Culley states that they are the finest set of men he ever came in contact with. Their

sacrifices to obtain education for their children in districts where the parochial schools are inaccessible are well known—a schoolmaster being frequently lodged and boarded by the hill-shepherds by turns. A description of what takes place in Altnaharra, in the wildest part of the interior of Sutherland, will convey some idea of the difficulties under which education is sometimes conducted in the hill-country. This district contains an area of about 400 square miles, with a population of about 150 persons, living for the most part in isolated cottages. The school is attended by fifteen scholars, some of whom have to walk as far as five miles from their homes; but that distance does not deter even girls nine years old in weather not unusually severe. During three months of the year, from December to February inclusive, the storms are so incessant that the school is shut up, and the teacher gives lessons at home to each family in turn; but for the remaining nine months it is open, and the attendance of the children is described as being as regular as the weather will permit. The instruction given in schools of this description is, of course, often of a very rudimentary character; for the number of children that can be brought together at any given spot is necessarily very small, and the parents cannot afford to pay a high-class master; but even in these lonely wilds men of great teaching power are occasionally to be met with who would do credit to more important employments.

The life of a shepherd of the upper hill-ranges is one of great toil and anxiety. He must be sensitively alive to every change of the weather—

"Hence does he know the meaning of all winds,
And blasts of every tone;
And truly at all times the storm that drives
The traveller to a shelter, summons him
Up to the mountains."

A change, which we think is to be regretted, is gradually being effected in the mode of paying this valuable class of men. In Dumfriesshire and on the slopes of the Cheviots in the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, shepherds are paid chiefly in stock—that is to say, they have a flock of sheep called the shepherd's pack, numbering from forty-five to fifty, a cow's keep, sixty-five stones of oatmeal, 1000 yards of potatoes, and a free cottage. The result of this system is, that on the northern slopes of the Cheviots about one-sixth of the sheep belong to the shepherds. In Dumfriesshire the pack seldom exceeds forty-five sheep, to which are added pasture and hay for a cow, sixty stones of oatmeal, an acre of land, and a cottage rent-free. Should a shepherd not possess sufficient capital on entering upon his place to purchase a pack, he obtains the sheep on credit from his employer, and pays for them by instalments as he is able. The sheep are distinctively marked, and graze with the master's flocks, and the shepherd derives the profit of their increase and of the annual clip of wool. The interest of the shepherd in the preservation and health of the sheep is thus identical with his master's, and his risks are the same. Should the flock get out of condition, and, as is not uncommon, cast their fleeces, the shepherd suffers with his master, and a severe winter or a bad lambing season may subject him to serious loss. On the lower hill-ranges shepherds are somewhat differently paid, the principal portion of their wages consisting of money: a shepherd of this class generally receives about £20 in money, sixty-five stones of meal per annum, and the privilege of pasturing two or three sheep and a cow.

Many of the sheep-farms in the Cheviots and in Dumfriesshire are what are called "led" farms—*i.e.*, are held by men who live and farm in the lowlands, the shepherds being left in undisturbed possession, and for the greater part of the year never seeing their master's face; and when it is understood how many are the opportunities of dishonesty in a shepherd's calling, it is evident that such relations between employer and employed could only exist among a thoroughly trustworthy class.

Should the system of paying shepherds by packs be abandoned, and a money wage be substituted for it,* it would be a change which we cannot but think would prove as disadvantageous to the master as to the men. It must necessarily destroy that community of interest between employer and employed which is one of the best securities for faithful service, and deprive a most deserving class of men of a means of bettering their position in life, and of raising themselves above the average condition of married ploughmen. The effect of this *quasi* partnership between master and servant is shown in the comparatively large amounts of deposits in the savings banks made by this class. The shepherds are undoubtedly well paid, but their life is one of great exertion and no inconsiderable amount of hardship, and their cottages situated chiefly in wild regions destitute of any other population. First-rate shepherds receive, in money, sheep, cows, and allowances, as much as is equivalent to £60 per annum, and, including the usual perquisite of "fallen meat," seldom earn less than £50 a-year.

The diet of the Scotch agricultural labourer has in some parts of the country been gradually undergoing a change, which is certainly not to his advantage. The principal points on which it still differs from the ordinary diet of the agricultural labourer in England, is in the more general use of milk, and in the consumption of oatmeal, and, in some localities, the meal of peas, barley, or beans. Milk is obtained in many counties by his being allowed the valuable privilege of keeping a cow; in others by a daily allowance (commonly a Scotch pint) from the farmer; but sometimes its value is given in money. The sale of a portion of the allowance of meal may enable the labourer, if he chooses, to purchase tea, bread, cheese, butter, or bacon: butcher-meat appears to be rarely tasted by the labourer, unless he is boarded with the farmer on the kitchen system. In some parts of the country the old Scotch dietaries appear to have given place to tea and wheaten bread. The use of tea is becoming year by year more general. Mr Culley draws attention to certain indications of a change in the character and habits of Scotch labourers, arising from the demand for increased luxuries of life common to all classes of society, but is of opinion that increased wages have not improved the manners and customs of the agricultural labouring class. The substitution of wheaten bread, cheese, butter, and tea, for porridge, in many counties, is believed to have acted unfavourably on the *physique* of agricultural labourers; they are said not to weigh so heavy as when oatmeal-porridge and potatoes were their chief support, and to have lost in working power. It is probable

* "An old man who was well acquainted with the 'pack' system, said that it was the usual thing in former times, but does not think that there is one shepherd now so paid from Campbelltown to Inverary."—Mr R. F. Boyle's Report on the counties of Lanark, Renfrew, and Argyll.

that the smaller quantities of the more expensive articles of diet consumed afford less nourishment than the former abundant meals of milk, oat and barley meal, and potatoes. It is to be regretted that there are indications in some parts of the country of a disinclination to encourage labourers to keep a pig, with its double advantage of improving the produce of the garden or potato-ground, and furnishing the labourer with a supply of home-raised animal food.

This tendency, which is very marked in several counties, to abandon the old nourishing diet of the Scotch peasantry, is a subject deserving of serious consideration. We have heard of agricultural labourers, to gratify their taste for articles of food of modern introduction, walking three or four miles after their day's work to bring home bread for their supper. The meal-barrel and good sweet milk surely provide a hard-working man with a far better support than the dry, milkless, sophisticated bread of the modern baker, especially when it is not supplemented either with bacon or butcher-meat, but only with cheese or butter, and is washed down with a weak infusion of indifferent tea, having a tendency to impair the muscular system and to produce nervous depression. We should be the last to desire to curtail any of a labourer's scanty enjoyments; and the use of tobacco in moderation is not for an instant to be deprecated. Under the pressure of the cares and sorrows of our mortal condition, men, as Burke long ago justly remarked, have at all times and in all countries called in some physical aid to their moral consolations — wine, beer, opium, spirits, or tobacco. The solace of the pipe by his evening hearth, after the toils of the day are over, is probably one of the greatest alleviations of the hard-worked ploughman's lot; but the practice now very general of smoking throughout the day, even when at work, ought to be strongly condemned. Farmers have just ground for their complaints on this subject, for we have heard of labourers persisting in smoking while thatching corn-stacks and attending thrashing-machines. The expenditure on tobacco by a labouring man addicted to its abuse we have heard put as high as £2 a-year.

The increase in the means of subsistence with inferior working power is strongly brought out in the evidence of an old ploughman in the Carse of Gowrie.

"I have worked," he says, "in the Carse all my days. It was a hard place for men thirty years ago, but they do less work and get more pay, £10 a-year more nor we did; and they're no better off. The men are no near so strong as they used to be, with all their wages. They buy tea, and white bread, and fine clothes, and dinna stick to the meal and milk. They have ploughmen now would hardly have been sent to look after the cattle in my day. Some of their ploughmen can hardly toom their pokes (empty their corn-sacks off their backs). As for women's work, it's no verra good for a hantle of they. The women's no so strong either now; I dinna ken for their morals being better or waur." *

The change which has taken place for the worse in the habits of the agricultural population is abundantly confirmed by facts. Take the instance of the testimony of an old parochial schoolmaster in Perthshire.

"Ploughmen and other agricultural labourers, and it may indeed be said all people of the working class, are at the present day, with few exceptions, very poor, and not well able to pay for their children's education; but their poverty is owing, in a great measure, to their own present wasteful and extravagant habits. Wages have been of late years far higher

* Evidence of John Kempe—Appendix, p. 57.

than they were for a long time before, but these people have got into a more expensive way of living than formerly, both as regards their victuals and their dress. When I first knew this parish, now upwards of forty-four years ago, and long after that too, the almost universal breakfast of the peasantry was oatmeal-porridge, and their bread consisted of oaten cakes, bread made of pease or barley meal, and very often of a mixture of the last two. Now, tea with ham and other accompaniments is used twice a-day in almost every house, and given to children as well as to adults; and almost the only bread used by them now is the wheaten loaf, brought to their doors regularly twice a-week, in vans, from the bakers of the neighbouring town or villages. By the former way of victualling, people of the class in question brought up a race of strong muscular children, and healthier than those of the present day. The wives and daughters of working men now appear at church and other public places in dresses such as were worn, in times not long gone by, only by ladies of quality. It has been the custom with maid-servants for a considerable time past, as it is also at the present day, when their wages are higher than ever they were before, to spend every shilling they have on splendid dresses and trinkets; and when they become wives, the same itching for costly attire for themselves and the girls of their families (not for their boys) continues with them, by gratifying which they keep themselves and their husbands not only in poverty but almost always in debt. The other sex cannot be accused of extravagance in dress, but they are almost all slaves to tobacco-smoking, a practice which was scarcely known among agricultural labourers in this part of the country a quarter of a century ago. Almost every halfling now carries about with him his pipe, his tobacco, and his box of matches." *

We suspect that it could not now be truthfully said, that "halesome parritch" is "chief of Scotia's food;" but from the quantity of oatmeal and milk received in part payment of wages, it doubtless still forms part of the diet of agricultural labourers. In many families the elder men "sup" their porridge morning and night; but in a great many cottages porridge appears only once a-day, and the women are much more given to "scones" or "bannocks" baked on the girdle, with the addition of coffee or tea.

The great desideratum in Scotland is an extension of the farm-cottage system, in the interest not only of landowners and farmers, but of the community at large. The kitchen system, we have seen, is unpopular with farmers, and is being given up in proportion as farms are consolidated, and it is prolific of certain moral evils, as may be seen in the Registrar-General's returns. The bothy system is an unnatural system, to say nothing of its temptations to vice. By rendering cottages unnecessary it prevents young labourers from marrying, and this unavoidable celibacy has a natural tendency both to increase the rate of illegitimacy and to keep the agricultural population below the requirements of the country. The cottage or married system, which supplies each farm with labour on the spot, and enables a farmer to avail himself of the occasional services of the wives and children of his workmen, is that by which his own and the best interests of the community are promoted. There are, doubtless, difficulties in an adequate extension of this system in Scotland; but in the end it is the most economical and the most satisfactory. The effect of having all the labour located on the farm is, as Mr Culley states it, that where horse-labour is concerned the farmer obtains ten hours' work per day for a large part of the year, instead of eight hours, common in England. This is effected by means of a long mid-day rest, or shorter and more frequent pauses. The two horses with which the hind works are considered his

* Evidence of Mr Robert Stewart—Appendix, p. 82.

peculiar charge, and the hours of work are arranged as much for his horses' comfort as his own, and rule the work-hours of the remainder of the farm-staff. Exclusive of the time spent before and after work by the ploughman in feeding and cleaning his horses, he works with them ten hours a-day, and all ordinary farm-workers are employed for the same time. To rest and feed the horses in the middle of the day would not be practicable, unless the hinds lived close to their work and to their stables; nor would such an arrangement be convenient to the other labourers unless they too lived near at hand.

It is another advantage of the cottage system, that while it affords an adequate supply of labour it checks the overgrowth of an agricultural population, and that accumulation of catch-labourers depending mainly upon the poor-law for support which is such a distressing feature in many English villages.

"The farm-village system," says Mr Culley, "with its yearly hiring, provides a certain income for regular farm-labourers, and, as it were, dictates how many families a purely agricultural district can decently support. Outsiders are warned off, and the hint is not thrown away upon men of such independent character and migratory habits as the Scotch. The absence of catch-labourers, no doubt, puts a certain amount of pressure on the farmer at certain seasons; but on many well-conducted farms in the south of Scotland (the smallness of whose labour-staff would astonish an English farmer) the work of the year, with the exception of harvest, is got through with only the occasional assistance of some members of the hinds' families who are not usually employed in field-work."

As regards the cottages in the rural districts, all the Assistant-Commissioners record the fact, that great efforts have been made by the landowners of Scotland, during the last twenty years, for increasing their number and improving their accommodation. The publication of the Rev. Harry Stuart's pamphlet on the social condition of the agricultural classes, and the formation in Edinburgh in the same year (1853) of the "Association for Promoting Improvements in the Dwellings of Agricultural Labourers," doubtless gave a great impulse to the progress of cottage improvement throughout Scotland. There is, nevertheless, still much room for improvement, both as to the quantity and quality of cottage accommodation. If few of the old turf cottages thatched with heather, which once covered certain districts of the country, are now to be seen, the proportion of cottages with only a single room, with the *but*-and-*ben* arrangement, is unhappily still very great, and cottages with more than two rooms are few and far between. The great scarcity of cottages of any description is, however, the crying want of the country. A great many parishes have absolutely no cottages whatever, placing farmers under the greatest disadvantage in regard to labour. Cottage improvers have, it must be admitted, many difficulties to contend with in the habits of the people. The almost universal propensity to place as many beds as possible in the kitchen, no matter what amount of sleeping accommodation the cottage affords, does not afford much encouragement to those landlords who wish to introduce habits of decency into the domestic arrangements of their people. The natural desire for warmth in our cold climate, and the wish to economise fuel, is one of the chief causes of this herding together of often a whole family in one room without reference to age or sex.

This deficiency in cottage accommodation is more marked in some

counties than in others. In some, cottages are sufficiently numerous, but they are in a state of dilapidation, and when they fall down, no disposition is shown to replace them by others. Ayrshire seems to be especially deficient in cottages, and those which it possesses are for the most part very bad. An extensive farmer, residing not far from Maybole, stated to one of the Assistant-Commissioners that it was always with a sense of shame and humiliation that he introduced a newly-engaged ploughman to one of the hovels appropriated for the work-people on his farm; and that stables, byres, cow-sheds, dilapidated farmhouses, and disused dog-kennels, had been converted into labourers' cottages. Guano-bags have in some cases been stretched across the rafters to prevent the mouldering thatch and the rain from falling upon the beds and tables of the unfortunate occupants.

The Highlanders still cling to their old style of cottage-building. On the mainland the practice of having the fireplace in the middle of the room seems to have been gradually abandoned; but in the islands it is still found, if not in the centre, at least on one side of the room, but open, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. One of these houses, which was visited by an Assistant-Commissioner, had two chimneys, one at each end, and the fire was moved according as the wind happened to blow. To remove the fireplace was easy, as it only consisted of a few clods of peat and a large pot hung from three uprights. The argument in favour of the central system is, that none of the heat is lost—a large family can crowd round; whereas a modern fireplace has but one side. To a visitor a house full of smoke is very unpleasant, and he wonders how people can exist in it; but there is an impression that peat-smoke is wholesome. A proprietor in Knapdale offered to put up a regular chimney for his tenant, but he declined, saying that "his fire never smoked, but that he feared a chimney would."

In an economical point of view, a large increase in the number of cottages available for the agricultural class is a great desideratum. Heritors too often misunderstand their own interests in not providing sufficient cottage accommodation, for large numbers of labourers, having no settled homes, become thoughtless and improvident, and finally have recourse to the poor-rates; whereas, if they had been settled in comfortable cottages, every inducement would be afforded to form permanent engagements, and greater efforts would be made to attain independence. The desire which everywhere prevails for married in preference to unmarried ploughmen ought to stimulate heritors to provide the necessary accommodation, as in reality adding an appreciable value to their property; for there can be no doubt that higher rents, and often a superior class of tenants, can generally be obtained if the number of cottages on farms is equal to their requirements. The yearly improvements and increasing complication of agricultural implements, too, while it will diminish the amount of manual labour, will increase the demand for steady men of more careful training. These can only be obtained by holding out a prospect of competency and comfort in the family relations as the reward of good conduct and expertness.

The Commissioners, however, frankly admit that landed proprietors are not always to be blamed for the condition of the

cottages on their estates, their means of effecting even the most necessary improvements being often crippled by heavy encumbrances. With regard to loans for cottage-building by the Enclosure Commissioners, the complaint is general of the impolitic stringency of their rules; and frequent suggestions have been made for an extension of the duration of the rent-charge, and a consequent reduction of the annual payments. The requirements of the Enclosure Commissioners are, moreover, too frequently unsuitable to the habits of the people, and to the districts requiring their aid, and the terms of repayment are too high. If the Commissioners would be satisfied with less expensive plans than those upon which they are in the habit of insisting, many more cottages, it is believed, would be built under the provisions of the Act than have hitherto been.

The most obvious improvement that could be made in the rural economy of Scotland, would be a considerable extension of the capabilities for housing labourers in cottages on the farm, thus rendering possible a great extension of the family system; but a nearer approach to that system can, it is obvious, only be obtained by a considerable addition to the cottage accommodation in those districts where the bothy system already exists. But if the farmers, it is justly observed, expect their landlords to help them in the manner suggested, they must make every possible effort on their part so to conduct their operations as to insure constant employment to the occupants of additional cottages. To build more cottages than would suffice for the accommodation of the labourers who can be regularly employed, would be to do away with the chief advantages of the Scotch system. In the neighbourhood of towns and villages, farmers may legitimately cultivate their land in a manner requiring occasional outside help; but in rural districts they must not expect their landlords to do anything which may tend to create an over-supply of the labour-market. With respect to the proportion of cottages which may be desirable on a mixed farm, "it was," Mr Culley says, "stated by Mr George Hope," (a high authority on the subject), "that to do away with the necessity of the bothy system, the number of cottages attached to a farm in high cultivation should be in the proportion of one and a half to the number of hired men—*i.e.*, grieve, shepherds, cattlemen, and hinds; but where cultivation is less active, and root-crops occupy a smaller proportion of the land, a smaller number of cottar-houses would be required." Always supposing that a supply of native work-women can be obtained, on exclusively arable farms it is suggested that the proper supply of cottages should be in the proportion of one to every pair of horses employed.

Some difference of opinion exists as to whether it is desirable that a cottar should hold his cottage direct from the farmer or from the landlord. His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, who has devoted large sums of money to the building and improvement of cottages on his vast estates, we believe adopts the practice of making the cottar as independent of his employer as possible for his house accommodation, believing that it places the labourer in a more independent position in reference to the farmer than when he is liable to be turned out of his holding in a fit of caprice or ill-humour at a moment's notice. As a consequence, the cottages on his Grace's property are, as a rule, held

by their occupants direct from the landlord.* The objections to this system, as applied to Scotland, are pointed out in the following communication from the Right Hon. R. C. Nisbet Hamilton, the owner of large estates in England and Scotland :—

"I have no hesitation in saying that the system which generally prevails in England of the labourer being the direct tenant of the landlord, in so far as the social condition of the labourer is concerned, is preferable to that which exists in Scotland; but it is in vain to try to force such a system on the tenant-farmers in Scotland, because it would be impossible to let any farm unless you gave the tenant-farmer an absolute control over a certain number of cottagers.

"The Scottish agricultural labourer is very industrious, and manifests a great desire to send his children to school. His wages are generally higher than those which are offered in southern English counties; but in reality he is less civilised than a person of the same class in the midland counties. His cottage and garden are generally neglected, and his wife and family are, with few exceptions, untidy in their habits. I attribute this circumstance very much to the manner in which the cottages are occupied under the present system of letting in Scotland. The Lincolnshire cottager, living as he does directly under the landlord, considers his cottage as equivalent to a freehold; he never dreams of leaving it; he takes an interest in it and in his garden as if they were his own, and the same families occupy their cottages for many generations. Unfortunately in East Lothian the habits of the labouring classes are migratory; they seldom enter their cottages with the intention of occupying them long, and the consequence is, that, with few exceptions, they are kept in a very slovenly state."

We adverted, in the remarks which we have made on the crofter system, to the aid sometimes given by landed proprietors in building cottages upon lease, the tenant contributing the rude and paying for the skilled labour required for the erection of the buildings, the landlord providing a part of the materials. This system, the adoption of which, if more general, would be one of the greatest boons that could be conferred upon the agricultural labouring class, has been for some years in extensive operation on the estates of Mr Hope Johnstone of Annandale, and has resulted in the erection of nearly two hundred excellent cottages, of which the tenants were granted leases for nineteen years at a nominal rent, with an understanding that at their expiration they would be renewed on favourable terms.

The plan has now been in successful operation for more than forty years, and is so eminently adapted to check the great evil of a constantly fluctuating agricultural population, and to counteract that tendency to "flitting" which is so annoying to the farmer, that we venture to enter into a few details respecting the system and its working.

One district in which it has been most beneficially adopted consists of the two parishes of Johnstone and Kirkpatrick-Juxta, which form a portion of the Annandale estate. Fifty years ago all the agricultural labourers who possessed cottages held them under the tenant-farmers; but as the greater number had become ruinous and uninhabitable, a new system was adopted by Mr Hope Johnstone. A lease for nineteen or twenty-one years was given of the site of the homestead, with a large garden, at a rent of 5s. yearly. The

* The known liberality of his Grace, and the cordiality which exists between his numerous tenantry and their noble landlord, doubtless enables him to carry out his views on this subject with a success which could not be generally expected in Scotland.

tenant then erected the house at his own expense, with the exception of the timber, which was supplied gratuitously from the estate, and of stone for chimney-heads, door and window joists, jambs, ridge-stones, &c., which were provided by the landlord. The cost to the tenant, when this system was first put in practice, in the erection of a cottage, generally amounted to about £20; but owing to the progressive advance in the price of skilled labour, the wages of the carpenter and mason employed would now raise the amount of the tenant's share of the work to rather over £40.

The erection of cottages on these terms has, although somewhat checked by the high price of labour, been steadily progressing. The cottages have been built chiefly on the sides of turnpike or other roads, or on the boundaries of farms. They have not been formed into hamlets and villages, and are detached from each other. To two-thirds or three-fourths of the tenants leases have also been granted of from two to four or five acres of coarse land, which they bring into cultivation, and which serves for summering and wintering a cow, and for growing potatoes or oats as desired. Leases are granted only to persons of thoroughly good character; and the expectation of their renewal upon very favourable terms at the expiration of the tenancies affords a guarantee for good conduct; and the renewal of the lease at a moderate rent is regarded as a matter of course. Great care is taken not to grant leases to any persons who have not a certain prospect of regular work on or near the estate, and the population in the neighbourhood is kept steadily in view. If a steady and deserving man should be unable to pay the full proportion of the cost of building implied in the agreement, assistance is given by the landlord, and interest charged upon the advance. "From long experience," says Mr H. Tremenheere, the Assistant-Commissioner to whom we are indebted for these details, "it has been found that this system is most conducive to the wellbeing, independence, and good conduct of the labouring classes, offering the strongest inducement to young farm-servants in the neighbourhood to save money to enable them to marry and settle, and enabling them to bring up their families in comfort and respectability. The cottages, being generally in public view, are readily distinguished from the ordinary cottar habitations by the neatness of their appearance, presenting a marked contrast to cottages occupied by merely transitory tenants."

We ought to add that the Annandale estate, containing quarries of suitable stone, abundance of timber, and possessing numerous saw-mills, offers peculiar facilities for carrying out a plan of this kind, and that it can be adopted with success only on estates which possess similar advantages. Such estates, however, must be numerous in Scotland, and we trust that Mr Hope Johnstone's plan may find many successful imitators. A landed proprietor can derive no greater satisfaction from his property than the consciousness of having gathered around him a settled population bound to him by the strongest ties of gratitude and self-interest.

The employment of women in agriculture, although gradually dying out in England, appears to be still very general in Scotland. The attention of the Commissioners was very properly directed to this subject, chiefly to ascertain whether any tasks are imposed on women which are physically unsuitable to

their sex. It does not appear that such is the case; but the testimony is uniform on the effect of such employment upon the moral character of women, and it is generally acknowledged that female agricultural labourers make most indifferent wives, and, as a general rule, that they are indolent and wasteful, and their houses dirty, and their husbands poor. Any legislative interference with female labour, however its moral and social results are to be deplored, is not recommended. It is probably owing to the comparatively lower wages of women, and the extent to which they are employed, that Scotch farming owes a considerable portion of its success. In Scotland, as in England, the chief complaint is of the language habitually used by the elder women when at work. This, however, as one of the Assistant-Commissioners remarks, is only a sign of naturally coarser habits and modes of speech than those practised by their critics. Very little change, we fear, can be expected for the better, until at least one generation has become accustomed to a greater amount of reserve than the present imperfect separation of the sexes in their cottages will permit.

It was with much surprise that the Commissioners who visited the mining and manufacturing districts of Scotland found that there was so extensive an employment of women in agriculture. It has been ascertained that in Wales the high wages of miners obviated all necessity for their wives or daughters to work out; but in the Scotch mining districts there is an enormous employment of women, particularly in the large cropping areas around Glasgow and elsewhere. Many farms are there worked, with the exception of ploughmen, almost entirely by women; and it is a remarkable fact that the wives and daughters of miners earning from £2 to £3 a-week should submit to work at hoeing turnips or spreading manure for 1s. to 1s. 6d. a-day. The miners, it seems, although in the receipt of very high wages, find it necessary, in order to meet the cost of their extravagant mode of living, to supplement their own earnings by those of their families. The wives, too, are generally such bad economists, that the money earned by them in field-labour is required to meet the current expenses of the household.

This relic of barbarism—for such we hold to be the employment of women in agricultural labour—will only disappear under the refining effect of increasing civilisation. It must be left to the gradual influence of morals, public opinion, and a better education. In some parts of England, girls who have been educated at the parochial schools show a decided and increasing aversion to field-work; and in the border county of Cumberland especially, it is only by those who have lost their character, or who have not been sent regularly to school, that rough farm-work is preferred to domestic service.

We have thus presented the salient points and prominent recommendations of this important Commission, as far as it relates to our agricultural population. They afford matter for serious consideration, and some of the suggestions for the amelioration of the condition of our peasantry, are well worthy of attention both by tenant-farmers and landlords. An intelligent observer, wedded neither to the traditions nor customs of our country, and approaching the subjects of his investigation with a desire to do impartial justice to whatever he sees of good, and to suppress nothing which he believes to be bad, can scarcely

fail to throw some new and striking lights upon objects which, to habitual observers, exhibit nothing objectionable or wrong. For these reasons, we welcome these reports as affording valuable suggestions for practical use, and giving prominence to facts which may have long been overlooked or ignored. On the important subject of the state of elementary education they are especially full. That the management of our parochial schools requires reconsideration, has long been the conviction of those best acquainted with them; that the education of the agricultural class is not, on the whole, what it ought to be, is clearly proved by these reports.

It is gratifying to find that, whatever our shortcomings may be, there are many practices in the parochial schools which might, in the opinion of the Commissioners, be adopted with advantage in the elementary schools of England. Among these the system of requiring lessons to be prepared at home, the pains bestowed in making children understand the derivations and meanings of words, and to exercise their thinking faculties, and the care which is taken to store their memories with passages of prose and verse, which may be sources of pleasure or of moral and religious guidance when they grow up, are the most prominent.

The general practice of requiring lessons to be learned at home instead of in the school, as in England, seems to have made a strong impression upon the Commissioners, and the example of Scotland has elicited the following recommendation:—

"It cannot be said that there are any greater obstacles in a Scotch cottage to the practice of the children learning a portion of their school-work for the next day at home, than there are in an English cottage. On the contrary, the advantages in regard to room and light are probably for the most part on the side of the English cottage. The English labourer's child leaves school at four o'clock in the afternoon, and does not return to it until nine the next morning. The number of hours wasted, for all purposes of education, is thus very great. It has been seen above that in Scotland even the schoolroom is, if needed, made accessible to the children before the school hours, to enable them to prepare their lessons in quiet. The good effects of this practice of home lessons, both upon the children and the parents, are manifest. The children of the labouring classes in England are probably the only children in this community who are allowed habitually to throw away, as regards the purposes of education, the whole of the time between school hours. If schools are henceforward to be largely supported by rates, it may reasonably be anticipated that school-boards will look to this point, in order that better results may be obtained in a shorter time than has hitherto been the case, and the public funds thereby economised."

THE END OF THE WAR.

France is at peace. Germany is at peace. Europe is at peace. The three expressions are similar; and yet what dissimilar ideas do they awaken! Peace means, in respect of France, that she has at length a season when she may survey her desolation, and understand how she is dejected and punished. To Germany, peace means success assured, high fame established, the greatest ends achieved by the wisest counsels and most complete execution. But what ideas will Europe associate with the name of peace? Restored confidence?—a clearer vision?—a mind elevated by trial?—or, bitter reflection—a sense of relapse toward barbarism?—a dread that she may overlie volcanoes?

France is at peace. Her Imperial armies have been utterly beaten and taken prisoners by more than a hundred thousand at a capture; her Republican energies have been tried, but the efforts resulting therefrom have but prolonged her misery; her renowned historical capital has once more opened its gates to a victorious enemy: these, and a hundred smaller misfortunes, have signalised but too mournfully the loss of her military prestige. Peace is the end of that excitement which could postpone reflection, the full knowledge of humiliation. With peace comes also the penalty imposed by the victor—loss of territory, loss of her fortresses, a crushing pecuniary fine, the enemy's occupation of fair Champagne until the fine be paid,—these are the price of peace. These sacrifices have bought her external peace; but it would require the flood of Lethe to bring her peace of mind!

Judging between the two nations lately belligerent with the calm eye of a neutral, we in this country consider the demand of the conqueror excessive. We think of the enormous cost to France of her defeat, independently of the price of peace, and determine that Germany should have been more generous. Looking to the honour which Germany has won upon French crests, and to the spoil already taken in the war, we deprecate the exaction of a huge material fine at the moment when the sword returns to its scabbard. We have admired so much Prussia's mastery of the art of war, and her bearing in the field, that we feel aggrieved because she forces us to stint our approbation, and because we may not see her as great in mind as she is in deed. We are so impressed by her prowess as to feel jealous for her honour. We cannot bear that a nation to which we have involuntarily accorded so much praise should in any wise come short of her great promise. It seems a moral necessity that being, as she confessedly is, *sans peur*, she should be also *sans reproche*. But in truth we have expected too much. The German mind has attained to high warlike design, and to most complete achievement, while it is still far short of chivalrous elevation. It is tainted with the doctrines of them of old time who asked an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. It is not yet sufficiently familiar with greatness to know the power of generosity: it has small acquaintance with the beatitude which "droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven," which is "mightiest in the mightiest." The gross and palpable booty has evidently been as carefully calculated by Prussia beforehand as any provi-

sion of war. She feels that she must produce a scalp to gain credit for having taken a life. She has but a glimmer of the perfect light of fame.

Plainly, then, we must put aside every high standard in judging of the terms which Germany has imposed. The devout language of the Emperor-King—"the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat"—would be much misunderstood if it were taken to indicate that the precepts of Scripture are likely ever to make him forget worldly interests; and the dispositions of his advisers and his people are far removed from Quixotic magnanimity. They have heaped coals of fire upon the head of their enemy, but they have done it with a spade, and they have called the spade by its own name. At the best we may say that they have paid so much homage to virtue as to have kept out of sight the word *vengeance*, and to have justified their acts by the plea that they are dictated by a regard to future safety.

Thus, if we may not think their conduct sublime, we have no right to think it worse than the ordinary conduct of their fellows. France, we know, had long coveted Rhenish Prussia; and as to desire her neighbour's property, and to believe that she had a right to it, were with France much the same thing, we need hardly doubt that had she been victorious she would have insisted on the cession to her of that territory. Her cries of *à Berlin!* indicated that she meant to at least occupy, if she could, the enemy's capital. And we think she might have been trusted to indemnify herself fully before lifting her foot from off her prostrate foe. Neither may we flatter France by saying that her bite would have been less savage than her bark. We know well, and Prussia knows only too well, how France can behave herself towards the vanquished. The treaty of Tilsit between France and Prussia is an old story now to us, but doubtless it has been kept in the memory of Prussian hearts; and indeed one may suppose that the treaty just concluded is framed in imitation of it. For, let us recall for a moment the terms, quoting Sir A. Alison:—

"The losses of Prussia by this treaty were enormous. Between the states forming part of her possessions ceded to the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw and those acquired by the kingdom of Westphalia, she lost 4,236,048 inhabitants, or nearly a half of her dominions, for those retained contained only 5,034,504 souls. But overwhelming as the losses were, they constituted but a small part of the calamities which fell on this ill-fated monarchy by this disastrous peace. The fortresses left her, whether in Silesia or on the Oder, remained in the hands of France nominally, as a security for payment of the war contributions which were to be levied on the impoverished inhabitants, but really to overawe its government and entirely paralyse its military resources. A garrison of 20,000 French soldiers was stationed in Dantzic—a frontier station of immense importance—both as hermetically closing the mouths of the Vistula, giving the French authorities the entire command of the commerce of Poland, and affording an advanced post which, in the event of future hostilities, would be highly serviceable in a war with Russia. The newly-established kingdoms of Westphalia and Saxony, with the military road through Prussia terminating in the Grand-Duchy of Warsaw, gave the French Emperor the undisputed control of Northern Germany; in effect, brought up the French frontier to the Niemen, and enabled him to commence any future war with the same advantage from that distant river as he had done the present from the banks of the Rhine. At the same time enormous contributions, amounting to the stupendous, and, if not proved by authentic documents, incredible sum of *six hundred millions of francs*, or twenty-four millions sterling, were imposed on the countries which had been the seat of war between the Rhine and the Niemen; a sum at least equal to an hundred

millions sterling in Great Britain, when the difference in the value of money and the wealth of the two states is taken into consideration. This grievous exaction completely paralysed the strength of Prussia, and rendered her for the next five years totally incapable of extricating herself from that iron net in which she was enveloped by the continued occupation of her fortresses by the French troops. . . .

"While Napoleon and Alexander were thus adjusting their differences at Tilsit by the spoliation of all the weaker Powers in Europe, partitioning Turkey, and providing for the dethronement of the sovereigns in the Spanish peninsula, the chains were drawn yet more closely round unhappy Prussia. In the treaty with that Power it had been provided that a subsidiary military convention should be concluded regarding the period of the evacuation of the fortresses by the French troops, and the sums of money to be paid for their ransom. Nominally, it was provided that they should be evacuated by the 1st October, with the exception of Stettin, which was still to be garrisoned by French troops; but as it was expressly declared as a *sine qua non* that the whole contributions imposed should be paid up before the evacuation commenced, and that the King of Prussia should levy no revenue in his dominions till these exactions were fully satisfied, and that the Prussians, meanwhile, should feed, clothe, and lodge all the French troops within their bounds, the French Emperor had in reality the means of retaining possession of them as long as he chose, which he accordingly did. In addition to the enormous war contributions already mentioned, of which 513,744,000 francs, or £20,500,000, fell on Prussia alone, farther and most burdensome commissions were forced on Prussia in the end of the year, in virtue of which Count Daru, the French Collector-General, demanded 154,000,000 francs, or £6,160,000, more from that unhappy and reduced State; an exaction so monstrous and utterly disproportioned to its now scanty revenue, which did not exceed £3,000,000 sterling, that it never was or could be fully discharged; and this gave the French a pretence for continuing the occupation of the fortresses, and wringing contributions from the country till five years afterwards, when the Moscow campaign commenced."*

If, then, precedent, if trespass against them of equal cruelty, be justification, Germany and Germany's Emperor may defend their acts. And to their sense it would seem that precedent, and former injury to themselves at the hand of France, are all the justification that is needed. "Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children and throweth them against the stones." This indicates the moral latitude of Prussia. She cannot rise a hair's-breadth above the level of the first French Empire.

We hear from some apologists that Germany would have been less terrible in her vengeance, but that she has feared, and has acted on the fear, that what she did not do, boastful France would hereafter say that she could not do. It was necessary, therefore, to leave indelible marks for history; to let proof of her triumphant power rest upon severe, startling facts. But this is surely a miserable apology. Does Prussia imagine that it is in the power of France to take away her reputation, to disguise the greatness of her triumph? Where have the eyes of Europe been that the whole Continent should not be witness in the matter? Does Prussia remember that these things were not done in a corner, and that her acts have impressed the whole civilised world? Can she not trust the world? Apparently she cannot. She has ignored too much the influence and the opinion of Europe. She has looked on the war as a barbaric feud of the middle ages handed down

* And yet a Parisian correspondent of the 'Times,' whose letter was published on 9th March, would persuade us that "the Germans have converted war into a business, while the French imagined themselves to be preserving to it a chivalrous aspect." This correspondent must write for the marines.

from generation to generation. She has thought of only assuring herself and her foe of the retributive triumph. She has been insensible to the far greater triumph which she might have enjoyed. She might have established her empire over the mind of that Europe in which she now occupies the first position. It is her misfortune that the voice of civilisation seems now to proclaim her a destroyer to be greatly feared, rather than a leader by whose primacy the world will be improved.

Yet, if Prussia has not deserved the highest reputation of all, she has astonished all nations by the sagacity of her plans, and by the ability with which she has created, and moved, and fought her splendid armies. All the aims of a great military nation appear to have been achieved by her. Soldiers in a succession of countless hosts; the material and accessories of war profuse in quantity, and so efficiently transported as to be always available when wanted; the highest professional talent in her chief leaders; proficiency in all her officers; a perfect and unwavering discipline: success in maturing all this we must ascribe to Prussia. It is probable that, before the war had lasted a month, Prussia knew certainly that in numbers, as in all else, her armies were far superior to those of France. She was able, therefore, to take her measures at discretion, so as to control the course and events of the campaign. She has proved to us that for the career of conquest she could not be excelled; but it is only in that course that we have seen her. How her organism would have stood the test of reverses, how her troops would have borne, and how her generals would have retrieved disaster, we have had no opportunity of judging. Her foe was not worthy of her. And this inferiority of France is no less remarkable than the undoubted excellence of Prussia. We know very well that the most glorious of armies can be composed of Frenchmen—that the necessary materials exist in France; and yet we have seen an apparently splendid French army not only unsuccessful, but so thoroughly helpless both in design and act as to be an easy prey. The failing has been said by one critic to have been here, and by another to have been there, but it cannot have been confined to any one article. The more we reflect upon the events of the campaign, the more convinced we must become that there was inefficiency from the top to the bottom of the army, and that the very gravest blame attaches to all who have been concerned in its organisation and administration. It is impossible but that its incapacity must have been known had the least attention been given by intelligent persons to its condition. There was neither head nor heart in it. We have learned that a fair military display may be made where there is really no military force—good stuff, perhaps, but, from unskilful leading and defective organisation, only food for powder. Or is it right to say that we have learned? We have had the opportunity of learning, but we probably have not learned; for be it remembered that the largest item in Mr Cardwell's provision for the defence of Great Britain this year is 170,000 volunteers, and the second largest 139,000 militia, partly disembodied and partly not yet levied! Is it reasonable to expect that such a force would make a better figure before Prussian troops than the French army did? There might be fewer sound prisoners, and more killed and wounded perhaps, but that is all the difference. And the mention of this difference recalls the great number of unwounded French prisoners that were taken, which is

a very notable fact. Independently of the huge goings into captivity at Sedan and at Metz, every battle, as we were told, produced its harvest of prisoners in most disproportionate numbers. Now we know that Frenchmen in former wars have had no disposition to yield themselves up,* so that their conduct last year must be explained by some peculiarity of the time. Either the conscripts, being shamefully led, found themselves like sheep without a shepherd, and, comprehending their danger, but not knowing how to meet it, bought their lives by the surrender of their liberty; or else they were (as some writers have not scrupled to insinuate) really lukewarm about the fate of the army or the honour of the country. In either case the fault was in the leaders; for it is not only the leading and handling of troops in presence of the enemy which is expected from officers—on them depends also the tone of regiments. All sorts of notions will spread among raw lads, and all sorts of weaknesses will be yielded to, if a proper spirit be not sedulously kept up by superiors whom the soldiers respect. This consideration is of immense importance, and should not be overlooked by us, who are at this time invited to tamper with the officering of our army.†

We have before taken occasion to note ‡ the steadiness of the German troops, which the most intoxicating success was unable to shake; and we have now to mention in the highest terms the self-restraint and the unprovoking demeanour which they exhibited in entering Paris. Nothing could be finer than their bearing at the time of triumph, and it is to be doubted whether any other troops in the world have ever borne success with such equanimity. We English are very boastful about our behaviour when in an enemy's territory; and as far as the will of the nation and the orders of our commanders are concerned, licence is utterly discountenanced. But there are little chapters in the histories of our wars which prove that we have never succeeded in carrying into act the excellent regulations which we approve for the guidance of our armies. What shall we say, for instance, of an occurrence like the following, of which we extract the account from Napier's Peninsular War? The author has just graphically described the assault on Badajos, and the unparalleled bravery which our army displayed there, when he goes on to say:—

"Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike, for hundreds risked, and many lost, their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dreadful passions of human nature were displayed.

* "La Garde meurt: elle ne se rend pas."

† It is clear from what has been said in the course of the debate on Army Organisation, that many of our legislators either have no conception of what this tone is, or else confound it with mere bravery. Some of the speakers on the Ministerial side, when speaking scornfully of the dread that deterioration would follow the abolition of the regimental system, have taken occasion to remark that they were sure British soldiers, however combined, would in the future perform deeds as heroic as have been done in the past. From which observation we dissent altogether, if the acts of masses or aggregations of men are intended. Any one acquainted with the service must know that regiments have idiosyncrasies like individuals, and that, notwithstanding the changes which under the present system occasionally occur without affecting the separate character, any general permutation of officers would be fatal to tone, and so would damage materially the efficiency of the corps.

‡ See 'Blackwood's Magazine' for Oct. 1870, p. 526; and March 1871, p. 382.

Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to and the dead disposed of!"

The above, though it was not quite a solitary scandal, was altogether an exceptional outbreak. The best troops, it was thought, must be carried away in times of great excitement. Happy are they with whom the phrensy soon passes, and order rapidly resumes her sway. But the Prussians have taught us all a new lesson in that respect. It is their surpassing merit that they have been as calm and steady in the hour of bewildering triumph, as if the conquest of huge hosts and the capture of cities were ordinary events of every day's experience. In point of moderation and self-restraint they have shown themselves worthy of their leading position—they are a light to lighten the armies of all Europe!!

Germany, if she has been hard and inexorable in her exactions, has no doubt shown a high degree of self-possession and a restraint of emotion which are highly becoming. We wish heartily that, turning to the other side, we could see France bearing her reverses—her most severe trials undoubtedly—with a corresponding dignity. In some things France, let us admit, has not been unworthy of herself and her antecedents; but there have been occasions where she has appeared so deficient and so paltry as almost to quell respect and sympathy. What, for instance, can be more an antidote to admiration than the pitiful exhibition in the National Assembly, made by no less a person than M. Victor Hugo on the 1st March? Pistol with his leek, and his threat that "all hell shall stir for this," is almost dignified by comparison. As reported in the London 'Times' of 6th March, M. Hugo used this language:—

"Paris, fighting for five months, was the admiration of the world. In those five months it had gained more honour than it had lost in nineteen years of the Empire. Majestic as Rome, heroic as Sparta, the Prussians might sully it, but they had not taken it. . . . He declared that Prussia might be master of France at the present time, but never in the future. France was a red-hot iron which any foreign hand that grasped it would soon be glad to drop. All that France had lost the Revolution would regain. One day the France of 1792 would arise invincible, and at a bound would recapture Alsace and Lorraine. Was that all? No; she would seize Trêves, Mayence, Cologne, Coblentz, all the left bank of the Rhine."

The 'Times' correspondent says, that when he spoke of recapturing Alsace and Lorraine "at a bound," he crouched into the attitude of a beast about to spring!!

M. Hugo appears to have studied parts of his friend the divine William to some purpose, and he now reproduces with amplification one of the *personæ* in "King Henry V." If one were to borrow the expression of Gower, and to say he was "a counterfeit cowardly knave, and dare not by his deeds avouch any of his words," he could hardly complain, having so broadly invited the comparison. And if France has been disgraced by her educated braggarts, so has Paris been degraded by her execrable street ruffians. They who were powerless before an armed foe, have been wreaking their awakening valour on the helpless and unprotected. Surely if the chastisement from the hand of Prussia had fallen on these cowardly ragamuffins instead of on the peasantry, the sense of mankind would be better

satisfied. Blustering demagogues, without any resource or real ability; a savage, cowardly, metropolitan rabble, encouraged in its ferocity and extravagance by the language of its leaders,—these have been for many a day the bane of France, and there is every symptom of their being about to perpetrate more mischief. It is most amusing to observe how satisfied the Republican speakers are, that by laying upon the Empire the responsibility of the war and its consequences, they relieve France of all blame. They do not explain to us who instituted and maintained the Empire, if not France. Neither do they explain how it came to pass that as long as the Empire was successful France never thought of repudiating its acts. The Crimean war and the war with Austria were Imperial wars, the latter of them as unjust and unprovoked a war as the war with Prussia, and yet France uttered no word of protest or disapproval, but accepted the successes with all her heart. Does any one doubt that a victorious Emperor would have been welcomed back, too, in 1870, with applause and adulation? Individuals may have signified their disapproval or protested, but the nation cannot separate itself from its ruler's act, and is guilty of a crime against Europe and against civilisation in having made this ruinous war. It will be discovered at last that Europe will not accept Napoleon as a scape-goat, and that the obloquy which so many indomitable patriots are now heaping upon him will not serve the purpose intended. And while noticing this obloquy, which the Constituent Assembly almost with one voice has not been ashamed to express with railing, tumult, and every indecorous circumstance, we ought not to pass by the courageous deportment of the half-dozen Corsicans, who in the teeth of the violent Chamber stood up to defend the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe. Whatever judgment France may pass upon those scenes of the first of March, England, we feel assured, will see more real nobility in the undaunted devotion of these two or three Imperialists than in all the patriotic rant put forth to drown the noise of chewing the leek. We must still believe that there are in France very many prominent men, upon whom reverse and punishment have had no salutary influence; who cannot conform themselves to their present condition; who are so far from being likely to help or raise up their country, that the country's greatest danger lies in the possible acts of folly to which these her inflated sons may incite her.*

The appetite of a keen-witted, aspiring, busy people, not for bombast only, but for positive falsehood, is something for ethnologists to explain. The gross falsehoods that were current in and about Paris during the last few weeks of the Empire, and from the commencement of the Republic to the peace, have been passed over at home as mere matters of course. There has been no contradiction, no exposure. While from the Emperor downward everybody is clamouring about frauds and betrayals from which alone have proceeded all the misfortunes of the country—these sins being of that foundling kind which in default of parents are ascribed to Mr Nobody or the domestic cat — the whole people have been encouraging such an invention of falsehoods as cannot be paralleled except perhaps in Persia. Sometimes here and there a misrepresentation cleverly put for-

* This foreboding has not had to wait long for its fulfilment. As we go to press, the distressing news of Paris having been for two days in the hands of insurgents comes to hand.

ward may serve a political or military purpose, and one would not be too severe upon errors resorted to in extremities with such a view. But the enormous lying of the French telegrams and the French press, sometimes of the French Government, appeared to be committed for lying's sake. It was certain to be exposed, and it worked great mischief by keeping the people misinformed as to the actual condition of the country, and so preventing calm earnest counsel as to what course should have been followed. This ready acceptance and condonation of untruth in France will always be regarded as one of the curiosities of the war.

Germany is at peace. There is for the present no more for her to do in dealing heavy blows and rolling her enemy in the dust. Her right to the primacy which she has attained to will be examined shortly upon moral grounds. She comes to this ordeal of opinion self-deprived of that on which she might have rested her chief pretension. She has concluded a peace with her enemy without the slightest regard to the wishes of Europe. She has thought only of retribution; or, if she has bestowed a secondary thought on the nations, it has been of how they would be impressed by witnessing her unsparing wrath. A golden opportunity has been neglected; or perhaps we should not say neglected, for there is reason to fear that she is unable to receive the idea of such an opportunity. How, then, is Europe to benefit by Prussia becoming her leading State? —a nation that has no higher conception of the uses of power than to mete out full and rigid vengeance, and to stun mankind by the manifestation of physical and material strength? Such principles can be heard of in the wigwam or by the Caffre watch-fire, but we hoped that we had got far beyond them in Christendom. If we are to be taken back to the morality of the old Danes and Picts, what good shall the leading of Prussia do us? And these conditions of peace are but one among many ominous signs that we are under deteriorating influences; that the supremacy is in unworthy hands; that the progress of humanity is in danger of being arrested. The war itself, the abominable treacherous plots which the war brought to light, the conduct of Russia in November last, the secret understanding between Russia and Prussia, all indicate that the moral sense of the Western nations is being gradually blunted, that material force is resuming its sway over the minds of men, that cunning is before honour. David has had his day; we must learn to reverence Goliath. And perhaps the merits of the patriarch Jacob will cease to be a puzzle to theologians, when at every university there shall be a chair of Dissimulation.

Englishmen have plainly expressed their disappointment at the low standard by which Prussia has regulated her policy; but is it not incumbent upon them to do something more than that? We have pointed out many a time during the last six months that ordinary prudence, a regard to our own safety, prescribe that we should put ourselves into a state of defence, and that we should stand ready to take the lead in any case where the liberties of nations may be threatened. We do not intend now to repeat the arguments which we have in past months addressed to the interests and the self-esteem of the nation. But we add to those arguments this other—viz., that if the moral movement of Europe be, as we have the strongest reason to believe that it is, retrograde, then it is no longer a mere selfish consideration with England whether she

will remain passive and helpless or no. She has a public duty to perform. She will not fulfil her mission if she refuse to raise her voice against the prevalence of violence, craft, and wrong—that is, if she refuse to raise her voice in such manner that it may command respect. She must show that she is ready to lay lance in rest, and to become the leader of all them who still desire to see right put before might. Our indignation will be of no avail unless we show ourselves prepared to take action. Simply to stand unarmed, and to say no word good or bad concerning events which so largely affect the world, is to hide the talent which God has given us in a napkin. Peace-at-any-price Ministers, such as we have now, are the strongest allies of Bismarkism.

Prussia withdraws from the theatre of war weakened of course in men, but otherwise not disabled by the campaign. The indemnity to be paid by France will replace all other losses; and so, without requiring any breathing-time, Germany may set fresh enterprises on foot if she desires. Russia, the Power next in strength, is, we may suspect, bound to Germany and in her confidence. The two together are unhappily strong enough to carry out any policy which they may decide upon. If we look to the rest of Europe, it is utterly disjointed. No two States are in accord as to action for the common weal. Combination is not only possible, but is, we know, desired by many of the States; but inasmuch as they have none to lead them, there is nothing determined, no clear course prearranged to check the inroads of tyrannous power, if such should attempt to dominate. This is surely a very serious neglect. Statesmen worthy the name would take some step for securing a balance of power, would have ready some plan of joint action against a possible time of jeopardy. It will be too late to do this when the danger is imminent. Austria alone seems to be fully alive to the necessity of action.

However historically just may be the retribution which France brought on herself by the rash challenge to Prussia, there can be no doubt that her complete and sudden fall has left a gap in Europe much to be lamented. If after Sedan her destinies had fallen into wiser hands, and peace had then been made, things would have been very different. Her great exhaustion would have been avoided, and the victor's terms would have been less crushing. Now it is to be feared that, even if her rulers should institute the very wisest course of reconstruction, many years must elapse before she can exercise any great influence. Meanwhile the danger and alarm of most of the States are likely to be great. Without individual strength and without union they will be harassed continually by suspicions of what Germany and Prussia may be preparing to do. There can no longer be belief in assurances or treaties,—

> "For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer cakes,
> And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck."

These periods of universal mistrust right themselves, it is true, sooner or later, but until equilibrium is restored they must be anxious and depressing times. The *renaissance* of France, or the recovery of her senses by England, will be the events to which the weak States will look forward with most hope. The latter event seems to us very distant, and, judging by the absence of all visible means of speedy recovery, the former also must be years away, — only we know that Prussia herself, after being similarly shattered in 1807, was again in the field in 1813, and her troops entered Paris in 1814 and 1815, and would

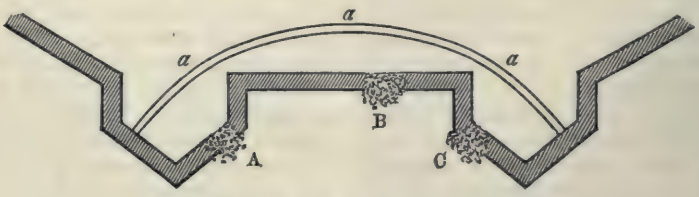
then have retorted upon France some of those severities which she has kept until now, had not England interfered. For which service of interfering England was thanked by France as cordially as she has now been thanked for her exertions to revictual Paris. There is this difference, however, between the cases: Prussia by the chances of war was beaten in the field, and most severely mulcted by her conqueror; this, though bad enough, was all that ailed her. Morally and politically she was quite sound, and she began at once to recover after her misfortune. France, on the contrary, was, as is now evident, internally diseased and past hope of remedy before the Emperor sent his rash challenge to Berlin. That wicked error precipitated and condensed the ruin; but it is clear now that ruin in some form was inevitable. When the resources of the country came to be tested, it was found that she had absolutely nothing to lean upon, that she was rotten to the core, and wanted but a strong thrust to resolve her into her atoms. Now that the enemy has left her robbed and bleeding, she has no Government, no institution, no framed society with which immediately to begin the world again. She has to find capable statesmen and generals, to devise a form of government; to make a nation first, and then to cherish it into wisdom and strength. Nevertheless, when we reflect that there are people alive to-day to witness the greatness of Prussia who can remember the time of her severe depression in 1807, we see that, so far as her material loss is concerned, the military case of France is not beyond remedy. Her danger is in her political instability.

Does it not make one smile sadly to think now of those bugbears which used to haunt Europe, and were whispered of as *les idées Napoléoniennes?* Dreadful decrees, fixed as fate, inexorable judgments, were to be executed against the nations one after the other. What one Napoleon had ordained but left unaccomplished, another Napoleon, subtile, powerful, terrible in his determination, would bring to pass. The only question was when and how it might be his pleasure to act; and men watched his words and looks as the issues of life and death. So one reads in the newspapers, under the head of "Superstition in the Nineteenth Century," of whole villages kept in fear of their lives by a virulent witch, who turns out to be a toothless, paralytic, old woman! Perhaps it is just as convenient for the house of Buonaparte that England has been left standing. We don't bear malice for *des idées*, and we trust we may afford to the distinguished dreamer a shelter where he may smoke and ruminate to his heart's content.

If wars in these days are sharp, they are short. To the vanquished this will always suggest the regret that the time was too short, that the blows fell too fast for them to rally and do the deeds which, but for the pace, they certainly would have done. But to all but the vanquished it is matter of congratulation that wars are soon fought out. We owe it to the arts that the world is not kept for years in a state of distraction because two unreasonable nations choose to behave like bedlamites. Improved means of transport and of communication have been the cause of this. The forces on both sides have been developed rapidly, and the war brought to issue in a few months. We may hope that the course of future wars will be likewise short; but there are two ways of attending to this probability: to those who are to be only spectators of a contest it is simply a ground for thankfulness; but to every one who by possibility may be a combatant it says, "Prepare."

It is also well worthy of remark that, in the war just ended, although many fortresses fell, not one was taken by assault. That these dreadful operations had no place in the great contest is a subject for satisfaction; but we may not hope that the omission of them from the bloody tableaux is, like the short duration of the war, due to any permanent influence. It is to be accounted for by the fact that Prussia had, and knew that she had, so decided a superiority in men and means and science, that she could risk the loss of time required to blockade places and reduce them by famine. But there is no reason to hope that assaults *de vive force* will be avoided in future wars, if the opposing armies shall be at all equal in bravery and talent. Then the calculations will be so nice, and the saving of time will be such an object, that fortresses will have to be stormed at any loss. Sad as were the accounts of the want and misery in Paris, there would have been descriptions infinitely more shocking had breaches been opened, stormed, and defended, in the forts and in the *enceinte* of the city. These obstinate struggles, full of hairbreadth adventure and of carnage, are not only appalling in themselves, but they inflame the mass of the soldiery to such a demoniacal pitch, that such frightful excesses as we have above shown to have occurred in captured Badajos might ensue. Persons who have not studied the histories of sieges can have but a faint idea of the mortal struggles, the supreme agonies, the dire sights and sounds of the battle in the "imminent deadly breach." They are such that, after meditating on them, one wonders how those who have managed to escape from them with life have ever preserved their reason. And now that we are delivered from the daily dread of such things being done in our neighbours' territory, it may perhaps be not unprofitable to understand what harrowing of the feelings we have been spared lately, and what we may have to encounter if we are insane enough to give an enemy the chance of landing on our shores. To picture this we will refer once more to the last English siege of Badajos. We have before noted the phrensy which followed the assault; let us now think for a season of the deeds which provoked the phrensy.

Marshal Soult was on his march to relieve Badajos. Every hour, therefore, was of importance to Lord Wellington, who determined to put forth all his strength to make himself immediately master of the place. On the other side, the French knew, too, that the assault would not be delayed, and they employed every device, and stood brimful of courage to make the attack fail. There were three great breaches in the walls on the south of the town, but the French had *retrenched* that part of the fortification—that is to say, they had made a temporary ditch and rampart inside the wall that was broken, thus—



A, B, C, Breaches. *a a a*, The retrenchment.

So that the assailant, after he should have forced the breaches, would still have had an interior line between him and Badajos. Wellington's plan was to make separate attacks at intervals of distance, but simultaneously, nearly all round the circuit of the fortifications. He hoped to get in at the breaches, but thought it advisable to distract the enemy by assailing him on all sides; and the result showed that he was wise in not trusting to the assault on the breaches alone. North of the town flowed the Guadiana, and on the north-east, overlooking the river, was the castle of Badajos: on this castle one of the attacking parties was directed, with orders to attempt it by escalade. The breaches, of course, were to be assailed by a heavy force, and there were two other attacks on the east and west fronts. The French expected the assault, and were on the *qui vive*. The English stood ready to commence a combat, which was at last "so fiercely fought, so terribly won, so dreadful in all its circumstances, that posterity can scarcely be expected to credit the tale." * It was a cloudy dry night, and all seemed to favour the successful execution of the scheme, according to which the attacks were to be made together at ten o'clock. But an accident delayed one of the attacks, and a light-ball thrown into the air discovered the columns which stood waiting to scale the walls of the castle, so that they had to rush on half an hour before the time appointed, and therefore unassisted by diversions caused by the other storming-columns. The others, however, got to their work as fast as possible after they saw the troops engaged at the castle; but in the latter there was already a *mêlée* of the most infernal character. The soldiers had planted their ladders and rushed up, but were received with the greatest courage by the French, their ladders overturned, themselves shot and stabbed, and loaded shells, heavy stones, and logs of wood rolled on them from the parapet—the noise of which, mingled with shouts, the crash of breaking ladders, and the cries of the wounded, composed a horrible discord. With all their persistence, and all their valour, the English were baffled in their first attempt: but they were not beaten. They retired, and re-formed behind a rugged hill; and, nothing daunted by the dreadful encounter which they had just essayed, advanced once more against the walls, and after fighting strenuously, suffering keenly, and losing many of their bravest, at last got into the castle. The success at this point was, however, not known elsewhere at the time. Everybody was too closely occupied to be aware of what was done at a distant point; and it must be remembered that it was night, when it was impossible to display any signal that could be understood. The other attacks had been proceeding independently; and of the whole of the battles which occurred that night, that which occurred at the breaches was the most terrible. The account ought to be given in the words of the eloquent historian of the Peninsular War:—

"During these events, the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered-way as a signal, showed them that the French were ready: yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders were placed, and the forlorn-hopes and storming-parties of the Light

* Napier's Peninsular War.

Division, about five hundred in all, had descended into the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame shooting upwards displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on the one side, and on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming-parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

"For an instant the Light Division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the Fourth Division came running in and descended with a like fury."

There was immense confusion and much unavoidable blundering. The men fell into a deep trench filled with water in the ditch; they mistook the part of the work on which they had been directed, and were exposed to a deadly fire; the troops destined for action in certain prescribed points mixed together in the gloom, and made for two of the breaches. We recur to Napier's account:—

"Great was the confusion, for now the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counterguard of the Trinidad. The two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in, until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts, also, were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continued clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

"Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged, on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity; for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

"Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping, but still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies, but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down; and men fell so fast from the shot, that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished, and the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter would have continued."

No command could be distinctly heard, so great was the noise. All formations were broken by the frequent heaps of dead, and by the struggles of the wounded to avoid being trodden on; yet officer after officer was seen to start forth from among the masses in the ditch, and, followed by more or fewer men, to rush up the breaches till stopped by the sword-blades. The great body

of the troops, baffled but not dismayed, stood in the ditch sternly looking up at the ramparts, while the French, shooting them down as they could see them, jeered, asking why they did not come into Badajos.

The dead lay in heaps, which every moment received additions; the wounded crawled about seeking shelter; and a sickening stench arose from the burnt flesh of the slain. But with all this the futile attempts to pass the breaches were renewed, but always ineffectually. And in this deadly work two whole hours were spent. Then—that is to say, about midnight—Lord Wellington, who had heard by this time of the taking of the castle, ordered the multitude to retire and re-form, still deeming that it might be necessary to force these formidable breaches. Even the operation of getting away out of the ditches was attended with much loss. But the reader knows that the castle was taken, which was on the east; and he should learn how that, not without much opposition and a display of gallantry similar to that which has been described, another attack by escalade was successful also on the extreme west. Thus the assailants were able to advance from both flanks against the breaches which were in the south, and to drive the defenders therefrom. Then the British were soon masters of the town, and the memorable siege of Badajos ended. Three thousand five hundred officers and soldiers were killed or wounded in these two hours' work; and the Iron Duke, when he comprehended the extent of the carnage, could not suppress a passionate burst of grief.

If we have succeeded in conveying an idea of the horrors of this night, the reader will perceive that, great as were the calamities of the war just ended, they would have been very far greater if the fortified places had been taken by storm.

In reckoning the effects to England individually of the events of the last eight months, the coincidence of the prostration of France with the ascendancy at home of a non-resisting Administration is the most important thing to be noted. Russia did not fail to perceive the advantage which it gave her, and did not scruple to use her opportunity, as we too well know. The war, therefore, may be said to have brought humiliation to us as well as to France. And our disgrace does not terminate with the return of peace. From the manner in which this our first kicking has been submitted to, we may expect many more from the same or from other quarters; and our rulers are taking especial care that, come what may in the way of injury or insult, we shall have no means of vindicating our rights or our honour. With such a force as they are providing, it would be folly to think of fighting any great Power; and as if to insure us every disadvantage, they choose this crisis in the fortunes of Europe as the occasion for revolutionising our army — a proceeding as imprudent under the circumstances as it would be for a general to change his front in presence of the enemy. Now, if the war has furnished for us any lesson at all it is this, that a nation which in these days desires to be safe from attack, must be prepared beforehand to hold its own. There will be no time after the occurrence of a quarrel or a pretended quarrel to see to our means of defence. The enemy will give us no breathing-space to provide or even to think after he may have struck his first blow. And let it be remembered that it may not rest with us whether we quarrel or no. Suppose, for instance, that our Sovereign were required to give a promise of future behaviour such as the Emperor

Napoleon demanded from the King of Prussia. England would certainly not suffer such a promise to be given, even should her abject Ministers offer to give it; and then there would be war. And none can undertake that such a promise may not be exacted for the purpose of picking a quarrel. We have acquired lately a little insight into the plots which statesmen are hatching in all directions. They stick at nothing; and some of them may possibly at this moment be throwing supine England in as a make-weight to balance some rascally bargain. Let those who will deride this as an absurd idea. It was absurd as long as England chose to take care of herself; but now that she prefers to lie unarmed and helpless, what is there to secure her from such treatment as has been designed against Belgium, Luxembourg, Schleswig-Holstein, and Turkey? Invasion was impossible only so long as England was true to herself. While we write comes the intelligence of a secret treaty, which is but sorry news to reach us at a time when our Government is bent in spending on a silly fancy whatever money they can get, and in keeping our military force so small that it would literally be of no account in a great war or against a serious attack. While there is the greatest reason to fear that mischief may be brewing, and that it may be necessary to put forth our full power at a week's warning, we are devising an ingenious system, which, if it succeed at all, will only give us a defence in the next generation, and the success of which at any time we have no warrant for predicting.

"We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men;
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."
—King Henry IV.

It is refreshing to see that some members of the Stock Exchange have displayed a patriotism of which the Government was incapable. They have refused to subscribe to a Russian loan, feeling justly that it may be Russia's intention to employ any money that she may raise in actively pursuing her designs against this country. They evidently feel alarmed, and are conscious of having been insulted; but, unfortunately, however much individuals may deprecate the course which Ministers are pursuing, there does not seem to be energy enough yet to insist on proper security. Our long purse, however, ought to have influence, and the rich men are bound to think a little of what will be profitable to their country as well as of what will be profitable to themselves. Now that every State in Europe is a borrower, a stoppage of the supplies may exercise a very wholesome influence over some of the lawless; and it is quite right that the British nation should know the extent of its own influence in this direction. Confident as we are that England ought to stand armed and ready, we have not the least wish that she should resort to physical force as long as we can maintain our rights and our dignity by any other honourable and rational means. And a refusal to lend money to troublesome unjust countries would be a perfectly legitimate, and possibly an efficacious, means of keeping the peace.

We find ourselves, at the end of this long war, more suspicious of all the world than we have been since the wars of the French Revolution. It is a lamentable truth that force and cunning are becoming year by year less and less reprobated, and

that the power of virtue, of sentiment even, has almost disappeared from the earth. The great battle which is being continually fought in the world between pure and elevated principles on the one part, and coarse practical sagacity on the other, is inclining dangerously to the practical side. This is by no means a consequence of the war which has just concluded; but the war and the events connected with it have brought home to us the conviction that there is hardly any spiritual influence in the world—seven thousand men, perhaps, keeping up a sacred light in caves and obscure places, and destined to leaven the human race some day when the tide shall react, and then, it may be, for a season to tyrannise in their turn; but for the present, appeal to high feeling is in vain. For a hundred years a section of philosophers has been busy in sapping what it called Superstition; but it is only very lately that leading men have dared to openly disavow a higher law than that of expediency, and that the public of Europe has tolerated the repudiation by word or act of religious or moral codes. It is one thing to rebel against oppressive dogmas and the tyranny of priests; it is another to sweep away the marks which separate right from wrong, and to dethrone conscience. We in this generation appear to have cast aside all restraint; and it is a hard question whether, being morally lawless, we can avoid the facts of heavy blows, which seem to be the only standard by which we can measure our differences.

If, however, there be no respect for sentiment, there is in some parts of the world an immense appetite for fustian. The bunkum and spread-eagleism of America pale before the intolerable bombast that is uttered day by day in France. When M. Victor Hugo compared his country to a red-hot iron which a foreigner who touched it would be glad to drop, what could he possibly mean, or what could he imagine that he meant? We hardly see the propriety of comparing France to a hot iron at all; but, granting that to be a proper figure, surely we know, and M. Hugo knows, of a foreigner who very recently was not only in no hurry to drop his hold of the hot iron, but hammered and punched it at his discretion. This style of rant is but a sorry substitute for words directed to the heart. We only trust that the ferocious vows of vengeance which Frenchmen utter every day may have no more meaning than the contemptible eloquence which is so fashionable among them.

Yet another reflection has come with the peace: it is very worthy of note, and contains some comfort. However profligate foreign Governments may be, and however their subtlety and unscrupulousness may have been increased by the war, peoples were never before, except by having them on their own soil, so thoroughly instructed as to what hostilities mean; never, that is to say, so well informed, while at the same time sufficiently calm and unoccupied to lay the lesson to heart. Within a day or two of the occurrences they have read and pondered over the acts and passions of the strife, with feelings agonised by the cruel slaughters, by the terrible sufferings of the wounded, with deep compassion for the bereaved, for the poor creatures driven from their homes despoiled of all, for the miserable troops exposed to cold and privation in a bitter winter, for starved and beleaguered cities, for a land devastated, for industries suppressed, for a nation humiliated to the lowest depths. They know also, full well, how wantonly and causelessly the strife came to pass which has ended so terribly. So rapid is

communication in these days, that the neighbours of the combatants have been informed as soon as the belligerent Governments of the events of the campaign, have followed the course of the destroyer, had the battle-fields brought close home to them, shuddered at wounds that were yet green, understood and imagined in detail the heavy miseries that were endured—formed, indeed, lively pictures of daily doings during war. And surely this knowledge, though it may have hardened the hearts of Monarchs and Ministers, cannot have failed to raise up in homes and around hearths a wholesome horror of quarrels, even for substantial objects, but an unsparing condemnation and abhorrence of wars of ambition. Communities have resolved, let us hope, that such things as have been shocking their imaginations for months past shall never again shake the nerves or make the senses reel through any aggression or arrogance of theirs. Defensive warfare cannot be necessary where no aggression or injury is committed. If, therefore, peoples refuse to abet their rulers in a grasping, overbearing policy, wars will not occur.

There can be no doubt that the dreadful war over whose end we are rejoicing, was wholly unnecessary, and therefore criminal. France was the actual challenger; but one feels certain now that Prussia was hardly less to blame. The two nations had gone on coveting each other's territory, and envying each other's reputation, until a trial of strength was inevitable. A paltry, senseless grievance was the ostensible cause of quarrel; but the real cause was the evil passions which had been fostered on both sides. It is hard to suppose that even victorious Germany can look back on the struggle with unalloyed satisfaction. There must be widespread mourning and much private loss, notwithstanding that the national expense is to be recovered from the vanquished. And, as we have just said, the Germans have in this way been made so familiar with all the detail of horrors, that they can scarcely fail to reflect on what would have been their portion had fortune inclined the other way; if the French had succeeded in carrying the war even for a season across the Rhine or into the Rhenish Provinces. They have enough of glory to satisfy any people; and they will do well now, if, instead of desiring to pursue conquest and to make themselves a terror, they turn their thoughts to the iniquities that have been brought to light while they were fighting, if they discountenance and condemn the infamous plots by which the liberties of Belgium and Luxembourg have been threatened, and if they give some assurance to other peoples that these intrigues shall not be repeated. They have a great opportunity; the doubt is as to whether they can understand and use it. They may not only remain now at peace themselves, but they may maintain the peace of Europe. Most heartily do we wish that peace and progress may be their aim; but our wishes will have but little to do with the event. We say again, therefore, and it cannot be repeated too often, that great as is our desire for peace, we think that England, for the sake of peace, ought to stand ready for defence, and so far armed that her utterance may command respect if complications arise. Should the sky be fair, no harm will have been done by preparation, and should storms arise, we may keep our own territory inviolate, and perhaps be the means of averting a war from Europe.

Many Englishmen have said that it was the duty of this country to take part in the war, or to threaten

to take part. Some have fixed on one period, some on another, as that at which England should have interfered. It has been represented as probable that if England had sternly forbidden the war it would not have occurred. It has been said, also, that she should at certain stages of the contest have insisted on moderate terms of peace being proposed and accepted, on pain of the recusant encountering her hostility. But we never have blamed, and do not now blame, our Ministers for keeping wholly aloof. Had the quarrel been of a different kind our duty might have been different; but it was a war of wilfulness and obstinacy, of which we best showed our detestation by rigidly refusing sympathy to either side, and by letting the belligerents fight on until both parties saw that the time had come when peace must be made. But although we think it was right for England to be neutral, we think she should have looked on in her panoply—if not from the first, at any rate from the time when she learned how Belgium had been threatened. We can speak only with shame of the attitude which she did assume—an attitude indicating not so much an honourable desire for peace as a craven dread of war. The ill-will which is directed to us from both belligerents would hardly have been encountered if the nation had stood armed; neither in that case would our representatives have been driven to that mean and miserable diplomacy which has yet to be fully exposed and censured. We can imagine the inward chuckle with which Count Bismark heard Mr Odo Russell's "oath of mickle might" about England going to war "with or without allies." Knowing as he did that the English Government "will not swagger with a Barbary hen if her feathers turn back with any show of resistance," this pitiful flourish must have been infinitely entertaining. If the envoy had but gone a step further, and intimated that Mr Cardwell's first and second reserves would turn out incontinently, the jest would have been complete.

In estimating the effects of the war, we must not forget the momentous change that has happened in Italy through the withdrawal of the French troops. In days to come, when the struggle between France and Prussia shall have shrunk to small dimensions on the historic page, the cessation of the temporal power of the Popes will mark a great epoch. The deposition of Pio Nono from his earthly throne passed without thunderings or earthquakes, or signs in the sun, in the moon, or in the stars—nay, it passed without that attention from mankind which it certainly deserved: it was for the moment eclipsed by the stirring deeds which were being done farther north. When, however, men's minds can turn from these matters of immediate interest, it will be seen what a revolution has been suddenly and almost silently wrought. For, whatever may be held in theory, there can be no doubt that practically the effect of the temporal degradation will be to weaken materially the spiritual power—that is, to modify the religious convictions of a very large section of the world. The importance to us of the event lies in the diminished influence which it is to be hoped the Catholic priesthood will henceforth exert in this and the neighbouring island. Looking at the act of Victor Emmanuel, we can characterise it only as barefaced robbery, utterly inexcusable according to the law of nations. Remembering that the sovereignty of the States of the Church is the oldest, and has been the most potent, dynasty in Europe,

surrounded with a mysterious sanctity which has not been conceded to other thrones—a Power which has shaped the opinions and the governments of Christendom—we cannot unmoved witness its fall; but seeing how in these latter days the influence of Rome has been exerted against the crown and dignity of the Sovereign of these Islands, the instinct of self-preservation prevents our full sympathy with the venerable royalty of the Church. We know that it is for our country's interest that the Papacy should be reduced; but we cannot contemplate the figure which for so many centuries was the most prominent in Western Europe, ignobly extinguished by a King who is little better than a brigand, without indignation and regret.

In summing up the gains and losses of the war, we may reckon the Pope's misfortune as a public gain. The distinctness, also, with which war has been brought before the imaginations of men, will also, we hope, be a great advantage. On the other side, the unprincipled designs which have been developed promise but badly for the future. And, alas! the events and circumstances of the war have brought England down from her high estate, and must make every genuine Briton feel crest-fallen and ashamed. These seem to be all the things which can as yet be affirmed concerning the results of the strife. If France use her adversity rightly, the war may prove to have been a gain to herself and to Europe; but who can pierce the dark cloud which now lowers over France, and see beyond it whether peace and progress await her, or whether, now that she is delivered from the hand of her foreign enemy, she is to be given over to civil discord, wild experiments, and ruinous changes? Again, if Germany use well the supremacy which she has gained, Europe will benefit largely by the war; but who will be surety for Germany?—who will say that greater and longer wars will not grow out of the war which has just ended, and involve the whole Continent in quarrels, arresting civilisation by tumult and bloodshed once more? All Europe suffered when France did violence in times past: perhaps all Europe may be destined to suffer again, now that her iniquity is recompensed to France.

The prospect is not cheering; and to us in England, governed as we now are, it is especially gloomy. Nevertheless, let us be thankful that we have for the present peace. Let us hope that, in spite of appearances and apprehensions, things may yet settle themselves quietly. Justice seems clean gone from the earth; but an overruling Providence may bring light out of all this darkness, and vouchsafe to us the beginning of prosperity with the end of the war.

THE 'ECONOMIST' ON BULLION.

THE 'Economist,' on February 25, published an elaborate article on the French indemnity, and its probable effects on the English money market. It was thought to be important enough to be reproduced in the 'Times' of February 27. It is not surprising that the article should have been thus highly esteemed by the 'Times.' It relates to a subject of vast magnitude. It is written with extreme care, and avowedly professes to give a complete analysis beforehand of the consequences which the payment of so gigantic a sum as two hundred millions of English pounds may entail on the whole trading community of England. It warns merchants and traders what they may expect, and bids them make preparations accordingly. It emanates from a commercial authority of the highest order; and lastly, its investigations lead it to an enunciation of the theory of bullion as held by the City, and to a deduction from that theory of the financial events which the banking world may expect. It is theoretical and practical at the same time.

These reasons more than suffice to claim special attention for this paper.

The reading of this article, which is too long for insertion here, will show that the pivot both of the theory and of the effects of the French indemnity turns upon bullion. It is bullion which in such cases is held to do all the harm or the good. It is truly called "international cash;" it acts between foreign nations as coin acts in a single country. Its movements, its abundance or its scarcity, are described as forces which generate disturbance or wealth for the whole community of traders.

Before examining the theory here laid down before the commercial world, it is of the utmost importance clearly to understand, and never to forget, one supreme point: bullion is a precious metal, which we will take to be gold. It is not produced in England, but is purchased and imported from abroad. It is a very expensive thing to buy. A very large portion of English wealth has to be given away and to be lost to England for its acquisition. The miners of America and Australia do not dig this metal out of the bowels of the earth and send it over to England except in exchange for immense quantities of English goods. The goods are gone and lost: the food, clothing, tools, and materials which were consumed in producing them, have been destroyed. They are replaced by the gold: and thus the ever-recurring, all-important question has to be asked, What is the service which gold renders, which makes it worth while to buy it, and which compensates for the loss of the wealth with which it has been purchased? There is no escape from this question, either for the theorist or the practical man. The purchase of the gold in such vast quantities would be an act in the highest degree irrational, unless it is useful for some purpose which is worth the sacrifice which it costs to obtain.

This question, one and the same for all commodities bought, is generally of easy answer. The objects which the goods bought are intended to serve are obvious, for the most part, at a glance. It is eminently wise to give away English iron and English yarns in exchange for food, of which England does not grow enough to keep her people alive. Equally intelligible is it that consi-

derable portions of English wealth should be given away in order to acquire handsome silks, or fine wines, or glorious pictures. These furnish high gratification for body or mind; and one of the main ends of wealth, one of the chief reasons why it is pursued through much labour, is to obtain similar pleasures. Gold, too, for some portion of its quantity, tells an equally simple tale. It is useful for gilding, for watches and chains, for ornamentation of various kinds. But it stands otherwise with bullion. Bullion consists of ingots, of bricks of gold; they minister to no pleasure, they are not objects of final consumption—ends which are good in themselves for their own sakes, and for no ulterior purpose beyond them. What, then, is the use of bullion? Why buy it? Why give so much for it? What does it do for England, when England acquires it? What does England lose when it is exported? This is the vital question—a question which every man who lays stress on the possession of bullion is bound to answer, on pain, if he fails to give a categorical reply, of being pronounced ignorant of the matter that he talks about.

It serves as international cash, replies the Economist. Nothing can be truer. It liquidates accounts between nation and nation, precisely as coin settles accounts at home between man and man. When a nation has bought more goods of foreigners than foreigners have bought of it, then the account must be balanced, and the difference made good in some article of value which the foreigners will take as payment. They will accept the metal gold, because they know its value in the metal market, and because they find that the same motive which induces a shopkeeper to sell his wares for gold coin, will prevail on their international creditors to accept gold ingots in exchange for their goods. The theory runs smoothly and is perfectly true. These metallic ingots perform an exceedingly important function. They enable England to buy abroad without having recourse to the clumsy and impeding process of barter. The international accounts square themselves each day. Buyers and sellers of commodities need not trouble themselves about exactly adjusting their purchases to their sales in each particular country. If England buys wines of France, if France is not willing to buy goods of England, it matters not. France will consent to payment in ingots, because she feels sure that the Hungarians, in times of dearth, will give their corn to her in exchange for these identical ingots. They are worth buying—as well worth buying as the coins which circulate over the country.

We thus understand why international cash is purchased with English wealth. It discharges a most useful function; it is a very important part of the machinery of international trade. When, therefore, the gold, these ingots, pass away from England to a foreign country, they perform the very work for which they were procured; they were bought for that very purpose, to be sent abroad as international cash. They fulfil the end of their existence: they came into England to lie in waiting till the moment arrived to summon them to render the service for which they were acquired. What can be more natural, more convenient, or more useful? But then, what means this wailing of the 'Economist,' these lamentations of the City? These ingots, they cry, do harm to England by being sent abroad; their departure works mischief, all kinds of disturbance and loss, in the commercial community. They were bought to be used like any other goods, but, marvellous to say, they cannot be

used without inflicting anxiety and incalculable confusion on the whole commercial world. Such is the language preached by its vigilant intellectual guardians, such as the 'Economist.' This is a strange doctrine indeed; something very wonderful in Political Economy, and still stranger yet for common-sense. The gold was bought to be sent abroad; but no sooner is it set to its appointed task, and made to accomplish the very object for which the wealth of England was given away to obtain it, than it displays a singular quality of its own, and wounds the hands which fetched it from Australia. It strikes twice —once by the cost at which it was purchased; a second time in being put to the work which was the special motive for buying it. No other commodity displays this astonishing quality. Englishmen purchase corn from foreigners because their own land fails to supply them with a sufficiency of bread; but it was never heard that it did harm to trade to eat the bread thus purchased. Men may have been accused of waste in buying French wines at forty shillings a bottle; but it has never yet occurred to the mind of mortal man that the wine did a second injury to the buyer or the nation's purse by being drunk. Commodities, it was always thought, damaged individual or national means by being bought: it is a new thing to be told that they inflict mischief by being used. Gold alone is thus made to occupy a unique position in economical science. It impoverishes to buy, and it impoverishes again to use it. Wealth has to be sacrificed to the miner to acquire this amazing article, and wealth again is lost by the rise of interest which the employment of it entails. These ingots are purchased for the express purpose of being employed in international cash; but the instant that this international cash is called upon to do its duty, up flies the rate of interest in the money market, and the whole City falls into an agony of alarm. And this is not held to be mere vague panic — the misty apprehensions of ignorant persons requiring the teaching of enlightened science—but a natural and necessary result, founded on the nature of things, though embodying a mystery known only to oracular authorities. That gold ought to be bought to serve as international cash, and then, when it is used as cash, and sent abroad on its destined mission, that it should raise the rate of discount, and bring trouble to every trader, sums up the essence of this wonderful doctrine. And it is called Political Economy, and its teachers expect to be revered as having fathomed the dark depths of knowledge. If it is Political Economy, the sooner that science is relegated to keep company with astrology, the better will it be for mankind. It surpasses the ordinary understanding to comprehend how a thing paid for can do harm by being applied to the use which called for its purchase. It may be wasted, no doubt, and require to be bought a second time; but then to waste a thing is not to apply it to its destined use. The exportation of the international cash is not a waste, for it is not given away as a gift: it is exchanged for other wealth. No loss is incurred; and consequently the conclusion, consonant at once with science and common-sense, comes forth clear, that to purchase international cash and to use it internationally, is an excellent and beneficial operation if such cash is required as an instrument of trade or payment. The second loss, in addition to the cost of purchasing the ingots, is pure nonsense, unless these ingots serve some additional purpose besides making international payments. The question then recurs in all its force, With what object does England pur-

chase this costly gold, these expensive ingots? To escape the absurdity that a commodity inflicts a second pecuniary harm by being used, the 'Economist' is bound to state to the world distinctly what is the function which these ingots fulfil at home in England, and which, when interrupted by their exportation, works the mischief which the City dreads. The evil generated by the exportation is very plainly specified: the rate of interest is raised in the money market, and therefore the function we are in search of must be something connected with borrowing and lending in the money market. The theory of international cash will not suffice to explain this effect; for the time when the rise of interest should occur, would, on this theory, be the period when the ingots were bought with England's wealth. This is a very important point to notice. There is a loss of means suffered by England when she purchases this cash, although the loss is compensated, as in the purchase of all other commodities, by the utility which their consumption brings. That loss tends to increase the difficulty of borrowing: there is less to lend, not of currency, but, as will be shown presently, of goods, of wealth. But what have these ingots, which have been bought and paid for, to do with the rate of interest, when they are applied to the service for which they were needed? This is what we ask the 'Economist' to tell us in plain and intelligible terms. It gives us this information in the following sentence: "If four or five millions sterling were at once abstracted from the Bank reserves, with a prospect of probable demands, the Bank would raise its rate very considerably, and the general market would follow it." The words, "with a prospect of probable demands," are very hazy: they may mean demands for advances, or demands for gold for exportation. The difference between the two senses is enormous: however, we will suppose that the subject remains the same in the writer's mind, and that demands for bullion are the things that he speaks of. Here, then, we have, first, an effect alleged to be produced by the withdrawal of the bullion; and, secondly, its cause—a diminution of the reserve of the Bank of England. The effect is a rise of interest—an increase, as the article expresses it, of the value of money. That this effect will follow a sudden loan of five millions of gold to Prussia we freely admit to be extremely probable: it would raise the rate of interest, though it would not increase "the value of money." This is a most objectionable phrase, very common in the City, but one which the 'Economist' ought to know better than to sanction. The value of money is its value in the shops. If a loan of five or ten millions to Prussia will lower the price of a hat from a pound to nineteen shillings, then the value of money will have been increased; but no one imagines that a loan ever produces any effect of this kind. The value of money continues unaltered. What the 'Economist' and the City mean by the expression is, the value of money offered on loan—the value of lending—the price obtained for granting a loan. It is true that a large foreign loan suddenly brought out and taken up in London would raise the rate of lending considerably. We turn to the 'Economist' for the cause: it leads, we are told, to an exportation of bullion, and thereby diminishes the Bank's banking reserve. We thus obtain a second purpose which the bullion is bought from the miner to fulfil. A portion of what is possessed by the Bank is destined to act as international cash—to serve as payment of debts due to foreign countries. This

portion is small—just enough to provide for the ordinary demands to and fro of international trade. Its exportation produces no effect as gold. The remaining and larger portion of the bullion serves a home purpose: it acts as a reserve for the Bank; and no considerable part of this portion can be exported, we are assured, without producing a serious effect on lending and the rate of discount. That is the theory. In applying this theory, the 'Economist' comforts the City with the hope that the Germans may soon send back this bullion in exchange for English goods, so that the disturbance in the money market may be but temporary; but it also emits a fear that the King of Prussia may imitate the ways of the Emperor Napoleon, and store up all the bullion in his military vaults at Berlin. Then it would not come back to England, and traders must be prepared for a long duration of a high rate of discount.

Of this theory we remark, in the first place, that it deals with bullion, with ingots of metal, and not with coined sovereigns employed in carrying out the payments of English trade at home. This bullion, by its very nature, lies deposited in a cellar; it is useless for a single English or trade purpose other than what it performs when locked up from the handling of men. The theory of the 'Economist' is, that these imprisoned ingots act very powerfully up-stairs; that the knowledge of their existence in the vaults is the source of increased means for lending. Verily, this theory is startling—it requires a very strong brain to understand it; but these banking and currency authorities always assure the world that they possess Eleusinian mysteries utterly dark to the common mind. It is a doctrine difficult to grasp, that it is a wise expenditure to send to the other end of the world for a very expensive metal solely in order to lock it up in a vault, even though it be called by the impressive name of a reserve. Observe, it is a reserve, or sum which may be wanted, but need not be—nay, and as fact demonstrates, so far as the major part of this bullion is concerned, never is wanted. We grant fully that the nature of his business compels a banker to keep a fund ready for paying, in order to guard against the fluctuating and uncertain demands of his customers for repayments. This reserve is precisely of the same general nature, *mutatis mutandis*, as the spare stock of shopkeepers, who dare not run the risk of not having their goods when asked for. But this reserve does not enter into this discussion. Five millions of bullion sent to Berlin would not diminish this reserve by a single pound. When that operation was concluded, there would still be left at the Bank of England a gigantic amount of gold, which nothing short of the panic attending an invasion of the country could disturb. Yet it is this vast sum of untouched and untouchable gold which the 'Economist' sets a high store upon as governing the rate of discount—which it paints as worth buying for the sake of the power it exerts over the money market—and which, whilst lying out of the light of day in the vaults, yet supplies to the Bank up above, magical means of lending.

The process which, it seems, the 'Economist' imagines this bullion to carry out, is to excite a calculation each day in the banker's mind. So much reserve to-day, think the Directors of the Bank; so much, therefore, we may lend if we choose—or, in another form, so much we have to lend. Now, whether a banker may choose to lend is not a matter of science. No two bankers may think alike on

this point, and the same banker may have different feelings on the point at different times. How much he has to lend is another matter altogether. It is clear that the Bank could advance many millions to borrowers; it is equally clear that it does not. What can be the reason of this keeping back of supplies from eager and trustworthy borrowers? Why did not the Banks of England and France lend the huge treasures which they had in store? The profit on lending would have been enormous. The answer is easy: because it was impossible to lend this gold, except for exportation; and the reason of this impossibility to lend it is that no one would take it out. If borrowers had carried it away in loans, those to whom they paid it would have brought it back instantly; and thus, in actual practice, the gold did not stir; and whatever loans were made were settled by account and at the Clearing-House. The gold was not lent, and is not lent. The inference is irresistible that a thing which is never lent forms no part of the lending fund—does not give the means to the Bank of lending a single additional pound. This gold is not, and never can be, anything else than a security.

Now, what is a security? a guarantee for repayment—a motive to lend, but not the thing lent. A security comes from the side of the borrower, not from that of the lender. A bank with a large deposit of gold in its vaults may be willing to lend more—that is incontestable; but if it does make a loan, that loan is shown by actual fact not to consist of gold, but of something else. The gold may persuade the Bank to grant advances, but the advances are not made in gold. What actually occurs is this: The Bank grants a loan, suppose, of £100,000. It is taken out by cheques, given to sellers of goods or to creditors by the man who has obtained the loan. These cheques reach the Clearing-House, and are there met by other cheques drawn by the person who received the first cheques, and they balance each other. Even if they did not balance exactly, the gold would come forth none the more. The bankers who had more to receive than to pay at the Clearing-House would obtain a cheque for the difference on the Bank of England, and would have a larger account at that establishment. The same fact occurs universally, whether there be a Clearing-House or not. When the currency of a country is full—that is, when there is coin enough wherewith to make ready-money payments—all loans from bankers are carried out by purchases and sales of goods which balance each other; and the real action of the banks consists in this, and this only, that they interpose their guarantee to the lenders. They lend A.'s money to B., being responsible to A. that he shall have his money returned on demand; but as to gold, it is not wanted. A.'s sales balance B.'s purchases. We thus reach the final conclusion, that the reserve of a bank, or rather that portion of it which is not and cannot be used in actual payment, has no connection with its lending power, furnishes no means for lending. It never is lent, except for exportation; and that fact alone is decisive.

But the knowledge of currency is such, unfortunately, in the commercial and banking worlds, that reasoning has little effect on their minds. Let us appeal, then, to facts, and see what they tell us. Let us question figures as to the connection of the amount of the reserve with two points: first, with the quantity of loans and advances granted by the Bank; and, secondly, with the rate

of discount. The tables published weekly in the 'Economist' will supply us with what we seek. The year 1866 opened with 12½ millions of gold and 25 millions of securities — that is, of loans made to traders. In January and February no noticeable change occurred in the amount of the gold, yet the securities—that is, the loans advanced by the Bank—varied to the extent of not less than 5 millions. In May the crisis burst in full fury. May opened with 12¾ millions of gold. In the course of the month there was a fluctuation in the gold which did not range beyond 1¼ million. But now look at the securities—that is, at the sums lent. They rose from 20½ millions in the first week in May, to 31 millions in the third—nearly 11 millions of increase. With the same reserve practically, the Bank lent 11 millions more to commerce. Where did these millions come from? Not from the reserve. And what effect had the amount of the reserve on the loans? None.

Now, let us turn to the figures presented by the rates of discount in the same memorable year, 1866—a year which seems to have been predestined to test the worth of the City theories on reserves and discounts. The returns of the 'Economist' tell us that in the first week of 1856, with 10½ millions of gold, the rate of discount was 6 and 7 per cent. In the same week of 1866 the gold is swollen to 13 millions — 2½ millions more of reserve. At what rate is discount? — at a lower figure, in obedience to the increase of gold? Just the reverse; it has gone up to 8 per cent. On March 21, 1866, the bullion has reached 14½ millions —an additional 1½ million — but there is no change in the rate of interest. On May 9, 1856, the bullion stood at 9¾ millions, with a rate of 6 and 7 per cent. In 1866, May 9, on the famous Black Friday, there were 3 millions more of gold in the Bank reserve; but, marvellous as the 'Economist' must think it, the rate has run up to 9 per cent. Look at the statement of June 13. There were 12 millions of gold, with a rate of 5 per cent, in 1856; in 1866 we find 14½ millions of gold and a rate of 10 per cent—double the charge demanded of traders for discount in the teeth of 2½ millions of additional gold. Again, in 1856, with the low discount, 14½ millions only were lent by the Bank; in 1866, with double the rate of interest, the gigantic sum of 31½ millions was advanced to the commercial world. The statements of the whole year tell the same tale. They demonstrate that the doctrine which makes the rate of discount depend on the quantity of gold in the reserve of the Bank is a pure fallacy —a fallacy pertinaciously insisted on by the practical man in spite of experience, and in gross contradiction with the most elementary conception of currency. How can the statement of the 'Economist,' that "the Bank would raise its rate very considerably" in consequence of a great bullion movement, live in the presence of such facts? Why did not this "considerable rise" occur in 1856, when the bullion had been lowered down to 10½ millions? and why were traders visited with a rate of 10 per cent in 1866, when 4 additional millions were lying idle in the reserve? Let the 'Economist' tell us, if it can, upon any intelligible principle of currency.

The idea of the reserve will not, therefore, afford any answer to the ever-recurring question, Why England should give away her own wealth to buy a commodity which she locks up in a cellar?

But let us look at the matter in another aspect. Let us suppose

these 200 millions of English pounds to have been all sent over to Berlin: what has Prussia gained by the acquisition of this enormous sum? Vast wealth, cries all the world. But is that so? Let us not be too sure of the fact: it may be that Prussia will have gained no wealth at all by the operation. All depends upon the use made of these overwhelming streams of yellow metal. If they are all made to flow into the military vaults at Potsdam, they are absolutely worthless till the day arises when armies will have to be equipped by their agency. They are as useless as they were previously in the Californian mine. But let these innumerable pounds see the light of day; what do they bring to Prussia? A quantity of metal. If this metal is converted into gold chains and watches, Prussia is clearly so much the richer; she acquires a larger quantity of things fitted to be enjoyed. But the 'Economist' has no such application of this metal in view; it thinks of it as currency, as bullion —in a word, as a means of buying. Well, upon that supposition I ask again, What has Prussia gained? Those who possess the gold will be able to buy anything they please in the Prussian shops. Quite true; but that is no gain to Prussia. What one Prussian will acquire another will lose. Since this gold is not a matter of enjoyment, there will be no increase of the riches of the country. Prussia, as a whole, clearly is no winner by the payment of these 200 millions. They can be used only as instruments for obtaining Prussian goods; but those goods were already in Prussia before the indemnity was paid, and the increase of the instrument for moving them about from hand to hand has not augmented the stock of wealth. The truth of this statement would be immediately obvious and be generally recognised if the indemnity was demanded in a million of locomotives instead of 200 millions of pounds. Every one would perceive that all but a few of these engines would be absolutely worthless to Prussia; yet a piece of coin, a pound, is nothing else but a locomotive, carrying the ownership of property from one man to another. Whatever Prussian gets hold of these pounds will be able to acquire the goods of other Prussians, but there will be no larger quantity of goods in Prussia collectively. Benefit cannot be obtained by Prussia out of this immense sum except by selling it abroad. A portion of it will doubtless be exchanged for English coal, and then clearly Prussia will have gained. She will have acquired an article that she wants and can consume, and not a mere money-carriage, of which she has already plenty.

But it may be answered that this argument proves too much, and thereby refutes itself. It would seem to warrant the inference that an increase to the money, the metallic currency of the whole world, would be no increase of real wealth, and could enrich neither man nor country. We accept the inference; we affirm that it is true; we say that if the mines of gold were more prolific, and poured forth additional millions of gold coin over the world, not a particle of benefit would accrue to the human race for any purpose of currency. Gold may become cheaper, and then its abundance would enable many people to have gold chains and watches who now have none. But in respect of currency there could be no gain. The very first rudiments of the science of currency show that there could be none. Cheaper gold would only lead to an increased number of sovereigns for payment of the same goods: the more numerous sovereigns would encounter higher prices in every

shop. Gold coin does its work by means of its value—that is, its cost of production; for every sale, save in exceptional cases, is an exchange of an equal cost of production for the coin against an equal cost of production for the goods. If, therefore, the coins cost less, there must be more of them to equal the unchanged cost of production of the same goods. If a yellow coin cost no more to procure than a white one, the sovereign would be valued as a shilling, and every kind of goods would sell at twenty times the price. Would any one be benefited by such a change? There would be gain and loss to individuals in settling past debts; but the world for the future would gain no augmentation of wealth. It is quite otherwise with ordinary commodities. A reduction in the cost of producing tea or wine, or furniture, or houses, would necessarily bring these enjoyments within the reach of a larger number of persons; the community would be richer, would have more to consume, more to satisfy its wants and desires. And so also it would be with coin and ingots, if the service they rendered depended on their physical qualities; an increase of their number would be completely analogous with an increase of tea or meat. But their function is to furnish value—to place in the hands of a seller of goods a definite amount of cost of production; and consequently, if they became cheaper, a larger number would have to be given as furnishing the same quantity of value, and no one would be benefited by the cheapness.

And now we shall be asked whether we really mean to deny that a sudden demand on the Bank of England of 5 millions of gold to be sent by France to Prussia would produce a rise in the rate of discount at the Bank. We do not deny the assertion; we think such a rise in the rate extremely probable; but we also say that it is not certain to happen. We must distinguish between the several forms which the demand may assume. The first case will be represented by a demand of a loan of 5 millions in gold from the Bank by the British Government for removal to Malta or Montreal. Here the Bank would be itself the lender. The borrower would be also a single person, and could offer unexceptionable security. This would be an application for the loan of a mass of absolutely useless metal. It brought the Bank no profit, and gave nothing to the money market. The terms of the loan would be settled by a negotiation in which no competition made its appearance, and in which the borrower was the party really that bestowed advantage—for he would take nothing away that was or could be used. It is quite impossible to conceive how such a loan could raise the rate of discount in the general market by a single shilling. Such a fancy could rest only on the notion of the reserve of metal conferring additional means of lending, a notion which we have shown to be false in fact and in theory. We have seen that such a reserve can act only as a security, not as a thing lent or to be lent, only as an inducement to the banker to lend other and different means which he possesses.

A second case would be in essence identical with the first, although varying in form. The gold in the Bank does not belong to it, but to its customers, who keep accounts in its books. Now it is conceivable that a number of these persons, who make no use of this gold, should be the actual lenders of it on a foreign loan, and should draw it out for exportation. In this case also no reason can be assigned, except the old tale of the reserve, why there should be any rise of discount. The gold is

simply transferred from one place to another; nothing else is changed.

But neither of these modes of exporting the gold is often met with in actual life. The process which usually occurs is either the introduction of a foreign loan into the open market, or the action of some great financial house such as the Rothschilds. The conditions of the loan, in order to insure success, must be tempting; an important profit is held up to the eyes of the money market. Competition then commences its powerful action; many persons desire to have a share of it, and call in the help of their bankers. Borrowers at all the banks are increased, and the lenders, the banks, have at once an opportunity for raising their terms for advances. It is the increased ratio of borrowers to lenders, the active competition of the applicants for banking assistance, and not the gold exported, which swells the rate of interest. When the loan is taken up and its allotments placed, the demands of borrowers cease, and the rate of discount speedily rolls back to its former position: gold has been exported, but then it was a useless article, and the nation has been enriched by the operation to the whole extent of the interest, which is annually sent to England as the consideration for the loan. England becomes absolutely the richer owing to the departure of the gold, by the eggs, and wine, and silks which France or any other country sends each year. England has parted with a perfectly unproductive commodity, and levies an annual rent from France which is all pure profit.

There is further a most important matter, which cannot be too firmly grasped. A sudden loan of five millions of coal or cotton would, in the first place, create the same competition amongst borrowers as a loan of gold. The coal-owners would not lend it themselves—it would have to be purchased of them by funds from the money market. But there would be this vast distinction between the loss of coals (or any other commodity in use) and the loss of gold: England would lose five millions of capital, of wealth at work. That capital would migrate abroad in the form of coals, and the diminution of means thus effected would be felt over the hearths and factories of the whole country. The departed gold would leave no gap behind; a lump of useless metal would be transferred to a different locality; but the departed coal or cotton would hamper industry—would be *pro tanto* a direct impoverishment, a loss of clothing, and indirectly of food, a lessening of the national resources of the wealth needed to feed and clothe the people. In both cases alike the competition of the lenders to the foreigner would enable the banks that supplied them with means to raise the charge or discount. But in the second case, the rise of interest would last for a much larger period, because, till the exported wealth had been replaced, the capital of the country, and its ability to sustain labour, would have been impaired. The City has, for the most part, the strangest ideas about capital. Its writers speak of money as capital—and that is a true notion as regards the coin employed for payments throughout the country—with a sufficient spare stock for fluctuations in its use; but to treat surplus gold as capital, especially pieces of paper, bills, cheques, and lines in ledgers, is to display the profoundest ignorance of the first elements of political economy. Banks possess scarcely any capital, though their deposits give them the power of determining who shall possess capital, the commodities in the country. The Bank of England can decide who shall be

the persons that shall buy goods with those claims for money, written on the pieces of paper which make up some 97 parts out of the 100 of its receipts; but it is only a deciding and determining machine. It never received those 97 hundredths in capital, and it never employs them itself in acquiring the capital which they can purchase. If the City knew what capital is, it would never bemoan the loss of idle goods any more than of so many pebbles; nor would writers like the 'Economist' propagate such empty theories as, that gold never touched in a reserve, and never lent, gave any power of lending, or exerted any action on the rate of discount in the money market. The 'Economist' would never have uttered deliberately such a climax of economical absurdity as to call "the aggregate sums standing to the credit of various persons in the ledgers of bill-brokers and bankers loanable capital." Lines in ledgers capital!! According to that idea all the debts standing in tradesmen's shop-books must be capital also; and the world regards the utterers of such definitions as oracles on currency! From what treatise of political economy does the 'Economist' derive its definition of capital? How, if the 'Economist' had a class of students to teach, would it be able to define capital in such a way as to include "sums standing to credit in ledgers"? It would surpass our powers to accomplish such a feat. Perhaps the 'Economist' would say that capital and the power to buy capital are the same thing. If that is so, how much science is there in political economy?

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

A CONTINUATION OF AN OLD SONG.

Air—"Greensleeves."

(*Darwin loquitur.*)

"Man comes from a Mammal that lived up a tree,
And a great coat of hair on his outside had he,
Very much like the Dreadnoughts we frequently see—
Which nobody can deny.

"He had points to his ears, and a tail to his rump,
To assist him with ease through the branches to jump—
In some cases quite long, and in some a mere stump—
Which nobody can deny.

"This mammal, abstaining from mischievous pranks,
Was thought worthy in time to be raised from the ranks,
And with some small ado came to stand on two shanks—
Which nobody can deny.

"Thus planted, his course he so prudently steered,
That his hand soon improved and his intellect cleared;
Then his forehead enlarged and his tail disappeared—
Which nobody can deny.

"'Tisn't easy to settle *when* Man became Man;
When the Monkey-type stopped and the Human began;
But some very queer things were involved in the plan—
Which nobody can deny.

"Women plainly had beards and big whiskers at first;
While the man supplied milk when the baby was nursed;
And some other strong facts I could tell—if I durst—
Which nobody can deny.

"Our arboreal sire had a pedigree too:
The Marsupial system comes here into view;
So we'll trace him, I think, to a Great Kangaroo—
Which nobody can deny.

"The Kangaroo's parent, perhaps, was a bird;
But an Ornithorhynchus would not be absurd:
Then to frogs and strange fishes we back are referred—
Which nobody can deny."

Thus far Darwin has said: But the root of the Tree,
Its nature, its name, and what caused it to be,
Seem a secret to him, just as much as to me—
Which nobody can deny.

Did it always exist as a great institution?
And *what* made it start on its first evolution?
As to this our good friend offers no contribution—
Which nobody can deny.

Yet I think that if Darwin would make a clean breast,
Some Botanical views would be frankly confessed,
And that all Flesh is Grass would stand boldly expressed—
Which nobody can deny.

The Loves of the Plants, so deliciously sung,
Must have softened his heart, when his bosom was young,
And the Temple of Nature has prompted his tongue—
Which nobody can deny.

But now if in future *good breeding* we prize,
To be cherubs and angels we some day may rise;
And, indeed, some sweet angels are now in my eyes—
Which nobody can deny.

If this is our wish, we must act with due care;
And in choosing our spouses no pains we should spare,
But select only those that are wise, good, and fair—
Which nobody can deny.

Yet however he came by it, Man has a Soul,
That will not so submit to despotic control,
As to make Monks and Nuns of three-fourths of the whole—
Which nobody can deny.

The Bad may be pretty, the Good may be plain;
And sad matches are made from the lucre of gain;
So perhaps as we are we shall likely remain—
Which nobody can deny.

After all, then, I ask, what's the object in view?
And what practical good from this creed can ensue?
I can't find in it much that's both useful and new—
Which nobody can deny.

Our old friend Lucretius* explained long ago
How the fittest survive and the weak are laid low;
And our friends of the Farm must a thing or two know—
Which nobody can deny.

I would ne'er take offence at what's honestly meant,
Or that truth should be told of our lowly descent;
To be sprung from the dust I am humbly content—
Which nobody can deny.

But this groping and guessing may all be mistaken,
And in sensitive minds may much trouble awaken,
So I'll shut up my book, and go back to my *Bacon*†—
Which nobody can deny.

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* Lucretius, v. 837-877.

† Certainly the Darwinian theory, though it may be interesting as a theory, is a considerable encroachment on Baconian principles, which require that no theory should be adopted without an adequate induction from facts much more directed and complete than any that the Darwinians have yet discovered—if, indeed, they have discovered any fact at all that infers the possibility of the transformations which they promulgate.

The 'Botanic Garden,' the work of old Erasmus Darwin, was more popular in its day, and is less popular now, than it deserves to be. His 'Temple of Nature,' a posthumous publication, announces in "pompous rhyme" nearly the same views of Evolution as those now in vogue.

HOW CAN WE TRUST THEM?

A STORY is told of Lord Palmerston, and we believe it to be in substance authentic, that discussing one day Mr Gladstone's position and future prospects as a statesman, he made use of this expression: "Gladstone is a prodigy in his way; nothing can keep him back: he must become Prime Minister of this country sooner or later, and the end will be disastrous both to the country and himself." Lord Palmerston's prediction, assuming it to have been uttered, has already received its fulfilment in more respects than one. Mr Gladstone is Prime Minister of this country. He has been so for better than two years. His tenure of office has thus far been signalised by a course of legislation the boldest and most unconstitutional on record. We do not think that the most devoted of his followers will contend that the results have been productive of unmitigated gain to the country. Whether or no the future of his official life is to end in positive disaster to the country and to himself, it is not for us to guess. Certainly appearances are little favourable to a better conclusion. The country is far from satisfied with the plight in which Mr Gladstone has landed it. Mr Gladstone is not at ease in contemplating either the past or the future of the country. How can he be? Mr Gladstone is, by natural temperament, the most sensitive man in the House of Commons. Strange as it may sound in the ears of some of our readers, we profess also our belief in his perfect conscientiousness. His perception of the line which separates moral right from moral wrong is morbidly clear: his suffering, as often as circumstances constrain him, or he assumes that they constrain him, to overpass that line, is morbidly acute. So far as he is himself concerned, it would therefore create in us no surprise whatever, if at any moment he were to break down under the combined pressure of political failure and self-reproach. And if events occur of weight enough to hurry on so dire a private calamity, then we may depend upon it that public calamity will have kept pace with, perhaps preceded it. Unfortunately, too, the tide of public affairs seems to have set in of late with great violence in that direction. What a humiliating session—to the country as well as to its governors—has already been that on which Parliament entered only six weeks ago! The Speech from the Throne—the longest and least grammatical on record—shadowed forth a course of action which, in its most important points, was at once departed from. Both positively and negatively, the hopes created by it are already falsified. It would seem, indeed, as if the Ministerial mind had become so confused by the many practical mistakes committed in the recess, that it was neither competent to draw up a programme such as it became the Sovereign to propose, nor capable of adhering to its own plan after it had been enunciated. For what is the spectacle that meets our gaze? A promise is given, in terms as explicit as the reasons assigned for it are clear and just, that the Government will attempt nothing in the way of legislation for Ireland this session which shall have a tendency to provoke party strife. The Houses scarcely meet for the transaction of business ere Pandora's box is opened in the shape of a request that the Commons will con-

cede to her Majesty's Ministers a secret committee to inquire into the state of certain Irish counties where crime abounds, and to suggest some means of dealing effectually with the case. Again, the announcement is made that a measure is in preparation for so manipulating the military resources of the country, as to lift us for ever above the reach of undue confidence on the one hand and disgraceful panic on the other. The mountain labours, and a mouse comes forth. All that as yet seems assured to us comes to this, that at a very heavy expense to the country —at a cost the exact amount of which nobody appears to know—an end is to be put to the practice of purchasing commissions in the army. Meanwhile questions arise, bearing upon the sayings and doings of the Ministers during the recess, which are either evaded in a very awkward and disingenuous manner, or are answered by palpable equivocation. Nor are the Queen's servants careful—and this is not the least curious feature in the case—always to hold the same tone and tell the same story on such occasions. The Prime Minister, on the contrary, has more than once said one thing in the House of Commons, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs said another in the House of Lords, when called upon to account for the same blunder, or clear up the same ground of perplexity.

But it is not thus alone that the Government has lost caste of late, as well in Parliament as out of it. There seems to be among its leading members an extraordinary lack of common discretion. Squabbles have taken place in more than one public department, which, if they could not be avoided, ought at least to have been kept secret. The Secretary of State for War, for example, has fallen out with Major-General Balfour, to whom he looked not very many months ago as the regenerator of his office. Brought in to dry-nurse Sir Henry Storks, that officer is understood to have reduced to order the inorganic atoms out of which the new Central Department was to be formed. Bravely and frankly he took upon himself at the same time the odium of a score of unpopular economies; and did in other respects, and did well, what may be described as the dirty work of the War Office. Now let us not be misunderstood. General Balfour is a high-minded and honourable gentleman, who would not on any consideration lend himself to a proceeding which, in his opinion, partook in the most remote degree of meanness. But, like his father-in-law, the late Joseph Hume, he is a rigid economist; and when he sees, or imagines that he sees, improvidence in a public servant, or waste in the management of public property, he will come down upon the offender, and stop at once the progress of the offence, let the consequences to individuals be what they may. Indeed, so uncompromisingly is he understood to have played out the part assigned to him, that, as always happens in like cases, he got himself an ill name, besides here and there carrying his zeal for retrenchment beyond the strict limits of efficiency. Still it was not for those who put him forward in such a series of operations to desert, far less to turn round upon him, as soon as the operations began to be clamoured against. We are told—we cannot answer for the truth of the story—that more than a year ago, when the great work of cutting down was in its prime, General Balfour received such treatment at the hands of his superiors that he walked out of the office, and announced his intention never to enter it again. There was, of course, a great hubbub. Sir Henry

Storks declared that if General Balfour quitted the office, he should quit it also. Lord de Grey—so the story runs—was called in to restore peace; and the angry General—proper apologies being tendered to him—resumed his labours. Subsequently he received the honour of knighthood, and had things all his own way. But alas for the ingratitude of statesmen! The lack of gunpowder, the deficiency of rifles, the backward state of our forts in regard to armamen—tthese, with the silence that prevailed in the arsenals, at once alarmed and offended the nation, and on somebody the blame must be thrown. It was thrown upon Sir George Balfour, and he becomes the scape-goat.

They manage these things well, in one important respect, at the War Office. When they fall out, they speak slightingly of one another, of course, and the weakest goes to the wall; but they take care to prevent their brawls, and the causes of them, from getting into the newspapers. Not so in the other great spending department of the State: there we have had scandal upon scandal, of which the end is not yet, nor, as far as we can perceive, is there any immediate prospect of attaining to it. Thorns in the side of our great naval administrator, Mr Childers, have been Sir Spencer Robinson and Mr Reed. These obstinate individuals persist in refusing to accept a responsibility which the First Lord, when it suited his own purpose, claimed as belonging exclusively to himself. And being censured by their chief in a minute which makes its way into the 'Times' before it has been submitted to the persons most deeply affected by it, they, not unnaturally, insist on being allowed to make use of the same medium through which to vindicate their character with the public. We really do not recollect an occurrence in official life so discreditable to all concerned as this controversy. Nor is it to the late First Lord and his subordinates exclusively that the discredit arising out of a very unseemly quarrel attaches. Mr Gladstone must needs thrust his finger in the pie, and defiles it. The outlines of the story are these.

By the new constitution of the Board of Admiralty, the First Lord centres in himself all the power and all the responsibility which under the old constitution he used to share with the other members of the Board. Mr Childers, energetic, impulsive, and self-willed, determined some time ago, in opposition to the advice of his naval colleagues, including the Surveyor, to introduce a new class of vessel into the fleet; and the unfortunate Captain was in consequence built, fitted, manned, and sent to sea. Great was the exultation of her godfather over the issues which attended the first trial of this, his own special war-ship. She was a complete success; and all the merit of bringing her forward, and thereby inaugurating a revolution in naval architecture, belonged to him. But by-and-by that terrible catastrophe occurred over which the nation still mourns, and Mr Childers changed his tone. The experiment had failed, and failed awfully. Why did the Surveyor of the Navy ever permit it to be made? What was he placed at Whitehall for, except to provide that only seaworthy vessels—the best of their class—should be rated in the British fleet? Now we are not going to defend Sir Spencer Robinson, who is quite able to defend himself; but we must say that it was neither generous nor just in the late First Lord to throw upon the Surveyor that responsibility for miscarriage in an experiment which he had ostentatiously and determinedly, and on

every possible occasion, claimed for himself, so long as the experiment promised to be successful. But this is not all. Mr Childers and Mr Gladstone, between them, stand chargeable with inflicting on Sir Spencer Robinson a very cruel and irreparable wrong in connection with his professional prospects. The absurd regulation which denies to service at the Admiralty—where, more, one would think, than anywhere else, officers might be expected to become masters of their profession—a claim to be retained on the Active List, compelled Sir Spencer Robinson, in December last, to choose between following his own inclinations and remaining where he was. The command at Sheerness was vacant. He had all but completed his ten years ashore. The First Lord offered him the command, but added that his retirement from the Admiralty would be an irreparable loss to himself and to the Service. What could a gentleman so circumstanced do? Sir Spencer Robinson postponed both personal inclination and the honourable ambition of rising in his profession to the public good, and accepted a second tenure of office as Surveyor of the Navy, to which a Junior Naval Lordship was attached.

Mr Childers had given little satisfaction, either to his naval colleagues or to the Service, by assuming, as he did, the command of the Channel Fleet. Whether or not any criticisms uttered on that eccentric act were repeated to him, we cannot tell; but not long after his return from the cruise, the harmony of the Office in Whitehall appears to have been disturbed. Mr Reed sent in his resignation. He was prevailed upon to recall it: he did so, serving a little longer in his place, and by-and-by withdrew. Sir Spencer Robinson also gave signs of impatience. He and the First Lord did not always see things through the same medium, and rumours of a second resignation got abroad. These, however, Mr Gladstone eagerly contradicted in the House of Commons, assuring the House that an abler and more thoroughly honest public servant than Sir Spencer Robinson never lived. By-and-by came the loss of the Captain; then a long interview between the First Lord and the Surveyor of the Navy; then a memorandum of what had passed at the interview, drawn up by the First Lord and handed to Mr Gladstone; and finally, a minute censuring the Surveyor in the strongest terms. This done, Mr Childers again quits England in search of the health which we are glad to find is returning to him. But he had not left his work incomplete. Mr Gladstone opens a correspondence with the Surveyor of the Navy, and announces to him that his resignation has been accepted, very considerately leaving Sir Spencer to fix the precise date, within reasonable limits, of his actual retirement from office. It is to no purpose that the Surveyor replies that he has not resigned, that he never did resign, nor had any intention of resigning. Mr Childers's written memorandum tells a different tale, and to that the Prime Minister adheres. And here comes, perhaps, the most extraordinary incident of all. Sir Spencer Robinson, being still in office, asks leave to publish a minute which he had drawn up in reply to Mr Childers's minute, already gone the round of the newspapers. Mr Gladstone admits that such a proceeding would be fair,—indeed that Sir Spencer has a right to avail himself of publicity in vindication of his character. But Mr Gladstone suggests that, in order to avoid establishing

an inconvenient precedent, Sir Spencer Robinson will do well to falsify the date of his own document!! Whether this remarkable correspondence is ended, or what line of action, if any, may be expected to arise out of it, we do not know. But we do know that Mr Gladstone and the Admiralty have been terribly damaged, not with the Opposition only, for that would go for little, but with their own friends, by the whole proceeding. Honest Radicals—and honest Radicals there are—cannot bolt such things as garbled quotations, secret memoranda, and invitations to change the dates of semi-official documents. And we are very much mistaken if the Prime Minister himself, with his clear perception of right and wrong, and his very tender conscience, be not more put out by this *fracas* and its consequences than he cares to confess even to the wife of his bosom. Meanwhile the Duke of Somerset, an old colleague of the Prime Minister, has taken the matter up, and in spite of all the opposition which the Government could offer, has got his committee of inquiry in the Lords. We anxiously await the report of that committee, and the publication of the evidence—as yet kept secret. If the rumours which reach us be true, it will prove a most instructive document.

These may be said to be matters, after all, of very secondary importance. We do not so regard them. True, they affect individuals more than they affect the State. But the individuals affected by them are, be it remembered, her Majesty's Ministers; and if her Majesty's Ministers be either incapable of seeing what is right in their dealings with one another, or, seeing, are so little masters of themselves as not to be able to adhere to what is right at some sacrifice of private feeling, they are manifestly unfit to be at the head of affairs in a great country like this. We will, however, look beyond these departmental and financial mistakes, and ask, What have her Majesty's Ministers done for England or for Europe during a crisis the most momentous that has occurred in the world's history? Let us see.

It will be in the reader's recollection that ever since 1867 a feeling of intense uneasiness in regard to the future filled all thoughtful minds, both in this country and on the Continent. Everybody felt that the reign of peace was at an end. The lesser strifes in which Italy and Denmark played their parts had opened the door to a greater; and Austria, measuring her strength with Prussia, went down. There remained after this only three great military Powers, each jealous of the other two, and all alike aspiring to give some day or another the law to Europe. One of these Powers—Russia—was indeed understood to be as yet indisposed to active operations. She had a long lee-way of preparations to make up; and her policy—the same now that it has ever been—indisposed her to take a side openly in such differences as might arise in the West. But the attitude of France towards Prussia, and of Prussia towards France, could not be mistaken. Both counted on a speedy rupture; and each in its own way made ready for a struggle which must determine, as both keenly felt, their relative places as great nations for many a day to come.

It was at this moment, when there was an ominous lull in military preparations on the Continent—just after, through the skilful management of the present Lord Derby, the Luxembourg misunderstanding had been got rid of, that Mr Gladstone acceded to office. His mind was too much engrossed with plans of domestic legislation to take any

account whatever of what might be going on abroad. France and Prussia were free, so far as he was concerned, to fall out or to keep the peace as best suited their private humours. He had not forced his way into Downing Street for any such Quixotic purpose as that the legitimate influence of England should be exercised for the good of mankind at large. His views did not extend beyond strictly domestic matters. He had the Established Church to pull down in Ireland; he had the tenure of land—both in its ownership and its occupancy—to revolutionise in that part of the United Kingdom; and he had pledged himself to his would-be constituents in Lancashire—who, infatuated men as they were, refused to have anything to say to him—that his first official act would be to reduce both the navy and army to the lowest possible figure, and lighten thereby the load of taxation which the people carried. He did not succeed in convincing the electors of Lancashire of his own merits, but he did succeed in becoming Prime Minister. Greenwich, at the suggestion of Mr Alderman Salomons, provided him with a seat in the House of Commons, and she reaped her reward. Mr Gladstone faithfully redeemed his pledges. The Irish Church went by the board; the Irish Land Bill became law. Dockyards were closed; artificers paid off; and the strength of the army reduced by a process which dislocated and rendered it thoroughly inefficient in all its parts. The two former triumphs waited upon Mr Gladstone's Parliamentary labours during the sessions of 1868-69 and 1869-70, the two latter became consummated in the early part of 1870. By the month of June in that year, Woolwich Dockyard was shut up; Deptford Dockyard was sold; the Colonies were denuded of their garrisons; and twenty thousand trained soldiers were sent about their business, most of them to beg their bread.

From the dream of security into which his Parliamentary successes had lulled him, Mr Gladstone was suddenly awakened by tidings which came from abroad. There was war between Prussia and France; and Belgium, threatened by both Powers, sent urgent messages to inquire whether, in the event of her neutrality being violated, England would give her the support which by treaty she was bound to render. Of what Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville told us respecting their efforts to prevent the breaking-out of hostilities, we need not take any account. Nobody questions the truth of their statements: they remonstrated, they advised, they warned; but they did not go a step farther, for the best of all reasons, they had disarmed England, and were therefore incapable of forbidding what they idly deprecated. But their conduct towards Belgium admits of no excuse. Mr Gladstone, when questioned on that head, declined to answer. We cannot state for certainty, because the occasion never arose; but our belief is, that, in spite of Lord Granville's protestations to the contrary, not a man would have crossed the sea from England had Belgium been invaded either by the French or the Germans. Be that, however, as it may, the fact to be noticed is this, the bad practice of which we have elsewhere spoken as peculiar to Mr Gladstone's Administration, whereby the representative of the Government in the House of Commons says one thing, and the representative of the Government in the House of Lords says another, began as early as July of last year. That it has been very faithfully persever-

ed in ever since, we shall take occasion to show as we go on.

With the astounding events that gave their character to the months which intervened between the prorogation of Parliament in July 1870, and its meeting again in February last, we are not here intimately concerned. They have left a mark upon the world's history never to be erased. But to us their interest turns mainly upon the fact, that they help us to form a just estimate of the characters and capacities of the men by whom the country is at this moment governed. One consequence of the great war was to make the nation impatient of the unwise parsimony which had been applied to its military resources. People saw so strongly that a mistake had been committed in weakening the army by 20,000 men, that, just before Parliament rose, Mr Cardwell was compelled to ask for a supplementary grant of two millions, with which to make good that deficiency. This was in July. In December, if we recollect right—at all events, some five months or more after the money had been voted—Mr Cardwell boasted to his constituents in Oxford that the entire force was raised. Now, if Mr Cardwell's statements were true to the letter—which, without charging him with wilful misstatement of facts, we venture to doubt—where would have been the ground of boasting? Five or six months are required by us to get 20,000 recruits together. Why, the war between Germany and France, counting from the first interchange of defiances to the signing of the preliminaries of peace, lasted only seven months. These are not, therefore, times in which nations, anticipating a possible and sudden call to arms, can wait five months or five weeks in order to put themselves in a posture of defence. But this is not all. Mr Cardwell's 20,000 recruits were not brought under the colours simultaneously. They came in driblets, insomuch that probably one-half of them were only beginning their preliminary drill when he made his speech at Oxford; and of the rest not a tenth part had as yet taken their places in the ranks. Now men so circumstanced, however brave and strong, are useless as soldiers—just as the wretched levies which M. Gambetta sent against the Prussians proved themselves to be. Finally, Mr Cardwell, whether by design or otherwise, omitted a very important item from his statement. He forgot to take account of the casualties in the ranks which five or six months, even in peace-time, occasion. We must therefore deduct from the 20,000 young men taken on at least 7000 that were needed to fill the gaps caused by death and ordinary discharges. Hence we cannot in reality count on more than 13,000 ill-drilled men as added to the force which was available previously to the late increase: in other words, we are by 7000 men weaker than we were last July, after expending it is hard to say how much money in tempting 13,000 raw recruits to take the place of 20,000 veteran soldiers. Mr Cardwell is the last man among the members of the present Administration whom we would charge with a deliberate purpose of falsifying facts in order to gain an object; but his language both at Oxford and in the House of Commons is, to say the least, disingenuous on this head. He made a great mistake, and he knows it. Why should he hesitate to admit the fact, doing his best at the same time to make amends for it?

We come now to the session itself, which opened, as our readers will recollect, on the 9th of February last. The long, rambling, and ungrammatical Speech from the Throne was not

such as to challenge opposition, when the Address in reply came to be moved. It gave, however, to Mr Disraeli an opportunity, which he promptly seized, of criticising the conduct of her Majesty's Ministers during the recess. Among other points assailed was the attitude assumed by the Government in consequence of an announcement from St Petersburg that Russia did not intend to hold herself any longer bound by that condition in the Treaty of 1856 which neutralised the Black Sea. This, as Mr Disraeli ably pointed out, was tantamount to the abrogation of the Treaty altogether; and the English Government, in consenting to a conference on the subject, forgot what was due to their own honour and that of the country. Mr Gladstone started up in a rage, and after severely animadverting on other passages in Mr Disraeli's speech, proceeded to notice the charge of truckling to Russia in these words:—

"The right honourable gentleman has discussed at great length—perhaps at greater length than was necessary on an occasion of this kind—the Crimean war. He said that one valuable result of that war was, the neutralisation of the Black Sea, and that when we received the note of Prince Gortchakoff stating that in consequence of what Russia considered to be breaches of treaty, she was no longer bound to observe its stipulations with reference to the Black Sea, we ought to have warned her that she must take the consequences; and what the consequences are in this case there can be no doubt whatever. But the right honourable gentleman says that the Treaty of 1856, if it produced nothing else, produced one result of the utmost value, and of the most vital importance in the East—the neutralisation of the Black Sea. That was never, as far as I know, the view of the British Government. In this House, in the year 1856, I declared my confident conviction that it was impossible to maintain the neutralisation of the Black Sea. I do not speak from direct communication with Lord Clarendon, but I have been told, since his death, that he never attached value to the neutralisation. Again, I do not speak from direct communication, but I have been told that Lord Palmerston always looked upon the neutralisation as an arrangement which might be maintained for a limited number of years, but which, from its character, it was impossible to maintain permanently."

There are two circumstances connected with these declarations which gave to them at the moment a peculiar character, and fully, as it appears to us, bear out the opinion which we have expressed elsewhere of the political immorality of our present rulers. In the first place, the Conference, to which the English Government had weakly agreed, was then in progress. The sole cause of its meeting was to consider the insolent message from St Petersburg, to which our Foreign Minister, in a moment of unusual energy, had sent at first a firm and dignified reply. Now what could the assembled diplomatists make of Mr Gladstone's statement, except that the First Minister of the English Crown put no store whatever upon that condition of the Treaty of 1856 which Russia had determined to violate, and that England was ready, at Mr Gladstone's bidding, to eat dirt in any quantity? That the members of the Conference did so interpret Mr Gladstone's declarations, the event has proved. There is an end to the neutralisation of the Black Sea; and Lord Granville boasts that in yielding that point England has had her own way in the Conference. Bad enough this, as far as the honour of this country is concerned, involving material consequences, the importance of which will appear in due time. But just observe how it tells upon the personal characters of our rulers.

Mr Gladstone's assertions respecting the views of the Government in 1856, and the opinions of Lords Clarendon and Palmerston, in regard to the importance of maintaining the

neutrality of the Black Sea, came upon us all like a thunderclap. We had laboured under the delusive belief that the neutralisation of the Black Sea was the one advantage gained by our success in the Crimean war, and that both Lord Clarendon and Lord Palmerston had regarded it as the key-stone of the Treaty. Lord Cairns, among others, entertained this opinion, and took the earliest opportunity of expressing it in the House of Lords. Mr Gladstone's Foreign Secretary, being appealed to, admitted that Lord Cairns was right. He, Lord Granville, had never heard that either Lord Clarendon or Lord Palmerston thought lightly of the neutralisation of the Black Sea. He knew, on the contrary, that negotiations for peace were broken off at Vienna because Russia refused to accept this particular condition, and that she yielded the point at last only when convinced that her resources were unequal to a continuance of the war. Mr Gladstone had, therefore, gone beyond the mark in asserting as facts matters of which he could have had no cognisance. For Mr Gladstone, when he made the speech in 1856 to which in 1871 he referred, was not in the Government at all. He had seceded from it and gone into Opposition soon after the evil consequences of his own and Sir Charles Trevelyan's mismanagement at the Treasury began to make themselves felt. Here, then, are two very curious illustrations of the novel views of public and private honour which are beginning to be entertained among Ministers of the Crown. It suits the purposes of the head of the Administration to misstate two facts, and he misstates them. He tries to make the House of Commons believe that words spoken by a private Member in 1856 were spoken by a Member of the Government. He attributes to Lords Clarendon and Palmerston opinions which they never held, and statements which they never uttered. But he does these things in the cause of peace; because the truth plainly spoken would disturb the harmony of the Conference; nay, might lead to war. He is found out, it is true, and the consequences are, that his own Minister for Foreign Affairs is obliged to contradict him. How can we trust a man whose code of morals is such, that it offers no impediment to the postponement of truth to convenience? But we have not yet done with this part of our subject. Soon after the receipt of Count Gortchakoff's despatch, and while Lord Granville's spirited reply was still on the road to St Petersburg, Mr Odo Russell, the honest and able Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, was sent to Versailles to consult with Count Bismark in regard to the course which it might be necessary under existing circumstances to pursue. Why the Minister of Prussia, which, when all is said, had been nothing more than neutral in the war of 1854-56, should have been appealed to for advice or assistance in the complication, we have never heard a plausible reason assigned. No doubt Mr Gladstone had his reasons, and perhaps we might make a good guess at them if we chose; but that is neither here nor there. It is with Mr Odo Russell's manner of fulfilling his mission, and with the incidents arising out of it, that we are concerned. The Government had been requested to instruct Parliament on the former of these heads; and papers were printed and laid upon the table explanatory of the mission and its objects. Among the rest appeared a despatch from Mr Odo Russell, in which it is stated, that in conference with the German Chancellor he had taken occasion to point out "that the question raised by

Russia was of such a nature as, in its present state, would compel England, with or without allies, to go to war with Russia." We need scarcely add that this particular despatch from Mr Russell had no business to be where members found it. Its insertion among the documents prepared for the edification of Parliament was a lamentable mistake. The last thing in the world which Lord Granville and Mr Gladstone desired was to make confidants of the Legislature and the public on any subject touching a matter of such extreme delicacy. It is easy to understand, therefore, how angry both must have been when the ominous terms of Mr Russell's communication confronted them in the Blue-book. But the mischief was done, so all that remained for them was to consider how the unfortunate disclosure might be rendered as little damaging to themselves as possible. Their first impulse was to deny that Mr Odo Russell had any authority to speak as he did. Hence, when Sir John Hay addressed a question to Mr Gladstone on the subject, Mr Gladstone was ready with his reply: "The argument used by Mr Odo Russell was not one which had been dictated by her Majesty's Government." A thoroughly Gladstonian expression, thus vibrating, so to speak, between truth and falsehood, and capable of being interpreted with a leaning in either direction as should best suit the convenience of the speaker. Mr Gladstone, however, as we all know, finds it difficult to reply to a question on any subject without surrounding his answer with a multiplicity of words—some relevant, others the reverse. And words were not spared on this more than on other occasions. But they neither added to the strength of the denial just quoted, nor took away from it. He left the House to believe that Mr Russell had exceeded his instructions in speaking to Count Bismark of the possible occurrence of war between England and Russia on account of the violation of the Treaty of 1856.

A few days passed, and Mr Disraeli returned to the charge. He blamed Mr Gladstone for many things; and for this, among the rest, that "he had thrown over his own agent." Mr Russell, he observed, could not have possibly threatened war had not the Government which he represented authorised him to do so. Any other course of conduct would have been an outrage on common-sense, besides committing the Government to a policy from following up which it could not with honour escape. What followed? Mr Gladstone, afraid, as it seemed, to repeat his negation, yet shrinking from a frank avowal of the truth, went into a long argument to prove that diplomatists are justified in exercising their own discretion even to the use of threats, if by threatening they see reason to believe that they will carry their point. But as to committing the Government which they represent, that is a groundless assertion. No! Threats used to gain a special end are mere *fulmina bruta*. If they succeed, good and well; the diplomatist has earned a civic crown. If they fail, he loses caste both with his own and the rival Government; but his own Government is not bound to save his credit by carrying his threats into effect, unless circumstances otherwise recommend the proceeding.

Mr Gladstone's second explanation only made matters worse. It was torn to pieces, demolished, and hooted down. Is he brought thereby to the end of his resources? Far from it. The real fact was, that Mr Odo Russell had never spoken of going to war with Russia at all. He fully explained to Count Bismark the terms of the

Treaty of 1856; whereupon Count Bismark, and not he, gave to them the interpretation which had so much startled the House of Commons. Did the House doubt this? He would read the despatch in the hearing of members, and leave them to judge whether or no the views which he took of its purport were correct. He read the despatch, accompanying the operation with a running comment. It was a sorry spectacle to witness. Nobody in the House believed him, not even his colleagues sitting on the same bench with himself. Not yet, however, was the cup of degradation drunk to the dregs. A few days subsequently there arrived another despatch from Mr Odo Russell, which could not be burked. That gentleman, having read in Versailles an account of the proceedings arising out of Sir John Hay's question, considered himself bound, as a man of honour, to tell the truth. Without waiting to be asked for an explanation, he wrote a letter, in which he distinctly stated that the words commented on in the House of Commons were his words, and that he had addressed them to Count Bismark in the name of her Majesty's Government, because the Government had authorised him so to do; and because any other form of speech on such an occasion would have amounted to an avowal that England would never again—be her engagements what they might—draw her sword. How the members of the Liberal party felt when Mr Gladstone expressed himself satisfied with Mr Russell's explanation, we cannot pretend to say. We only know that while he was fencing with Mr Disraeli's original comment on them, they looked as if they wished themselves anywhere except in the House. When out of his own mouth he subsequently convicted himself of something which we do not care to specify, they hung their heads and were silent.

Being on the subject of Mr Odo Russell's sayings and doings, it may be as well to complete the history of the foreign transactions in which he bore a part, before turning our attention to the course of domestic legislation as Ministers have thus far directed it. Paris, subdued by famine and disappointed in its hopes of relief from without, was unable to hold out longer. The terms of a capitulation were signed, and an armistice was entered into with a view of enabling France to get a Constituent Assembly together and treat for peace. It had been the constant boast of her Majesty's Ministers, that though unable to stop the war while in progress, they were prepared, as soon as an opportunity should offer, to step in and use their best efforts to bring about peace on terms honourable to both parties. The French Government was no sooner put in possession of the outlines of the conditions which Germany had determined to exact, than it communicated with the English Government, earnestly requesting that her Majesty's Ministers would use their good offices in obtaining some modification of the severity of these conditions, especially in the matter of the pecuniary indemnity demanded. What followed? It was well known that the armistice would end on the 26th of February. Count Bismark made no secret of his determination to resume hostilities after midnight on that day if the preliminaries of peace were not signed before the clock struck. All this was as perfectly understood in London as at Versailles or Bordeaux. Observe how the English Government acted. They could not refuse the petition of an old ally. They would do their best for France. But the English Government shrinks at the same

time from receiving another rebuff from the German Government. It therefore manages so to time the despatch of its instructions to Berlin that they shall arrive just one day too late. France, deserted by all the world and incapable of further resistance, accepts the disastrous peace imposed upon her at a late hour on the 26th. On the 27th, the application of the Cabinet of St James for terms more moderate comes in. It comes in to no purpose. The negotiations are closed; they cannot be reopened. France is dismembered and impoverished, and the balance of power in Europe is destroyed. What a pitiful excuse for this avoidance of a clear duty Lord Enfield made when questioned about it on the 10th of March! Yes, it was true that Lord Adolphus Loftus got no instructions to act before the 27th. But then, Mr Odo Russell had been informed on the 25th, by a telegram which left London on the 24th, of what Lord Adolphus had been directed to urge. Being further asked whether Mr Russell had received instructions to act upon the information thus conveyed to him, Lord Enfield replied that he did not know!! The Under-Secretary of State, who himself probably directed the telegram to be sent off, and dictated its contents, did not know what its contents were!!!

There is something positively humiliating in the contemplation of official incapacity such as this, strongly tinctured as it is with a worse quality. How can we trust those who act thus, in any matter, great or small? They either do not know what is right in their dealings with their fellow-men, or, knowing, they unscrupulously and habitually walk apart from it. Mr Odo Russell has as much reason to complain of them as Sir George Balfour and Sir Spencer Robinson. The two latter are rewarded for valuable services rendered at home —the one by studied neglect, the other by the ruin of his professional prospects. The latter, having well and faithfully discharged a painful duty abroad, is held up to public reprobation, not only as a rash and ill-judging man, but as one who will not scruple to exceed the powers intrusted to him even at the risk of involving the Government in serious difficulties. Mr Russell has very quietly, but very effectually, turned the tables on his maligners. How Sir George Balfour and Sir Spencer Robinson are to take the slight put upon them remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, every fresh day makes more and more manifest the depth of degradation into which, under the management of her present rulers, England is falling. This Conference, with all the circumstances attending it, has disgraced us in the eyes of the whole outer world. Lord Granville in the Lords, and Mr Gladstone in the Commons, may say what they will; but Russia, Germany, Turkey, France, and America, alike see in it the rapid development of that policy of "displacement" to which they have consigned us. How contemptuous were the terms in which Prince Gortchakoff met the first despatch from our Foreign Office! With what a cynical smirk he accepts the proposal of Germany to submit the matter in dispute to arbitration! Does anybody doubt that Russia and Prussia perfectly understood each other all along? Will Mr Gladstone's ignorance, real or pretended, falsify the fact that, in anticipation of the rupture with France, Prussia entered into an arrangement with Russia that she should be left free to pursue her own designs in the East, on condition that Austria was by her means kept back from moving in the West? Oh!

but did not Lord Granville insist as a condition to the Conference that Russia should first of all retract her insolent message? And when the Conference met, was not Russia compelled, before her proposals would be considered at all, to sign a declaration that it is contrary to the law of nations for any one Power, having been a party with other Powers to a treaty, to withdraw from it, wholly or in part, except after consultation with its co-signitaries? Compelled to do this or any thing else Russia was not. We cannot find in the printed minutes of the Conference a single expression which denotes that she ever made, or thought of making, any difficulty at all about affirming so obvious a truism. But we do find that, this point settled, Russia had only to say what she desired to bring about, and that the representatives of the other Powers, England among the rest, willingly acceded to her wishes. Turkey expressed herself satisfied with the Treaty as it stood. France, speaking by her representative, held the same language. Russia and Germany demanded the abrogation of this particular condition, to enforce which the prolongation of the war in the Crimea had been threatened; and England, without a moment's hesitation, came into their views. What could France and Turkey do? The former had, as the Duke de Broglie rightly observed, more pressing matters to consider; the latter was powerless without her ally. The results are, that the Black Sea is again open to the fleets of Russia, who may build as many arsenals and fortresses along its shores as she pleases; and Turkey gets, by way of compensation, the right, of which nobody could deprive her, of opening the Dardanelles to the war-ships of friendly Powers whenever she conceives that her interests required it. If this be not a surrender at discretion, we do not understand the meaning of the expression. Yet it was over this act that Lord Granville had the bad taste to affect in the House of Lords an air of satisfaction, or, to speak more correctly, of triumph, which we take it upon us to say he did not experience. Well, Sir Charles Dilke has given notice of inquiring into matters connected with this surrender in the House of Commons. A like inquiry, and perhaps a more searching one, must be instituted in the House of Lords. We shall wait patiently till the results of these investigations appear, expecting nothing from them, except perhaps an aggravation of our present bitter feelings.

We come now to the attempts at domestic legislation—for to this they amount, or little else—on which, since the delivery of the Speech from the Throne, the Government has ventured. Of such very small matters as the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, the Bill for "settling Disputes arising out of Trades' Unions," and even of the Bill for giving to Scotland an improved system of elementary education, we need say little. This last may indeed, as the session goes on, develop into a source of some difficulty to the Government; and if it do, we shall see, of course, with what adroitness the Government can change its tactics. Neither is it worth while to linger over the University Tests Bill, further than by observing that it pleases nobody; how can it? The great Conservative party are opposed to it because it is a measure of confiscation. The extreme Liberals are opposed to it because it halts in the application of that principle. The Ministers propose that to fellowships in all the colleges, not less than to offices of dignity and emolument in the Universities, men of all religious

opinions, and of no religious opinions, shall be eligible. Mr Fawcett, and that large section of the party who think with him, say, "This is not enough. We see no reason why the headships of houses should be reserved for the professors of one religion in particular." Surely, as far as abstract right and wrong are concerned, Mr Fawcett has the best of it in this argument. There is not a college or hall in Oxford or Cambridge which was not founded, and in successive generations endowed, for the express purpose of affording to the inmates religious instruction according to the tenets of the National Church. There was no moral or legal necessity for placing any one of these colleges or halls in university towns. But the founders of the halls and colleges made choice of university towns, because there the inmates of their hospitals would be able to avail themselves of the more extended course of general education which universities supply. Nor, except that both teachers and pupils are by custom members of the universities as well as of the halls, is there any necessary connection between the university and the college. The endowments of the colleges are distinct from those of the universities; the offices in each are distinct; and so in both honours are distinct one from the other. It may be just, we are not prepared to deny it, that the universities, with all that they can give, should be thrown open to men of all religious opinions. But it would be just as reasonable to require that a churchman should be entitled to an office of trust and emolument in Stoneyhurst, or a Wesleyan to a readership in a Jewish synagogue, as that a Roman Catholic, or a Wesleyan, or a Jew should, by mere literary eminence, win his way to a fellowship in Trinity College, Cambridge, or Baliol College, Oxford. In the name of common-sense, therefore, why, if you are going to commit a great wrong, stop short of doing it thoroughly? Mr Gladstone's Bill is a bad one; but it would not be in principle one whit worse than it is if Mr Fawcett's rider were added to it. And so the extreme section of the Liberal party evidently believe. Mr Fawcett's motion in committee was defeated by a narrow majority of eighteen only. Had the Conservatives stayed away—and we certainly should not have blamed them for doing so—the Government would have been defeated. Again, we ask, who can trust these men? They are evidently acting, in many respects, against their own convictions of right. But conduct such as this sooner or later destroys those who give themselves up to it, though, unfortunately, not till it has done irreparable injury to public morals. Mr Fawcett has just reason to triumph as well as to complain. His nominal leader was at his mercy, but that the Opposition stepped in and saved him. This is not, surely, a result favourable to good government.

Of the question of elementary education for Ireland, we are not, it would seem, to hear anything this session. It is a hard question for Mr Gladstone to deal with. His Scotch and Dissenting friends regard it in one light, his supporters in Ireland—Cardinal Cullen and the priests—regard it in another. He hopes to escape from the difficulty, at all events for a season, by putting it in abeyance. Perhaps he might have done so but for the extraordinary demand for a Secret Committee to inquire into the state of Westmeath and other disturbed districts. That move, if we be not mistaken, will operate to the overthrow of his expectations. The priests are very angry; they may not be in league with Ribbonism, however favour-

able to its continuance the system of the confessional admittedly is; but they cannot endure that a matter on which their hearts are set should be postponed on a pretence which this unlooked-for and ill-advised procedure demonstrates to be a false one. Nor is his case improved by the turn which affairs took in the course of the debate. When Lord Hartington first got up to ask for what had not been granted since the dismal days of 1817 and 1818, a thrill of consternation ran through the House. It seemed to members on both sides that they had fallen upon evil times indeed; and the manifest reluctance with which the Irish Secretary made his appeal, had no tendency to mitigate the dismay with which they listened. But as the speech drew itself out, and the speaker admitted that the Government was already in possession of the fullest measure of information, the feeling of pity with which members were at the outset disposed to regard him changed with some into indignation, with others into scorn, not unmixed with delight. The few among the Whigs who still retain the traditions of their party, felt as men do to whom a personal wrong has been offered. In the degradation of the representative of one of their grandest houses they saw their own, and not less keenly than their Tory rivals they asked one another how long is this state of things to last. The gentlemen below the gangway received the incident in a different spirit. Grant a Secret Committee for such a purpose! No; that they would never do. But it gladdened their hearts to find the executive thus plunging into the bog, because the more the influence of the Crown is weakened in the House and in the country, the better are their purposes served. Observe how Mr Gladstone deals with the embarrassment which he had himself created. He had overborne the whole of his colleagues in the Cabinet. There is no longer the affectation of concealment in the matter, that he alone desired to throw on the House of Commons responsibilities which the rest of the Government were willing to take upon themselves; and that by sheer strength of determination he bent them to his will. But no sooner is the House seen to be against him than he repeats the manœuvre which he had practised in Mr Odo Russell's case, and "throws over" his agent. It is hard to conceive how a gentleman in Lord Hartington's position can endure a slight of this sort without resenting it. After having been constrained to declare that the functions of government in Ireland were paralysed — that he could not be answerable, if the Secret Committee were refused, for life or property in certain districts, — he has the satisfaction of seeing his chief go off on a directly opposite tangent, and profess perfect indifference as to whether the Committee should be secret or open. Hitherto we have had one Minister contradicting another, but in different Houses. Now we have two Ministers in the same House taking opposite sides in a controversy, into which the subordinate plunged against his will to please his superior, while the superior turns round and coolly stultifies all the arguments of his subordinate by pronouncing them to be worthless. How can we trust these men?

We come now to the great measure of the session—Mr Cardwell's Bill for the Reorganisation of the Army, of which the second reading was carried by consent, after a fierce and, according to Mr Disraeli, an instructive debate, ranging over five sittings—instructive to members who, perhaps, never before in their lives gave a moment's consideration to

the subject. To us who have thought about it and written about it for years past, the debate was simply wearisome. Not a word was said on either side from which we found it possible to collect what the scheme of army reorganisation to be proposed by the Government really is. Mr Cardwell placed on the forefront of his Bill a proposal to abolish the practice of buying and selling their commissions by British officers, and Colonel Lloyd Lindsay moved an amendment condemnatory of the proposition, as if the fate of the army itself turned on the maintenance or abolition of that practice. Foolish proceedings these on both sides, though perhaps more foolish on the side of the Opposition than of the Government. Foolish on the part of Government, because, whether abolition be good or bad in itself, it has nothing whatever to say for or against an improved scheme of army organisation; and very foolish on Colonel Lindsay's part, and on the parts of those who supported him, because they took up a position which to outsiders might easily be mistaken for a selfish one, and which it admirably served the purposes of Mr Cardwell and his followers to represent as selfish. The results were a *fiasco* to those who went in for fighting this foolish battle, the most humiliating that has occurred in the House of Commons for many a day; and to Mr Gladstone an opportunity, of which with great adroitness he availed himself, to come out in an entirely new character—that of a Minister willing to be advised; neither bigoted to his own views, nor arrogant in pressing them, but meek and considerate, inviting discussion, and professing perfect readiness to accept such conclusions as sound argument might recommend to him. But this is not all. The abortive issue, while it enabled the Government to achieve an easy success, exhibited the Opposition in the light of a body swayed, not by reason, but by class prejudice, and therefore incapable of fighting a popular battle. Colonel Lindsay is an excellent and an able man. He acted on this occasion under bad advice. He mistook the weak point in the enemy's line, and was defeated.

The success of the Government in the recent debate is not, however, conclusive, either of the wisdom of their measure—as far as we are as yet able to judge of it—or of their ultimate triumph when the final division is taken. They, like the Opposition, took up false ground. It is not true that purchase offers any insurmountable obstacle whatever to the process of army reorganisation. Mr Cardwell is self-deceived when he speaks of it as meeting him at every turn, and rendering impossible the reduction of chaos into order. Because one young man has paid £450 for an ensigncy, and another has got his captaincy by purchase, they are no more exempt from the course of training required by regulation than their poorer or more fortunate comrades, to whom their commissions came gratuitously. And if the course of training now established be considered too perfunctory, the Secretary of State for War has only to lay down a new code of rules, which, as soon as her Majesty has confirmed them, will become law to all classes of her officers. So also in regard to what Mr Cardwell calls the amalgamation of the Militia with the Line. That arrangement, as far as it is possible to bring it about, can just as easily be effected now as it will be when purchase becomes a thing of the past. There is no more reason why officers of the Line should be prohibited from exchanging with officers of the Militia, on the ground that in the Line some purchase their com-

missions, while in the Militia purchase is unknown, than that officers of the other regiments of cavalry and infantry should be prohibited from exchanging with those of the three regiments of cavalry and nine regiments of infantry which came over to the Line from the old East India Company's army, and brought the non-purchase system with them. The single bar to such exchanges is, that the Militia, as now constituted, happens to be officered by gentlemen of whom the majority know little or nothing of the profession; while all, under ordinary circumstances, draw pay for only one month in the year. If Mr Cardwell be statesman enough to keep a certain portion of the Militia permanently embodied, and to officer this permanent force with gentlemen instructed in their profession, then, whether purchase be abolished or remain as it is, exchanges from the Line into the Militia, and back again from the Militia into the Line, will become incidents of daily occurrence.

It appears, then, that the public reasons put forward by Mr Cardwell for his determined attack upon the purchase system are absolutely futile. Experience also proves that, so far as the interests of individuals are concerned, officers unable to purchase gain more in the aggregate than they lose by the rapid promotion of their more wealthy comrades. Individual cases of hardship do indeed occur, though neither Mr Cardwell nor Mr Trevelyan was happy in referring to them specifically. Lord Clyde, whom both commemorate, purchased every step save one between his ensigncy and his lieut.-colonelcy; and Sir Henry Havelock put himself voluntarily down on the ladder by frequent exchanges from regiment to regiment, with a view to make money. Still, the view which we take of the subject is this, that though Mr Cardwell be wrong in argument, the defenders of the purchase system are not right; because they are seeking to perpetuate a state of things which in theory is indefensible, and which not one among them all, if he had a military system to create, would think of introducing into it. The question, therefore, resolves itself into this: Is the country prepared to do justice to a body of men who, on the faith of recognised custom, have invested large sums in their commissions, and at a cost which is estimated at something or another between £8,000,000 and £16,000,000, to give them back their purchase-money year by year, as they express a wish to retire from the Service? Is it only in order to throw this sop to the democracy that Mr Cardwell has come out in the light of an army reformer? Who can tell? As yet all that we are promised amounts to this—that 20,000 men are to be added to the strength of the regular army; that the Artillery is to be made capable of bringing 300 guns into the field; that Militia recruits are to undergo twenty-eight instead of fourteen days' preliminary drill; and that the whole of the Militia, including the Irish, is to be embodied this year, to the amount of 139,000, for twenty-eight days. Not a hint is dropped of any change in the normal mode of raising the Militia force. It is still to be recruited by voluntary enlistment; still to be paid as liberally as the Line; still tempted by a bribe of five or six pounds per man to come under an obligation in the event of war to serve in limited numbers with the regular army. And as to the Volunteers, the sole novelty threatened, so far as they are concerned, is this—that when they muster in force for an Easter Monday or any other grand review, they are to be made subject for the nonce to the Articles of War. We should like to see the officer, whether

of the Line or of their own body, who should try on such an occasion to enforce military law upon a well-to-do London shop-assistant or a respectable young grocer in a country town. If the spirit of the Briton did not rebel, and get other spirited Britons to support him, then we must profess our entire ignorance of the true Briton's character. Really it is pitiable to find the expectations raised by months of public discussion through the press culminating thus. What Mr Cardwell may further propose when the general question gets into committee, we cannot pretend to guess. For his plan of short service has been tried, and is a failure; and the hope which he expresses of getting a large reserve on hand some twelve years hence may be an honest hope, but it is based upon a shadow. Twelve years hence England may or may not be in need of reserves of any kind; she needs them now, because she stands naked in the presence of a world in arms. What her condition will be at the period to which Mr Cardwell's calculations point, whether rich and feeble, as she is now, or hardened by the disasters of war, or shorn of her transmarine provinces, and reduced to the rank of a third-rate Power, time and fate must determine. For the present, it is enough to know that her destinies are in the hands of men who have no policy whatever of their own, who seem to regard themselves as placed where they are for one purpose only —viz., on every question, whether it affect the foreign relations of the country or its domestic concerns, to watch which way the tide of popular opinion is setting, and at once to put themselves on the crest of the wave. Mr Cardwell knows as well as we do that without compulsory service he can never raise the Militia force to a proper strength, nor give to it adequate training. He does not propose the ballot except in an emergency, the occasion of which must render an appeal to it worthless. And this because, as he avows, the feeling of the people is against it. Positively, there is no such thing as government in this country. Whatever the mob persistently demand, they are sure sooner or later to obtain. Nobody stops to ask whether the concession be in itself wise or otherwise. It is enough to know that "the people" desire, and it comes as a matter of course. So it has been in France for these last sixty years. The Bourbons endeavoured to govern, and they were expelled. The Citizen King, with all his cajolery, fared no better. Imperialism had its day, which it managed to prolong by constant appeals to the people. And now there has come in its room anarchy. It seems to us that we are in some danger of being hurried, before we know what we are about, into a similar state of things. While Paris is stained with the blood of citizens whom their fellow-citizens shot down, and a self-constituted committee within the walls seems preparing for a death-struggle with the Constituent Assembly at Versailles, the real functions of government are delegated, among us, to a body of private members sitting under the gangway on the Ministerial side of the House of Commons. One of these—Mr Trevelyan—is the real author of the Army Bill, so far as it has as yet been carried. Another, Mr Mundella, has virtually settled the point that there shall be no permanent increase to the military strength of the country. Rumours were rife—no longer ago than the 23d of March—that his motion to cut down the Estimates to the measure of 1870-71 would be accepted. That, as the event proves, would have been rather too slow a measure even for Mr Glad-

stone. But observe the terms, half apologetic, half deprecatory, in which he meets the proposal. "It is obvious, although it is our duty, at the commencement of the year, to ask for the confidence and enlightened judgment of the House of Commons what we think is an adequate and sufficient supply for the whole service of the year, yet every improvement that takes place in the condition of affairs abroad may undoubtedly tend to modify the position that we had taken up. My honourable friend may rely upon it that we shall be happy to take advantage of every improvement, and allow it to exercise its influence on the expenditure for our army." If this do not mean, "Give us what we ask, because we are committed to the Estimates, and we cannot without discredit go back from them; but trust us for reducing the army again on the very first possible opportunity," it means nothing. Mr Mundella is accordingly defeated by a large majority in his direct proposal, while the policy which he advocates is covertly but entirely acceded to.

So much for the condition of affairs, foreign and domestic, as the vacillating and untrustworthy proceedings of the Government have induced it. Now a word or two, before we lay down the pen, to our readers, and through them to the British public. It will be our own faults if this state of things goes on, and this great country, with its glorious institutions and old renown, be shipwrecked in consequence. The Liberals deceive themselves if they imagine that the people are with them. A noisy clique, under the leadership of Mr Odger and the Brights, may and do desire to hurry on the Republic; but not a few among those who not long ago were prepared to go with them, recent events on the Continent have arrested in their progress. Go where you will, and converse with whom you may, in the clubs and at the corners of the streets, and the marvellous change which is gradually working itself out in public opinion is made plain to you. "This will never do. We cannot go on without a Government. The roughs have had it their own way long enough. Let us take warning by France, and stop them while we can." This is not the language, observe, of hereditary Conservatives. Liberals, but honest ones, speak out as plainly as anybody else, and heartily, and not without a conviction that when the time comes they will act as well as speak. We hail the omen. What Mr Gladstone may be now, what he may become a year hence, we defy the keenest investigator of his peculiar nature to say. But there are statesmen in England besides Mr Gladstone—ay, and outside the circle in which he moves—whom circumstances may, and probably will, bring to the front ere worse things happen. At all events our course is clear. We will stand by the Constitution while a shred of it remains. We will do our best to sustain the honour of the country, even if we be constrained to live under something different from the Constitution as it is. And we earnestly advise all who read these pages to enter into a similar covenant with themselves. A battle is never lost till one side in the contest despairs. We do not despair, and never will.

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THE BATTLE OF DORKING: REMINISCENCES OF A VOLUNTEER.

You ask me to tell you, my grandchildren, something about my own share in the great events that happened fifty years ago. 'Tis sad work turning back to that bitter page in our history, but you may perhaps take profit in your new homes from the lesson it teaches. For us in England it came too late. And yet we had plenty of warnings, if we had only made use of them. The danger did not come on us unawares. It burst on us suddenly, 'tis true, but its coming was foreshadowed plainly enough to open our eyes, if we had not been wilfully blind. We English have only ourselves to blame for the humiliation which has been brought on the land. Venerable old age! Dishonourable old age, I say, when it follows a manhood dishonoured as ours has been. I declare, even now, though fifty years have passed, I can hardly look a young man in the face when I think I am one of those in whose youth happened this degradation of Old England—one of those who betrayed the trust handed down to us unstained by our forefathers.

What a proud and happy country was this fifty years ago! Free-trade had been working for more than a quarter of a century, and there seemed to be no end to the riches it was bringing us. London was growing bigger and bigger; you could not build houses fast enough for the rich people who wanted to live in them, the merchants who made the money and came from all parts of the world to settle there, and the lawyers and doctors and engineers and others, and tradespeople who got their share out of the profits. The streets reached down to Croydon and Wimbledon, which my father could remember quite country places; and people used to say that Kingston and Reigate would soon be joined to London. We thought we could go on building and multiplying for ever. 'Tis true that even then there was no lack of poverty; the people who had no money went on increasing as fast as the rich, and pauperism

was already beginning to be a difficulty; but if the rates were high, there was plenty of money to pay them with; and as for what were called the middle classes, there really seemed no limit to their increase and prosperity. People in those days thought it quite a matter of course to bring a dozen children into the world—or, as it used to be said, Providence sent them that number of babies; and if they couldn't always marry off all the daughters, they used to manage to provide for the sons, for there were new openings to be found in all the professions, or in the Government offices, which went on steadily getting larger. Besides, in those days young men could be sent out to India, or into the army or navy; and even then emigration was not uncommon, although not the regular custom it is now. Schoolmasters, like all other professional classes, drove a capital trade. They did not teach very much, to be sure, but new schools with their four or five hundred boys were springing up all over the country.

Fools that we were! We thought that all this wealth and prosperity were sent us by Providence, and could not stop coming. In our blindness we did not see that we were merely a big workshop, making up the things which came from all parts of the world; and that if other nations stopped sending us raw goods to work up, we could not produce them ourselves. True, we had in those days an advantage in our cheap coal and iron; and had we taken care not to waste the fuel, it might have lasted us longer. But even then there were signs that coal and iron would soon become cheaper in other parts; while as to food and other things, England was not better off than it is now. We were so rich simply because other nations from all parts of the world were in the habit of sending their goods to us to be sold or manufactured; and we thought that this would last for ever. And so, perhaps, it might have lasted, if we had only taken proper means to keep it; but, in our folly, we were too careless even to insure our prosperity, and after the course of trade was turned away it would not come back again.

And yet, if ever a nation had a plain warning, we had. If we were the greatest trading country, our neighbours were the leading military power in Europe. They were driving a good trade, too, for this was before their foolish communism (about which you will hear when you are older) had ruined the rich without benefiting the poor, and they were in many respects the first nation in Europe; but it was on their army that they prided themselves most. And with reason. They had beaten the Russians and the Austrians, and the Prussians too, in bygone years, and they thought they were invincible. Well do I remember the great review held at Paris by the Emperor Napoleon during the great Exhibition, and how proud he looked showing off his splendid Guards to the assembled kings and princes. Yet, three years afterwards, the force so long deemed the first in Europe was ignominiously beaten, and the whole army taken prisoners. Such a defeat had never happened before in the world's history; and with this proof before us of the folly of disbelieving in the possibility of disaster merely because it had never happened before, it might have been supposed that we should have the sense to take the lesson to heart. And the country was certainly roused for a time, and a cry was raised that the army ought to be reorganised, and our defences strengthened against the enormous power for sudden attacks which it

was seen other nations were able to put forth. But our Government had come into office on a cry of retrenchment, and could not bring themselves to eat their own pledges. There was a Radical section of their party, too, whose votes had to be secured by conciliation, and which blindly demanded a reduction of armaments as the price of allegiance. This party always decried military establishments as part of a fixed policy for reducing the influence of the Crown and the aristocracy. They could not understand that the times had altogether changed, that the Crown had really no power, and that the Government merely existed at the pleasure of the House of Commons, and that even Parliament-rule was beginning to give way to mob-law. At any rate, the Ministry were only too glad of this excuse to give up all the strong points of a scheme which they were not really in earnest about. The fleet and the Channel, they said, were sufficient protection. So the army was kept down, and the militia and volunteers were left untrained as before, because to call them out for drill would "interfere with the industry of the country." We could have given up some of the industry of those days, forsooth, and yet be busier than we are now. But why tell you a tale you have so often heard already? The nation, although uneasy, was misled by the false security its leaders professed to feel; the warning given by the disasters that overtook France was allowed to pass by unheeded. The French trusted in their army and its great reputation, we in our fleet; and in each case the result of this blind confidence was disaster, such as our forefathers in their hardest struggles could not have even imagined.

I need hardly tell you how the crash came about. First, the rising in India drew away a part of our small army; then came the difficulty with America, which had been threatening for years, and we sent off ten thousand men to defend Canada—a handful which did not go far to strengthen the real defences of that country, but formed an irresistible temptation to the Americans to try and take them prisoners, especially as the contingent included three battalions of the Guards. Thus the regular army at home was even smaller than usual, and nearly half of it was in Ireland to check the talked-of Fenian invasion fitting out in the West. Worse still—though I do not know it would really have mattered as things turned out—the fleet was scattered abroad: some ships to guard the West Indies, others to check privateering in the China seas, and a large part to try and protect our colonies on the Northern Pacific shore of America, where, with incredible folly, we continued to retain possessions which we could not possibly defend. America was not the great power forty years ago that it is now; but for us to try and hold territory on her shores which could only be reached by sailing round the Horn, was as absurd as if she had attempted to take the Isle of Man before the independence of Ireland. We see this plainly enough now, but we were all blind then.

It was while we were in this state, with our ships all over the world, and our little bit of an army cut up into detachments, that the Secret Treaty was published, and Holland and Denmark were annexed. People say now that we might have escaped the troubles which came on us if we had at any rate kept quiet till our other difficulties were settled; but the English were always an impulsive lot: the whole country was boiling over with indignation, and the Govern-

ment, egged on by the press, and going with the stream, declared war. We had always got out of scrapes before, and we believed our old luck and pluck would somehow pull us through.

Then, of course, there was bustle and hurry all over the land. Not that the calling up of the army reserves caused much stir, for I think there were only about 5000 altogether, and a good many of these were not to be found when the time came; but recruiting was going on all over the country, with a tremendous high bounty, 50,000 more men having been voted for the army. Then there was a Ballot Bill passed for adding 55,000 men to the militia; why a round number was not fixed on I don't know, but the Prime Minister said that this was the exact quota wanted to put the defences of the country on a sound footing. Then the shipbuilding that began! Ironclads, despatch-boats, gunboats, monitors,—every building-yard in the country got its job, and they were offering ten shillings a-day wages for anybody who could drive a rivet. This didn't improve the recruiting, you may suppose. I remember, too, there was a squabble in the House of Commons about whether artisans should be drawn for the ballot, as they were so much wanted, and I think they got an exemption. This sent numbers to the yards; and if we had had a couple of years to prepare instead of a couple of weeks, I daresay we should have done very well.

It was on a Monday that the declaration of war was announced, and in a few hours we got our first inkling of the sort of preparation the enemy had made for the event which they had really brought about, although the actual declaration was made by us. A pious appeal to the God of battles, whom it was said we had aroused, was telegraphed back; and from that moment all communication with the north of Europe was cut off. Our embassies and legations were packed off at an hour's notice, and it was as if we had suddenly come back to the middle ages. The dumb astonishment visible all over London the next morning, when the papers came out void of news, merely hinting at what had happened, was one of the most startling things in this war of surprises. But everything had been arranged beforehand; nor ought we to have been surprised, for we had seen the same Power, only a few months before, move down half a million of men on a few days' notice, to conquer the greatest military nation in Europe, with no more fuss than our War Office used to make over the transport of a brigade from Aldershot to Brighton,—and this, too, without the allies it had now. What happened now was not a bit more wonderful in reality; but people of this country could not bring themselves to believe that what had never occurred before to England could ever possibly happen. Like our neighbours, we became wise when it was too late.

Of course the papers were not long in getting news—even the mighty organisation set at work could not shut out a special correspondent; and in a very few days, although the telegraphs and railways were intercepted right across Europe, the main facts oozed out. An embargo had been laid on all the shipping in every port from the Baltic to Ostend; the fleets of the two great Powers had moved out, and it was supposed were assembled in the great northern harbour, and troops were hurrying on board all the steamers detained in these places, most of which were British vessels. It was clear that invasion was intended. Even then we might have been

saved, if the fleet had been ready. The forts which guarded the flotilla were perhaps too strong for shipping to attempt; but an ironclad or two, handled as British sailors knew how to use them, might have destroyed or damaged a part of the transports, and delayed the expedition, giving us what we wanted, time. But then the best part of the fleet had been decoyed down to the Dardanelles, and what remained of the Channel squadron was looking after Fenian filibusters off the west of Ireland; so it was ten days before the fleet was got together, and by that time it was plain the enemy's preparations were too far advanced to be stopped by a *coup-de-main.* Information, which came chiefly through Italy, came slowly, and was more or less vague and uncertain; but this much was known, that at least a couple of hundred thousand men were embarked or ready to be put on board ships, and that the flotilla was guarded by more ironclads than we could then muster. I suppose it was the uncertainty as to the point the enemy would aim at for landing, and the fear lest he should give us the go-by, that kept the fleet for several days in the Downs; but it was not until the Tuesday fortnight after the declaration of war that it weighed anchor and steamed away for the North Sea. Of course you have read about the Queen's visit to the fleet the day before, and how she sailed round the ships in her yacht, and went on board the flag-ship to take leave of the admiral; how, overcome with emotion, she told him that the safety of the country was committed to his keeping. You remember, too, the gallant old officer's reply, and how all the ships' yards were manned, and how lustily the tars cheered as her Majesty was rowed off. The account was of course telegraphed to London, and the high spirits of the fleet infected the whole town. I was outside the Charing Cross station when the Queen's special train from Dover arrived, and from the cheering and shouting which greeted her as she drove away, you might have supposed we had already won a great victory. The journals which had gone in strongly for the army reduction carried out during the session, and had been nervous and desponding in tone during the past fortnight, suggesting all sorts of compromises as a way of getting out of the war, came out in a very jubilant form next morning. "Panic-stricken inquirers," they said, "ask now, where are the means of meeting the invasion? We reply that the invasion will never take place. A British fleet, manned by British sailors whose courage and enthusiasm are reflected in the people of this country, is already on the way to meet the presumptuous foe. The issue of a contest between British ships and those of any other country, under anything like equal odds, can never be doubtful. England awaits with calm confidence the issue of the impending action."

Such were the words of the leading article, and so we all felt. It was on Tuesday, the 10th of August, that the fleet sailed from the Downs. It took with it a submarine cable to lay down as it advanced, so that continuous communication was kept up, and the papers were publishing special editions every few minutes with the latest news. This was the first time such a thing had been done, and the feat was accepted as a good omen. Whether it is true that the Admiralty made use of the cable to keep on sending contradictory orders, which took the command out of the admiral's hands, I can't say; but all that the admiral sent in return was a few messages of the briefest kind, which neither the Admiralty nor any one else could have

made any use of. Such a ship had gone off reconnoitring; such another had rejoined—fleet was in latitude so and so. This went on till the Thursday morning. I had just come up to town by train as usual, and was walking to my office, when the newsboys began to cry, "New edition—enemy's fleet in sight!" You may imagine the scene in London! Business still went on at the banks, for bills matured although the independence of the country was being fought out under our own eyes, so to say; and the speculators were active enough. But even with the people who were making and losing their fortunes, the interest in the fleet overcame everything else; men who went to pay in or draw out their money stopped to show the last bulletin to the cashier. As for the street, you could hardly get along for the crowd stopping to buy and read the papers; while at every house or office the members sat restlessly in the common room, as if to keep together for company, sending out some one of their number every few minutes to get the latest edition. At least this is what happened at our office; but to sit still was as impossible as to do anything, and most of us went out and wandered about among the crowd, under a sort of feeling that the news was got quicker at in this way. Bad as were the times coming, I think the sickening suspense of that day, and the shock which followed, was almost the worst that we underwent. It was about ten o'clock that the first telegram came; an hour later the wire announced that the admiral had signalled to form line of battle, and shortly afterwards that the order was given to bear down on the enemy and engage. At twelve came the announcement, "Fleet opened fire about three miles to leeward of us"—that is, the ship with the cable. So far all had been expectancy, then came the first token of calamity. "An ironclad has been blown up"—"the enemy's torpedoes are doing great damage"—"the flagship is laid aboard the enemy"—"the flagship appears to be sinking"—"the vice-admiral has signalled"—there the cable became silent, and, as you know, we heard no more till two days afterwards. The solitary ironclad which escaped the disaster steamed into Portsmouth.

Then the whole story came out—how our sailors, gallant as ever, had tried to close with the enemy; how the latter evaded the conflict at close quarters, and, sheering off, left behind them the fatal engines which sent our ships, one after the other, to the bottom; how all this happened almost in a few minutes. The Government, it appears, had received warnings of this invention; but to the nation this stunning blow was utterly unexpected. That Thursday I had to go home early for regimental drill, but it was impossible to remain doing nothing, so when that was over I went up to town again, and after waiting in expectation of news which never came, and missing the midnight train, I walked home. It was a hot sultry night, and I did not arrive till near sunrise. The whole town was quite still—the lull before the storm; and as I let myself in with my latch-key, and went softly up-stairs to my room to avoid waking the sleeping household, I could not but contrast the peacefulness of the morning—no sound breaking the silence but the singing of the birds in the garden—with the passionate remorse and indignation that would break out with the day. Perhaps the inmates of the rooms were as wakeful as myself; but the house in its stillness was just as it used to be when I came home alone from balls or parties in

the happy days gone by. Tired though I was, I could not sleep, so I went down to the river and had a swim; and on returning found the household was assembling for early breakfast. A sorrowful household it was, although the burden pressing on each was partly an unseen one. My father, doubting whether his firm could last through the day; my mother, her distress about my brother, now with his regiment on the coast, already exceeding that which she felt for the public misfortune, had come down, although hardly fit to leave her room. My sister Clara was worst of all, for she could not but try to disguise her special interest in the fleet; and though we had all guessed that her heart was given to the young lieutenant in the flagship—the first to go down—a love unclaimed could not be told, nor could we express the sympathy we felt for the poor girl. That breakfast, the last meal we ever had together, was soon ended, and my father and I went up to town by an early train, and got there just as the fatal announcement of the loss of the fleet was telegraphed from Portsmouth.

The panic and excitement of that day—how the funds went down to 35; the run upon the bank and its stoppage; the fall of half the houses in the city; how the Government issued a notification suspending specie payment and the tendering of bills—this last precaution too late for most firms, Carter & Co. among the number, which stopped payment as soon as my father got to the office; the call to arms, and the unanimous response of the country—all this is history which I need not repeat. You wish to hear about my own share in the business of the time. Well, volunteering had increased immensely from the day war was proclaimed, and our regiment went up in a day or two from its usual strength of 600 to nearly 1000. But the stock of rifles was deficient. We were promised a further supply in a few days, which, however, we never received; and while waiting for them the regiment had to be divided into two parts, the recruits drilling with the rifles in the morning, and we old hands in the evening. The failures and stoppage of work on this black Friday threw an immense number of young men out of employment, and we recruited up to 1400 strong by the next day; but what was the use of all these men without arms? On the Saturday it was announced that a lot of smooth-bore muskets in store at the Tower would be served out to regiments applying for them, and a regular scramble took place among the volunteers for them, and our people got hold of a couple of hundred. But you might almost as well have tried to learn rifle-drill with a broomstick as with old brown bess; besides, there was no smooth-bore ammunition in the country. A national subscription was opened for the manufacture of rifles at Birmingham, which ran up to a couple of millions in two days, but, like everything else, this came too late. To return to the volunteers: camps had been formed a fortnight before at Dover, Brighton, Harwich, and other places, of regulars and militia, and the headquarters of most of the volunteer regiments were attached to one or other of them, and the volunteers themselves used to go down for drill from day to day, as they could spare time, and on Friday an order went out that they should be permanently embodied; but the metropolitan volunteers were still kept about London as a sort of reserve, till it could be seen at what point the invasion would take place. We were all told off to brigades and divisions. Our brigade consisted of the 4th

Royal Surrey Militia, the 1st Surrey Administrative Battalion, as it was called, at Clapham, the 7th Surrey Volunteers at Southwark, and ourselves; but only our battalion and the militia were quartered in the same place, and the whole brigade had merely two or three afternoons together at brigade exercise in Bushey Park before the march took place. Our brigadier belonged to a line regiment in Ireland, and did not join till the very morning the order came. Meanwhile, during the preliminary fortnight, the militia colonel commanded. But though we volunteers were busy with our drill and preparations, those of us who, like myself, belonged to Government offices, had more than enough of office work to do, as you may suppose. The volunteer clerks were allowed to leave office at four o'clock, but the rest were kept hard at the desk far into the night. Orders to the lord-lieutenants, to the magistrates, notifications, all the arrangements for cleaning out the workhouses for hospitals—these and a hundred other things had to be managed in our office, and there was as much bustle in-doors as out. Fortunate we were to be so busy—the people to be pitied were those who had nothing to do. And on Sunday (that was the 15th August) work went on just as usual. We had an early parade and drill, and I went up to town by the nine o'clock train in my uniform, taking my rifle with me in case of accidents, and luckily too, as it turned out, a mackintosh overcoat. When I got to Waterloo there were all sorts of rumours afloat. A fleet had been seen off the Downs, and some of the despatch-boats which were hovering about the coasts brought news that there was a large flotilla off Harwich, but nothing could be seen from the shore, as the weather was hazy. The enemy's light ships had taken and sunk all the fishing-boats they could catch, to prevent the news of their whereabouts reaching us, but a few escaped during the night and reported that the Inconstant frigate coming home from North America, without any knowledge of what had taken place, had sailed right into the enemy's fleet and been captured. In town the troops were all getting ready for a move; the Guards in the Wellington Barracks were under arms, and their baggage-waggons packed and drawn up in the Bird-cage Walk. The usual guard at the Horse Guards had been withdrawn, and orderlies and staff-officers were going to and fro. All this I saw on the way to my office, where I worked away till twelve o'clock, and then feeling hungry after my early breakfast, I went across Parliament Street to my club to get some luncheon. There were about half-a-dozen men in the coffee-room, none of whom I knew; but in a minute or two Danvers of the Treasury entered in a tremendous hurry. From him I got the first bit of authentic news I had had that day. The enemy had landed in force near Harwich, and the metropolitan regiments were ordered down there to reinforce the troops already collected in that neighbourhood; his regiment was to parade at one o'clock, and he had come to get something to eat before starting. We bolted a hurried lunch, and were just leaving the club when a messenger from the Treasury came running into the hall.

"Oh, Mr Danvers," said he, "I've come to look for you, sir; the secretary says that all the gentlemen are wanted at the office, and that you must please not one of you go with the regiments."

"The devil!" cried Danvers.

"Do you know if that order extends to all the public offices?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the man, "but I believe it do. I know there's messengers gone round to all the clubs and luncheon-bars to look for the gentlemen; the secretary says it's quite impossible any one can be spared just now, there's so much work to do; there's orders just come to send off our records to Birmingham to-night."

I did not wait to condole with Danvers, but, just glancing up Whitehall to see if any of our messengers were in pursuit, I ran off as hard as I could for Westminster Bridge, and so to the Waterloo station.

The place had quite changed its aspect since the morning. The regular service of trains had ceased, and the station and approaches were full of troops, among them the Guards and artillery. Everything was very orderly; the men had piled arms, and were standing about in groups. There was no sign of high spirits or enthusiasm. Matters had become too serious. Every man's face reflected the general feeling that we had neglected the warnings given us, and that now the danger so long derided as impossible and absurd had really come and found us unprepared. But the soldiers, if grave, looked determined, like men who meant to do their duty whatever might happen. A train full of Guardsmen was just starting for Guildford. I was told it would stop at Surbiton, and, with several other volunteers, hurrying like myself to join our regiment, got a place in it. We did not arrive a moment too soon, for the regiment was marching from Kingston down to the station. The destination of our brigade was the east coast. Empty carriages were drawn up in the siding, and our regiment was to go first. A large crowd was assembled to see it off, including the recruits who had joined during the last fortnight, and who formed by far the largest part of our strength. They were to stay behind, and were certainly very much in the way already; for as all the officers and sergeants belonged to the active part, there was no one to keep discipline among them, and they came crowding around us, breaking the ranks and making it difficult to get into the train. Here I saw our new brigadier for the first time. He was a soldier-like man, and no doubt knew his duty, but he appeared new to volunteers, and did not seem to know how to deal with gentlemen privates. I wanted very much to run home and get my great-coat and knapsack, which I had bought a few days ago, but feared to be left behind; a good-natured recruit volunteered to fetch them for me, but he had not returned before we started, and I began the campaign with a kit consisting of a mackintosh and a small pouch of tobacco.

It was a tremendous squeeze in the train; for, besides the ten men sitting down, there were three or four standing up in every compartment, and the afternoon was close and sultry, and there were so many stoppages on the way that we took nearly an hour and a half crawling up to Waterloo. It was between five and six in the afternoon when we arrived there, and it was nearly seven before we marched up to the Shoreditch station. The whole place was filled up with stores and ammunition, to be sent off to the East, so we piled arms in the street and scattered about to get food and drink, of which most of us stood in need, especially the latter, for some were already feeling the worse for the heat and crush. I was just stepping into a public-house with Travers, when who should drive up but his pretty wife? Most of our friends had paid their adieus at the Surbiton sta-

tion, but she had driven up by the road in his brougham, bringing their little boy to have a last look at papa. She had also brought his knapsack and greatcoat, and, what was still more acceptable, a basket containing fowls, tongue, bread-and-butter, and biscuits, and a couple of bottles of claret,—which priceless luxuries they insisted on my sharing.

Meanwhile the hours went on. The 4th Surrey Militia, which had marched all the way from Kingston, had come up, as well as the other volunteer corps; the station had been partly cleared of the stores that encumbered it; some artillery, two militia regiments, and a battalion of the line, had been despatched, and our turn to start had come, and long lines of carriages were drawn up ready for us; but still we remained in the street. You may fancy the scene. There seemed to be as many people as ever in London, and we could hardly move for the crowds of spectators—fellows hawking fruits and volunteers' comforts, newsboys, and so forth, to say nothing of the cabs and omnibuses; while orderlies and staff-officers were constantly riding up with messages. A good many of the militiamen, and some of our people, too, had taken more than enough to drink; perhaps a hot sun had told on empty stomachs; anyhow, they became very noisy. The din, dirt, and heat were indescribable. So the evening wore on, and all the information our officers could get from the brigadier, who appeared to be acting under another general, was, that orders had come to stand fast for the present. Gradually the street became quieter and cooler. The brigadier, who, by way of setting an example, had remained for some hours without leaving his saddle, had got a chair out of a shop, and sat nodding in it; most of the men were lying down or sitting on the pavement—some sleeping, some smoking. In vain had Travers begged his wife to go home. She declared that, having come so far, she would stay and see the last of us. The brougham had been sent away to a by-street, as it blocked up the road; so he sat on a doorstep, she by him on the knapsack. Little Arthur, who had been delighted at the bustle and the uniforms, and in high spirits, became at last very cross, and eventually cried himself to sleep in his father's arms, his golden hair and one little dimpled arm hanging over his shoulder. Thus went on the weary hours, till suddenly the assembly sounded, and we all started up. We were to return to Waterloo. The landing on the east was only a feint—so ran the rumour—the real attack was on the south. Anything seemed better than indecision and delay, and, tired though we were, the march back was gladly hailed. Mrs Travers, who made us take the remains of the luncheon with us, we left to look for her carriage; little Arthur, who was awake again, but very good and quiet, in her arms.

We did not reach Waterloo till nearly midnight, and there was some delay in starting again. Several volunteer and militia regiments had arrived from the north; the station and all its approaches were jammed up with men, and trains were being despatched away as fast as they could be made up. All this time no news had reached us since the first announcement; but the excitement then aroused had now passed away under the influence of fatigue and want of sleep, and most of us dozed off as soon as we got under way. I did, at any rate, and was awoke by the train stopping at Leatherhead. There was an up-train returning to town,

and some persons in it were bringing up news from the coast. We could not, from our part of the train, hear what they said, but the rumour was passed up from one carriage to another. The enemy had landed in force at Worthing. Their position had been attacked by the troops from the camp near Brighton, and the action would be renewed in the morning. The volunteers had behaved very well. This was all the information we could get. So, then, the invasion had come at last. It was clear, at any rate, from what was said, that the enemy had not been driven back yet, and we should be in time most likely to take a share in the defence. It was sunrise when the train crawled into Dorking, for there had been numerous stoppages on the way; and here it was pulled up for a long time, and we were told to get out and stretch ourselves—an order gladly responded to, for we had been very closely packed all night. Most of us, too, took the opportunity to make an early breakfast off the food we had brought from Shoreditch. I had the remains of Mrs Travers's fowl and some bread wrapped up in my waterproof, which I shared with one or two less provident comrades. We could see from our halting-place that the line was blocked with trains beyond and behind. It must have been about eight o'clock when we got orders to take our seats again, and the train began to move slowly on towards Horsham. Horsham Junction was the point to be occupied—so the rumour went; but about ten o'clock, when halting at a small station a few miles short of it, the order came to leave the train, and our brigade formed in column on the highroad. Beyond us was some field-artillery; and further on, so we were told by a staff-officer, another brigade, which was to make up a division with ours. After more delays the line began to move, but not forwards; our route was towards the north-west, and a sort of suspicion of the state of affairs flashed across my mind. Horsham was already occupied by the enemy's advanced-guard, and we were to fall back on Leith Common, and take up a position threatening his flank, should he advance either to Guildford or Dorking. This was soon confirmed by what the colonel was told by the brigadier and passed down the ranks; and just now, for the first time, the boom of artillery came up on the light south breeze. In about an hour the firing ceased. What did it mean? We could not tell. Meanwhile our march continued. The day was very close and sultry, and the clouds of dust stirred up by our feet almost suffocated us. I had saved a soda-water-bottleful of yesterday's claret; but this went only a short way, for there were many mouths to share it with, and the thirst soon became as bad as ever. Several of the regiment fell out from faintness, and we made frequent halts to rest and let the stragglers come up. At last we reached the top of Leith Hill. It is a striking spot, being the highest point in the south of England. The view from it is splendid, and most lovely did the country look this summer day, although the grass was brown from the long drought. It was a great relief to get from the dusty road on to the common, and at the top of the hill there was a refreshing breeze. We could see now, for the first time, the whole of our division. Our own regiment did not muster more than 500, for it contained a large number of Government office men who had been detained, like Danvers, for duty in town, and others were not much larger; but the militia regiment was very strong, and the whole division, I was told, mustered nearly 5000 rank and file. We could see other

troops also in extension of our division, and could count a couple of field-batteries of Royal Artillery, besides some heavy guns, belonging to the volunteers apparently, drawn by cart-horses. The cooler air, the sense of numbers, and the evident strength of the position we held, raised our spirits, which, I am not ashamed to say, had all the morning been depressed. It was not that we were not eager to close with the enemy, but that the counter-marching and halting ominously betokened a vacillation of purpose in those who had the guidance of affairs. Here in two days the invaders had got more than twenty miles inland, and nothing effectual had been done to stop them. And the ignorance in which we volunteers, from the colonel downwards, were kept of their movements, filled us with uneasiness. We could not but depict to ourselves the enemy as carrying out all the while firmly his well-considered scheme of attack, and contrasting it with our own uncertainty of purpose. The very silence with which his advance appeared to be conducted filled us with mysterious awe. Meanwhile the day wore on, and we became faint with hunger, for we had eaten nothing since daybreak. No provisions came up, and there were no signs of any commissariat officers. It seems that when we were at the Waterloo station a whole trainful of provisions was drawn up there, and our colonel proposed that one of the trucks should be taken off and attached to our train, so that we might have some food at hand; but the officer in charge, an assistant-controller I think they called him—this control department was a newfangled affair which did us almost as much harm as the enemy in the long-run—said his orders were to keep all the stores together, and that he couldn't issue any without authority from the head of his department. So we had to go without. Those who had tobacco smoked—indeed there is no solace like a pipe under such circumstances. The militia regiment, I heard afterwards, had two days' provisions in their haversacks; it was we volunteers who had no haversacks, and nothing to put in them. All this time, I should tell you, while we were lying on the grass with our arms piled, the General, with the brigadiers and staff, was riding about slowly from point to point of the edge of the common, looking out with his glass towards the south valley. Orderlies and staff-officers were constantly coming, and about three o'clock there arrived up a road that led towards Horsham a small body of lancers and a regiment of yeomanry, who had, it appears, been out in advance, and now drew up a short way in front of us in column facing to the south. Whether they could see anything in their front I could not tell, for we were behind the crest of the hill ourselves, and so could not look into the valley below; but shortly afterwards the assembly sounded. Commanding officers were called out by the General, and received some brief instructions; and the column began to march again towards London, the militia this time coming last in our brigade. A rumour regarding the object of this counter-march soon spread through the ranks. The enemy was not going to attack us here, but was trying to turn the position on both sides, one column pointing to Reigate, the other to Aldershot; and so we must fall back and take up a position at Dorking. The line of the great chalk-range was to be defended. A large force was concentrating at Guildford, another at Reigate, and we should find supports at Dorking. The enemy would be awaited in these positions. Such, so far as we privates could get

at the facts, was to be the plan of operations. Down the hill, therefore, we marched. From one or two points we could catch a brief sight of the railway in the valley below running from Dorking to Horsham. Men in red were working upon it here and there. They were the Royal Engineers, some one said, breaking up the line. On we marched. The dust seemed worse than ever. In one village through which we passed—I forget the name now—there was a pump on the green. Here we stopped and had a good drink; and passing by a large farm, the farmer's wife and two or three of her maids stood at the gate and handed us hunches of bread and cheese out of some baskets. I got the share of a bit, but the bottom of the baskets must soon have been reached. Not a thing else was to be had till we got to Dorking about six o'clock; indeed most of the farmhouses appeared deserted already. On arriving there we were drawn up in the street, and just opposite was a baker's shop. Our fellows asked leave at first by twos and threes to go in and buy some loaves, but soon others began to break off and crowd into the shop, and at last a regular scramble took place. If there had been any order preserved, and a regular distribution arranged, they would no doubt have been steady enough, but hunger makes men selfish: each man felt that his stopping behind would do no good—he would simply lose his share; so it ended by almost the whole regiment joining in the scrimmage, and the shop was cleared out in a couple of minutes; while as for paying, you could not get your hand into your pocket for the crush. The colonel tried in vain to stop the row; some of the officers were as bad as the men. Just then a staff-officer rode by; he could scarcely make way for the crowd, and was pushed against rather rudely, and in a passion he called out to us to behave properly, like soldiers, and not like a parcel of roughs. "Oh, blow it, governor," says Dick Wake, "you arn't agoing to come between a poor cove and his grub." Wake was an articled attorney, and, as we used to say in those days, a cheeky young chap, although a good-natured fellow enough. At this speech, which was followed by some more remarks of the sort from those about him, the staff-officer became angrier still. "Orderly," cried he to the lancer riding behind him, "take that man to the provost-marshal. As for you, sir," he said, turning to our colonel, who sat on his horse silent with astonishment, "if you don't want some of your men shot before their time, you and your precious officers had better keep this rabble in a little better order;" and poor Dick, who looked crest-fallen enough, would certainly have been led off at the tail of the sergeant's horse, if the brigadier had not come up and arranged matters, and marched us off to the hill beyond the town. This incident made us both angry and crest-fallen. We were annoyed at being so roughly spoken to: at the same time we felt we had deserved it, and were ashamed of the misconduct. Then, too, we had lost confidence in our colonel, after the poor figure he cut in the affair. He was a good fellow, the colonel, and showed himself a brave one next day; but he aimed too much at being popular, and didn't understand a bit how to command.

To resume:—We had scarcely reached the hill above the town, which we were told was to be our bivouac for the night, when the welcome news came that a food-train had arrived at the station; but there were no carts to bring the things up, so a fatigue-party went down and carried back a supply to us in

their arms,—loaves, a barrel of rum, packets of tea, and joints of meat—abundance for all; but there was not a kettle or a cooking-pot in the regiment, and we could not eat the meat raw. The colonel and officers were no better off. They had arranged to have a regular mess, with crockery, steward, and all complete, but the establishment never turned up, and what had become of it no one knew. Some of us were sent back into the town to see what we could procure in the way of cooking utensils. We found the street full of artillery, baggage-waggons, and mounted officers, and volunteers shopping like ourselves; and all the houses appeared to be occupied by troops. We succeeded in getting a few kettles and saucepans, and I obtained for myself a leather bag, with a strap to go over the shoulder, which proved very handy afterwards; and thus laden, we trudged back to our camp on the hill, filling the kettles with dirty water from a little stream which runs between the hill and the town, for there was none to be had above. It was nearly a couple of miles each way; and, exhausted as we were with marching and want of rest, we were almost too tired to eat. The cooking was of the roughest, as you may suppose; all we could do was to cut off slices of the meat and boil them in the saucepans, using our fingers for forks. The tea, however, was very refreshing; and, thirsty as we were, we drank it by the gallon. Just before it grew dark, the brigade-major came round, and, with the adjutant, showed our colonel how to set a picket in advance of our line a little way down the face of the hill. It was not necessary to place one, I suppose, because the town in our front was still occupied with troops; but no doubt the practice would be useful. We had also a quarter-guard, and a line of sentries in front and rear of our line, communicating with those of the regiments on our flanks. Firewood was plentiful, for the hill was covered with beautiful wood; but it took some time to collect it, for we had nothing but our pocket-knives to cut down the branches with.

So we lay down to sleep. My company had no duty, and we had the night undisturbed to ourselves; but, tired though I was, the excitement and the novelty of the situation made sleep difficult. And although the night was still and warm, and we were sheltered by the woods, I soon found it chilly with no better covering than my thin dust-coat, the more so as my clothes, saturated with perspiration during the day, had never dried; and before daylight I woke from a short nap, shivering with cold, and was glad to get warm with others by a fire. I then noticed that the opposite hills on the south were dotted with fires; and we thought at first they must belong to the enemy, but we were told that the ground up there was still held by a strong rear-guard of regulars, and that there need be no fear of a surprise.

At the first sign of dawn the bugles of the regiments sounded the *reveillé*, and we were ordered to fall in, and the roll was called. About twenty men were absent, who had fallen out sick the day before; they had been sent up to London by train during the night, I believe. After standing in column for about half an hour, the brigade-major came down with orders to pile arms and stand easy; and perhaps half an hour afterwards we were told to get breakfast as quickly as possible, and to cook a day's food at the same time. This operation was managed pretty much in the same way as the evening before, except that we had our cooking pots and kettles ready.

Meantime there was leisure to look around, and from where we stood there was a commanding view of one of the most beautiful scenes in England. Our regiment was drawn up on the extremity of the ridge which runs from Guildford to Dorking. This is indeed merely a part of the great chalk-range which extends from beyond Aldershot east to the Medway; but there is a gap in the ridge just here where the little stream that runs past Dorking turns suddenly to the north, to find its way to the Thames. We stood on the slope of the hill, as it trends down eastward towards this gap, and had passed our bivouac in what appeared to be a gentleman's park. A little way above us, and to our right, was a very fine country-seat to which the park was attached, now occupied by the headquarters of our division. From this house the hill sloped steeply down southward to the valley below, which runs nearly east and west parallel to the ridge, and carries the railway and the road from Guildford to Reigate, and in which valley, immediately in front of the chateau, and perhaps a mile and a half distant from it, was the little town of Dorking, nestled in the trees, and rising up the foot of the slopes on the other side of the valley which stretched away to Leith Common, the scene of yesterday's march. Thus the main part of the town of Dorking was on our right front, but the suburbs stretched away eastward nearly to our proper front, culminating in a small railway station, from which the grassy slopes of the park rose up dotted with shrubs and trees to where we were standing. Round this railway station was a cluster of villas and one or two mills, of whose gardens we thus had a bird's-eye view, their little ornamental ponds glistening like looking-glasses in the morning sun. Immediately on our left the park sloped steeply down to the gap before mentioned, through which ran the little stream, as well as the railway from Epsom to Brighton, nearly due north and south, meeting the Guildford and Reigate line at right angles. Close to the point of intersection and the little station already mentioned, was the station of the former line where we had stopped the day before. Beyond the gap on the east (our left), and in continuation of our ridge, rose the chalk-hill again. The shoulder of this ridge overlooking the gap is called Box Hill, from the shrubbery of box-wood with which it was covered. Its sides were very steep, and the top of the ridge was covered with troops. The natural strength of our position was manifested at a glance; a high grassy ridge steep to the south, with a stream in front, and but little cover up the sides. It seemed made for a battle-field. The weak point was the gap; the ground at the junction of the railways and the roads immediately at the entrance of the gap formed a little valley, dotted, as I have said, with buildings and gardens. This, in one sense, was the key of the position; for although it would not be tenable while we held the ridge commanding it, the enemy by carrying this point and advancing through the gap would cut our line in two. But you must not suppose I scanned the ground thus critically at the time. Anybody, indeed, might have been struck with the natural advantages of our position; but what, as I remember, most impressed me, was the peaceful beauty of the scene—the little town with the outline of the houses obscured by a blue mist, the massive crispness of the foliage, the outlines of the great trees, lighted up by the sun, and relieved by deep blue shade. So thick was the timber here, rising up the southern slopes

of the valley, that it looked almost as if it might have been a primeval forest. The quiet of the scene was the more impressive because contrasted in the mind with the scenes we expected to follow; and I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the sensation of bitter regret that it should now be too late to avert this coming desecration of our country, which might so easily have been prevented. A little firmness, a little prevision on the part of our rulers, even a little common-sense, and this great calamity would have been rendered utterly impossible. Too late, alas! We were like the foolish virgins in the parable.

But you must not suppose the scene immediately around was gloomy: the camp was brisk and bustling enough. We had got over the stress of weariness; our stomachs were full; we felt a natural enthusiasm at the prospect of having so soon to take a part as the real defenders of the country, and we were inspirited at the sight of the large force that was now assembled. Along the slopes which trended off to the rear of our ridge, troops came marching up — volunteers, militia, cavalry, and guns; these, I heard, had come down from the north as far as Leatherhead the night before, and had marched over at daybreak. Long trains, too, began to arrive by the rail through the gap, one after the other, containing militia and volunteers, who moved up to the ridge to the right and left, and took up their position, massed for the most part on the slopes which ran up from, and in rear of, where we stood. We now formed part of an army corps, we were told, consisting of three divisions, but what regiments composed the other two divisions I never heard. All this movement we could distinctly see from our position, for we had hurried over our breakfast, expecting every minute that the battle would begin, and now stood or sat about on the ground near our piled arms. Early in the morning, too, we saw a very long train come along the valley from the direction of Guildford, full of redcoats. It halted at the little station at our feet, and the troops alighted. We could soon make out their bear-skins. They were the Guards, coming to reinforce this part of the line. Leaving a detachment of skirmishers to hold the line of the railway embankment, the main body marched up with a springy step and with the band playing, and drew up across the gap on our left, in prolongation of our line. There appeared to be three battalions of them, for they formed up in that number of columns at short intervals.

Shortly after this I was sent over to Box Hill with a message from our colonel to the colonel of a volunteer regiment stationed there, to know whether an ambulance-cart was obtainable, as it was reported this regiment was well supplied with carriage, whereas we were without any: my mission, however, was futile. Crossing the valley, I found a scene of great confusion at the railway station. Trains were still coming in with stores, ammunition, guns, and appliances of all sorts, which were being unloaded as fast as possible; but there were scarcely any means of getting the things off. There were plenty of waggons of all sorts, but hardly any horses to draw them, and the whole place was blocked up; while, to add to the confusion, a regular exodus had taken place of the people from the town, who had been warned that it was likely to be the scene of fighting. Ladies and women of all sorts and ages, and children, some with bundles, some empty-handed, were seeking places in the train, but

there appeared no one on the spot authorised to grant them, and these poor creatures were pushing their way up and down, vainly asking for information and permission to get away. In the crowd I observed our surgeon, who likewise was in search of an ambulance of some sort: his whole professional apparatus, he said, consisted of a case of instruments. Also in the crowd I stumbled upon Wood, Travers's old coachman. He had been sent down by his mistress to Guildford, because it was supposed our regiment had gone there, riding the horse, and laden with a supply of things—food, blankets, and, of course, a letter. He had also brought my knapsack; but at Guildford the horse was pressed for artillery work, and a receipt for it given him in exchange, so he had been obliged to leave all the heavy packages there, including my knapsack; but the faithful old man had brought on as many things as he could carry, and hearing that we should be found in this part, had walked over thus laden from Guildford. He said that place was crowded with troops, and that the heights were lined with them the whole way between the two towns; also, that some trains with wounded had passed up from the coast in the night, through Guildford. I led him off to where our regiment was, relieving the old man from part of the load he was staggering under. The food sent was not now so much needed, but the plates, knives, &c., and drinking-vessels, promised to be handy—and Travers, you may be sure, was delighted to get his letter; while a couple of newspapers the old man had brought were eagerly competed for by all, even at this critical moment, for we had heard no authentic news since we left London on Sunday. And even at this distance of time, although I only glanced down the paper, I can remember almost the very words I read there. They were both copies of the same paper: the first, published on Sunday evening, when the news had arrived of the successful landing at three points, was written in a tone of despair. The country must confess that it had been taken by surprise. The conqueror would be satisfied with the humiliation inflicted by a peace dictated on our own shores; it was the clear duty of the Government to accept the best terms obtainable, and to avoid further bloodshed and disaster, and avert the fall of our tottering mercantile credit. The next morning's issue was in quite a different tone. Apparently the enemy had received a check, for we were here exhorted to resistance. An impregnable position was to be taken up along the Downs, a force was concentrating there far outnumbering the rash invaders, who, with an invincible line before them, and the sea behind, had no choice between destruction or surrender. Let there be no pusillanimous talk of negotiation, the fight must be fought out; and there could be but one issue. England, expectant but calm, awaited with confidence the result of the attack on its unconquerable volunteers. The writing appeared to me eloquent, but rather inconsistent. The same paper said the Government had sent off 500 workmen from Woolwich, to open a branch arsenal at Birmingham.

All this time we had nothing to do, except to change our position, which we did every few minutes, now moving up the hill farther to our right, now taking ground lower down to our left, as one order after another was brought down the line; but the staff-officers were galloping about perpetually with orders, while the rumble of the artillery as they moved about from one part of the field to another went on almost in-

cessantly. At last the whole line stood to arms, the bands struck up, and the general commanding our army corps came riding down with his staff. We had seen him several times before, as we had been moving frequently about the position during the morning; but he now made a sort of formal inspection. He was a tall thin man, with long light hair, very well mounted, and as he sat his horse with an erect seat, and came prancing down the line, at a little distance he looked as if he might be five-and-twenty; but I believe he had served more than fifty years, and had been made a peer for services performed when quite an old man. I remember that he had more decorations than there was room for on the breast of his coat, and wore them suspended like a necklace round his neck. Like all the other generals, he was dressed in blue, with a cocked-hat and feathers—a bad plan, I thought, for it made them very conspicuous. The general halted before our battalion, and after looking at us a while, made a short address: We had a post of honour next her Majesty's Guards, and would show ourselves worthy of it, and of the name of Englishmen. It did not need, he said, to be a general to see the strength of our position; it was impregnable, if properly held. Let us wait till the enemy was well pounded, and then the word would be given to go at him. Above everything, we must be steady. He then shook hands with our colonel, we gave him a cheer, and he rode on to where the Guards were drawn up.

Now then, we thought, the battle will begin. But still there were no signs of the enemy; and the air, though hot and sultry, began to be very hazy, so that you could scarcely see the town below, and the hills opposite were merely a confused blur, in which no features could be distinctly made out. After a while, the tension of feeling which followed the general's address relaxed, and we began to feel less as if everything depended on keeping our rifles firmly grasped: we were told to pile arms again, and got leave to go down by tens and twenties to the stream below to drink. This stream, and all the hedges and banks on our side of it, were held by our skirmishers, but the town had been abandoned. The position appeared an excellent one, except that the enemy, when they came, would have almost better cover than our men. While I was down at the brook, a column emerged from the town, making for our position. We thought for a moment it was the enemy, and you could not make out the colour of the uniforms for the dust; but it turned out to be our rear-guard, falling back from the opposite hills which they had occupied the previous night. One battalion of rifles halted for a few minutes at the stream to let the men drink, and I had a minute's talk with a couple of the officers. They had formed part of the force which had attacked the enemy on their first landing. They had it all their own way, they said, at first, and could have beaten the enemy back easily if they had been properly supported; but the whole thing was mismanaged. The volunteers came on very pluckily, they said, but they got into confusion, and so did the militia, and the attack failed with serious loss. It was the wounded of this force which had passed through Guildford in the night. The officers asked us eagerly about the arrangements for the battle, and when we said that the Guards were the only regular troops in this part of the field, shook their heads ominously.

While we were talking a third officer came up; he was a dark man

with a smooth face and a curious excited manner. "You are volunteers, I suppose," he said, quickly, his eye flashing the while. "Well, now, look here; mind I don't want to hurt your feelings, or to say anything unpleasant, but I'll tell you what; if all you gentlemen were just to go back, and leave us to fight it out alone, it would be a devilish good thing. We could do it a precious deal better without you, I assure you. We don't want your help, I can tell you. We would much rather be left alone, I assure you. Mind I don't want to say anything rude, but that's a fact." Having blurted out this passionately, he strode away before any one could reply, or the other officers could stop him. They apologised for his rudeness, saying that his brother, also in the regiment, had been killed on Sunday, and that this, and the sun, and marching, had affected his head. The officers told us that the enemy's advanced-guard was close behind, but that he had apparently been waiting for reinforcements, and would probably not attack in force until noon. It was, however, nearly three o'clock before the battle began. We had almost worn out the feeling of expectancy. For twelve hours had we been waiting for the coming struggle, till at last it seemed almost as if the invasion were but a bad dream, and the enemy, as yet unseen by us, had no real existence. So far things had not been very different, but for the numbers and for what we had been told, from a Volunteer review on Brighton Downs. I remember that these thoughts were passing through my mind as we lay down in groups on the grass, some smoking, some nibbling at their bread, some even asleep, when the listless state we had fallen into was suddenly disturbed by a gun-shot fired from the top of the hill on our right, close by the big house. It was the first time I had ever heard a shotted gun fired, and although it is fifty years ago, the angry whistle of the shot as it left the gun is in my ears now. The sound was soon to become common enough. We all jumped up at the report, and fell in almost without the word being given, grasping our rifles tightly, and the leading files peering forward to look for the approaching enemy. This gun was apparently the signal to begin, for now our batteries opened fire all along the line. What they were firing at I could not see, and I am sure the gunners could not see much themselves. I have told you what a haze had come over the air since the morning, and now the smoke from the guns settled like a pall over the hill, and soon we could see little but the men in our ranks, and the outline of some gunners in the battery drawn up next us on the slope on our right. This firing went on, I should think, for nearly a couple of hours, and still there was no reply. We could see the gunners—it was a troop of horse-artillery — working away like fury, ramming, loading, and running up with cartridges, the officer in command riding slowly up and down just behind his guns, and peering out with his field-glass into the mist. Once or twice they ceased firing to let their smoke clear away, but this did not do much good. For nearly two hours did this go on, and not a shot came in reply. If a battle is like this, said Dick Wake, who was my next-hand file, it's mild work, to say the least. The words were hardly uttered when a rattle of musketry was heard in front; our skirmishers were at it, and very soon the bullets began to sing over our heads, and some struck the ground at our feet. Up to this time we had been in column; we were now deployed into line on the ground as-

signed to us. From the valley or gap on our left there ran a lane right up the hill almost due west, or along our front. This lane had a thick bank about four feet high, and the greater part of the regiment was drawn up behind it; but a little way up the hill the lane trended back out of the line, so the right of the regiment here left it and occupied the open grass-land of the park. The bank had been cut away at this point to admit of our going in and out. We had been told in the morning to cut down the bushes on the top of the bank, so as to make the space clear for firing over, but we had no tools to work with; however, a party of sappers had come down and finished the job. My company was on the right, and was thus beyond the shelter of the friendly bank. On our right again was the battery of artillery already mentioned; then came a battalion of the line, then more guns, then a great mass of militia and volunteers and a few line up to the big house. At least this was the order before the firing began; after that I do not know what changes took place.

And now the enemy's artillery began to open; where their guns were posted we could not see, but we began to hear the rush of the shells over our heads, and the bang as they burst just beyond. And now what took place I can really hardly tell you. Sometimes when I try and recall the scene, it seems as if it lasted for only a few minutes; yet I know, as we lay on the ground, I thought the hours would never pass away, as we watched the gunners still plying their task, firing at the invisible enemy, never stopping for a moment except when now and again a dull blow would be heard and a man fall down, then three or four of his comrades would carry him to the rear. The captain no longer rode up and down; what had become of him I do not know. Two of the guns ceased firing for a time; they had got injured in some way, and up rode an artillery general. I think I see him now, a very handsome man, with straight features and a dark moustache, his breast covered with medals. He appeared in a great rage at the guns stopping fire.

"Who commands this battery?" he cried.

"I do, Sir Henry," said an officer, riding forward, whom I had not noticed before.

The group is before me at this moment, standing out clear against the background of smoke, Sir Henry erect on his splendid charger, his flashing eye, his left arm pointing towards the enemy to enforce something he was going to say, the young officer reining in his horse just beside him, and saluting with his right hand raised to his busby. This for a moment, then a dull thud, and both horses and riders are prostrate on the ground. A round shot had struck all four at the saddle line. Some of the gunners ran up to help, but neither officer could have lived many minutes. This was not the first I saw killed. Some time before this, almost immediately on the enemy's artillery opening, as we were lying, I heard something like the sound of steel striking steel, and at the same moment Dick Wake, who was next me in the ranks, leaning on his elbows, sank forward on his face. I looked round and saw what had happened; a shot fired at a high elevation, passing over his head, had struck the ground behind, nearly cutting his thigh off. It must have been the ball striking his sheathed bayonet which made the noise. Three of us carried the poor fellow to the rear, with difficulty for the shattered limb; but he was nearly dead from loss of blood when we got to the

doctor, who was waiting in a sheltered hollow about two hundred yards in rear, with two other doctors in plain clothes, who had come up to help. We deposited our burden and returned to the front. Poor Wake was sensible when we left him, but apparently too shaken by the shock to be able to speak. Wood was there helping the doctors. I paid more visits to the rear of the same sort before the evening was over.

All this time we were lying there to be fired at without returning a shot, for our skirmishers were holding the line of walls and enclosures below. However, the bank protected most of us, and the brigadier now ordered our right company, which was in the open, to get behind it also; and there we lay about four deep, the shells crashing and bullets whistling over our heads, but hardly a man being touched. Our colonel was, indeed, the only one exposed, for he rode up and down the lane at a foot-pace as steady as a rock; but he made the major and adjutant dismount, and take shelter behind the hedge, holding their horses. We were all pleased to see him so cool, and it restored our confidence in him, which had been shaken yesterday.

The time seemed interminable while we lay thus inactive. We could not, of course, help peering over the bank to try and see what was going on; but there was nothing to be made out, for now a tremendous thunderstorm, which had been gathering all day, burst on us, and a torrent of almost blinding rain came down, which obscured the view even more than the smoke, while the crashing of the thunder and the glare of the lightning could be heard and seen even above the roar and flashing of the artillery. Once the mist lifted, and I saw for a minute an attack on Box Hill, on the other side of the gap on our left. It was like the scene at a theatre — a curtain of smoke all round and a clear gap in the centre, with a sudden gleam of evening sunshine lighting it up. The steep smooth slope of the hill was crowded with the dark-blue figures of the enemy, whom I now saw for the first time—an irregular outline in front, but very solid in rear: the whole body was moving forward by fits and starts, the men firing and advancing, the officers waving their swords, the columns closing up and gradually making way. Our people were almost concealed by the bushes at the top, whence the smoke and their fire could be seen proceeding: presently from these bushes on the crest came out a red line, and dashed down the brow of the hill, a flame of fire belching out from the front as it advanced. The enemy hesitated, gave way, and finally ran back in a confused crowd down the hill. Then the mist covered the scene, but the glimpse of this splendid charge was inspiriting, and I hoped we should show the same coolness when it came to our turn. It was about this time that our skirmishers fell back, a good many wounded, some limping along by themselves, others helped. The main body retired in very fair order, halting to turn round and fire; we could see a mounted officer of the Guards riding up and down encouraging them to be steady. Now came our turn. For a few minutes we saw nothing, but a rattle of bullets came through the rain and mist, mostly, however, passing over the bank. We began to fire in reply, stepping up against the bank to fire, and stooping down to load; but our brigade-major rode up with an order, and the word was passed through the men to reserve our fire. In a very few moments it must have been that, when ordered to stand, we

could see the helmet-spikes and then the figures of the skirmishers as they came on: a lot of them there appeared to be, five or six deep I should say, but in loose order, each man stopping to aim and fire, and then coming forward a little. Just then the brigadier clattered on horseback up the lane. "Now, then, gentlemen, give it them hot," he cried; and fire away we did, as fast as ever we were able. A perfect storm of bullets seemed to be flying about us too, and I thought each moment must be the last; escape seemed impossible, but I saw no one fall, for I was too busy, and so were we all, to look to the right or left, but loaded and fired as fast as I could. How long this went on I know not—it could not have been long; neither side could have lasted many minutes under such a fire, but it ended by the enemy gradually falling back, and as soon as we saw this we raised a tremendous shout, and some of us jumped up on the bank to give them our parting shots. Suddenly the order was passed down the line to cease firing, and we soon discovered the cause; a battalion of the Guards was charging obliquely across from our left across our front. It was, I expect, their flank attack as much as our fire which had turned back the enemy; and it was a splendid sight to see their steady line as they advanced slowly across the smooth lawn below us, firing as they went, but as steady as if on parade. We felt a great elation at this moment; it seemed as if the battle was won. Just then somebody called out to look to the wounded, and for the first time I turned to glance down the rank along the lane. Then I saw that we had not beaten back the attack without loss. Immediately before me lay Lawford of my office, dead on his back from a bullet through his forehead, his hand still grasping his rifle. At every step was some friend or acquaintance killed or wounded, and a few paces down the lane I found Travers, sitting with his back against the bank. A ball had gone through his lungs, and blood was coming from his mouth. I was lifting him, but the cry of agony he gave stopped me. I then saw that this was not his only wound; his thigh was smashed by a bullet (which must have hit him when standing on the bank), and the blood streaming down mixed in a muddy puddle with the rain-water under him. Still he could not be left here, so, lifting him up as well as I could, I carried him through the gate which led out of the lane at the back to where our camp hospital was in the rear. The movement must have caused him awful agony, for I could not support the broken thigh, and he could not restrain his groans, brave fellow though he was; but how I carried him at all I cannot make out, for he was a much bigger man than myself; but I had not gone far, one of a stream of our fellows, all on the same errand, when a bandsman and Wood met me, bringing a hurdle as a stretcher, and on this we placed him. Wood had just time to tell me that he had got a cart down in the hollow, and would endeavour to take off his master at once to Kingston, when a staff-officer rode up to call us to the ranks. "You really must not straggle in this way, gentlemen," he said; "pray keep your ranks." "But we can't leave our wounded to be trodden down and die," cried one of our fellows. "Beat off the enemy first, sir," he replied. "Gentlemen, do, pray, join your regiments, or we shall be a regular mob." And no doubt he did not speak too soon; for besides our fellows straggling to the rear, lots of volunteers from the regiments in reserve were running forward to help,

till the whole ground was dotted with groups of men. I hastened back to my post, but I had just time to notice that all the ground in our rear was occupied by a thick mass of troops, much more numerous than in the morning, and a column was moving down to the left of our line, to the ground now held by the Guards. All this time, although the musketry had slackened, the artillery fire seemed heavier than ever; the shells screamed overhead or burst around; and I confess to feeling quite a relief at getting back to the friendly shelter of the lane. Looking over the bank, I noticed for the first time the frightful execution our fire had created. The space in front was thickly strewed with dead and badly wounded, and beyond the bodies of the fallen enemy could just be seen—for it was now getting dusk—the bearskins and red coats of our own gallant Guards scattered over the slope, and marking the line of their victorious advance. But hardly a minute could have passed in thus looking over the field, when our brigade-major came moving up the lane on foot (I suppose his horse had been shot), crying, "Stand to your arms, Volunteers! they're coming on again;" and we found ourselves a second time engaged in a hot musketry fire. How long it went on I cannot now remember, but we could distinguish clearly the thick line of skirmishers, about sixty paces off, and mounted officers among them; and we seemed to be keeping them well in check, for they were quite exposed to our fire, while we were protected nearly up to our shoulders, when—I know not how—I became sensible that something had gone wrong. "We are taken in flank!" called out some one; and looking along the left, sure enough there were dark figures jumping over the bank into the lane and firing up along our line. The volunteers in reserve, who had come down to take the place of the Guards, must have given way at this point; the enemy's skirmishers had got through our line, and turned our left flank. How the next move came about I cannot recollect, or whether it was without orders, but in a short time we found ourselves out of the lane and drawn up in a straggling line about thirty yards in rear of it—at our end, that is, the other flank had fallen back a good deal more—and the enemy were lining the hedge, and numbers of them passing over and forming up on our side. Beyond our left a confused mass were retreating, firing as they went, followed by the advancing line of the enemy. We stood in this way for a short space, firing at random as fast as we could. Our colonel and major must have been shot, for there was no one to give an order, when somebody on horseback called out from behind—I think it must have been the brigadier—"Now, then, Volunteers! give a British cheer, and go at them—charge!" and, with a shout, we rushed at the enemy. Some of them ran, some stopped to meet us, and for a moment it was a real hand-to-hand fight. I felt a sharp sting in my leg, as I drove my bayonet right through the man in front of me. I confess I shut my eyes, for I just got a glimpse of the poor wretch as he fell back, his eyes starting out of his head, and, savage though we were, the sight was almost too horrible to look at. But the struggle was over in a second, and we had cleared the ground again right up to the rear hedge of the lane. Had we gone on, I believe we might have recovered the lane too, but we were now all out of order; there was no one to say what to do; the enemy began to line the hedge and open

fire, and they were streaming past our left; and how it came about I know not, but we found ourselves falling back towards our right rear, scarce any semblance of a line remaining, and the volunteers who had given way on our left mixed up with us, and adding to the confusion. It was now nearly dark. On the slopes which we were retreating to was a large mass of reserves drawn up in columns. Some of the leading files of these, mistaking us for the enemy, began firing at us; our fellows, crying out to them to stop, ran towards their ranks, and in a few moments the whole slope of the hill became a scene of confusion that I cannot attempt to describe, regiments and detachments mixed up in hopeless disorder. Most of us, I believe, turned towards the enemy and fired away our few remaining cartridges; but it was too late to take aim, fortunately for us, or the guns which the enemy had brought up through the gap, and were firing point-blank, would have done more damage. As it was, we could see little more than the bright flashes of their fire. In our confusion we had jammed up a line regiment immediately behind us, and its colonel and some staff-officers were in vain trying to make a passage for it, and their shouts to us to march to the rear and clear a road could be heard above the roar of the guns and the confused babel of sound. At last a mounted officer pushed his way through, followed by a company in sections, the men brushing past with firm-set faces, as if on a desperate task; and the battalion, when it got clear, appeared to deploy and advance down the slope. I have also a dim recollection of seeing the Life Guards trot past the front, and push on towards the town—a last desperate attempt to save the day—before we left the field. Our adjutant, who had got separated from our flank of the regiment in the confusion, now came up, and managed to lead us, or at any rate some of us, up to the crest of the hill in the rear, to re-form, as he said; but there we met a vast crowd of volunteers, militia, and waggons, all hurrying rearward from the direction of the big house, and we were borne in the stream for a mile at least before it was possible to stop. At last the adjutant led us to an open space a little off the line of fugitives, and there we reformed the remains of the companies. Telling us to halt, he rode off to try and obtain orders, and find out where the rest of our brigade was. From this point, a spur of high ground running off from the main plateau, we looked down through the dim twilight into the battle-field below. Artillery fire was still going on. We could see the flashes from the guns on both sides, and now and then a stray shell came screaming up and burst near us, but we were beyond the sound of musketry. This halt first gave us time to think about what had happened. The long day of expectancy had been succeeded by the excitement of battle; and when each minute may be your last, you do not think much about other people, nor when you are facing another man with a rifle have you time to consider whether he or you are the invader, or that you are fighting for your home and hearths. All fighting is pretty much alike, I suspect, as to sentiment, when once it begins. But now we had time for reflection; and although we did not yet quite understand how far the day had gone against us, an uneasy feeling of self-condemnation must have come up in the minds of most of us; while, above all, we now began to realise what the loss of this

battle meant to the country. Then, too, we knew not what had become of all our wounded comrades. Reaction, too, set in after the fatigue and excitement. For myself, I had found out for the first time that besides the bayonet-wound in my leg, a bullet had gone through my left arm, just below the shoulder, and outside the bone. I remember feeling something like a blow just when we lost the lane, but the wound passed unnoticed till now, when the bleeding had stopped and the shirt was sticking to the wound.

This half-hour seemed an age, and while we stood on this knoll the endless tramp of men and rumbling of carts along the downs beside us told their own tale. The whole army was falling back. At last we could discern the adjutant riding up to us out of the dark. The army was to retreat, and take up a position on Epsom Downs, he said; we should join in the march, and try and find our brigade in the morning; and so we turned into the throng again, and made our way on as best we could. A few scraps of news he gave us as he rode alongside of our leading section; the army had held its position well for a time, but the enemy had at last broken through the line between us and Guildford, as well as in our front, and had poured his men through the point gained, throwing the line into confusion, and the first army corps near Guildford were also falling back to avoid being outflanked. The regular troops were holding the rear; we were to push on as fast as possible to get out of their way, and allow them to make an orderly retreat in the morning. The gallant old lord commanding our corps had been badly wounded early in the day, he heard, and carried off the field. The Guards had suffered dreadfully; the household cavalry had ridden down the cuirassiers, but had got into broken ground and been awfully cut up. Such were the scraps of news passed down our weary column. What had become of our wounded no one knew, and no one liked to ask. So we trudged on. It must have been midnight when we reached Leatherhead. Here we left the open ground and took to the road, and the block became greater. We pushed our way painfully along; several trains passed slowly ahead along the railway by the roadside, containing the wounded, we supposed—such of them, at least, as were lucky enough to be picked up. It was daylight when we got to Epsom. The night had been bright and clear after the storm, with a cool air, which, blowing through my soaking clothes, chilled me to the bone. My wounded leg was stiff and sore, and I was ready to drop with exhaustion and hunger. Nor were my comrades in much better case; we had eaten nothing since breakfast the day before, and the bread we had put by had been washed away by the storm: only a little pulp remained at the bottom of my bag. The tobacco was all too wet to smoke. In this plight we were creeping along, when the adjutant guided us into a field by the roadside to rest awhile, and we lay down exhausted on the sloppy grass. The roll was here taken, and only 180 answered out of nearly 500 present on the morning of the battle. How many of these were killed and wounded no one could tell; but it was certain many must have got separated in the confusion of the evening. While resting here, we saw pass by, in the crowd of vehicles and men, a cart laden with commissariat stores, driven by a man in uniform. "Food!" cried some one, and a dozen volunteers jumped up and surrounded the cart. The driver tried to whip them off; but he was

pulled off his seat, and the contents of the cart thrown out in an instant. They were preserved meats in tins, which we tore open with our bayonets. The meat had been cooked before, I think; at any rate we devoured it. Shortly after this a general came by with three or four staff-officers. He stopped and spoke to our adjutant, and then rode into the field. "My lads," said he, "you shall join my division for the present: fall in, and follow the regiment that is now passing." We rose up, fell in by companies, each about twenty strong, and turned once more into the stream moving along the road;—regiments, detachments, single volunteers or militiamen, country people making off, some with bundles, some without, a few in carts, but most on foot; here and there waggons of stores, with men sitting wherever there was room, others crammed with wounded soldiers. Many blocks occurred from horses falling, or carts breaking down and filling up the road. In the town the confusion was even worse, for all the houses seemed full of volunteers and militiamen, wounded or resting, or trying to find food, and the streets were almost choked up. Some officers were in vain trying to restore order, but the task seemed a hopeless one. One or two volunteer regiments which had arrived from the north the previous night, and had been halted here for orders, were drawn up along the roadside steadily enough, and some of the retreating regiments, including ours, may have preserved the semblance of discipline, but for the most part the mass pushing to the rear was a mere mob. The regulars, or what remained of them, were now, I believe, all in the rear, to hold the advancing enemy in check. A few officers among such a crowd could do nothing. To add to the confusion, several houses were being emptied of the wounded brought here the night before, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, some in carts, some being carried to the railway by men. The groans of these poor fellows as they were jostled through the street went to our hearts, selfish though fatigue and suffering had made us. At last, following the guidance of a staff-officer who was standing to show the way, we turned off from the main London road and took that towards Kingston. Here the crush was less, and we managed to move along pretty steadily. The air had been cooled by the storm, and there was no dust. We passed through a village where our new general had seized all the public-houses, and taken possession of the liquor; and each regiment as it came up was halted, and each man got a drink of beer, served out by companies. Whether the owner got paid, I know not, but it was like nectar. It must have been about one o'clock in the afternoon that we came in sight of Kingston. We had been on our legs sixteen hours, and had got over about twelve miles of ground. There is a hill a little south of the Surbiton station, covered then mostly with villas, but open at the western extremity, where there was a clump of trees on the summit. We had diverged from the road towards this, and here the general halted us and disposed the line of the division along his front, facing to the south-west, the right of the line reaching down to the Thames, the left extending along the southern slope of the hill, in the direction of the Epsom road by which we had come. We were nearly in the centre, occupying the knoll just in front of the general, who dismounted on the top and tied his horse to a tree. It is not much of a hill, but commands an extensive view over the flat country

around; and as we lay wearily on the ground we could see the Thames glistening like a silver field in the bright sunshine, the palace at Hampton Court, the bridge at Kingston, and the old church tower rising above the haze of the town, with the woods of Richmond Park behind it. To most of us the scene could not but call up the associations of happy days of peace—days now ended and peace destroyed through national infatuation. We did not say this to each other, but a deep depression had come upon us, partly due to weakness and fatigue, no doubt, but we saw that another stand was going to be made, and we had no longer any confidence in ourselves. If we could not hold our own when stationary in line, on a good position, but had been broken up into a rabble at the first shock, what chance had we now of manœuvring against a victorious enemy in this open ground? A feeling of desperation came over us, a determination to struggle on against hope; but anxiety for the future of the country, and our friends, and all dear to us, filled our thoughts now that we had time for reflection. We had had no news of any kind since Wood joined us the day before—we knew not what was doing in London, or what the Government was about, or anything else; and exhausted though we were, we felt an intense craving to know what was happening in other parts of the country.

Our general had expected to find a supply of food and ammunition here, but nothing turned up. Most of us had hardly a cartridge left, so he ordered the regiment next to us, which came from the north and had not been engaged, to give us enough to make up twenty rounds a man, and he sent off a fatigue-party to Kingston to try and get provisions, while a detachment of our fellows was allowed to go foraging among the villas in our rear; and in about an hour they brought back some bread and meat, which gave us a slender meal all round. They said most of the houses were empty, and that many had been stripped of all eatables, and a good deal damaged already.

It must have been between three and four o'clock when the sound of cannonading began to be heard in the front, and we could see the smoke of the guns rising above the woods of Esher and Claremont, and soon afterwards some troops emerged from the fields below us. It was the rear-guard of regular troops. There were some guns also, which were driven up the slope and took up their position round the knoll. There were three batteries, but they only counted eight guns amongst them. Behind them was posted the line; it was a brigade apparently of four regiments, but the whole did not look to be more than eight or nine hundred men. Our regiment and another had been moved a little to the rear to make way for them, and presently we were ordered down to occupy the railway station on our right rear. My leg was now so stiff I could no longer march with the rest, and my left arm was very swollen and sore, and almost useless; but anything seemed better than being left behind, so I limped after the battalion as best I could down to the station. There was a goods shed a little in advance of it down the line, a strong brick building, and here my company was posted. The rest of our men lined the wall of the enclosure. A staff-officer came with us to arrange the distribution; we should be supported by line troops; he said, and in a few minutes a train full of them came slowly up from Guildford way. It was the last; the men got out, the train passed on, and a party began to tear up the rails, while the rest were distributed among the houses on each side. A sergeant's

party joined us in our shed, and an engineer officer with sappers came to knock holes in the walls for us to fire from; but there were only half-a-dozen of them, so progress was not rapid, and as we had no tools we could not help.

It was while we were watching this job that the adjutant, who was as active as ever, looked in, and told us to muster in the yard. The fatigue-party had come back from Kingston, and a small baker's hand-cart of food was made over to us as our share. It contained loaves, flour, and some joints of meat. The meat and the flour we had not time or means to cook. The loaves we devoured; and there was a tap of water in the yard, so we felt refreshed by the meal. I should have liked to wash my wounds, which were becoming very offensive, but I dared not take off my coat, feeling sure I should not be able to get it on again. It was while we were eating our bread that the rumour first reached us of another disaster, even greater than that we had witnessed ourselves. Whence it came I know not; but a whisper went down the ranks that Woolwich had been captured. We all knew that it was our only arsenal, and understood the significance of the blow. No hope, if this were true, of saving the country. Thinking over this, we went back to the shed.

Although this was only our second day of war, I think we were already old soldiers so far that we had come to be careless about fire, and the shot and shell that now began to open on us made no sensation. We felt, indeed, our need of discipline, and we saw plainly enough the slender chance of success coming out of such a rabble as we were; but I think we were all determined to fight on as long as we could. Our gallant adjutant gave his spirit to everybody; and the staff-officer commanding was a very cheery fellow, and went about as if we were certain of victory. Just as the firing began he looked in to say that we were as safe as in a church, that we must be sure and pepper the enemy well, and that more cartridges would soon arrive. There were some steps and benches in the shed, and on these a part of our men were standing, to fire through the upper loop-holes, while the line soldiers and others stood on the ground, guarding the second row. I sat on the floor, for I could not now use my rifle, and besides, there were more men than loop-holes. The artillery fire which had opened now on our position was from a longish range; and occupation for the riflemen had hardly begun when there was a crash in the shed, and I was knocked down by a blow on the head. I was almost stunned for a time, and could not make out what had happened. A shot or shell had hit the shed without quite penetrating the wall, but the blow had upset the steps resting against it, and the men standing on them, bringing down a cloud of plaster and brickbats, one of which had struck me. I felt now past being of use. I could not use my rifle, and could barely stand; and after a time I thought I would make for my own house, on the chance of finding some one still there. I got up therefore, and staggered homewards. Musketry fire had now commenced, and our side were blazing away from the windows of the houses, and from behind walls, and from the shelter of some trucks still standing in the station. A couple of field-pieces in the yard were firing, and in the open space in rear a reserve was drawn up. There, too, was the staff-officer on horseback, watching the fight through his field-glass. I remember having still enough sense to feel that the position was a hope-

less one. That straggling line of houses and gardens would surely be broken through at some point, and then the line must give way like a rope of sand. It was about a mile to our house, and I was thinking how I could possibly drag myself so far when I suddenly recollected that I was passing Travers's house,—one of the first of a row of villas then leading from the station to Kingston. Had he been brought home, I wondered, as his faithful old servant promised, and was his wife still here? I remember to this day the sensation of shame I felt, when I recollected that I had not once given him—my greatest friend—a thought since I carried him off the field the day before. But war and suffering make men selfish. I would go in now at any rate and rest awhile, and see if I could be of use. The little garden before the house was as trim as ever—I used to pass it every day on my way to the train, and knew every shrub in it—and a blaze of flowers, but the hall-door stood ajar. I stepped in and saw little Arthur standing in the hall. He had been dressed as neatly as ever that day, and as he stood there in his pretty blue frock and white trousers and socks showing his chubby little legs, with his golden locks, fair face, and large dark eyes, the picture of childish beauty, in the quiet hall, just as it used to look—the vases of flowers, the hat and coats hanging up, the familiar pictures on the walls—this vision of peace in the midst of war made me wonder for a moment, faint and giddy as I was, if the pandemonium outside had any real existence, and was not merely a hideous dream. But the roar of the guns making the house shake, and the rushing of the shot, gave a ready answer. The little fellow appeared almost unconscious of the scene around him, and was walking up the stairs holding by the railing, one step at a time, as I had seen him do a hundred times before, but turned round as I came in. My appearance frightened him, and staggering as I did into the hall, my face and clothes covered with blood and dirt, I must have looked an awful object to the child, for he gave a cry and turned to run toward the basement stairs. But he stopped on hearing my voice calling him back to his god-papa, and after a while came timidly up to me. Papa had been to the battle, he said, and was very ill: mamma was with papa: Wood was out: Lucy was in the cellar, and had taken him there, but he wanted to go to mamma. Telling him to stay in the hall for a minute till I called him, I climbed up-stairs and opened the bedroom-door. My poor friend lay there, his body resting on the bed, his head supported on his wife's shoulder as she sat by the bedside. He breathed heavily, but the pallor of his face, the closed eyes, the prostrate arms, the clammy foam she was wiping from his mouth, all spoke of approaching death. The good old servant had done his duty, at least,—he had brought his master home to die in his wife's arms. The poor woman was too intent on her charge to notice the opening of the door, and as the child would be better away, I closed it gently and went down to the hall to take little Arthur to the shelter below, where the maid was hiding. Too late! He lay at the foot of the stairs on his face, his little arms stretched out, his hair dabbled in blood. I had not noticed the crash among the other noises, but a splinter of a shell must have come through the open doorway; it had carried away the back of his head. The poor child's death must have been instantaneous. I tried to lift up the little corpse with my one arm, but even this load was too much for me,

and while stooping down I fainted away.

When I came to my senses again it was quite dark, and for some time I could not make out where I was; I lay indeed for some time like one half asleep, feeling no inclination to move. By degrees I became aware that I was on the carpeted floor of a room. All noise of battle had ceased, but there was a sound as of many people close by. At last I sat up and gradually got to my feet. The movement gave me intense pain, for my wounds were now highly inflamed, and my clothes sticking to them made them dreadfully sore. At last I got up and groped my way to the door, and opening it at once saw where I was, for the pain had brought back my senses. I had been lying in Travers's little writing-room at the end of the passage, into which I made my way. There was no gas, and the drawing-room door was closed; but from the open dining-room the glimmer of a candle feebly lighted up the hall, in which half-a-dozen sleeping figures could be discerned, while the room itself was crowded with men. The table was covered with plates, glasses, and bottles; but most of the men were asleep in the chairs or on the floor, a few were smoking cigars, and one or two with their helmets on were still engaged at supper, occasionally grunting out an observation between the mouthfuls.

"Sind wackere Soldaten, diese Englischen Freiwilligen," said a broad-shouldered brute, stuffing a great hunch of beef into his mouth with a silver fork, an implement I should think he must have been using for the first time in his life.

"Ja, ja," replied a comrade, who was lolling back in his chair with a pair of very dirty legs on the table, and one of poor Travers's best cigars in his mouth; "Sie so gut laufen können."

"Ja wohl," responded the first speaker; "aber sind nicht eben so schnell wie die Französischen Mobloten."

"Gewiss," grunted a hulking lout from the floor, leaning on his elbow, and sending out a cloud of smoke from his ugly jaws; "und da sind hier etwa gute Schützen."

"Hast recht, lange Peter," answered number one; "wenn die Schurken so gut exerciren wie schützen könnten, so wären wir heute nicht hier!"

"Recht! recht!" said the second; "das exerciren macht den guten Soldaten."

What more criticisms on the shortcomings of our unfortunate volunteers might have passed I did not stop to hear, being interrupted by a sound on the stairs. Mrs Travers was standing on the landing-place; I limped up the stairs to meet her. Among the many pictures of those fatal days engraven on my memory, I remember none more clearly than the mournful aspect of my poor friend, widowed and motherless within a few moments, as she stood there in her white dress, coming forth like a ghost from the chamber of the dead, the candle she held lighting up her face, and contrasting its pallor with the dark hair that fell disordered round it, its beauty radiant even through features worn with fatigue and sorrow. She was calm and even tearless, though the trembling lip told of the effort to restrain the emotion she felt. "Dear friend," she said, taking my hand, "I was coming to seek you; forgive my selfishness in neglecting you so long; but you will understand"—glancing at the door above—"how occupied I have been." "Where," I began, "is"——"my boy?" she answered, anticipating my question. "I have laid him by his father. But now your wounds must be cared for;

how pale and faint you look!—rest here a moment,"—and, descending to the dining-room, she returned with some wine, which I gratefully drank, and then, making me sit down on the top step of the stairs, she brought water and linen, and, cutting off the sleeve of my coat, bathed and bandaged my wounds. 'Twas I who felt selfish for thus adding to her troubles; but in truth I was too weak to have much will left, and stood in need of the help which she forced me to accept; and the dressing of my wounds afforded indescribable relief. While thus tending me, she explained in broken sentences how matters stood. Every room but her own, and the little parlour into which she with Wood's help had carried me, was full of soldiers. Wood had been taken away to work at repairing the railroad, and Lucy had run off from fright; but the cook had stopped at her post, and had served up supper and opened the cellar for the soldiers' use: she did not understand what they said, and they were rough and boorish, but not uncivil. I should now go, she said, when my wounds were dressed, to look after my own home, where I might be wanted; for herself, she wished only to be allowed to remain watching there—pointing to the room where lay the bodies of her husband and child—where she would not be molested. I felt that her advice was good. I could be of no use as protection, and I had an anxious longing to know what had become of my sick mother and sister; besides, some arrangement must be made for the burial. I therefore limped away. There was no need to express thanks on either side, and the grief was too deep to be reached by any outward show of sympathy.

Outside the house there was a good deal of movement and bustle; many carts going along, the waggoners, from Sussex and Surrey, evidently impressed and guarded by soldiers; and although no gas was burning, the road towards Kingston was well lighted by torches held by persons standing at short intervals in line, who had been seized for the duty, some of them the tenants of neighbouring villas. Almost the first of these torch-bearers I came to was an old gentleman whose face I was well acquainted with, from having frequently travelled up and down in the same train with him. He was a senior clerk in a Government office, I believe, and was a mild-looking old man with a prim face and a long neck, which he used to wrap in a wide double neckcloth, a thing even in those days seldom seen. Even in that moment of bitterness I could not help being amused by the absurd figure this poor old fellow presented, with his solemn face and long cravat doing penance with a torch in front of his own door, to light up the path of our conquerors. But a more serious object now presented itself, a corporal's guard passing by, with two English volunteers in charge, their hands tied behind their backs. They cast an imploring glance at me, and I stepped into the road to ask the corporal what was the matter, and even ventured, as he was passing on, to lay my hand on his sleeve. "Auf dem Wege, Spitzbube!" cried the brute, lifting his rifle as if to knock me down. "Must one prisoners who fire at us let shoot," he went on to add; and shot the poor fellows would have been, I suppose, if I had not interceded with an officer who happened to be riding by. "Herr Hauptmann," I cried, as loud as I could, "is this your discipline, to let unarmed prisoners be shot without orders?" The officer, thus appealed to, reined in his horse, and halted the guard

till he heard what I had to say. My knowledge of other languages here stood me in good stead, for the prisoners, north-country factory hands apparently, were of course utterly unable to make themselves understood, and did not even know in what they had offended. I therefore interpreted their explanation: they had been left behind while skirmishing near Ditton, in a barn, and coming out of their hiding-place in the midst of a party of the enemy, with their rifles in their hands, the latter thought they were going to fire at them from behind. It was a wonder they were not shot down on the spot. The captain heard the tale, and then told the guard to let them go, and they slunk off at once into a byroad. He was a fine soldier-like man, but nothing could exceed the insolence of his manner, which was perhaps all the greater because it seemed not intentional, but to arise from a sense of immeasurable superiority. Between the lame *freiwilliger* pleading for his comrades, and the captain of the conquering army, there was, in his view, an infinite gulf. Had the two men been dogs, their fate could not have been decided more contemptuously. They were let go simply because they were not worth keeping as prisoners, and perhaps to kill any living thing without cause went against the *hauptmann's* sense of justice. But why speak of this insult in particular? Had not every man who lived then his tale to tell of humiliation and degradation? For it was the same story everywhere. After the first stand in line, and when once they had got us on the march, the enemy laughed at us. Our handful of regular troops was sacrificed almost to a man in a vain conflict with numbers; our volunteers and militia, with officers who did not know their work, without ammunition or equipment, or staff to superintend, starving in the midst of plenty, we had soon become a helpless mob, fighting desperately here and there, but with whom, as a manœuvring army, the disciplined invaders did just what they pleased. Happy those whose bones whitened the fields of Surrey; they at least were spared the disgrace we lived to endure. Even you, who have never known what it is to live otherwise than on sufferance, even your cheeks burn when we talk of these days; think, then, what those endured who, like your grandfather, had been citizens of the proudest nation on earth, which had never known disgrace or defeat, and whose boast it used to be that they bore a flag on which the sun never set! We had heard of generosity in war; we found none: the war was made by us, it was said, and we must take the consequences. London and our only arsenal captured, we were at the mercy of our captors, and right heavily did they tread on our necks. Need I tell you the rest?—of the ransom we had to pay, and the taxes raised to cover it, which keep us paupers to this day?—the brutal frankness that announced we must give place to a new naval Power, and be made harmless for revenge?—the victorious troops living at free quarters, the yoke they put on us made the more galling that their requisitions had a semblance of method and legality? Better have been robbed at first hand by the soldiery themselves, than through our own magistrates made the instruments for extortion. How we lived through the degradation we daily and hourly underwent, I hardly even now understand. And what was there left to us to live for? Stripped of our colonies; Canada and the West Indies gone to America; Australia forced to

separate; India lost for ever, after the English there had all been destroyed, vainly trying to hold the country when cut off from aid by their countrymen; Gibraltar and Malta ceded to the new naval Power; Ireland independent and in perpetual anarchy and revolution. When I look at my country as it is now—its trade gone, its factories silent, its harbours empty, a prey to pauperism and decay—when I see all this, and think what Great Britain was in my youth, I ask myself whether I have really a heart or any sense of patriotism that I should have witnessed such degradation and still care to live! France was different. There, too, they had to eat the bread of tribulation under the yoke of the conqueror; their fall was hardly more sudden or violent than ours; but war could not take away their rich soil; they had no colonies to lose; their broad lands, which made their wealth, remained to them; and they rose again from the blow. But our people could not be got to see how artificial our prosperity was—that it all rested on foreign trade and financial credit; that the course of trade once turned away from us, even for a time, it might never return; and that our credit once shaken might never be restored. To hear men talk in those days, you would have thought that Providence had ordained that our Government should always borrow at three per cent, and that trade came to us because we lived in a foggy little island set in a boisterous sea. They could not be got to see that the wealth heaped up on every side was not created in the country, but in India and China, and other parts of the world; and that it would be quite possible for the people who made money by buying and selling the natural treasures of the earth, to go and live in other places, and take their profits with them. Nor would men believe that there could ever be an end to our coal and iron, or that they would get to be so much dearer than the coal and iron of America that it would no longer be worth while to work them, and that therefore we ought to insure against the loss of our artificial position as the great centre of trade, by making ourselves secure and strong and respected. We thought we were living in a commercial millennium, which must last for a thousand years at least. After all, the bitterest part of our reflection is, that all this misery and decay might have been so easily prevented, and that we brought it about ourselves by our own shortsighted recklessness. There, across the narrow Straits, was the writing on the wall, but we would not choose to read it. The warnings of the few were drowned in the voice of the multitude. Power was then passing away from the class which had been used to rule, and to face political dangers, and which had brought the nation with honour unsullied through former struggles, into the hands of the lower classes, uneducated, untrained to the use of political rights, and swayed by demagogues; and the few who were wise in their generation were denounced as alarmists, or as aristocrats who sought their own aggrandisement by wasting public money on bloated armaments. The rich were idle and luxurious; the poor grudged the cost of defence. Politics had become a mere bidding for Radical votes, and those who should have led the nation, stooped rather to pander to the selfishness of the day, and humoured the popular cry which denounced those who would secure the defence of the nation by enforced arming of its manhood, as interfering with the liberties of the people. Truly the nation was ripe for a fall; but when I reflect how

a little firmness and self-denial, or political courage and foresight, might have averted the disaster, I feel that the judgment must have really been deserved. A nation too selfish to defend its liberty, could not have been fit to retain it. To you, my grandchildren, who are now going to seek a new home in a more prosperous land, let not this bitter lesson be lost upon you in the country of your adoption. For me, I am too old to begin life again in a strange country; and hard and evil as have been my days, it is not much to await in solitude the time which cannot now be far off, when my old bones will be laid to rest in the soil I have loved so well, and whose happiness and honour I have so long survived.

IMPRESSIONS OF GREECE.

Late events have given a sad celebrity to Greece amongst us. Great and terrible as have been the incidents of Europe within the last eight months, the disaster of Oropus has not been erased from memory by the overwhelming slaughter of the battle-field, the devastation of cities, and the downfall of a great nation.

Nothing could more convincingly demonstrate how deeply the feeling of England has sympathised with this dire calamity, than the fact that amidst the crash of a mighty empire, and a convulsion that threatens to change the condition of the world, men still turn to the history of that sad morning at Marathon; while through the cares of a most eventful moment our Foreign Minister directs his especial attention to this question, and has within the last few days formally made the demand on Greece to reopen the inquiry, and investigate the case from the beginning.

The volume whose title stands at the head of the present paper has its especial value for us at this time. First of all, these are the "impressions" of a most competent and fair-minded witness. Sir Thomas Wyse, for years our Minister in Greece, was eminently suited to the task that fell to his lot. To the claims of scholarship and learning he added the gifts of the practical politician and the statesman; and not less than either was he a true philanthropist, who could take the warmest interest in the daily life and habits of a simple people,—study their wants, weigh their ambitions, and carefully consider how far their hopes as a nation might reasonably contribute to their welfare and prosperity.

But there was another merit, more especially his own. No minister of any country more laboured than Sir Thomas Wyse to eradicate from Greece that spirit of dependence on the protecting Powers which has been at once the shame of all Greek politicians and the destruction of anything like a national party. That the country should be the Greece of the Greeks, and not of Russia, of England, or of France, was his crowning idea.

The men who have known Greece personally, and through intimate acquaintance with its people, are

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Impressions of Greece. By Sir Thomas Wyse, K.C.B. With an Introduction by his Niece, Miss Wyse; and Letter to his Friends at Home by Dean Stanley. Hurst & Blackett. 1871.

certainly more prone to Philhellenism, from this sort of knowledge, than statesmen or ministers whose dealings have brought them into contact with persons in office; and it is well to discriminate between the differing, and to some extent opposite, judgments of the two, and to bear in mind how little of contradictory may exist between them. If there be nothing more common than to find panegyrists of Greece amongst the former, it is very rare, indeed, to meet with men who will speak in terms of praise of the Greek statesmen and politicians.

If it was not easy to exaggerate the good qualities of the peasant, or to overstate his temperance, his industry, or his thrift, no more could you set bounds to the future of a people constitutionally brave and courageous, ever ready to confront difficulty or danger, eminently alive to the appeal of eloquence, and willing to intrust their fortune wherever their convictions engaged them. Add to these qualities a love and a desire for education which, except in the Irish peasantry, has no rival in Europe. To Greek ambition learning is the one road; he asks no other—aspires to no other. What Greece has done in this respect, a few facts will illustrate. In the year 1835 there were but 71 primary schools, frequented by 6721 scholars. In 1866 the return of public schools makes their number 1067, and the scholars 65,363. There are, besides, 123 superior schools, or what are called in Greece "Hellenic Schools," attended by 6675 pupils, and presided over by 964 masters, all of whom are graduates of a university. In these all the higher branches of education are followed out, and the classics especially cultivated.

Over these, again, are the Gymnasia; and, lastly, the university, which numbers 62 professors and 1200 students.

In the most critical moments of national history these numbers have not fallen off: a large number, indeed, come from the Greek provinces of Turkey. The total of scholars of of both sexes in the various educational establishments of the country amounts to 75,000, which gives one for every 19 of the population. It is not unwarrantable to hope much from a people who, in all the pressure of a deep poverty, can make such efforts as these for regeneration and improvement; nor is it unreasonable that they who love Greece, and feel closely interested in her fortunes, would rather dwell on these reasons for hopefulness than on the characters of her public men, and the fame of their actions before the world.

The Greece of which we read, however, in our journals, whose intrigues we discuss, whose rogueries we expose, whose bankruptcies we deplore, is the country with whose forms we are more familiar than this land of the toiling peasant. We only know of Greece as the "political failure" which inapplicable institutions and dishonest politicians have made it; and when we read of Philhellenism, we ask ourselves of what are these men made who see any ground of hope in these knavish plotters, in these unscrupulous jobbers? Henri Heine once said that nations were best known to their neighbours through their writers of fiction; and there is no disguising how much the portraiture of domestic manners has done for ourselves in disseminating ideas of our attachment to the ties of family, the joys of home, and that general trustfulness in the power of affection which forms the basis of our daily code. Now the Greeks have no painters of their interior life; all we know of them is from

our tourists or our newspaper correspondents.

It is of great value, on this account, to have, as in the work before us, the testimony of one who knew these people in the various gradations of life; who had lived long amongst them, making the study of them his pleasure and his pursuit; and who in all the zeal of the Philhellenist never lost sight of the skill andacuteness of the politician.

The work itself, published posthumously by his niece, is preceded by an introduction by that lady, so gracefully written, and with such absence of pretension, that we would with great pleasure loiter over pages every one of which is full of knowledge of the country and a keen appreciation of the people.

That same brigandage whose fearful cruelties we are now occupied in investigating, engaged Sir Thomas Wyse's attention so far back as 1851 and 1852; and, as his niece tells us, "Lord Palmerston, wishing to bring public opinion to bear, and hoping to induce other Governments to help him, had a memorandum of Sir Thomas Wyse's despatches on this subject printed and transmitted to every Court of Europe. Soon a phalanx of remonstrance poured down on the head of the unlucky Greek Cabinet. Great was the indignation against the English Minister; yet many of the instances quoted, with the details of thumb-screws, boiling oil, and other tortures, had been copied from the Greek papers themselves."

On examination, the truth of Sir Thomas Wyse's allegation was proven; but the Greek Government consoled itself by proclaiming "that, at all events, now, perfect tranquillity prevails;" and after such a declaration there was no more to be said.

When, however, shortly after this, Sir Thomas Wyse proposed to make an excursion to Nauplia, round to Corinth, returning by Mount Geranion, a general outcry of dissuasion arose from all his friends against the hazardous undertaking, eagerly exclaiming, "Are you foolish enough to believe the Government?"

There is an unhappy resemblance between this state of things and what we have seen in our own day; and the parallel extends, unfortunately, to the same unprincipled assurance of security which lured our poor countrymen to their fate. "There is not a brigand in the province," was the assurance of the Minister when Mr Herbert and his party inquired as to the safety of a visit to Marathon.

At the moment this assurance was given, Takos and his followers were looking down on Athens from the slopes of Pentelicus; and the only doubtful part of this dreary story is, how far they who spoke so confidently were, or were not, fully informed on what they declared. In fact, we only have to read Miss Wyse's introductory chapter to see that things have gone back in Greece since the days she speaks of. "The rides around Athens were perfectly safe, and no one felt the least alarm when benighted;" and so she says, "as we once were, riding back in the evening from Marathon! without one gendarme or armed protector of any kind." This, be it remembered, took place nigh twenty years ago; and it was but this time last year we witnessed the surprise at Pikermi and the massacre at Oropus. What, then, has changed in this terrible land? Is it the brigand? has he grown more merciful or more mercenary? Is he less disposed to bloodshed, and more eager for personal gain? How about the Government? Are Ministers more alive to the grave responsibilities of their station? are they more observant of the obligations of their word? do

they believe in the existence of a European public opinion? and do they regard themselves as amenable to its judgments?

Is the peasant less under the terror of the brigand's vengeance? or is there a single social condition of the country, as regards this pestilence of brigandage, different from what it was? Where is the security in the neighbourhood of Athens at this moment? It was but last summer we ourselves formed portion of a party to dine on board a British ship of war at the Piræus; and as we desired to drive thither by road in preference to taking the rail, a distance of three English miles, the Minister of the Interior took the precaution to order detachments to patrol the road, as the party included three or four of the foreign envoys in Greece, and consequently, if captured by the brigands, might have occasioned the "very gravest of complications." This took place in last June. "The first startling event," says Miss Wyse, "of this epoch, occurred soon after the armed occupation of the Piræus, when a band of brigands who had gathered on the hills above Salamis rushed down to the plain beneath, one evening towards dusk, and carried off a French officer from the outskirts of his own camp. They immediately sent to the admiral commanding the corps, and demanded a ransom of £1200 in English sovereigns, requesting politely at the same time an English telescope."

Sir Thomas Wyse, and M. Mercier, the French envoy, went straight to M. Boulgaris, who was at the moment engaged in a Cabinet Council. They were admitted, however, at once, and told the Cabinet "that *they* must look to this matter," and "that if the officer was not released forthwith they would take the severest measures." The Ministry, knowing these to be no empty threats, lost not a moment. *The Greek Government paid the* £1200! in English gold, too; but with or without the telescope, has not transpired.

What a lesson might have been derived from this prompt and decisive action of these two determined and sensible men, who would accept no portion of the details of the negotiations, nor any part in the dealings with the brigands! They saw at once that to entertain the question at all was to accept a share of that responsibility which belonged solely to the Greek Government. They limited themselves to the simple demand, which they knew how to enforce, and made the Cabinet responsible for what might happen. Nor is the least instructive part of the episode the fact, that universal report declared the King and the Queen had both applauded the carrying off of the French officer. The King understood brigandage only as evidence of popular discontent at the occupation of the Allies!

If, then, Sir Thomas Wyse and M. Mercier could in those days have put such pressure on a Greek Government, that even in the face of popular sympathy they could oblige them to ransom a captive and treat with the brigands themselves, how much more likely would such a line of action be to succeed in these our own days, when we are told that the sense of the "nation kindles against brigandage," and when we know that not a breath of scandal can be breathed against the honour of the Throne!

We are not for a moment prepared to justify this mode of procedure, or to maintain its legality; but neither are we in possession of any argument to support the payment of a ransom at all, and the holding any dealings whatever with these murderers. In point of fact, the summary demand that the captive

should be restored uninjured, no matter how it should be done, or through what agency effected, was in itself a very significant avowal on our part that, though we had endowed these people with a constitutional government, and instructed them to live in accordance with law, our first practical lesson was to throw all legality to the winds, and to fall back upon expediency in the hour of difficulty.

This same Greek kingdom was one of those Whig adventures in statecraft by which at the time this party dazzled the world, and delighted their followers, *ces messieurs de la pavé.* If a people emerging from barbarism could stand the test of a government dependent on universal suffrage, what a triumph would that be for constitutionalism! We assumed that a Chamber convoked by free election would be a "Parliament" pretty much as we have it at home, and that Messrs Boulgaris & Co. would be as clean-handed in office, and as deeply imbued with the responsibilities of their station, as though they lived in Downing Street. We gave them the forms of our institutions, and were terribly disappointed that they never acquired their commonest meanings, far less their animating spirit. As well expect that a Choctaw Indian should become a general because you dressed him in a staff uniform! These men knew nothing of statecraft but its duplicities. Placed originally in a false position, subject to the vote of a Chamber which, to be manageable, must be packed, and condemned to a line of policy which must offend at least one of the protecting Powers, the whole game of administration must depend upon adroit knavery. There was a mock conservatism to be maintained for the Court; a mock solvency to the Powers who lend money; a mock patriotism to the party who dream of the "grand idea," and who, seeing how profitable brigandage could be to the few, were eager to extend its benefits to the whole nation. These are not such easy exploits that they can be done by the first comer; and many a change of administration shows how hard it is to hit upon the right men. In Greece, besides, there are few careers which a man of some education, and even moderate ambition, can embrace. The State was come to be regarded as the best employer; and so rapid are the transitions from one office to another, so purely accidental many of the changes in public life, that even very humble capacities, if allied with powers for intrigue, need never despair of succeeding in the game of politics.

It is true, official life is miserably paid; but as in all countries where salaries are small, the resources from corruption are the compensation; and the very gambling element of uncertainty is not amongst the least of attractions with a people who are thoroughly Oriental in their love of chance.

The power of dispensing patronage is, besides, a great bribe to men constitutionally fond of being looked up to, and proud of the eminence they occupy. For these reasons, in no country of Europe where public life is best rewarded is there the same craving for office or the same struggle for State employment as in Greece. All that we know of party hate or jealousy, all that we read of the animosity of venal leaders at home, is nothing to what prevails in Athens, any more than the polished sarcasms of our newspapers are to be compared to the barefaced insolence and the unblushing calumnies of the national press. The old Irish House of Commons, in its most fire-eating days, is the only parallel for the Chamber at Athens; and the duel is looked

on as the crowning argument of a much-disputed question. These are not very hopeful materials; but there are even worse in the complete corruption of public opinion by a venal and dishonest press, and that low standard of public morality by which men of tarnished reputations are admitted to the highest employment of the State, and capacity for business accepted as a compensation for damaged character.

To appeal to the Cabinet against brigandage has been said by some one to be like suing a High-Church curate in the Upper House of Convocation; and certainly it cannot be questioned that no Greek landed proprietor can assume to act in open defiance of this institution.

Miss Wyse, with much correctness, ascribes the increase of brigandage to the opening of the prisons and the encouragement to lawlessness in 1854, as also the renewed impulse to those robber excesses, to the Cretan revolution, of later date. That a "war of independence" could be waged with such materials, that the cause of a "regenerated Greece" could be served and promoted by men whose whole lives are a practical denial of all civilisation, could only have entered the brain of Greek politicians.

And when we bear these facts in mind, and bethink ourselves how completely anything there is of public opinion in Greece has identified itself with the cause these men fought for, and never repudiated their alliance, we may well feel certain misgivings as to the energy which the Government will lend to the inquiry we are now demanding; and hence our forebodings that no ray of light will fall upon the sad tragedy of Oropus. As for ourselves, we have given them, in these jail-deliveries, our last discovery in statecraft; and Mr Gladstone's Philhellenism was never more conspicuous than when he instructed this people in the mystery of "healing measures."

It may well be that the Greek Minister is reluctant to deal harshly with the "indiscreet patriotism" of the brigand. It may well be that he can estimate the party services of these men, and measure them by a gauge which, to say the least, would involve an awkwardness if explained to a British Minister. What Mr Erskine, in one of his despatches, spoke of as "the supposed exigencies of party warfare," may have a claim on ministerial regard at Athens which they could scarcely possess in London; and there is certainly a want of consideration in Lord Granville in asking the Cabinet to pursue, with all the powers of the law, their own supporters and adherents, and make victims of these Greek gentlemen "below the gangway"!

There have been three distinct Administrations in Greece since the tragedy of April last, and who is to say how many more will not intervene before we arrive at the final award of the Government? Between actual complicity with the murderers and a shrinking reluctance to expose their guilt, no matter at what consequences or with what connections, there is a wide difference. No reasonable man imagines that M. Zaimis, or Deligiorgis, or Coumandouros is allied with brigandage as an "industry"; but a great many men believe that these and several other politicians in Greece would be slow to confront the danger of an open declaration of war with these people, and an assurance that they would carry out this war to extermination! Life, and, still more, property, is too much at the mercy of the brigand to sustain men in this bold resolve. The peasantry are too reduced by terror, and the local authorities too much exposed

to danger, to find supporters for such a policy. The Minister who should denounce the brigand must not only have no landed property of his own, but he must not have even a remote relative or friend with any such; and besides this, he must be content to hold his life at an hour's lease, and resign himself never to venture beyond the streets of Athens, and, even there, not after nightfall.

By what ingenuity Lord Granville can suggest a mode of inquiry at all likely to satisfy the ends of justice in such a country, it is not easy to imagine; and the very reluctance with which the Greek Cabinet accedes to his demand for investigation savours far more of official reserve than fear for the result. That anything of real value or importance will be elicited by this inquiry—that the acuteness of our consular staff from Constantinople, with their I know not how many guineas per day, will be rewarded by a full disclosure of the guilty ramifications of their iniquity—is more than we can believe. There is no need of the tangled intricacy of a foreign process of law, or of the trained faculties of the Athenian pettifogger, to make Greek cunning an overmatch for our own. As it is, many documents have been flatly refused us, and lines of examination, which our lawyers have suggested, expunged; and so far as inquiry has hitherto gone, there has not been even that affectation of candour that could simulate the desire to stand well with us.

It is abundantly clear that agreements are occasionally come to between the Government for the time being and the brigands, by which certain travellers are unmolested, and certain districts unscathed, for a given period. There is really no other way to account for those suspensions of hostilities, by which tourists are enabled, not only to visit certain regions, but to report on the general tranquillity and peace of the country at large.

We have very little doubt that the memorable visit of Smith O'Brien, on his return from Australia, was one of these. It is thus that Miss Wyse relates the incident in a footnote to p. 124:—

"This refers to Mr Smith O'Brien, who came to Athens during the interval between his being permitted to leave Australia and to return to Ireland. Becoming violently Philhellenic, and devoted to the Greek Government, he would not believe in the existence of brigandage, or any of the evils so much complained of. Finally, he made a tour in the interior, when orders were sent to all the authorities to hide all defects, and to take the utmost precaution to prevent his being captured by robbers, who abounded in the districts he intended to travel through. On his return to Athens he published a letter eulogising the state of the country, and denying the grievances alluded to; but, unluckily, a secret report of the authorities got into the papers at the same time, and revealed the systematic deceit which had been practised upon him."

In one of Dean Stanley's letters, which, though not originally intended for publication, form the supplement of this volume, and are, it need scarcely be said, a very attractive feature of its contents, there is a curious account of the last exploit and death of the well-known brigand, Davéli.

This man, whose hazardous achievements and daring escapes form the subject of many of the popular songs of the people, is still regarded as a sort of hero by the peasantry, who would scorn to compare such chiefs as the leader of the Arvanitaki with the great Palikar. It is thus the Dean commemorates his ending:—

"It was Christmas, now some five years ago, in the house of a wealthy merchant at Chalcis, in Euboea. He was absent in Athens; but his wife and daughter were at home, and his daughter's betrothed lover, a Greek judge. The family were playing at cards, when the door was

quietly opened by two strangers, who asked to see one of the guests, who was a physician. The judge looked hard at the two men and said, 'You seem to me very like robbers.' 'You think so?' they replied. In the next moment the room was filled with a band of twenty brigands, Davéli at their head. Resistance was impossible. They seized the plate and jewels. They set a pot of oil to boil on the fire, their usual process for extorting the secret places of treasure in the house. They set the judge to play at cards with one of the thieves. 'If you win, you shall be spared; if you lose, you shall die.' Meanwhile a servant had escaped and given the alarm. Just before the oil had boiled, and just before the game of cards was finished, a cry arose that the soldiers were coming. The robbers fled, carrying away with them the daughter of the house, her brother, and her brother-in-law. For two months she remained with them; moving to and fro, over Helicon and Parnassus; sleeping in caves wrapped in sheepskins; living on roast lamb and pure water; treated with the utmost courtesy by Davéli, who, whenever her shoes were worn out, sent to Livadia for new ones. Constant negotiations were carried on for her ransom. In order to assure her friends of her safety, and at the same time keep her in custody, she was exhibited to them on the top of inaccessible cliffs. Finally, Davéli restored her jewels, and advised her to go home another way, lest the more savage part of his band should intercept her return.

"These and like feats had made him the hero or the terror of the neighbouring mountains. At last a united effort was made to seize him. He had often lodged by force in the convent of Jerusalem, under the auspices of Father Joseph. The tide now turned. Through the abbot's shepherds on Parnassus, notice was given of the hiding-place of the band, and he and his monks came out armed in pursuit. From Helicon, too, the great monastery of St Luke, which has given so many 'Lukes' to this neighbourhood, sent its monks in like manner. The whole of Parnassus was surrounded, and the band driven down towards the 'Three Ways'—the Pass (or Derveni) of Konlia. Each of the three roads was guarded by the villagers of the respective approaches. The heights of Daulis were hemmed in by the Daulians. The road from Thebes was shut in by the peasants of Distomo. That from Delphi was closed by the Arachovites, who were led by one of their own people, Megas, the head of the gendarmes or chorophylakes. He, with his men, killed Davéli; and twenty-six out of the band of thirty were destroyed. Megas himself fell; and on the top of the hill—on the very spot where, for fear of robbers, Œdipus committed the fatal deed of his life—a monument commemorates his death and the extirpation of the band."

This question of brigandage has got such possession of our mind that we are unable to turn from it to the numberless other and far pleasanter topics with which this volume abounds. Indeed, a more charming record of an interesting tour cannot be imagined; and everything that a fine scholarship, a cultivated taste, and a genial disposition could contribute, were met in that British Minister, who never more happily illustrated the gifts and graces of his country than by the traits this journey has left of him.

The last three letters of the volume are by Dean Stanley, and highly characteristic of the refinement and the elegance of the writer. The last sentence of all is—

"So ends this interesting week! To me it was quite a resurrection of varied delights. It revives my first feeling, that, with the single exception of Palestine, there is no travelling equal to that of Greece. There is no country which so combines the compactness, the variety, the romance, the beauty of nature, and a beauty and a romance with the life of ancient creeds and ideas, which are explained by it at every turn."

AN "O'DOWD" REVERIE.

WHAT IS TO COME OF IT?

Had I been a midshipman on board Lord Nelson's flag-ship, I could not have been more anti-Gallican than I have been all my life. I started in my early boyhood with a strong dislike to France and Frenchmen, and every stage of my career has strengthened the impression. Their insupportable arrogance, their pretended superiority in culture and civilisation, their vainglorious claim to military glory, paraded and insisted on at every occasion, with their ever-ready ridicule of their neighbours, and their scarcely less insulting compassion for all who were unlike them, made up a national character which only needed to be "accented" by their native vanity and their egotistical politeness to be downright detestable. That both their cookery and their *causerie* was better than all the world's I could not deny, however much it cost me to admit it. Indeed I am not sure that in my racy enjoyment of Paris there did not mingle with the pleasure that sense which the Duchesse d'Abrantes said heightened all delight, "the suspicion that it was wrong"—and which she explained was the only charm that was wanting to "iced water." Whether it was, however, that the fault lay with my temperament or my pocket, I always felt that a few weeks gave me enough of the fascinating capital. There were no such dinners as Philippe's, no such actors in Europe as at the Français; no such dialogue was or could be written, still less could it be given with that refinement of accent, look, and gesture as theirs; and when I supped at the Cadran Bleu after the play, where did conversation ever range as it did there? where did smart criticism alternate with deep views of life, and the most graceful flights of fancy dash the deeper tone of a philosophy not the less profound from its intense relation to daily life, and its thousand illustrations in the actual world? To be sure, the men and the women talked in a tongue made for epigram, where even the moderate intelligences are witty and the brilliant people are sublime.

Where did men ever learn to dress their sentiments, and the women to dress themselves, as in Paris? and where, above all, was the prestige of a social success so high that the most brilliant talkers strained every nerve to achieve it, and regarded the triumphs of conversation as amongst the victories of life? And yet, as I have said, once away from these—once Paris left behind you—you forgot the enchantment in which you had lived, and turned only to think of the egotistical sensuality of the Frenchman, the pernicious spirit of his novels, the avowed depravity of his drama, and the heartfelt delight he avowed in ridiculing what all others respect in morals or venerate in religion.

In the air of refinement he knew how to throw over vice, in that mock civilisation he could impart to every step of wickedness, he contrived to stamp the more homely habits of other nations with the impress of an inveterate vulgarity; and it was very hard not to feel that, in passing out of France into Germany, you were descending from the drawing-room to the servants' hall. It was little good to

be told that the company comprised the most distinguished *litterati* of Europe—that all that the Continent possessed of scholarship, or historical lore, or critical acumen, were there; the philosophers never washed their hands, and their wives wore dirty stockings. All the details of their daily life—and they took good care you should see them—were so many outrages on the decencies and proprieties of existence, till at last the painful conviction stole over you that dirty habits must have some terribly close relation to simplicity of character, and that indigestible cookery, and a general greasiness of living, are the fitting concomitants of culture and deep thought.

It was this contrast—a contrast that Frenchmen took care should be palpably felt by all Europe—that wounded Germany to the quick. It was that daily sarcasm on their social inferiority they could neither endure nor forgive. Jena, and Magdeburg, and even Berlin, in the hands of the Frenchman, might, after long lapse of years, be pardoned. The insults of the First Empire were in a measure forgotten; but the same grievance which weighs so heavily with the Americans in regard to ourselves, stimulated the Germans against the French. There was a social disparagement, a perpetual sneer, at their ways and habits, and a tone of insolent compassion at their supposed deficiencies, actually intolerable. It was in this way that Count Bismark utilised the imaginary insult to the king at Ems, and proclaimed M. Benedetti's impertinence throughout the Vaterland.

It was this sentiment, very cleverly cultivated and ingeniously disseminated, gave the whole spirit to the war, and armed the Germans with an amount of rancour and bitterness not to be expected from their national character. To this was owing the irresistible determination against which French impetuosity broke, and scattered like a wave against a rock; and without this the Red Prince might have written scores of pamphlets "How to fight the French" in vain. It was in wounded national sentiment lay the stronghold of those hosts who crossed the Rhine resolving never to recross it except as conquerors.

As for the French, they no more expected this character of onslaught than they were able to explain it. That these same landwehr—whom they had been taught to believe only a homely peasantry—could storm the heights of Spichern, or withstand the attack of five times their number, as at Gravelotte, was simply incredible. The personal slight—for it had become such—made each soldier a sworn enemy to France; and here was an element of combativeness that discipline could not invent, nor Count Moltke imagine. This was, then, the "cohesion" which we all admired, and this that indomitable doggedness which we fancied had been manufactured by drill.

To make the German peasant believe that the Frenchman despised and derided him was a master-stroke of policy, and possibly few except Bismark would ever have accomplished it. It would have been useless to appeal to him with the higher arguments which the thinkers of Germany brought against France.

What would he have cared to hear that these people, while affecting to lead civilisation and show the whole world the road to true culture, were of all peoples the most inconsequent and illogical—for ever oscillating between infidelity and superstition, just as they balanced eternally between despotism and democracy—submitting servilely to tyranny, but always reserving insur-

rection as a national right—crushing liberty by the extravagance of equality, and sacrificing equality by the excesses of liberty?

Assuming to do all by the people, they did less for them than any nation of Europe; and in their ardour for a universal brotherhood, they assail what even the savages respect—the rights of property and the family.

More energetic in their assertion of rights than any people of Europe, and more intensely opposed to their rulers than all the world—affecting to love the law, and ever ready to dethrone and subvert it—without prestige and without force—now, who is to rule them, and how? I am not sure that M. Bismark himself has not his uneasy moments on this score, and that there are times when he trembles for his indemnity. After all, you may pass your creditor too often through the insolvent court—not that Germany is likely to be peculiarly sensitive on that point, now at least that Germany takes her *mot d'ordre* from Prussia. There is this singular resemblance between Italy and Germany, that on their road to unity each of these nations had to be led at first and subsequently dominated by the least attractive and least amiable part of the population. What Piedmont was to Italy, Prussia is to Germany. The men of blood and iron came from the north. They were brave, hardy, temperate, and enduring. Their poverty had taught them thrift, and their thrift had taught them patience. Only sharing in the culture of the south by community of language, their manners were not softened by the refinements they affected to think national. It may easily be imagined how such men as these swayed the people over whom they had won supremacy, and what terms of peace they would dictate to the conquered. The coarse Piedmontese, rough of speech and rougher of manner, did more to render Italian unity unpopular than all the intrigues of Austria and all the curses of the Vatican. The Piedmontese prefect—the Piedmontese official of the *dogana* or the post-office—was "a badge of conquest" in the south to the full as offensive to native feeling as though he had come as a conqueror. His rugged assertion of courage and integrity scarcely conciliated the Neapolitan, who had no overweening admiration or exaggerated estimate for these qualities; and the lazzarone, who was daily bullied for his sloth, dirt, and general debasement, found it very hard to believe that his condition was bettered and his social status improved by the expulsion of the "*barbari.*"

If the act of unification of Germany has not inflicted the Prussian on South Germany, in the same way as was the Piedmontese on Southern Italy, the spread of Prussianism in thought and sentiment is not less complete. It is said generally, and there is not any difficulty in believing it, that no voice of Saxony, Wurtemberg, or Bavaria, was heard in discussing the terms of peace. Cold, stern, cruel Prussia alone spoke, and spoke through the lips of the man whose unsympathetic nature and unrelenting temperament are emblems of the worst mood of his country.

No man knew better, if any so well as himself, that the severity of the terms imposed at the peace would render all future government of France the more difficult, if not impossible, by the men who conducted the negotiations.

And as M. Guizot, in his days of power and pre-eminence, never ceased to be reproached with his journey to Ghent, so would M. Thiers be sure to have his Versailles experiences hurled against him as though a

shame and ignominy. Is the French democracy so easy of conduct, are the populations of St Antoine and Belleville and Montmarte so ductile and confiding, that the Prussian statesman could afford to weaken the authority and impair the influence of him whose task must be to guide them? Had not personal rancour and vindictiveness a greater share in this line of action than calm policy and statecraft?

With the same deep reasoning hate he had impressed the nation to crush the French, he had impressed the army to march through Paris; and he has turned his lingering steps now back to Berlin, half sulky lest he should have forgotten any possible humiliation he could have inflicted on this people. It is by this spirit, manifested in so many ways, that the future government of France has been made a matter of such difficulty. What an opportunity does this offer to that dearly-loved cry of treason and betrayal so congenial to *les messieurs de la pavé!* The disgrace of the ravished provinces is especially dear to those who cannot tell where Alsace and Lorraine are; and the ruin to be caused by the five milliards indemnity is overwhelmingly terrible to those who have nothing. Alphonse Karr tells, that they who are most ready to die for the liberty of the press are usually unable to read. At all events, these men can cry out against the negotiators who have agreed to these terms of peace; and, now that the Germans are retiring, demand to be led against the Prussians, and die rather than capitulate.

It would be understating the foresight of M. Bismark, as well as to underrate his malignity, not to believe that he foresaw these troubles—that he had fully calculated on the ruffianism of an unrestrained rabble, and the licentious abandonment of a beaten and demoralised army. The man whose belief in Force was a religion, could have little doubt what chances there were for a Government where force was already wanting, and what value the decrees of a Cabinet possess where the troops fraternise with the mob, and the mob calls itself the nation!

This capital calls itself the metropolis of Europe—that is, the centre of civilisation. These assassins of innocent men are the civilisers of the age! It was to have the pleasure to say these and such like that M. Bismark delayed at Versailles, and so depreciated the public credit of all Frenchmen that the people, drunk with sorrow, are now maddened by shame! Not that I myself think that all this humiliation—all the cost and all the suffering—are not well paid to have got rid of the Empire. It was a terrible price for so small a humbug, it is true; but, as Sydney Smith tells, a "rat may flood a province;" and it is not only in Holland that so ignoble an animal may cause an inundation. That the whole *mise en scène* has disappeared at once, and that all the phantasmagoria have moved away like the spectres of a magic-lantern, is a splendid comment on the solemnity of a national vote and the power of a plebiscite. Universal suffrage! Universal humbug, it might as well be called, if understood as the interpretation of the national will. These French Republicans certainly do not do things by halves. They have named Menotti Garibaldi to the command of the National Guards. Why don't they look up M. Mirés, if he be still alive, and make him Minister of Finance? In the art with which they can throw an air of the ridiculous over crime and horror, they stand without rivals anywhere; and if the laughter they

cause is tinctured with the sardonic, the subject is a grim one. It is not easy to believe that any other people would make pasquinades on their misery, and caricatures out of their degradation! And yet, turn it over how we will, it is through very levity, Frenchmen have made themselves so amusing and so companionable, that our selfish thought now is—from one end of Europe to the other—How are we to get on without Paris?

Some of us there must be without seats in Parliament, and where are we to go to pass April and May? To what quarter are we to turn for spring, richer in enjoyment than all Thomson's 'Seasons' have imagined? where are the blossoming trees of the Tuileries Gardens, or the flowery alleys of acacia as in the Bois? In what land of Europe can you begin the day, as here, with your *al fresco* breakfast, surrounded by all that is bright, brilliant, and beautiful? Where did any people but these set out life in gala, and give everything its air of holiday? Where are we idlers to betake ourselves, with the certainty not to be confronted by our own *ennui?* or where are the hard-worked men of life to go to feel that there are pleasures and enjoyments to be had in abundance without toiling for millions to buy them, or growing old and careworn to reach them? It was the one city in Europe in which the joyous character of a population acted like a magnetic power on every temperament, and made an atmosphere of gaiety which all could breathe of.

Where out of Paris did any of us ever feel the force of that "distraction" that enabled us to turn from the care that was oppressing or the labour that was crushing us, and feel that here at least we have a right to be happy?

Where as here did all nationalities give each other rendezvous, with the certainty, not alone that it was the pleasantest meeting-place of the universe, but that each was sure to bring to it his lightest heart, his most enjoyable temperament, and his brightest wit? And now all this is lost to us! It is not on France alone M. Bismark has turned the dark shade of the lantern: he has darkened the face of all Europe, and "smudged" the world. These are not matters of high politics, nor do they soar into the region of statecraft, but they touch some thousands who would rather lounge under a blossoming orange-tree than "sit below the gangway," and think the ripple of the Seine at St Germain pleasanter music than the shout of a mob at Charing Cross, even though Mr Beales led the chorus.

Since I wrote these lines, the conflict has come, and the brave Parisians who would not meet the Prussians have sallied valiantly forth to fight their countrymen! What share the intrigues of the Imperial party have in these movements it would be hard—perhaps, at the present moment, impossible—to say. Communism knows clearly enough what it would fight for, but it is by no means so evident that Communism has not been "jockeyed," and that the Emperor himself may not once more appear on the scene, in his old character of saviour of society and reconstructor of order and stability. Anything like an uncertain victory over the *canaille*—anything that betrays incompleteness or indecision—will open the road to the Bonapartists. There ran the idea abroad that the late Emperor alone could govern this people—that he alone knew the trick of the game; and certainly, so long as Morny and Walewski lived, there was much to encourage this belief. That give-and-take which alternated between concessions and pressure, which promoted field-mar-

shals in the morning and prosecuted the press in the afternoon, and which kept the public on the *qui vive* as to whether they are to be entertained by fireworks or a *fusillade* — contemptible as it all seemed as a policy, stands out now as something like statecraft.

There is, however, one cause of hopelessness as regards France, and for the life of me I do not see how it is to be encountered. Here are the people who not only asserted that they were the politest and most civilised, but the bravest and the boldest of Europe, now exhibiting themselves not only as utterly degraded and debased, but actually as destitute of courage as of morals. How in the name of all that is difficult are these people to emerge from disorder and establish order? to build up credit out of discredit? to create society from disunion, and restore anything with the name of a Government in a country where the object of every one seems to be to dishonour the reputation of public men, and make it appear that honesty and integrity have deserted the world?

Not that we ourselves have any great reason for self-gratulation as we moralise over our neighbours. We have much of the same sort of rottenness at home. If we have not Flourens and Assi, we have their counterparts; and our trades-unionists and international humbugs would be sturdier "roughs" to deal with than Belleville or Montmartre have turned out.

The Commune, it is evident, would rather place the issue between themselves and Versailles, and fight it out where they stand. Not so the Empire. The Bonapartists would rather "force M. Thiers's hand," drive him to ask aid from Bismark, and in this way discredit all that remains to France of statesmanship and of the governing element. By this move they prepare the way to a restoration. "Anything rather than this," would soon be the cry of Paris; and the English press, with their cant of "our faithful ally," is prepared to help them. There are some who never think of France as other than a *maison de jeu*, and say if there must be one in Europe, let us be thankful that it is our neighbours that keep it. These people may like to see the old croupier back in his chair, and hear him once more in his familiar exhortation—"Faites votre jeu, messieurs; rien ne va plus."

FAIR TO SEE.—PART V.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Bertrand Cameron reached his room in the hotel at Ardmartin, after his return from the political meeting described in the last chapter, he found to his joy that the black garments which were to enable him to look "as if he didn't care" at the ball, had arrived from Cairnarvoch.

And oh! on the dressing-table there was *the* bouquet—there was the blush rose with its promised supporters; and—what was this? Could he believe his eyes? a pencilled memorandum! with these ravishing words—"The rose was a little shaky, so I have wired it; and the bouquet is fastened with *my own hair*—are you pleased?—E. M."

Too much happiness! to wear a rose, her gift, was sufficiently intoxicating; but there was a maddening, delirious joy in wearing a rose that she had actually wired! Happy, hallowed, sacred flower!

But great though the honour (and the bliss) of wearing a bouquet fastened by her hair, her hair could not be allowed to perform any such menial function. No, no; its place was obviously next his heart: and so he began to unwind the single silky thread that bound the flowers together, softly singing the while, from "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel," the appropriate verse—

> "Oh, Helen [Eila], fair beyond compare!
> I'll mak' a garland of thy hair,
> Will bind my heart for evermair
> Until the day I dee."

Then, having unwound it, he tried to fondle the thread, dropping it often in that rather difficult process, and being compelled to search for it with a candle over a floor which had by no means been swept diligently; so that by the time it was finally captured and placed in an envelope for enshrining purposes, and by the time he had sufficiently venerated the bouquet, and mumbled the memorandum (which was eventually consigned to his purse in a somewhat soppy condition), a good half-hour had elapsed, and he was obliged to make a desperate scramble of his toilette, and descended very doubtful if his *tenue* quite came up to the devil-may-care standard it was expected to attain.

He found the party all assembled in the room where they had dined. *She*, as predicted, was in mauve, and without a scrap of tartan, almost without ornament, indeed; some white clustering flower in her hair, and bouquets of the same on the skirt of her dress, being excepted. Nothing could be purer, more ungarish, more faultless in the style of severe simplicity.

Morna was looking very pretty; she was in white, but she had not escaped her mother's tartanising touch—being to a certain extent "trimmed" with that material. Still, she could bear it well, and, with her type of looks and complexion, might have sat for the portrait of an ideal "Bonnie Lassie of Scotland."

But what pen could describe, or what pencil limn, or what brush do justice to, the terrible grandeur of Mrs M'Killop? She was one of those spectacles—like Vesuvius in full eruption, or the Jung Frau in a thunderstorm—before which the bravest hold their breath for a time.

The folds of her dress were bil-

lowy and oceanic; white ostrich plumes surged round her head; gems of Ocean and of Ind flashed all over her body. Then, as for tartan, she had fully recognised the claims of half-a-dozen clans to be represented in her attire. Her person was told off into cantons, as it were, each sacred to a clan, and garnished with its colours. Thus, for example, her heart—the metropolitan canton, so to speak — was covered with a streaming cockade of the M'Whannel tartan, the colours of which not inaptly symbolised the thunder-and-lightning qualities attributed by their descendant to that extinct volcano; the right shoulder was occupied in force by the M'Cuaigs; the M'Kechnies skirmished promiscuously over her skirts, —and so on. Nothing but the roar and crash of artillery could have adequately heralded the entry of such a being into any assembly.

The ball was to be held in a room attached to the hotel. The hour had arrived, the scraping of violins was audible, the party were impatient to be gone, but Mrs M'Killop would not hear of it as yet. "If we sneaked in early," she explained, "it would look as if we were ashamed of ourselves: we must wait till the Ditchess has gone in, and then no one can make any remark."

Nothing could be more intrepid. The Duchess was graciously pleased to be rather early; and before long, a scout detached for intelligencing purposes having brought back word that "her Gress and a' the muckle folk frae the Castle" were at that moment entering the ball-room, Mrs M'Killop figuratively drew her sword, called her troops to "attention," and marched them off to the scene of action. In the order of march, she led, supported by Pigott; Eila followed with Bertrand; while M'Killop, much out of his element, brought up the rear with Morna.

The Duchess had seated herself at the right side of the room, and at the end farthest from the door; around her were "a' the muckle folk frae the Castle;" below them again, each party took up its position on entering, no one having had the courage to occupy the post *vis-à-vis* to the Duchess, which, as well as the upper half of the seats on the same side, was empty.

Rearing her head and tossing it so that the ostrich plumes acted as a sort of "punkah" to the bystanders, Mrs M'Killop led her party straight up the centre of the hall, stately and slow, and occupied the vacant place of distinction right opposite the Castle party. Much sensation was produced; every eye in the room was fixed on the little detachment and its audacious leader. There was a sudden audible buzz, composed of low laughter, stifled giggling, murmured exclamations of surprise, disapprobation, admiration, eager query, and rapid response. Mrs M'Killop said to herself, "Ha! ha!" like the war-horse; and, promptly unlimbering, opened fire at the opposing line through her great gold eye-glasses with a vigour and concentration on individual points that overbore resistance. One of the most impertinent youngsters in the Foreign Office, who thought to cope with her, and stared at her "in the whites of the eyes" for half a minute, discoursing the while with a playful smile on his face, and his head perked critically awry, to a young lady who was "laughing quite furiously, you know, at the dreadful creature," fairly quailed and cowered before her scathing glance, suddenly smoothing his features into respectful solemnity, and muttering, "Don't laugh, please, don't laugh; don't even look, or she'll come over and stwike us."

And so *he* was done for; and in rapid succession Mrs M'Killop

mowed down scores of other faces—male and female—sparing neither age nor sex, except only the "Ditchess," partly because she *was* a duchess, and partly as being the friend of Bob West. Many of the men, however, paid little attention to the great woman, for the two lovely girls by her side were without anything approaching to a rival in the room; and many a yearning glance was cast across to those sweet heather-bells blooming so exquisitely, albeit in the shadow of that volcanic mountain of a mamma. Not a few wished they had the courage to seek for an introduction; but how cross the neutral ground raked by the fire of their own division, not to speak of the lava pouring from Mrs M'Killop's optics?—and not a few registered a vow that when the evening had sufficiently advanced, the supping set in, and the dancing become vigorous, this object should be achieved. But the Cairnarvoch party had not been in this rather embarrassing position for many minutes when Mr Tainsh rapidly entered the room. Apparently he had escaped uninjured from the "pah," and was again in uniform, wearing on his right breast a tricolor badge of universal management and stewardship, and pinned ostentatiously over his (abominable) heart, *the* bouquet—*her* bouquet. Up the hall came the factor, easy, confident, and smirking, received with words and looks of goodwill by all and sundry as he passed.

He reached the Duchess; he approached her as if she had been a mere woman; spoke, even laughed, confidentially with her; then bowing, turned, went into the middle of the room, and clapped his hands. Whereupon, just as if Mr Tainsh had been a caliph or a grand vizier in the Arabian Nights, strains of exquisite music burst forth, and the ball began. Bertrand turned swiftly to Eila with a look of entreaty in his eyes; but her eyes saw him not, or "seeing would not see," for they were pervading the room, flashing from one group to another with lightning rapidity. Whom was she looking for? It is needless, however, to follow her eyes, or the investigation, for almost instantly an opaque body was in front of her, ambling and bowing, and neither to be looked over nor looked through—Mr Tainsh.

"Our dance, I think, Miss Eila," exclaimed the factor, hooking out an arm that would not be gainsaid. Eila chased a cloud no bigger than a man's finger-nail from her face, and cordially assented; but had Mr Tainsh a *vis-à-vis?* Yes, Mr Tainsh had arranged all that; no less a person than the Earl of Hummums was to face them, along with Miss M'Corkindale of Collieshangie, the well-known heiress. And where were they to dance? right up at the top of the room, among all the grandees! Tainsh was really a jewel! And they did dance there; and Tainsh, riding on the top of his success—for he had managed everything for everybody—made everything pleasant for everybody, and was therefore (for the day) popular with everybody—was no laggard in his wooing, but went in to win, and made the running at such a terrific pace that Eila felt thankful when the quadrille was over, Mr Tainsh having traversed, in ten minutes, ground only to be got over in as many weeks by ordinary mortals, and having left almost nothing to be said but the burning words of a proposal in due form—which was not Eila's way of doing business, by any manner of means. The next dance struck up; it was a valse; it was a Strauss; and there was the Strauss-adoring Vampire right opposite, lounging beside the Duchess, apparently as blind to the existence

of Eila as he was deaf to the strains of the master he adored. It was puzzling; would he waken up and come? No; he was sitting down —the wretch!

Eila would *show* him. Bertrand found Eila in this frame of mind, offered himself with eyes full of meek love, was accepted, and away they went.

Gliding, drifting, dreaming, floating away upon waves of that narcotic melody—so full of love-pathos, so full of the harmonious whispers that befooled poor Faust—the very singing voice of sin and folly, if you will—but oh, so delightful! oh, so deplorably delightful to poor fools and sinners — the many that we are!

Bertrand, with his German education, his athletic form, and his faultless ear, was an ideal partner; Eila was, it is needless to say, also an ideal partner; and therefore ye who have loved and valsed to perfection, and have combined the two movements, can imagine the state of drivelling beatitude in which the conclusion of the dance—the first valse with the beloved one—left our poor friend. Tainsh, even without the assistance of all his men, might probably have raised "Humpty-Dumpty," but *he* couldn't take his partner up into the seventh heaven; no, the factor, facting never so wisely, could not do *that.*

Bertrand looked into Eila's eyes where the light of dreamland still lingered, and felt that at that moment it was twenty to one against Mr Tainsh or any other factor, or any other man. Alas! it was but for a moment. The dance was over, and there was Bob West expecting his innings; so that, perforce, Eila dropped instantly from the seventh heaven—and, in truth, seemed to console herself very speedily with the noble earth-worm who was waiting to receive her, "rather fearing there *might* be a difficulty about another dance for Bertrand, but she would see later on."

Meantime Duncanson, looking in his Highland dress really a fine personable ghillie, had danced twice with Morna, and was rather clamorous in a dispute with the Buccaneer (who had arrived late, having, *very* apparently, dined) about the third dance, which each claimed; and one being a snob and the other a gentleman (who had dined), the discussion was rather loud and unpleasant to the fair apple of discord; and she said with considerable spirit and acumen, "I think there is only one way of arranging it; I won't dance with either of you."

Bertrand, hearing this verdict, straightway offered himself, was accepted, went away with her, followed by four flaming eyes, and was as lugubrious a partner as could have been found within the four seas. And so the ball went on. Eila "Hoolican'd" with Mr Tainsh, and "Bonny-Dundee'd" with Mr Tainsh, valsed with Bob West, quadrilled with the Buccaneer, valsed with Bob West again, and then with two very pleasing friends of his; and whenever Bertrand ventured to offer himself, with love-sick eyes, he always found that there was a difficulty which at some remote future period *might* be got over. So *he* determined to *show* Eila; and went away, resolving to devote himself to Morna, over whom an intermittent fight seemed to smoulder on the part of the Buccaneer and Mr Duncanson during the entire evening; but found that there are two to a bargain, Morna saying coldly that, having already given him one dance, and having already made more engagements than she usually cared to make, she must decline his further partnership; and when he had begged and prayed in vain, he

went away in a foaming rage with the whole Cairnarvoch party.

In this condition of mind he was hailed by a splendid county magnate who had identified him as the heir of Aberlorna, and who fussed over him, and was quite a father to him, and must introduce him to his family (a hungry-looking wife and five *very* hungry-looking daughters), and to all the rest of the county—and did so; and to the Duchess, by whom, as by them all, he was most graciously received. And so he began to dance literally a series of war-dances (at Eila), taking first one daughter of the Duchess, and then another, up to the seventh heaven, similarly accommodating the heiress of Collieshangie, and many other young ladies, and never casting so much as a glance at the cruel fair who saw all his doings (though she never looked at *him*), and yet persevered in a mad career of Bob West, his pleasing friends, Mr Tainsh, and, at last, the Vampire, whose recollections of Strauss and Eila were miraculously revived after supper, and whose plaintive eye rested on her permanently thereafter with a look of champagny pathos.

Meantime Mrs M'Killop, not a foe being left unvanquished, had decided to shift her headquarters to the card-room (Tainsh had arranged for a card-room), and Pigott (not a dancing man, and all his female friends being occupied in the dance) had taken her there at her suggestion. There they had found, prowling forlorn, two elderly gentlemen wearing the air of Clubs rather than of Courts, and a rubber was immediately instituted, followed by another and another and another, with pauses for refreshment, Mrs M'Killop visiting the supper-room twice with Pigott, and once with each of the clubby men, not to mention several raids in the same direction under Mr Tainsh, who was everywhere, and all things to everybody.

So Mrs M'Killop ate and drank and rose up to play, and *vice versâ*, and was merry, and made money, and had a row with one of the clubby old men about a revoke which she alleged he had made, but which he indignantly repudiated, asking, with outspread palms and high shoulders, "if it was likely (as a mere matter of common-sense) that a man who played daily and nightly at 'The Arlington' should revoke?" to which Mrs M'Killop replied, that "it was indifferent to her whether he played at Arlington, at Darlington, at Cairo, Copenhagen, or Kirkintilloch, but he *had* revoked;" whereupon the clubby man caved in, and altogether Mrs M'Killop thoroughly enjoyed herself. So much so, indeed, that the small hours passed on, and the bigwigs went away, taking Lord Bob, the Vampire, and all Eila's admirers with them; and still Mrs M'Killop sat on, forgetful of her charge. In this way Eila was left desolate under care of her papa, who (after having been mistaken seven times for a waiter, and addressed once, in that capacity, as a "gay old crocodile" by a comic youngster) had lurked about in all sorts of mysterious corners during the evening, and only emerged with the departure of the grandees; but the band still played ravishingly, and there was Bertrand careering with Miss M'Corkindale (who was to sleep in the hotel), and there was the Buccaneer (who, being a buccaneer, had no notion where he was to sleep, and didn't care) careering with Morna, and Mr Tainsh was away seeing the swells off the premises, and she, the Queen of the Evening, had no one left to do her reverence. It was dreadful; she looked pale, dejected. Bertrand saw it. For a second time that day, remorse, pity, wild love, seized upon

his heart, so that he recklessly abandoned the heiress of Collieshangie to her mamma, and flew to his angel.

"At last, Mr Cameron!" said the angel, "when there is positively no one left to dance with but that hideous person you have just left; at last!"

"But, Miss M'Killop, I asked you six times, and you were always better engaged."

"*Better* engaged! oh, Mr Cameron! when you knew, too, that I was only trying to clear off my engagements with all these tiresome men, that we might have some nice long dances together, one after another! after *all* your promises! I shall *never* believe in you again."

"But I didn't know."

"*Oh*, Mr Cameron!"

"But how *could* I know?"

"Oh, Mr Cameron!"

"But tell me."

"Some people can understand without words what they are to do, and to expect; others require to have everything spelt out to them. Now I am going to say no more about it. I do hope we are going immediately."

"Oh, but forgive me—forgive me, or I shall be—so—wretched."

"How tragical you are! Very well, I forgive you."

She held out her hand playfully; he took it; he squeezed it—he positively did; and it was not withdrawn.

"I am dreadfully tired; please take me to the supper-room—I have never been there yet—and give me some champagne," said the angel, after her hand had been at length relinquished.

Bertrand took her away. A mist cleared from his mind; he had been under a misapprehension; to his gross, crass intellect some gracious implication of a promise had been impalpable; he was a dolt, a brute,—almost an assassin. But he atoned for it now, as they sat in the supper-room together; and he breathed forth his passionate penitence, and made all sorts of wild spasmodic approaches to the subject which was maddening his brain, though he never quite got up to the breach, and gave her up his bouquet, which she remarked to be faded, and took from him and affected to throw away, but didn't—he saw *that*—giving him instead (at his suggestion) one of the white bouquets from her dress, which he kissed *before her very eyes* and plunged inside his waistcoat, intimating that on his death it would be found there, and might be reclaimed by the owner; and, in fact, "went it" at a perfectly killing pace, and still read in her eyes "En avant!" and "Excelsior!"

But his hour was not as yet; for, just as things were boiling up very satisfactorily to a climax, in came Mrs M'Killop with much simulated wrath, and cleared them off. The brake was at the door, she said, and they had been looking for Eila "all over the village, for hours—*hours*." So there was nothing for it but to go; and, after a tender muffling scene, they went; and the brake, after some little waiting for Mr Duncanson (whose difficulty with the Buccaneer had culminated in the cloak-room, and resulted in the latter gentleman fastening on Mr D.'s nose with a desperate tenacity, from which he was with the greatest difficulty detached by Mr Tainsh), drove away, as the sun was rising above the hills, showing the party to be a little pale and worn, but touching Bertrand's prophetic and poetic soul with a sense of analogy and fitness and peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

The campaign which Mr Tainsh had opened with so much vigour at the ball was prosecuted during the next succeeding days at Cairnarvoch in the same spirit; yet at the close of each day Mr Tainsh was surprised and mortified to find that, in point of fact, he had made no progress; he was still only on the brink,—the very position he had reached at the ball in the first quadrille with Eila. Morning after morning he registered a vow that that day's sun should not set upon his suspense; but night found him still baffled, still in *statu quo*. Yet he said to himself that it was not his fault—and indeed he said truly; for he was troubled with none of the sensitive, shrinking, self-depreciating tremors which afflict lovers of a more refined fibre; he had pretty nearly convinced himself that he was acceptable, and would be accepted, and that all he had to do was to bring the matter forward in a formal shape. There was a slight difficulty about that, of course, but it was a mechanical difficulty. At the worst, it was a question of æsthetics as to time, place, and circumstances, as to the phrases to be adopted, the gesture employed, and so forth. As a man not versed in such matters—as a man who had not considered love before, except as a matter affecting a client, and likely to result in the drawing of a marriage-contract for "the parties"—it was not wonderful, perhaps, that Mr Tainsh should be thus sanguine; for of a surety Eila was everything that was delightful and propitious, blessed him with her brightest glances, distinguished him in many ways with her favour, only now and then giving a whet to his appetite, which might have been blunted with too much saccharine matter, in the shape of a word or a look to Bertrand, which brought the factor up to an exaggerated state of keenness in a moment—for, of course, he was jealous of Bertrand; with all his assurance, he was even desperately jealous of him at times.

Mr Tainsh accounted for the stagnant state of his suit by bad luck. He said it was bad luck that checked his progress; and also "that spoony fellow Cameron" had something to do with it, for he was always either in the way, or arriving just at the critical moment; but the real cause did not suggest itself to him: it never occurred to him that he was kept at bay by Eila herself and her wonderful dexterity. Poor Bertrand seemed to have lost all the ground gained at the ball; he hung about Eila, and was rebuffed for doing so; he shunned her presence, and was rebuked for that; he could do nothing right, except, perhaps, once in the twenty-four hours, when she would give him a look, or a word, or a flower, that kept him true to his infatuation.

His feelings towards Mr Tainsh baffle description. To say that he was jealous, is to use a ridiculously inadequate expression. The very thought of the man was becoming madness to him, not merely because Tainsh appeared to be favoured by Eila, but also from a more disinterested feeling that his beautiful ideal was desecrated and outraged by any sort of association with such a terrible embodiment of the common, the prosaic, and the vulgar as his rival appeared to be. Tainsh was a desperately lucky fellow, Bertrand thought, and quite ubiquitous; that is to say, he was desperately sharp and energetic, so that he found time for everything—to transact business in the neighbourhood, to shoot, to fish, to commune with Mr M'Killop,

and yet to be always in the way when Eila was visible. All courage and heart began to fail Bertrand, and he was becoming a mere drifting, drivelling idiot, incapable of spontaneous action. Meantime Eila had a splendid time of it between her two victims. She had got them into such a state of management that there was no whimsical absurdity she chose to impose upon either that each was not eager to perform—eager to outstrip the other in performing. She was perpetually seized with a craving for some rare plant or flower, which could only be found among difficult morasses or on the summits of lofty hills; she "suspected that the large mussel found in the river Arvoch was really the pearl-mussel, if one had only time and patience to examine a great number of the shells;" she would give anything in the world for an owl's wing for her hat; and if an eagle's *could* be procured, then, indeed, the cup of her happiness would run over.

These and many similar fancies kept the two men perpetually racing up hills, or hanging over precipices, or wading and groping in river-pools, or stalking imaginary birds and beasts, that offerings might be found for the shrine of their exacting goddess. Pigott was immensely delighted, one evening at nightfall, to come upon Mr Tainsh, crouching, with his gun at full cock, in a clump of trees, and hooting dismally, under the impression that some sympathetic bird of night might be so accommodating as to believe in the simulation, and come to be sacrificed.

"She is admirably cynical, and quite a practical satirist, and it serves the idiots right," chuckled the Captain as he went away in deep approval.

During these days Mr Duncanson was doing his possible to make himself agreeable to Morna; he seemed to have an open field—no rival interposed his attentions between Morna and those of the young laird at all events; and yet he did not appear to make progress any more than Mr Tainsh did. Morna was strangely invisible; she entirely abandoned the pursuit of the gentle art; she never went out on the terrace in the evenings, unless the rest of the party went. A *tête-à-tête* with her seemed to Duncanson to be a thing unattainable. He was angry, he was downcast; his natural disposition was intensely jealous; and without any real point whereon his jealousy could settle satisfactorily, he *was* fiercely jealous now. He spoke to Mrs M'Killop; he all but committed himself irretrievably to that lady, and darkly intimated that he thought he was being humbugged, and found the process unpalatable. Mrs M'Killop did her best to soothe, and at the same time stimulate, and watched all the moves on the double chess-board with intense anxiety.

Matters stood pretty much in this not very satisfactory condition when the day fixed for the picnic to Aberlorna arrived. "Everybody," as Pigott put it, "seemed to be in love with everybody, and nobody seemed to like it."

One would have said that he and Mr M'Killop were the only members of the party enjoying a reasonable amount of tranquillity; and therefore, when Mr M'Killop announced his intention of abstaining from the picnic, Pigott was strongly inclined to stay at home also. The rest of the party, however, were so vehement in their expostulations against the decision (an earnestness which Pigott set down as "part of the game"), that he allowed himself to be persuaded, and went, fortifying himself, as he assured Bertrand, "with a double ration of cigars, and

committing his body to the deep in the one hope that everybody else would be violently sea-sick."

The weather did not fall in with this charitable aspiration; and when they reached the sea, after a drive of five miles in the brake, nothing could be more inviting than its aspect. A gentle but steady breeze was little more than rippling its surface, and there was the pretty schooner-yacht "lying off and on" about a quarter of a mile from the shore, looking so cheery and inviting, with her snowy sails shining in the sun, her blue pennon fluttering gaily, and her graceful outline giving such suggestions of smooth speed, that even Mrs M'Killop, whose fears had shaped themselves in the direction of Pigott's hopes, looked upon the vessel with a kindly eye.

A bustle upon deck showed that their arrival had been observed, so that the fierce nautical yells and dismal shrieks through a boatswain's whistle, with which Mr Duncanson saluted the craft, and which lasted till the dingey was close to the shore, were rather dramatically pleasing than strictly necessary. The dingey was not nearly large enough to convey the whole party in one trip; so Mr Duncanson, in his quality of host, put off with the first batch, consisting of Mrs M'Killop, Morna, and part of the commissariat under Mr Jenkinson. Arrived at the yacht, he bounded on to the deck with the agility of a corsair, hauled the elder lady painfully up the side, and then, without relinquishing the hand by which he had brought Morna on board, he led her to the tafferel, and pointed out the name of the vessel freshly emblazoned in gold—"The Morna."

"What do you think of that, Miss Grant?" he inquired.

"Is that the yacht's name?"

"Of course it is."

"It used to be 'The Dream,' I thought."

"So it was, but I had it altered; my 'Dream,'" he added, with tender significance, "has developed into 'Morna:' do you know who it is named after?"

"Somebody called 'Morna,' I suppose."

"I only know one Morna."

"Me, you mean? but your father may know a great many more; I can't flatter myself that he would call his boat after me—he scarcely knows me."

"He has heard a great deal about you, however; but *I* christened the boat, and it was after you."

"Does your father not object?"

"No, Miss Grant, my father does *not* object; he admires the name as much as I admire the—the—it. Can you guess when I rechristened the yacht?"

"No, I can't; but it was very complimentary of you to call it after me."

"I christened it after you said *that* to me."

"*That*, Mr Duncanson! What?"

"What you said you meant."

"Dear me, how stupid I am! What did I say?"

"About my coming back this week, you know; it made me very happy, and I——"

"Here comes the dingey," said Morna.

The dingey thereupon arriving, Duncanson had to go and play welcoming corsair again; and at last every one was on board, and after an immense amount of rope-hauling, and sail-shifting, and yelling, and whistling, and screaming, and after Mrs M'Killop had been twice nearly knocked overboard by a refractory boom, everything was taut, and the yacht under way, gliding along with wonderful speed, considering the lightness of the breeze. Tainsh was as tenacious as a bull-dog; he

never left Eila's side, and soon arranged for her a seat on the leeward side, and took up his position by her. But Bertrand was not going to let him have it all his own way, and immediately placed himself on the other side of the bewitcher. Her manner between the two was a wonder to contemplate.

At one moment it seemed a case of "how happy could I be with either;" the next, a chance word of hers was making Bertrand tingle with delight, and casting shadows over the lawyer's hard, eager face; and then the next, *vice versâ*.

Both men being fiercely in love and fiercely jealous for the first time in their lives, their cards were lying, face up, on the table before the lady, so that it was easy enough, and no doubt sufficiently delightful, for her to play her own game with the two innocents.

An acute observer might have noticed that, while Tainsh was never snubbed, Bertrand was sometimes not answered at all, or answered almost petulantly; but, on the other hand, he might have observed that, at rare intervals, the latter gentleman was favoured with a look or a tone of a description superior to anything that went in Mr Tainsh's direction.

As an affair of averages, Tainsh certainly had it; but his maximum was far below Bertrand's.

Very effectually, by this disposition of seats, did these two gentlemen cancel each other's efforts, and that was to each the only consolation—cold enough and scant enough comfort truly, unless they were further consoled by contemplating the airy happiness of the divinity at whose feet they were grovelling.

Mr Duncanson being seated with Morna on the other side, Mrs M'Killop was good enough, in the first instance, to bestow her society on Pigott. This appeared to her generalship the most that could be made of the situation. But whether Morna was silent and unresponsive, or whether Mr Duncanson did not find himself so fluent as he had expected, or whether he had something on his mind that required farther cogitation, or from whatever cause, the conversation did not go satisfactorily; and at last Duncanson said he would take a turn at the tiller, by Miss Grant's permission. His departure leaving Morna by herself, Pigott transferred his society to her; and this opening a field for new, if minor, combinations to Mrs M'Killop, she straightway joined herself to Eila's group. And here Bertrand lost a point to his adversary by his superior breeding, for he rose and offered his place to Mrs M'Killop, while Tainsh remained as he was. It need scarcely be said that Bertrand's offer was accepted, and as there was no room for a fourth person, Mrs M'Killop really effected his elimination from the group. Thus evicted, Bertrand strolled over to Morna, inwardly consigning Tainsh and his hostess to all sorts of unmentionable retribution.

It had dimly occurred to Bertrand, with all his preoccupation, that Morna's manner was not the same to him as it used to be; and as he sat down at her feet just now he was peculiarly struck with the change. There was a sort of grave reserve—not exactly the reserve of a person who had been offended, but something rather like it—in her manner to him, which, honestly, he did not understand. After all, he said to himself, perhaps she too was only, like him, preoccupied; but about whom? Duncanson, of course. Duncanson? that was so odd, though. Ten days ago she used to abuse him up hill and down dale, and now—well, women were a strange incomprehensible prob-

lem, and no mistake. She was a deal too good for Duncanson, though; no mistake about that, either.

"I hope you are enjoying the voyage, Miss Grant," he said, as he seated himself.

"Very much indeed; but I am sorry mamma has been so cruel as to turn you out of your seat."

"Oh, I could not be better placed. You are looking grave: Captain Pigott has been boring you; he *is* a bore. Go away, Pigott, and let me try to cheer Miss Grant up a little."

"I can't say you look too cheerful yourself, Bertrand. Does he, Miss Grant?"

Miss Grant here drew their attention, with a good deal of animation, to a porpoise which was making merry in the offing.

"If you were to sing now, Miss Grant," continued Bertrand, when the porpoise was disposed of, "it would be quite perfect. I never hear you sing now; why is it?"

"I really don't know, Mr Cameron; perhaps you don't ask me to sing; perhaps I don't offer; perhaps we are all too much occupied with other matters—shooting, and so on."

"Will you sing to-day, after luncheon?"

"I never sing in the open air."

"Oh, Miss Grant! not even 'The Water-Spirit?'"

Morna replied, deeply blushing, "Never before an audience, and not again even to one auditor: it is bad for the voice, you know," she added, after a pause.

All this time the plungings and buckings of the little ship told that the steersman's attention was not given to the matter in his hand; and, indeed, Duncanson's burning eyes were fastened on the group of which Morna was the centre. He could not distinguish what was being said there, but he could see by Morna's face that something more interesting than chalk or cheese was the topic of conversation. "It must be stopped," he said to himself; and blowing a shrill blast on his horrible whistle for relief, he was relieved from his post, and descended to stop it accordingly. Whereupon Pigott, whose detestation of Mr Duncanson now almost amounted to a mania, drew off and went forward to the forecastle; and Bertrand, thinking, perhaps, that it was hard to spoil sport, followed him. Whereupon Mrs M'Killop, seeing her dispositions for the moment perfect, rose and followed them. Whereupon Bertrand, magnetised by love and jealousy, at once moved back to her vacant place. Whereupon—but it would be endless to follow the various permutations, the various manœuvres, checks, and counter-checks, of which this deck was the scene without interruption, till the anchor dropped in Aberlorna Bay. "If there was only another fellow here to bet with on the moves, it would be jolly enough," was Pigott's verdict.

They had been coasting along for miles close to the shore, on the very margin of which gaunt and treeless mountains rested their rugged feet, with nothing for miles to break the monotony of the landscape; and so, when they rounded a point and turned into the sequestered little bay of Aberlorna, the beauty of the scene which burst upon them was enhanced by contrast and surprise. No contrast could be greater. Channelled in a profound gorge that cleft the mountains with its piny depth, and revealed far away back a vista of cultivated uplands and waving trees, the Lorna came and delivered its sparkling waters to the bay; the embouchure overlooked on one side, as Eila had described it, by the

weird old ruin, and on the other by the airy elegance of the modern house; the one perched on a grim cliff descending sheerly precipitous to the bay, the other nestling on the highest of a succession of terraces that sloped down with gently-decreasing acclivities, and made their way to the sea amid a triumph of flowers and foliage. On one side, Nature, all unkempt and stern, holding in her brawny arms the rugged relic of the days of eld; on the other, Art smiling up from her achievements, and, as if half in awe, half in derision, opposing the Beautiful to the Sublime, and the Present to the Past. There was everything about it to touch and awaken Bertrand's poetical instincts. He was gazing for the first time upon the home of his forefathers—those heroic ancestors, those mighty men of valour, whose deeds were engraved on his memory, who lived in his day-dreams as "blameless knights," whose spotless escutcheon was to be a lamp to his path and a light to his feet as he travelled up the chivalrous ascent to glory.

There was a picturesqueness in his own situation too, thus standing for the first time before the shrine of his hero-worship, that under other circumstances would have entirely captivated his romantic imagination; and, even as it was, the first sight of that venerable tower made his heart swell and his brain begin to teem with troops of thick-coming fancies; but Eila was by his side, and, at the sound of her voice, his ancestors went quietly back to sleep in their vault in the kirk of Aberlorna.

"Did I describe it well? is it not beautiful?" said the enchantress.

"It is indeed beautiful; but as I should always associate it with your description—with the sound of your voice," he added, dropping his own, "it would appear perfect to me with half its charms."

"Look, Miss Eila," said Tainsh; "look at that lowest terrace; that's my doing—I made it without consulting Sir Roland."

"It must have looked unfinished without it, I think."

"Just that; it did. I think I have got the place in fair order now; but I suspect I'll have to cut down a lot of these old trees on the other side."

Tainsh, speaking as the factor, adopted an especially proprietary tone, intended to jar upon and snub Bertrand, who said—

"Pray don't cut any of the wood on that side. I am sure Sir Roland would not approve. It would spoil the place."

"Well, you see, if I get *carte-blanche* I must use my own discretion; when Sir Roland intrusts you with these matters, of course I will listen to your opinion."

"You never got *carte-blanche* to the extent you propose to go. I protest against your touching the wood on that side. I warn you not to do it. And I shall write to Sir Roland."

Then for a second or two the rivals glared at each other in silence.

"I vow it puts me monstrously in mind of Tillywheesle—it always did," cried Mrs M'Killop to Pigott.

"I would pull down that rickety old ruin," said Duncanson, "and add another story to the new house; it does not seem big enough for a gentleman to live in."

"You would make it look like a cotton-mill if you did," remarked Pigott; "which would be all very well for the residence of a cotton lord, but not of a gentleman."

And when every one had pronounced upon the subject after his kind, the disembarkation began; and here matters so fell out—what between Tainsh's tenacity, and Mrs

M'Killop's astuteness, and Duncanson's control of the situation—that the boat, on its first trip, conveyed Eila, Tainsh, and the commissariat to land. On arriving there, it was, according to arrangement, run ashore on the left bank of the little stream, and there the butler and the provisions were landed; but Eila, expressing a wish to get an upward view of the ruin from the foot of the cliff, she and Mr Tainsh were landed on the other side; and the dingey went back and performed its two other trips, landing its passengers successively on the left bank, and, that accomplished, returning to the yacht. Thus it came about, that when Eila had satisfied herself with the view, and she and Tainsh returned to the bank of the stream, they found that the party had gone away inland, believing them to be in front; that the dingey had disappeared; and that they had no means of crossing the stream at that point to rejoin them.

"It is most provoking," said Eila; "we shall be obliged to climb all the way up by the old castle and reach them by the bridge."

But Tainsh's heart beat high with joy and excitement. He blessed the absence of the dingey, he blessed the intervening Lorna, he blessed the length of the ascent. He felt that his opportunity had come, and he was not the man to let it slip. And thus while Bertrand was tearing like a maniac up the ascent on the other side, straining anxious eyes to get a glimpse of the bewitcher, behold her slowly climbing the reverse bank, undisputedly in the hands of the Philistine, and that Philistine quite alive to his advantage and determined to make the best of it.

CHAPTER XV.

The path which led up to the old castle proved to be both narrow and steep, circumstances which enforced a slow rate of progress on the climbers, and at the same time made it expedient that one should precede the other. This was most tantalising to Mr Tainsh, who felt that in such a position it was impossible for him to say what he had to say—what he had quite resolved to say—and that golden moments were slipping by, perhaps to leave an insufficient margin of time, when they had reached the summit, before an interruption took place. With feverish irritation, therefore, he observed the leisurely way in which Eila conducted the march, pausing now and then to comment upon the scenery, but making no remark that could in any way form a basis for the commencement of his operations.

Tainsh, by the by, had a vague notion that in all well-regulated proposals a kneeling scene was *de rigueur*, and if it had not been for this he might perhaps have seized the opportunity of one of Eila's halts to plunge *in medias res*. But how kneel and employ proper oratorical action on a narrow shelf overhanging a precipice of many hundred feet? It was not to be thought of; and so he plodded after Eila in silent impatience, scanning with anxious eyes, now the summit of the cliff, now the other side of the glen where he knew the party would be in quest of them.

At length the ascent was achieved, and Eila accepted Mr Tainsh's suggestion that they should sit down and rest awhile.

Behold them, then, seated on a small tablet of rock, facing the sea, shadowed by the umbrage of the venerable oaks, and with ample room and verge enough for Mr Tainsh to kneel, oratorise, stand on his head,

and be as ridiculous and acrobatic as he pleased.

"Just the place for it," thought Tainsh; "here goes!" and then he began,—"Miss M'Killop, in a scene like this—in scenery like this, the heart of man is naturally elevated." Here he paused.

"Oh yes, indeed it is," replied Eila; "there is something about the antique that is very inspiring, and there is something in this grand prospect—in these lights and shadows on the sea, in these sombre woods and rugged cliffs—that does, as you say, elevate the heart. The odd thing is that Sir Roland does not appreciate the place. I suspect Mr Cameron will, when he succeeds to it; he will succeed to it, of course?"

"Yes," stammered Tainsh, "oh yes; humanly speaking, he will—that is, I suspect so, if his uncle doesn't marry."

"But then he is so old."

"Yes, he is elderly, of course. Sitting in scenes like these, Miss Eila, with the heart thus elevated, my brain at this moment becomes dizzy."

"Oh, then, pray let us sit farther back; some people, I know, cannot bear to be near a precipice. I don't understand the feeling myself. You feel inclined to throw yourself over, don't you?" and she rose as if to change her position.

"Please sit still, Miss M'Killop; it was of a mental dizziness I spoke."

"Oh! nothing to do with the precipice?"

"Nothing to do with *that* precipice at all. My brain, as I was going to say, becomes dizzy—beauty thrilling it in all its fibres—beauty intoxicating, bewildering——"

"You are quite a poet, Mr Tainsh; if you are also an artist, I wish you would sketch the bay for me. I have everything here; will you?"

"I am sorry I cannot. I am no artist—no poet either; but certain feelings, they say, make poets of the dullest of mankind."

"Fine scenery has made many poets, I believe."

"And female loveliness, Miss M'Killop."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; and under the influence of the two combined, as I am at this moment, he would indeed be prosaic who did not feel some poetical inspiration."

"Suppose you write some verses; I promise to keep perfectly quiet."

"That is exactly what I don't wish. No, I will not—I could never—express in writing what I feel at this moment."

"What *is* that sea-gull about?" exclaimed Eila, with great earnestness, pointing to a bird which was fishing in the bay below. Tainsh smothered an uncivil remark about the gull, and went on poetically, "I sometimes wish I had the wings of a bird."

"I would I were a bird," hummed Eila, gaily, adding, "Are you fond of the Christy Minstrels?"

Her sudden levity rather baffled Mr Tainsh's earnestness.

"No—yes—they are very good—sometimes. That bird down there," he continued, "is happier than I am, Miss Eila. He has his hunger, and he satisfies it. I, too, have my hunger——"

"Oh, then," cried Eila, "pray don't let us stay any longer here! I am quite rested; and besides I am beginning to feel hungry too, so let us go and look for the luncheon; it won't come to us, I suspect. After all, that bird has inspired you with an idea much more useful than poetical images."

"Ah! do not misinterpret me; I spoke of a hunger of the soul."

"Really, Mr Tainsh, you mix your metaphors, your prose, and your poetry so strangely, that you

are a little incomprehensible. You want to throw yourself over a precipice, you want to fly away with the bird's wings, and then you want to eat his dinner, and then—then—what is it next?"

The next step came unexpectedly enough, for, at this rather inopportune juncture, Mr Tainsh put an end to all further doubt or skirmishing by plunging down upon his knees in front of Eila.

"Eila! I love, I adore you!" he exclaimed, clasping his hands, and bending forward in the attitude accepted on the stage as that of the shipwrecked mariner just washed ashore by the "fer-endly billows."

A quick gleam of some emotion passed across the lady's face, and there was a sudden compression of the lips which might have indicated suppressed mirth under circumstances of less solemn interest. In an instant, however, and whatever the emotion may have been, her face was composed into an expression of grief and compassion. Her beautiful eyes were opened wide, and gazed on her suitor through a sudden mist of impending tears.

"Rise, Mr Tainsh!" she cried—"rise up; it is unworthy of you or of any man to kneel before a silly girl like me."

"I will not rise," cried Tainsh, recklessly, "until you grant the prayer of my heart. Give me, oh, give me what a thousand words, a thousand looks, a thousand other symptoms, lead me to hope that I may—I must—have!—give me the verbal assurance of your love."

"Mr Tainsh, is it possible you are in earnest, or this only a pleasantry—an ill-judged one, I must say? or——"

"I am as solemnly in earnest as a man can be whose whole happiness is hanging on a word."

"Why did I not see—why did I not suspect—understand this before? You are the last person I should have expected to profess such sentiments; but my surprise is nothing to the pain and regret I feel for having misunderstood you, for having perhaps mis——"

"Say no more on that head, Eila—only answer me this; may I hope that my love is not utterly unrequited?"

Eila's answer was, "Oh no, no, Mr Tainsh! you have been deceiving yourself as to my sentiments."

N.B.—Double negatives ought to be avoided when a clear understanding is really desired.

"On the contrary, Eila, I have read your heart; I have often felt that it was mine. Doubts and fears have arisen at times, but I forget them all in the supreme happiness of this avowal—all—all."

"Oh! listen to me, Mr Tainsh; I can never forgive myself——"

"Banish all such regrets and recriminations, adorable Eila, as I banish the recollection of them; and now you know me in my true character as your lover, let us resign ourselves to the joy of the moment. Give free play to your affection; believe me it is requited fourfold."

He showed symptoms of abandoning the attitude of the mariner for one of a more aggressive description, but Eila started back with so much vivacity that he subsided into his nautical *pose* again, while she cried, "If you will always interrupt and misunderstand me, how can I set you right, Mr Tainsh? You are only aggravating my pain and your own by prolonging this scene. Understand me once for all, when I say that you have mistaken my sentiments as entirely as I appear to have misunderstood yours. Mine have all along been those of sincere friendship and respect, but nothing more; and my regret, my deep regret, is, that my manner — too

familiar and intimate perhaps—may have led you to interpret them otherwise."

"Which of us is dreaming?" said Tainsh, hazily, passing his hand across his forehead.

"Ah! dear Mr Tainsh," said Eila, in a tone of infinite gentleness and sympathy, "it grieves me to the heart to see you so distressed, and for such an unworthy cause. Look on this — this fancy for me as a dream; and may you find happiness from some better and more substantial cause."

"It is all dark and incomprehensible to me," murmured Mr Tainsh, who indeed appeared to be in a state of complete bewilderment. "Am I to understand that you do *not* love me?"

"I greatly like, esteem, respect you, Mr Tainsh, as a valued friend."

"But as a lover you spurn, reject, despise me?"

"Not so; you put harsh words into my mouth; it is not fair. I say nothing of the sort; all I say is that our union is impossible."

"The feelings you have named," cried Tainsh, again lighted up with hope, "what are they but the elements of which love is made up? It is you, believe me, Eila, who have deceived yourself; with such feelings as you express, our union is *not* impossible, but the contrary. Do not finally cheat your heart. Marry me, Eila, and take my word for it that your affection will be given with your hand."

"Mr Tainsh, it appears to me that you pretend to know more of my feelings than I do myself."

"In this case I am certain that it is so. I am led to understand that the hurry and surprise attending such proposals are so confusing to the recipient that they are often mechanically refused, and love and happiness sacrificed for ever. A little self-examination is often necessary to let the heart discover how it stands. So take till to-morrow, and answer me then. I am not afraid to let you analyse your feelings—to let you investigate this liking, this esteem, this respect."

"To-morrow my answer would be exactly the same—that our union is impossible."

"No doubt it appears so to you now; take a week, then."

"It would be useless."

"A month—a year."

"I tell you once for all that a century would not alter my decision."

"You deceive yourself, you deceive yourself, believe me!" cried Mr Tainsh, in the same tone of superior intelligence. "Now, before we part, let me hear you say, 'Alexander, my feelings are perplexed; I will examine them honestly, however, and see whether this liking, this esteem, this respect, do not amount, after all, to love. Alexander, I will try to love you.'"

"Mr Tainsh——"

"Alexander," substituted the factor.

Eila was too angry, by this time, to laugh at the uncouth tenacity displayed by her lover, and the perverse incredulity with which he received all her assurances of indifference; and grievous though it may be to a certain school of ladies, of whose idiosyncrasies in this respect Eila certainly partook, to abridge the feline joy of torturing their victims with alternations of fear and hope, and to part finally with even an indifferent or distasteful lover—grievous though this may have been to her, her indignation forced her to make the sacrifice. Fortunate for all parties, for otherwise the discussion might have been going on to this hour; it is certain that Tainsh's kneecaps (he was still kneeling) would have given way sooner than his resolute determina-

tion to believe in Eila's love, or at least to argue her into a belief of it.

"Mr Tainsh," cried the young lady, "I will *not* be treated like a child; and as you will not bring this singular conversation to a close, I must do so by leaving you. I can no longer endure it. I think I have spoken as plainly as consideration for your feelings would allow me; I must say you show little delicacy or consideration for mine; and now I shall leave you: not another word, I beg" (as Tainsh was about to speak); "my answer is perfectly final and distinct, and, if you will have it broadly, it is 'No.'" Hereupon Mr Tainsh rose swiftly to his feet. He had been unused to failure in his undertakings; his creed was, that energy, tenacity, and power of will are irresistible forces; an admirable creed in most departments of human endeavour, but Tainsh was testing its soundness in one perfectly unfamiliar to him—in one where axioms are impossible, where analogy fails, and where even very special experience is quite an unreliable guide. It is questionable whether the disappointment of his hopes as a lover was anything like so poignant a feeling as the conviction that he had been foiled in a purpose which he had deliberately set himself to compass. The two combined certainly worked him into a state of complete exasperation; and he now addressed Eila in a strain of vehement recrimination, betraying all the coarseness of mind and vulgarity of manner which even, under favourable circumstances, revealed themselves through a veneering of better things.

"Then," he cried, "I have been duped and befooled! What have all these soft looks and sweet speeches been? So many frauds and falsehoods. Don't try to humbug me with this trash about friendship. It was not friendship you were playing at. The game you have been playing is not one a friend would have played. You have been using me—that's about it—for your own purposes; and if they were gained, what were my feelings to you? The whole thing is clear to me now; I remember who has been dangling about you. You have shown great skill; you have thrown dust in my eyes very successfully; you must be a practised hand at a double game. And that other fool—his attentions were distasteful too, perhaps? Oh no, that won't do. He is to be something more than a friend, I should say; and I have been used, to bring him up to the scratch. I shall feel shame to my dying day that I have been tricked and played with, all to serve the purpose of a vain shallow-hearted girl. Well, I wish you joy of Mr Bertrand Cameron. Perhaps you would like to get a little private intelligence about the estate before you finally decide whether he is to be a *friend* or—what shall I say?—a speculation? One can never be too careful in money transactions."

Mr Tainsh spoke with so much energy that Eila had not a chance of interrupting him till he paused for sheer lack of breath; nor could she make her escape, for he stood in front of her, barring the path, with vehement gesticulations. Now, however, with flashing eyes, in which tears, from no tender fountain, trembled, and in a voice that shook with passion, she replied—

"I, too, shall feel shame to my dying day that I have admitted to any kind of intimacy such a—such a person as you are—capable of using such language to a lady—to any woman. Your vulgarity, of course, I have known all along; that one could forgive, for it was your birthright. But this dastardly insolence—— I wonder you don't strike me; it would not be at all more insulting or more unmanly

than your words. And now let me pass, sir. I presume, since you have *not* struck me, that you will not venture to detain me by force," for Mr Tainsh, with his arms extended to give oratorical action to some new diatribe, looked as though he were attempting to pen her in to the platform where they had been seated. Thus were the two confronting each other; Tainsh pale with passion, his eyes dilated, his uncovered head (for his hat had fallen off at the kneeling scene) thrust forward as if to accelerate his fierce utterance, and his arms wildly brandished in the air; Eila, on the other hand, haughty and erect, her beautiful eyes blazing through indignant tears, and one hand slightly moved with a contemptuous gesture; —thus were they confronting each other, when, on a ledge above, suddenly appeared four spectators. These were Mrs M'Killop, Morna, Bertrand, and Duncanson. The respective attitudes of the couple below were observed by this group; and although it was but for an instant, and although the accents in which their dialogue was being conducted were but indistinctly heard, Mrs M'Killop instantly grasped the real state of the case, and instantly raised her voice to warn those below that they *were* observed.

"Eila! Eila! Eila!"

Eila looked quickly up; her self-possession returned on the moment; she softened her attitude off at once into one of careless *abandon;* and, still looking up to the party above, rapidly whispered to Tainsh, almost below her breath,—

"For your own sake, I should recommend you to help me to pass this off as if there was nothing in it." Then raising her voice: "Ah! you have found us at last; we were just on the point of starting to look for you." Then, again in a whisper, to Tainsh: "Put your hat on, and try not to look so utterly ridiculous."

Now when a man feels himself to be looking utterly ridiculous, it does not usually mend matters to assure him that such is the case, or to beg him to assume a different appearance; and the device was, in this instance, decidedly unsuccessful. In his then exasperated state, nothing but the instinct of self-preservation (from ridicule) would have induced Mr Tainsh to listen to any suggestion of Eila's; but *it* did: and thus, being discovered in the attitude of a spread-eagle—a peculiar one, to say the least of it, in which to carry on a quiet *tête-à-tête*—his method of appearing more easy and natural was to exchange it for that of the gorged vulture attempting to rise from the earth, with the slow and solemn wing-flapping action appropriate to that bird and to the effort; looking up, the while, at the new arrivals with what was intended for an easy smile, but which, if it could have been set up to auction as a dramatic scowl, would have fetched a long price in the profession. Thus scowling and flapping, he made his way to his hat, and put it on with a ferocious jauntiness; and if ever there had been a chance of the scene passing off as a commonplace *tableau* in a commonplace interview, poor Tainsh's efforts not "to look utterly ridiculous" would have entirely annihilated it.

The hat reclaimed, they joined the party above, to whom Eila made a statement purporting to detail their proceedings, and involving quite an interesting *précis* of a tale which Mr Tainsh was represented (much to his surprise) to have told with great spirit and appropriate action, resulting in his hatless condition at its close. Then they all turned in quest of the luncheon, which was found not far off under charge of the butler, who, with Pigott's assist-

ance, was anxiously compounding some cunning drink under the greenwood tree.

The meal itself could not be said to pass off cheerily. In addition to the *gêne* of one sullen, silent, unhappy presence (for Tainsh's dramatic effort on the cliff was not to be sustained), there was a certain awkward restraint observable in the rest of the party, all, save the unconscious Pigott, more or less engrossed with the episode which they had interrupted. Eila, it is true, did her best, by more than usual vivacity, to keep things going, but in vain. Curious, furtive glances, now at Tainsh, now at her, were the only reward of her efforts; and the difficulty of coping with protracted and recurring pauses made her and every one else thankful when the luncheon could, without absolute outrage to the theory that it was a convivial occasion, be pronounced at an end.

A stroll to see the ruins was then proposed, and they started off *en masse*. That formation, however, did not long subsist; very soon the party was broken up into couples, of which Tainsh and Mrs M'Killop naturally were one, Morna and Duncanson another, while Eila found herself under the escort of our two friends. The adage that "three is no company" is a sound one under certain circumstances. Pigott thought it applicable to the present occasion, and he very soon detached himself from his companions, returning to the beach to await the hour of departure with what patience he might command, and very thankful for the foresight which had suggested a double ration of cigars. We are not going to follow these several couples, or listen to their conversation as they roamed through the woods and scrambled among the rocks and ruins; suffice it for the present to say that Pigott's patience was sorely tried. Mrs M'Killop and Mr Tainsh, indeed, returned in a reasonable time; but their society was neither amusing in itself, nor did their arrival advance the moment of departure. As for the others, it seemed as if they would never come. In vain were the two gentlemen despatched to seek and shout through the woods; and in vain did Mrs M'Killop querulously call upon some invisible power to explain "what, in the name of wonder, they could mean" by their prolonged absence.

Their patience was wellnigh exhausted, and Pigott was beginning to suggest the propriety of attempting to take up transport and proceed home overland, when at last the loiterers *did* come, all together, all silent, and all unmoved by the reproachful questions of their friends.

There was not much time for parley, however, as the hour was late, and the breeze might fail; so, without any of the morning's manœuvres, the re-embarkation was effected as quickly as possible. In the morning, if the party had not been a very happy or harmonious one, at least there had been some spirit and energy about it; but now what had come over them all? Mute was the boatswain's whistle; vanished the elastic vigour of the corsair; strategy was dormant; Mrs M'Killop motionless, and even dumb: there were neither permutations nor combinations; the units of the party sat apart; there was a gloomy silence. Bertrand and Eila, indeed, sat together: why did they not speak? Why was Bertrand throwing away his chances? The sky, too, had turned leaden and sad, the air cold and raw; and the breeze, now gusty and squalliferous, whistled through the rigging of the "Morna" with shrill and shrewish tones, as if interpreting the spirit that reigned upon her deck.

All were relieved when the *triste* passage came to an end. It was late; it was dark; no one wanted

anything to eat. So the ladies went to bed funereally; Tainsh and Duncanson repaired sullenly to the smoking-room; while Pigott and Bertrand betook themselves to their own sanctum, whither let us follow them, as to the brightest and cheeriest room in the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I remarked this morning," said Pigott, when they were seated by their own fireside,—"I remarked this morning, when we were outward bound, that everybody seemed to be in love with everybody, and nobody seemed to like it. To-night I remark of the homeward voyage, that everybody seemed to be out of love with everybody, without any happier results. What does it all mean? What has happened? What is it, Bertrand? Has every one gone mad but old M'Killop and I? You're one of the *dramatis personæ;* unriddle me the mystery, if you please."

"Well, Pigott," said Bertrand, staring dreamily into the fire, "a good many things have happened to-day, I suspect."

"A shrewd suspicion, and I share it; but I am self-supporting in that line. I want something else,—experiences—facts, at least. Give me some."

"I'm awfully happy, Pigott," murmured Bertrand.

"You must be own brother to Mark Tapley, then. A day like this would have tried even his philosophy beyond endurance, I should say."

"Ah! you don't know," replied Bertrand, absently; and then, in an undertone to himself, "Oh! terque, quaterque beatus!"

Pigott stared at his friend, and exclaimed, "Mad, and speaking with tongues! What next?"

"Terque, quaterque beatus!"

"Well, I can't say you look it. Are all the rest of you in the same state of death's-head-and-cross-bones beatitude? Tainsh, for instance?"

"Tainsh! I should like to see the ruffian hanged, drawn, and quartered," shouted Bertrand, with something more even than his old energy.

"By all manner of means," said Pigott; "terque quaterque, if you please; and if you like to include Duncanson, I am with you there very especially. But you'll spare the ladies, I hope?"

"Don't be a fool. I spoke of Tainsh, the scoundrel, the villain!"

"Well, well, granted: Tainsh be hanged; and what next?"

"You've no idea what a villain Tainsh is, Pigott."

"To tell you the truth, it doesn't tax my imaginative powers very heavily to form a conception. But what has he been doing?"

"I think I shall horsewhip him; I think I *must* horsewhip him."

"Do; and when you *are* about that sort of thing, perhaps, as a special favour to me, you wouldn't mind licking Duncanson too."

"I'm not in joke, I assure you."

"No more am I; but what has Tainsh been about?"

"That involves the whole story."

"Confound the fellow! let us *have* the whole story, then."

"Well, Tainsh has grossly insulted Miss M'Killop."

"No!"

"Grossly."

"Horrible! how?"

"Why, would you believe it? he actually had the outrageous insolence to propose to her to-day."

"Good heavens, how very shocking!—the heart of man is desperately wicked, beyond a question."

"Now, Pigott, I'm not in the humour for trifling."

"My dear fellow, who *is* trifling? So Tainsh proposed, did he? I thought he would; but I'll lay short odds she didn't accept him."

"Pigott, do you wish to insult *me?*" cried Bertrand, starting from his chair.

"Heaven forbid! if you'll only tell me how to avoid it. To clear the atmosphere, I've freely assented to every proposition you have made about Tainsh; and if you'll only explain how Miss M'Killop's acceptance or refusal of him is supposed to insult you, I'll take uncommon good care to say the right thing."

"I don't wish to be treated like a child."

"Oh, this is getting too tiresome: if you don't want to be treated like a child, try to speak like a man, and let us have done with this maundering nonsense. Why should Tainsh's proposal be an insult to the lady? and, in the name of common-sense, how could her supposed acceptance be an insult to *you?* You appear to me to be taking leave of your senses altogether, Bertrand."

"Of course he might propose—although, in my opinion, it was consummate impertinence; but if you would, for once—only for once—as a special favour, allow me to speak without interrupting me, I would explain."

"Go on, then."

"Well, it wasn't so much the proposal, as the way he received her answer, that was outrageous; and for which I must call him to account."

"*You*, Bertrand?"

"Yes, *I*, Pigott."

"But, bless me! what is it to you? how do you know about it? surely you weren't present?"

"No, nor yet eaves-dropping. Listen; before luncheon we all came upon Miss M'Killop and Tainsh—suddenly. She was looking like—like what the poets call a Pythoness——"

"Variety of the sea-serpent," interpolated Pigott.

"Silence! she was looking as I say, and he was looking like the villain he is, only foiled, and sold, and exasperated. I could see with half an eye that we had come at a serious crisis; but it passed off as if nothing had happened. Eila showed such tact. But Tainsh was as white as a sheet, and as silent as could be; didn't you notice him at luncheon? mooning, and giving crooked answers, and upsetting things?"

"I certainly had my suspicions."

"Well, after luncheon, if you remember, you joined her and me for a bit; and it wasn't lively, was it?"

"Not strictly speaking lively—no."

"And then you sheered off?"

"I 'saved myself,' as the French express it."

"But, even after you had gone, she continued silent and preoccupied."

"I wasn't the bore, then?"

"Oh no; so I said to her frankly, after a while, 'You are silent, Miss M'Killop, and I fear something has annoyed you: can I be of any use?' I meant, could I do anything to—to—do away with her annoyance. And she said, 'I *am* annoyed—and more than that a great deal, for I have been grievously insulted; but you must not ask me about it, for it is a subject that cannot possibly be discussed between you and me. Are you fond of ferns?' But I wouldn't turn the subject, and said, 'You may tell me or not, as you please, but I am certain I know who the insulter is, and I'll just have the honour of going and throwing him over the precipice. She thought I was going

on the instant, for she stopped and clasped my arm with both her hands, and implored me, for her sake, not to do so. What divine eyes she has, to be sure! Do you remember Madonna at Dresden?"

"No, I don't; go on with your story."

"Of course I didn't go then; and she said, 'I didn't think you were such a Don Quixote.' 'I am not a Don Quixote,' I replied; 'he fought for and with visions, delusions, and phantasies.' 'And you?' she said. 'And I,' I replied, 'would fight and would die for you, who are not a vision, nor a delusion, nor a phantasy.' 'I did not dream that I was so highly honoured,' she answered. 'I hope you are not mocking me, Miss M'Killop,' I said. 'Mocking you!' she cried; 'do you think I have no gratitude? You are too good, too kind, to feel such interest in one who is, after all, little more than a stranger.' Then," said Bertrand, rising up in the excitement of his narration,—"then I cried out to her that if she was a stranger to me, so was the heart that beat in my breast—so was every thought that passed through my mind—so was every bright and beautiful thing in nature; for to me she was the soul, the divine inspiring principle, that lent them all their life and all their enchantment. 'Mr Cameron,' she said, looking deeply astonished and almost frightened, for I was carried away with my excitement—'what is this?' 'It is what men call "Love,"' I cried: 'but that cannot describe it; for if all the love that all mankind have felt before were condensed into one consummate passion, it would be tame and cold indifference compared with mine for you.'"

"Not so bad—really not half so bad for a beginner," said Pigott. "Do you know, Bertrand, you looked rather like the picture of Kemble at 'the Garrick' when you said that just now?"

Bertrand was far too much rapt to notice this calm interruption, and he went on—"I offered her my heart, I offered her my devotion, I offered her my life."

"And she took them—all three?"

"Silence! how dare you? She admitted that I was not indifferent to her, but that Tainsh had proposed to her that morning, and that when she rejected his audacious and insulting proposal, he had employed language, reproaches, insinuations that had almost overwhelmed her. One of these insinuations was so painful, and at the same time so closely connected with my declaration, that she must decline, at whatever sacrifice of personal happiness, to receive that declaration. 'What was it?' I inquired. And then she told me, with such childlike simplicity, that this monster had actually insinuated that she had been running after me, and playing him to bring me on! The idea was so ludicrous that I fairly laughed outright at it: that reassured her a little; and then I pointed out to her the wrong that she would do to us both if she allowed the venomous words of a disappointed wretch like that to separate two hearts which loved each other so fondly. After a long time she agreed to take this view of it; and we had an hour together, in which the bliss of ten lifetimes seemed to be concentrated."

"You're engaged to her, then?" asked Pigott, as if the question was a most trivial commonplace.

"Completely," replied his friend. "You take it pretty coolly, I must say; you don't seem to be the least astonished."

"I never am, you know; and even if I ever was, I don't think this would be likely to astonish me."

"You foresaw it?"

"Rather."

"Well, I didn't; I thought I would try, of course; but as to my success, that was all a matter of perfect doubt. I'm so utterly unworthy of her."

"Humph!"

"What do you mean by 'Humph'?"

"Incipient bronchitis, I fear."

"You don't congratulate me."

"I do."

"Give me your hand, and show a little heartiness. Every one likes sympathy in such cases; don't be an oyster."

"I *am* rather an oyster by nature, Bertrand," said Pigott, giving his hand with, for him, a good deal of kindliness; "but depend upon it, I am not so about your affairs; and I am sure I wish you happiness with all my heart."

"And don't you think I'm the luckiest dog in the world?"

"Ahem! Well—no—scarcely."

"What do you mean, Pigott?"

"Every man has a right to his opinion, you know. Now, I look on single blessedness as the happiest state; and therefore I can't look upon a man qualifying for the other event as the happiest of mortals."

"Well, but my choice—my *fiancée*—is she not an angel?"

"These are the kind of terms, Bertrand, that always make me very ill; please use them to-night even as sparingly as possible, like a good fellow. Your *fiancée* is a remarkably pretty girl, and both clever and agreeable. I know that; but I haven't the remotest conception of what an angel is like, any more than I have of the Pythoness you compared her to before."

"What a crotchety, prosaic old bird you are! But I've been forgetting, as well I might—though I have hardly realised my happiness yet — I've been forgetting about Tainsh. It is clearly my part to call him to account."

"Take my advice, and let Tainsh alone."

"Oh no; I could not sleep to-night without settling with him."

"The conqueror, in the hour of victory, can afford to be merciful."

"Very true; but, at all events, he is entitled to prescribe the conditions of his mercy. Tainsh must apologise, or come out, or be horsewhipped."

"By heavens, Bertrand! you should have been an Irishman. This is the way you would break the news of your betrothal to the lady's parents. Fancy the *tableau!* Hour—midnight; scene—the smoking-room. Yells are heard. Concourse of old M'Killop and the servants. Tainsh discovered, weltering in his blood, among heaps of broken furniture; you dancing a war-dance over him. Father of *fiancée* asks what these things mean. You (brandishing leg of table, dripping with factor's gore) exclaim, 'Behold the miscreant who insulted your daughter!—who, by the by, is engaged to me—have the goodness to have his carcass flung out of doors; and now, old man, for your blessing!' As a method of entering a family, it certainly has the merit of originality."

"It is all very fine to make a joke of serious matters; easy enough, too, for those who have no feeling; but I think even you might see that this is a case where either an apology, or the usual alternative, is absolutely necessary, and where I am clearly the person to demand or to inflict."

"Now, really, my dear Bertrand, you are too childish. Sleep over the matter, at all events; and then, when you are acknowledged as Miss M'Killop's betrothed publicly, you may perhaps with less absurdity pull up Mr Tainsh! But, if you

take my advice, you will let the thing alone, and not make a scandal —which is always unpleasant for a lady. After all, the man is a vulgar snob. He was bitterly disappointed, and he lost his temper—you don't know what aggravation he may have had—and being angry, he spoke after his kind."

"I'll teach him to speak after his kind to his own kind for the future. I'm quite resolved; and I'll go down now, and get it off my mind. Though Eila did not wish me to throw him over the precipice, she must clearly expect me to take some steps in the matter. No girl of spirit could allow such an outrage to pass."

"You had better let me go for you, then," suggested Pigott, "if you *must* act in the matter."

"That would not do at present. If further steps are necessary, I shall, of course, have to ask for your assistance; and now I'm off."

"Well," said Pigott, "if you will be an idiot, at all events promise me one thing—that you won't take to hammering Tainsh to-night, and make a row and a scene in this house."

"I won't, unless the course of the interview positively compels me to deal with him on the spot."

"What, Bertrand! you—a gentleman — a chivalrous high-bred lover — make a low disturbance, and a scene fit for a St Giles pot-house, in the house where your beautiful betrothed is sleeping! For shame!"

"You're right, Pigott; and I promise you I won't lay a finger on him to-night, or in this house. If it is necessary, I shall merely warn him what is to happen, and tell him in the mean time to consider himself hammered."

"How well you are up in all sorts of Paddiana! But I am glad you are decided not to execute him on the spot. Stick to your decision."

"I will;" and Bertrand left the room.

In the smoking-room, where Tainsh and Duncanson sat together, the conversation did not by any means flow so freely as it had been doing in the room above. Gloom and embarrassment sat on the countenances of both gentlemen. Each, from time to time, regarded the other with the furtive air of a man who has a secret, who half suspects that his neighbour is cognisant of it, and who is in doubt whether or not it would be better to abandon reserve and make a confidant, as the less of two evils. Tainsh, as we have seen, had good reason for this feeling. His exhibition on the cliff would not bear reflecting upon; the more he thought of it the more he feared that his appearance, gestures, and subsequent demeanour must have revealed to all observers the story of his humiliation. Tainsh had good reason;—but Duncanson? We have seen, we have heard, nothing of his day's proceedings that could lead us or Tainsh to suspect that anything very special had happened to him. He had sulked and brooded all the way home, to be sure, but then he was always sulking and brooding—there was nothing in that. Tainsh could know nothing more about him. There are, however, many men whose egotism would seem to carry them the length of thinking that anything specially affecting themselves—particularly to their detriment — is necessarily unfolded to the world at large by some supernatural revelation. Duncanson was of this class; and as he sat smoking and casting his queer glances at Tainsh, his thought was the exact counterpart of the thought of his companion, whose smoke mingled with his, and whose queer glances crossed swords,

as it were, with his own—and that thought was, "Does he know, does he suspect, the grief I have come to?"

It is the tritest of observations, that certain classes of events, not merely misfortunes, never come singly, but in their occurrences and recurrences present themselves in groups; and foremost among such, as will probably be admitted, stand those connected with matrimony. Who has not in his recollection some such instance as a family of, say four or five spinster sisters, who remained (unwillingly) in blessed celibacy till the most sanguine backer shook his head, and even the enemy grew tired of pointing the finger of scorn; and yet, when a turn came at last, and one of the virgin band did change her condition, lo and behold! all the rest almost tripped over each other in the tumultuous rapidity with which they followed to the altar? Who has not remarked the phenomenon of a matrimonial season, when all one's friends appear to fall in love and get married *en masse?* as also the phenomenon of a celibate season, when the market is absolutely stagnant, when inexorably there are "no takers," when the charm of the charmer casts its glamour in vain, and the strategist's polished skill is wasted on futile combinations?

These phenomena are as unaccountable as cholera or rinderpest, the disease in grouse or in potatoes; but we are all perfectly satisfied of their existence; and therefore no one need feel surprise when we account for Mr Duncanson's peculiar demeanour in the smoking-room by announcing that he too had on this day been putting his fate and his desert to the test, and with results eminently unsatisfactory to himself. To make a long story short, Morna had refused Mr Duncanson, at which surely all her friends must rejoice.

We are not going to reproduce here the scene as it occurred; the airy self-confidence with which the swain addressed himself to his task; the skill of fence displayed by the lady in her anxiety to save him from rushing on his fate; the graceful rhetoric with which he urged his suit, and the angry surprise with which he received his rebuff. All these things must be imagined. He did not require to be argued into the belief that he was refused, like Mr Tainsh. At the first hint of a negative, his vanity and temper rose; he hastily picked up the handkerchief which he had thrown, and, after briefly assuring Miss Grant that she would probably live to repent her folly, relapsed into the sullen silence in which we find him in the smoking-room. A light-hearted outsider would have gone into fits of laughter admitted to the spectacle of these two men, as they sat mute and scowling among their unmollifying tobacco-smoke. The silence was at last broken by Duncanson, who remarked, tentatively—

"You seem out of spirits to-night, Tainsh."

"It was on the tip of my tongue to say the same of you, Duncanson," was the eager reply.

"Really? It was not a very successful day, was it? deuced slow, I thought."

"A little slow, perhaps," replied Tainsh, wishing that in one respect he himself had been a little slower.

"I don't think the women liked it," continued Duncanson, with an effort to appear unconscious.

"N-n-no! perhaps not."

"Miss M'Killop looked very queer, I thought."

"Ah?"

"Very; what were you two fighting about on the cliff? I saw you."

"Fighting on the cliff!" replied

the factor, quite taken aback; "I—I—when?"

"You know when; and, by the by, it must have been rather a serious row, for you never looked near her afterwards. All the way down, in the yacht, you were monopolising her, but coming back you seemed to throw up the cards and resign the game to the adversary. You don't suppose I haven't noticed the game? but I hope you are not really going to let yourself be beat by a fellow like that!"

"You jump very quickly to your conclusions, Duncanson," said Tainsh, "and I will make so bold as to follow your lead. Surely *you* don't suppose that I haven't noticed another little game? and also that somebody who monopolised somebody all the way to Aberlorna, never went near somebody all the way home? What could be the meaning of that? The adversary, as you call him, is perhaps attractive in more quarters than one. I can see as far into a millstone as most people, and I will repeat to you what you have said to me, 'I hope you are not going to let yourself be beat by a fellow like that.'"

Tainsh's shot, fired in self-defence, but little more than at random, hit the target in the centre of the bull's eye, and roused into activity what had been but a slumbering or unacknowledged suspicion; and Duncanson so far lost his self-control, that he jumped up and exclaimed in great excitement, "You have nothing to go upon, have you, in saying that? I have noticed nothing—hardly even the slightest conversation—between Morna and this infernal Cameron; have you? He seemed to be all on the other tack—trying to cut you out—what do you mean?"

"Well, I only use my eyes and my ears. Mrs M'Killop told me that, before Miss M'Killop came, Cameron was devoted to Morna, and they were always together. Now, though he may have transferred his affections to the other young lady, that is not to say that she has been so fickle. I've noticed something in her manner to him, too, that—but, after all, it is only a surmise, and I hope you have good reason to know that it is groundless?"

"No, I haven't, confound her and him and the whole crew! I've done with them. She may marry him, and be hanged; and he may marry them both: I wish he would, and get transported for bigamy."

"Ah!" said the lawyer, who had thus entirely succeeded in turning the tables, "I see I was right; I thought it was a row, and a serious one, too; but you are right not to let yourself be played fast and loose with—to be used as a cat's-paw—nothing could be more humiliating; and I fancy that's about the line you were taking with her to-day—asserting yourself, I fancy? I'm a pretty shrewd hand at a guess, you see."

"Well," said Duncanson, "I can't say you're altogether wrong. I took deuced good care to let her know that I wasn't to be trifled with; and she must be vainer than I think, if she hopes to get any more attention from me. I never make up a quarrel, you know; it's against my rules. After all, it's as well I lost my temper; I might have got into a scrape—proposed, and got engaged, or something of that sort—which would have been a bad business for me. A fellow sometimes gets carried farther than he means, and they jump at you—Lord bless you! they jump at you, and you are booked before you can say 'knife.' I'm well out of it. She may whistle for me now. The cheek of the thing, though, i really too good! The idea of Cam-

eron being set up as *my* rival! ha! ha! ha!" Something in the sound of his laughter, however, belied the speaker's *insouciant* tone almost as much as the short energetic sentence which followed after a pause. "I hate that fellow worse than poison—I would ruin him if I could."

"I have no love for him myself," said Tainsh; "I can't stand a man with his airs."

"I wish we could do something to floor him."

"Leave him to himself—give him rope enough, and he'll do the trick without any help from us. If he takes a step which I think he will take, I know of something that might get him into a rare mess. I may tell you of it at another time, but not now; it would be premature in the mean time."

"Out with it, Tainsh; I'm as close as wax."

"No, no; it would compromise others unnecessarily. You must wait."

"Pass the brandy, and we'll drink to his grief."

The two worthies were in this pious act when the door opened and Bertrand stalked into the room with more than ordinary loftiness of demeanour. Had he been in the mood to observe, he might well have noticed the flurried looks of the two men, and been surprised at the nervous *empressement* with which Tainsh welcomed him and invited him to join in their potations.

"I am not here for pleasure, Mr Tainsh," he replied; "I have something of importance to say to you personally, if Mr Duncanson will have the goodness to retire."

"This is not the time or the place for business; and I'm not going to be sent to bed to suit your convenience," said Duncanson.

"Oh, Mr Cameron," said Tainsh, "there can be no hurry about anything between you and me; and, for the matter of that, no reason that I can see why it should not be said before Mr Duncanson."

"As you please, then," said Bertrand, "so be it. Well, Mr Tainsh, my business, in a word, is to demand an apology of the most ample kind for your outrageously insolent conduct to Miss M'Killop, to-day."

"Sir!—Miss M'Killop?—to-day?" stammered Tainsh, utterly staggered by this direct and unexpected charge; "I don't understand."

"Your memory must be very short, if you don't; have the goodness to collect yourself, and make the required apology at once."

"And pray, sir, by what authority do you come to me with such a demand?"

"I come on my own authority."

"And you expect me to obey it?"

"Most certainly I shall take good care that you do."

"Oh, you will! as how?"

"The methods and alternatives are perfectly simple."

"I suppose you mean 'calling out?'"

"Well, although I might lose caste a little, still, considering the circumstances, and that your local position gives you the *entrée* to gentlemen's society on terms of equality, I would certainly call you out."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Tainsh; "duelling is a capital crime; you must have a small opinion of my wits if you think that I, a respectable, established man of business, am likely to run myself into a hole like that to suit the humour of a hectoring young officer, who has nothing to lose."

"You would not go out, then?"

"Certainly not; and what next?"

"The next course is very unplea-

sant, but it is inevitable. I shall have to horsewhip you."

Bertrand said this with a decided composure, that left no doubt as to the fulfilment of the intention. Now Tainsh was no coward, and he was a sturdy fellow, to whom such a threat, from a physical point of view, need have had no particular terrors; but Tainsh was a lawyer, a factor, a man of business, and the idea of his being engaged in a midnight brawl, in a client's house, with a client's friend, which would be bruited over the whole district —for publicity would, of course, be Bertrand's object—was not to be entertained for an instant. His reputation would be shaken, his business would be damaged, and last, if not least, the story of his rejection would necessarily become public. Rapidly reviewing these considerations, he looked at Bertrand for an instant without replying, and seeing in his face no indication that he would not be as good as his word, he changed his tactics accordingly, and replied, "These are foolish words, Mr Cameron—very; the idea of a duel is preposterous: and if you ventured to take the other step (though what you suppose me to be made of I don't know), it would only bring yourself into trouble. It would be my duty to proceed against you legally for the assault; although, of course, I should have to act at the moment in self-defence, and probably with adequate vigour. How your military position would be affected by a scandal of the sort, you best know; how it would affect your position with your uncle, no one knows better than I do. So it is best to take a reasonable view of the matter; and if I have said anything in a moment of heat to displease Miss M'Killop, I shall be happy to apologise for it to her proper representative; but I can't conceive on what principle I am to look on you in that light."

"The simplest of all principles: Miss M'Killop is my betrothed; it concerns me, therefore, more than any one else, to protect her from insult."

"Betrothed, Mr Cameron!"

"I have said so; I trust you have no objection."

"Oh dear no! I'm surprised, of course."

"And why, sir? That I was preferred to you? does *that* surprise you?"

"You are introducing an irrelevant supposition" (with a hasty glance at Duncanson). "I was only surprised at the rapid transfer of your affections; but these are go-ahead days."

"I am ignorant of what you allude to."

"One has heard stories, you see, of attentions to another lady—only a week or two ago—marked attentions, constant companionship—private interviews—romantic walks, and all the duetting and flirting that make up a courtship according to common folks' minds; but then there is so much gossip going about, one never knows what to believe."

"On my authority," said Bertrand, suddenly recalling the rallyings of Pigott, and (somewhat innocently) startled and indignant to find that others had, in serious earnest, put the same construction on his free intercourse with Morna—"on my authority, you may assure your friends, the gossips, that no transfer of affections has taken place; and, let me add, that it is most unseemly and ungentlemanlike to introduce another lady's name into a discussion which in no way concerns her."

"You asked me why I was surprised, and I have answered you honestly," said Tainsh, sulkily.

"We don't understand the habits of professional heart-breakers in these parts; but, of course, it must be part of their system to produce as strong an effect on the victim, to get as much amusement out of the conquest as possible, and still, at the end, to be able to assure the next subject that she is not merely being favoured with a transfer. The feelings of the last victim" (with another glance at Duncanson) "are of course immaterial, except as affording a certificate of success to the lady-killer."

"I see you wish to have another quarrel, on an independent subject, Mr Tainsh, and you shall have your wish; but one thing at a time, if you please."

"I have, and I desire, no quarrel with you; but I have a right to my thoughts."

"To your thoughts, yes; but not not to express them when they are insulting. Enough of this, though; will you give me the desired apology?"

"I can have no objection to repeat what I honestly feel."

"You will have the goodness, then, to put it in writing, and give it to me in the morning. But remember, it must be ample; I will have no shuffling." And with this Bertrand left the room.

Tainsh and Duncanson looked at each other in silence till the last echoes of his footsteps on the stairs died away, and then Tainsh said, "There's an emperor for you! His Majesty the King of Hearts!"

"I don't understand all these allusions, Tainsh," said Duncanson. "I don't want to pry into your affairs, although I'll not pretend that I don't see how matters stand with you and Miss M'Killop; but what is the real truth about the other affair? what is this about the other girl that made him so angry?"

"Well, Duncanson, I don't want to pry into your affairs, but I think I see pretty well how matters stand with you. In fact, honestly, we've both been cut out by this fellow."

"He is engaged to *your* young lady."

"And yours is over head and ears in love with him; any fool can see that. Propose to her—if you have not done it already—and I'll wager a hundred pounds to a brass farthing you are refused."

"And he knows it, you think?"

"Knows what?"

"That Morna cares for him."

"Knows it? bless you! I should rather think he did. He's chuckling up-stairs now with that English snail; he's bragging to him, you may depend upon it, and telling him how these poor devils down-stairs are hanging their heads, and how he has bowled them both out in a fortnight."

Duncanson thundered out a tremendous oath. To be refused at all was bad enough, but to be refused by a girl because she loved another man, who had won her in a few days, only for amusement—only to brag about—and who had tired of her and cast her aside when his conquest was complete—and that man the man he hated of all others—was exasperation for any one indeed, but for this vain, domineering soul, the very gall of bitterness.

"What *can* be done to him?" cried Duncanson.

"You can call him out and shoot him; you're not professional."

"I have no pretext."

"I should have thought that picking a quarrel would have come easy to you."

"Yes, yes, that might be easy enough; but then, you see, a man

only gets laughed at for fighting nowadays."

"You're prudent, like me, I see," said Tainsh, dryly.

"I don't funk, if you mean that."

"Oh no, I don't mean that, or I should imply that I funked myself, which I don't."

"Do you suppose he means to marry the girl?"

"Of course he does; he's really wild about her: I've seen that all along."

"If there was only some way of running through the marriage—of breaking his infernal heart! Do you suppose he has money enough to marry?"

"If his uncle chooses, and M'Killop chooses."

"Will they?"

"Who can tell? I do know a little something that would very soon set his uncle against it, but in my position, for many reasons, I couldn't use it."

"Tell it to me!" cried Duncanson, eagerly.

"No, no—better not; underhand games never pay."

"Tell me, Tainsh, and I'll work it on my own account."

"It would be traced to me."

"No fear; I'll swear secrecy."

And, after a good deal of wheedling and cajoling, Tainsh, being not so much as half-hearted in his resistance, was induced, at last, to communicate something to Duncanson, which sent that worthy to bed with the first gleam of consolation in his soul since his hopes as a lover had received their overthrow that afternoon.

The morning post came in very early at Cairnarvoch; and when the party assembled at breakfast on the following day, they found that Mr Tainsh and Mr Duncanson had started an hour before; letters, by a strange coincidence, having called them both unexpectedly away.

A packet for Bertrand lay on the hall table, addressed in Mr Tainsh's hand; and its contents were all that could be desired.

PROLIXITY.

THIS is voted an impatient age, and we are proud of it. People look back a hundred years and pronounce our ancestors prosy and tolerant of prosing:—long-winded talkers, tedious writers, prolix moralists; slow coaches, in fact, repeating old truths, harping on one string, writing books of meditations, entertaining each other with old stories, dull without minding it or knowing it. Yet, to our thinking, prolixity was never so cultivated as it is now—never met with such distinguished encouragement—never presented such marked examples. What hours upon hours of speeches! To what a length does history run! What previous age can present such a preface as Mr Buckle's? Who before Mr Browning conceived of a poem telling the same tale eleven times over? We are getting such deep thinkers that we break through the old bounds. We see so far, we embrace so much, our comprehension has so wide a grasp, that the limitations set by ordinary patience are no longer to be considered. In fact, a self-satisfaction at "the giant pace at which we live" blinds us to our prosiness. People talk complacently of whirling from one end to another of the country, as if steam had accelerated the processes of thought—though in reality we believe there was more dash in the brain action of our intellectual fathers than we can boast of—that they worked faster as well as lived faster than we do.

Human nature is so far always the same that prolixity is still a gulf—an impassable barrier—but the human nature that cannot read Mr Buckle or Mr Browning is snubbed, as wanting the analytical faculty, as immersed in shams, outsides, trivialities. Its judgment has no weight; its likes and dislikes are vulgar; its good opinion a disgrace. Not that we would deny the charge, or the assumption of impatience as a characteristic of our time, but, in fact, an increasing impatience is perfectly compatible with an increasing prolixity. Naturally the prolix in his own person is impatient of another man's length of statement, for either his rival is lengthy *in* his own vein, or *out* of it—in either case intolerable. No people are so soon irritated by much talk as great talkers; and those who acquire a taste for the utterly exhaustive treatment in the writers with whom they are congenial, are in like manner intolerant of length in any other department. Amid the infinite subdivisions of our day, sympathy contracts its field from the universal to the particular. Great readers are not omnivorous as they used to be. We do not consider ours a sympathetic age—psychological, but not sympathetic. Hence the universality of human sympathies comes to be disputed. Men think and speak for classes, and dispute that

> "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The mere fact that science disputes the descent of mankind from one parent, is a blow at the notion of an electric fellow-feeling. The touch is not relied on as of old. Now, so long as a universal kinship of mind is taken for granted, prolixity stands a thing to be avoided. Sympathy can never be prolix. It is perpetually referring itself to listener and reader, measuring its effects by their powers, pulling up in advance of their exhausted attention. It is humble, ready to blame

itself for failure. Prolixity, on the other hand, starts with a thing to say, irrespective of the powers of the listener, his claims little regarded or absolutely forgotten. It is the exponent of the *ego*, having this for its primary object. It holds its ground, influenced by no other rule than its own powers of continuance. The thing handled may be important or may be trivial—in either case the listener has rights which are trampled upon; the speaker has been acting a presumptuous part. If we have ever been long in expressing opinion, or in giving advice, or in narrative—even if we have been chief talker in a morning call—it is well to ask ourselves if we have monopolised the talk, leaving no openings for others. Could we have said our say in fewer words, and yet said all that was needful? Did we grudge our listener his turn, viewing him in the light of an interruption? Did we digress where digression was simple self-indulgence? Did we parade reasons which must have been obvious without our assistance? Have we talked because it was pleasant to hear ourselves talk, rather than because we were led on by the evident desire of others to hear us? In that case we have been prolix—that is, we have committed a sin against society; done our part to weaken the universal mind which each individual mind goes to form. For unquestionably prolixity is the cause and parent of a great deal of the inattention of the world,—that inattention which relaxes the nervous energy of the brain and makes so many of us not half the men we ought to be—indefinitely lower in the intellectual scale than we might have been. The mind naturally revolts against tediousness and iteration, and turns to its own internal resources; not to thought proper, which can hardly sustain its strain under the sound of words and the attitude of listening—but to that ready, aimless, familiar flow of speculation, guesses, memories, reckonings, hopes, possibilities, apprehensions, suppositions, which go to the composition of wool-gathering. Or if prolixity does not lead to inattention—as there are minds that must listen when others talk, who have no escape into themselves, but needs must follow where they are led—the weariness of unrewarded labour, of taxed unprofitable attention, is a severer infliction, and more mischievous under protracted trial. The fibre of the most delicate part of our organisation is tried, worn, decomposed perhaps; the whole nature collapses; pain, mental and bodily, supervenes. Too much of such a thing stupefies and disables, clips the wings off imagination, and leaves Jack a dull boy. Not but that, as all poisons have their medicinal side, the vigorous weed prolixity may have its uses. There are minds so bent upon play, so intent on mere amusement, that nothing short of that supreme tax on the powers, unwilling attention, can teach them the value of time, and the sin and horror of wasting it. We can all waste time our own way without much scruple—without thinking about it; but when others waste it for us, then we resent the reckless expense of something irrecoverable; we become alive to a fatal leakage of what no skill can gather up again, and awake to a new idea—an unthought-of responsibility.

Prolixity and long-windedness is thus one of the heaviest charges that can be brought against a man, either as talker, orator, or writer. To talkers it brings its own punishment. Extravagant diffuseness has no listeners that compulsion and necessity do not supply. It clogs with reservations, and a detracting *but*, men's praise of the most surprising feats of oratory, and reduces the number of

even an able author's readers beyond most intellectual shortcomings. People don't find themselves making way; they open at another page and hit upon a digression; they close the book, intending to return another day, and never do return: there is no thread to resume. And, moreover, there is a hidden sense of disrespect, of not being sufficiently considered. They are treated to soliloquy rather than a communication of ideas. In fact, all prolixity labours under this suspicion of want of respect and deference. It is sustained by a sense of superiority: that is, where it is not mere talkativeness, that flux of the tongue we see in ignorant chatterers of so little reflection and discrimination, that with them it is Chough's language, "Gabble enough and good enough." There is flattery in the proverb, "A word to the wise;" whereas prolixity, especially in its didactic mood, treats the hearer as not wise—as having neither wit, nor memory, nor continuity of thought. Its method is, leading a blind man step by step. "If I don't," says prolixity, "explain, recapitulate, and amplify—omitting no detail, dropping no link—my hearer will lose the thread." What a helpless, plastic, docile, absorbent animal—dull-eyed, thick-witted—does not prosiness take man to be!—knowing nothing he does not tell; understanding nothing he does not explain; remembering nothing he does not recall to the mind. We certainly note a touch of contempt in all cultivated minds open to this charge. They have a way of laying a foundation as mistrusting our grounding. The practised eye, mental as well as bodily, understands perspective, and gives due weight and substance to the distant speck; but prolixity does not recognise this rapid appraisement, and insists on giving all the measurements—a process much like counting our steps, or how many times we breathe in an hour. Words cannot really do more than throw a light, to put us in the way of understanding; too many of them overlay, extinguish, and smother. "Certainly the greatest and the wisest conceptions that ever issued from the mind of man have been couched under and delivered in a few close, home, significant words." The mere habit of selection and repression, the search for what is worth saying evident in the terse speaker, is education to the imagination—which is kept in exercise, first, in reading the mind of the listener, then in selecting those points which have excited and impressed his own. His sentences are pictures; the utterance of the proser is an inventory or a catalogue.

Though prolixity, where a habit of the mind, exercises itself in every field, and displays itself on every occasion, yet each conspicuous example has its own method of being prolix. A prominent one is the elaboration of reasons. Bacon attributes to mankind a repugance to a string of reasons, "for reasons plainly delivered, and always upon one manner, especially with fine and fastidious spirits, enter but heavily and dully;" yet many persons have so strong a propensity to this form of tediousness, that acquiescence is not acquiescence without the reason why. This is done by dull people from mere forgetfulness that much must be taken for granted, or pass unnoticed, if social life is to be carried on in any fairness. They mingle little with others, and find it convenient for every subject to be made the very most of. But in others it is a mark of conceit—a solicitude to prove that no step in life, however trivial, is taken without thought; it is a parade of judgment and experience, though a moment's reflection might show them that their reasons are obvious,

and such as influence all the world. Most people are alive to the temptation. It is pleasant to hear ourselves recapitulate the arguments of common-sense, though we know them familiar. Nor are they necessarily out of place. It is when the catalogue checks the general flow of talk or impedes action that it is felt an impertinence, as where Vellum gives his reasons for despatch :—

"*Sir George.*—All I require of you is despatch.

"*Vellum.*—There is nothing more requisite in business.

"*Sir George.*—Then hear me.

"*Vellum.*—It is indeed the life of business.

"*Sir George.*—Hear me then, I say.

"*Vellum.*—And as one hath rightly observed, the benefits that attend it are fourfold. First—

"*Sir George.*—There is no bearing this. Thou art going to describe despatch when thou shouldst be practising it.

"*Vellum.*—But your honour will not give me a hearing.

. . . . . .

"*Sir George.*—I hope thou hast not told Abigail anything of the secret.

"*Vellum.*—Mrs Abigail is a woman. There are many reasons why she should not be acquainted with it. I will only mention six."

Then there is the method of preface or exordium. We ask a question, and before we get an answer have to listen to a hundred antecedent circumstances. We must be put into possession of every collateral detail relating to the subject before we are supposed competent to profit by the fact we require. This we hold one of the most affronting forms of prolixity. After experiencing it a few times we learn to seek our information elsewhere : minding the prefatory tendency less as less insulting where it is a flagrant trick of garrulity, which

"Thus his special nothings ever prologues,"

and cannot tell a plain tale without a recapitulation of all that speaker and hearer know in common — "You know," "you also know." And again there is the prolixity of the epilogue, so trying to the patience; hanging on to a discussion after it is over,—lingering out a tale beyond the point,—that way of protracting a conclusion by subsidiary comment. This is a social as well as an individual vice. A popular speaker has his utterances supplemented by a dozen incapable ones ; his arguments are diluted by tedious grounds for agreement ; and himself is flattered by long-winded praise, with its inevitable infusion of poppy. The propensity for explaining is one of the most terrible and irritating engines of prolixity. With this habit in full force, a man supposes it his business to elucidate everything. The fact that the thing is self-evident, to begin with, says nothing to him ; he must exercise his talent for translation upon it as the old spelling-book simplifies the idea of butter to the child in calling it "an oily unguent." Regardless of Johnson's argument, that the easier a thing is to understand in its own nature, the more difficult it is to render it easier by explanations, he victimises his hearer with elaborate definitions, with protracted processes for reaching the obvious and familiar—

"Explains a thing till all men doubt it,
And talks about it, goddess, and about it."

Prolixity is the very soul of pedantry, whether spoken or written. We see it in the self-taught man, who is apt to suppose himself the sole depositary of the branch of knowledge he takes up; in the writer who confines himself to one topic of perhaps not general interest or importance, illustrated by that essayist on medals, who wrote at the rate of twelve pages to every letter of an ancient inscription. Again, hobbies are detected for what they are by the prolixity and ill-

timed persistence with which they are paraded. A thing is a rational pursuit or a hobby—a fixed idea—according to the method through which it is entertained and advanced. What might have been a rational taste becomes a hobby when discernment and modesty sleep, and theories are dinned into unwilling ears—theories genealogical, archæological, philological—to which the hearer listens with fits of impatience amounting to loathing. Philanthropy is very apt to betray itself as a hobby by the same tokens, though with more excuse, from the notion that good of our fellow-creatures is a subject which should never be out of place. We find some people willing to tell the same tale at full length to twenty separate listeners—recounting it, still unabridged, to the twentieth in the ears of the nineteen just instructed—without a suspicion that the recapitulation may be irksome, or that, being so, the circumstances should influence the duration of their narrative; because the sufferings of humanity have a right to demand a hearing. Scrupulous minds are so affected by this argument that they set down their inevitable weariness as a fault in themselves; but our conscience need not reproach us if we detect in the narrator the easy complacency of a mind congenially employed. Try an experiment. Turn the tables; become talker instead of listener; seek to engage your friend's ear upon a detailed story of misfortune known to yourself, and ten to one he will make short work of it, and either get hold of his own thread again, or beat a retreat.

It must be a very common observation in those whose duty as citizens subjects them to attendance at public meetings, that dulness propagates itself—that speeches are long in proportion to their dulness. This is a heavy tax indeed on the public patience; but candour obliges us to allow that such prolixity need not arise from any enjoyment the speaker—especially if he be an unpractised speaker—finds in his prominent situation. He probably knows as well as any of his audience that he is dull, hesitating, blundering, prolix; but no one willingly accepts a sense of failure; even eloquence, he remembers, is sometimes tedious till it gets the steam up. While he is on his legs, while his voice still sounds, he nourishes a hope, unshared by his hearers, of retrieving matters, of hitting upon the right vein of doing himself justice. And so he wanders on, repeating and contradicting himself—finding the situation almost as irksome as his audience. A man will even gape in the midst of his own long speech. "Well, I grant there is some taste in that," cries an impatient listener; "but is he not encroaching on our privileges?" It is a rare gift to know when to own one's self beaten, as the Austrians did after Sadowa, and as did that American would-be orator, engaged to speak at the opening of a new bridge in the far west. "My friends," he began, "thirty years ago the spot on which we now stand was a waste howling wilderness"—a pause; the words that should have followed failed him, but he stuck to his theme. "My friends, the spot on which we now stand was thirty years ago a waste howling wilderness"—still an exasperating lapse of memory; but he faithfully clung to his exordium. "My friends," he began a third time, "thirty years ago the spot on which we now stand was a waste howling wilderness——and—and—I wish with all my heart it was one still." What a relief to himself and all concerned was the frank avowal, and the descent from the temporary rostrum

which followed quickly upon it. He proved himself above aimless prose. If he could not say what he intended to say, he would say nothing.

Le moyen d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire, said Voltaire; and certainly the exhaustive treatment of a subject is one notable form of prolixity. Nobody has a right to exhaust a subject, to leave nothing for other people to add. One man can't do it; he becomes prosy in the attempt. It was Charles II.'s questionable compliment, in the form of a criticism, on Barrow, that he left nothing for anybody else to say—and certainly his grasp of a subject was a wide one; but also the divine's topics were not such as his royal hearer would care to amplify upon, or he would easily have hit on some pregnant addition which would not have come into the head of the preacher. It is the aim at leaving *nothing* unsaid that we quarrel with. We are sure to come upon dregs of thought and irrelevancies in the effort. In this connection we would bring in hair-splitting as a source of irritating tediousness;—that vice early attributed to De Quincey by his elder brother, who composed a vocabulary expressly to define his tormenting refinements. The passage from the Autobiography is curious, as showing how the child of seven was father to the man; how fatal, we will add, was prolixity in its many forms to the full success of De Quincey's genius:—

"Detestable in *my* ears was that word 'quibbling,' by which, for a thousand years, if the war had happened to last so long, he would have fastened upon me the imputation of meaning, of wishing at least, to do what he called 'pettifogulising'—that is, to plead some distinction, or verbal demur, in bar of my orders, under some colourable pretence that, according to their literal construction, they really did not admit of being fulfilled, or perhaps, that they admitted it too much as being capable of fulfilment in two senses, either of them a practicable sense. True it was that my eye was preternaturally keen for flaws of language, not from pedantic exaction of superfluous accuracy, but, on the contrary, from too conscientious a wish to escape the mistakes which language not rigorous is apt to occasion. So far from seeking to 'pettifogulise'—*i.e.*, to find evasions for any purpose in a trickster's minute tortuosities of construction—exactly in the opposite direction, from mere excess of sincerity, most unwillingly I found in almost everybody's words an unintentional opening left for double interpretations. Undesigned equivocation prevails everywhere; and it is not the cavilling hair-splitter, but, on the contrary, the single-eyed servant of truth, that is most likely to insist upon the limitation of expressions too wide or too vague, and upon the decisive election between meanings potentially double. Not in order to resist or evade my brother's directions, but for the very opposite purpose—viz., that I might fulfil them to the letter; thus, and no otherwise, it happened that I showed so much scrupulosity about the exact value and position of his words as finally to draw upon myself the vexatious reproach of being a 'pettifoguliser.'"

This is very good writing—a most favourable specimen of the style that takes a long time to say what it has to say. Indeed, it might be argued that the habit of mind described could hardly be represented in fewer words; but, as a fact, whatever De Quincey handles cannot be done justice to in any other method. He is prolix from mere pressure and redundance of matter. A man of genius, however, must express himself in the way most congenial to him. True, he cuts off the number of his readers; a busy man cannot wait for the issue of devious narrative. Finding what should be continuous a tangle of reminiscences—a thicket of miscellaneous discussion—one incident or train of thought rivalling or suggesting another—he puts it aside for future opportunity. But patient leisure may even enjoy this freedom from hurry in an author with whom time is no object, whose progress is

perpetually impeded by fulness of thought and a too active memory, unwilling to leave untold what importunes for expression. The finical exactitude which is so common a form of prolixity has none of this press of matter. It is one of the points of formality to go into unnecessary particulars, to expatiate in vapid civilities, to leave nothing unsaid, and to wrap trivialities in as many words as possible.

Digression is perhaps the crown of prolixity. A story, a statement, a judgment, that sticks to the point, must come to an end sometime; but digression never recognises this necessity—the habitual digressor never ends. If you are at once (which is natural to the digressor) long in starting your main subject, and perpetually tempted to stray into its collateral bearings, and to follow out each hint and reminder as it suggests itself, as far as it will take you, there need be no end. We may say of some talkers and writers, that there is no natural end of their thread. It is cut off abruptly by circumstances, rudely broken by impatience, but it never concludes, or achieves a comely graceful finish. Now, an end—*the* end—is what everything should tend to. It is a point very distinctly in the thought of hearer or reader; until his suspicions are roused he assumes it equally a goal with him who engages his attention,—that he has a point in view towards which he is leading him with no unnecessary delays. The moment that weakens this confidence is fatal to attention. Even an entertaining digression is listened to with a divided interest; we are waiting for a return. As it deviates into sub-digressions a sense of weariness intervenes. The end which our soul, being human, waits for, which our ear anticipates as it does the key-note, disappears out of expectation; instead of the line which is progress, we are involved in a circle without bearings or compass; we close the page with a sense of ill-usage; our listening is perfunctory, or possibly malicious, with a view to an outbreak of relief when the penance is over.

As an indulgence to this sentiment of revenge for past infliction, painters of character and manners delight to depict prolixity. How to amuse, how to extract diversion out of propensities in themselves so irksome, tests and evidences the skill of the novelist. Walter Scott had a great sympathy for prosy people; gifted with unusual patience, he gathered honey from many a flower which was but a burr to the common world. It is this sympathy which makes the deliberate prosiness of many passages in 'The Antiquary' such charming reading, guided by the skill which makes a specimen—the single brick—convey an idea of walls of endless continuity, and infuses change and variety through artful contrast of dulness. Take, for example, the three-stranded conversation, the piebald jargon of his three worthies, each started on his favourite hobby: Oldbuck on the date of the ruins of St Ruth's Priory; Sir Arthur on the glories of his ancestry; and Mr Blattergowl on the inexhaustible subject of teinds or tithes:—

"Mr Oldbuck harangued, the baronet declaimed, Mr Blattergowl prosed and laid down the law, while the Latin forms of feudal grants were mingled with the jargon of blazonry and the yet more barbarous phraseology of the Teind Court of Scotland.

"'He was,' exclaimed Oldbuck, speaking of the Prior Adhemar, 'indeed, an exemplary prelate; and from his strictness of morals, rigid execution of penance, joined to the charitable disposition of his mind,

and the infirmities induced by his great age and ascetic habits——'

"Here he chanced to cough, and Sir Arthur burst in, or rather continued, 'was called popularly Hell-in-Harness; he carried a shield, gules with a sable fess, which we have since disused, and was slain at the battle of Vernoil, in France, after killing six of the English with his own——'

"'Decreet of certification,' proceeded the clergyman, in that prolonged, steady, prosing tone, which, however overpowered at first by the vehemence of competition, promised in the long-run to obtain the ascendancy in this strife of narrators:—'Decreet of certification having gone out, and parties being held as confessed, the proof seemed to be held as concluded, when their lawyer moved to have it opened up, on the allegation that they had witnesses to bring forward, that they had been in the habit of carrying the ewes to lamb on the teind-free land, which was a mere evasion for,'" &c.

Garrulity is not prolixity, or we might quote as a remarkable example how tedious, pointless chat, rendered with absolute truth of delineation, may be made to serve the aims and needs of the novelist, amuse the reader whom the original would bore to death, and, by chance touches, tell the author's story, in Miss Austen's 'Emma.' In the ordinary novel we have plenty of prolixity, but it elaborates itself in the speeches which pass for conversation as it should be; prolixity, which loses none of its terrors in the presentment; so difficult is it for the pen to stop its flow, as to retain the wholesome consciousness of the brief limits of human patience. No doubt, great speakers have been not only tolerated but encouraged, to their own hurt, in prolixity. We cannot doubt that Coleridge was prolix, though the fact was disguised under such wonderful fertility and eloquence. People listened, but also they knew they listened beyond exact justice and fair reciprocity. "I think you have heard me preach," he said once to Charles Lamb. "I ne-ne-ver heard you do anything else," was the reply. Hartley Coleridge inherited the perilous gift—"he would hold forth by the hour," says his brother, "for no one wished to interrupt him"—and with it an added infirmity of will such as goes with all protracted utterances, and is the curse of profuse exuberant expressions.

There is no body of men to whom the charge of prolixity so constantly attaches as to the clergy, often most unjustly, and also, where merited, with so much to excuse it. In the first place, that they weary their hearers is no proof that they are prolix. Treat spiritual things as you may, they will certainly weary some people, and sound like a thrice-told tale. The demand for conciseness and brevity from such quarters is made in utter disregard of the weight of the subjects to be discussed, or of the preacher's chance of doing them justice in the hurry and trepidation of addressing paraded indifference and clamorous impatience. Undoubtedly the sermon is the legitimate field for many of the habits which go to the composition of prolixity. Its business is to exhort, explain, to amplify, to deal in reservation, to paraphrase. This especially applies to the textual method, essentially the Protestant form of sermon. And we are far from saying that what tempts to prolixity does not too often bring it about, and form a style not otherwise to be characterised. One thing is certain, however, that the habit of preaching, the habit even of diffuseness, does not mollify the natural disgust at length: has no influence

in strengthening the endurance of prolixity in others. The clergy are as impatient as the laity of other people's prosiness; and we find no more severe reproofs or biting satires on tediousness than in clerical writers of every age. They treat the question under its moral aspect. Prolixity is not only a weakness—it rarely escapes being also a sin. Thus Jeremy Taylor: "Of all things in the world a prating religion and much talk in holy things does most profane the mysteriousness of it." Again: "Some men will never be cured of overtalking without a cancer or a quinsy; and such persons are taught by all men what to do; for if they would avoid all company as willingly as company avoids them, they might quickly have a silence great as midnight and prudent as the Spartan brevity." Nor is he less contemptuous in his toleration—though he allows that much speaking is sometimes necessary, sometimes useful, sometimes pleasant; and when it is none of these, "though it be tedious and imprudent, *yet it is not always criminal.*" How finely caustic is South on this subject, strong in his Puritan antipathies, and, in his sympathy with human impatience, proposing to "cashier all prolixity;" for there is nothing that the mind of man is so apt to kindle and take distaste at as at words; and arguing that "he whose soul and body receive their activity from, and perform all their functions by, the mediation of the spirits, which ebb and flow, consume, and are renewed again, cannot but find himself very uneasy upon any tedious, verbose application made to him." Piety engages no man to be dull, though he confesses that with many of his time dulness—the more if it be lengthy dulness—passed as a mask of regeneration. Nor can prolixity keep clear of graver errors.

"Two whole hours for one prayer used to be reckoned but a moderate dose, and that for the most part fraught with such irreverent blasphemous expressions, that to repeat them would profane the place I am speaking in; and indeed they seldom 'carried on the work of such a day,' as their phrase was, but they left the church in need of a new consecration. Add to this the incoherence and confusion, the endless repetitions, and the insufferable nonsense that never failed to hold out, even with their utmost prolixity; so that in all their long fasts, from first to last, from seven in the morning to seven in the evening (which was their measure), the pulpit was always the emptiest thing in the church."

Bishop Butler's sermon on the tongue, in the intense gravity of its censures on much talking and all the forms of prolix utterance, amuses us like wit. While who can define a guarded, hedging, dissimulating prolixity of style better than Sydney Smith, showing up, in the Singleton Letters, Tomline, Bishop of Lincoln? "His creation has blood without heat, bones without marrow, eyes without speculation. He has the art of saying nothing in many words beyond any man that ever existed; and when he seems to have made a proposition, he is so dreadfully frightened at it that he proceeds as quickly as possible in the ensuing sentence to disconnect the subject and the predicate, and to avert the dangers he has incurred." A timid style, one characterised by reservations, is inevitably tedious.

The general craving for condensation, for reducing the world's wisdom to portable dimensions through an exact brevity and succinctness of speech — what in philosophy and speculation we call *maxim;* in the counsels and decision of practical wisdom, and the high mysteries of religion, *oracle;* and in matters of wit and the finenesses of the imagination, *epigram*—stands in singular contrast with the disease we treat of. In fact, the tastes and tendencies of mankind incline towards the

extreme poles of long and short, as they rank themselves among hearers or talkers, learners or teachers. Every one is familiar with the didactic temper, bent on all the machinery of length; first statements in full, then hedging those statements with reservations, strengthening them by argument, diluting them to the measure of mean understanding, recalling, summing up, anticipating objections; and, on the other hand, with the pupil's weakness for epitomes—his disposition to catch a meaning before it is uttered, to embrace a view at the first word, to see, to understand, to believe himself master of a question before its difficulties are brought under review, and to hold all explanation a mere spinning out, and an affront to his perceptive powers. We regard the sonnet and the epigram as typifying these two conditions of mind. The turn for writing sonnets curiously contrasts with the world's distaste for reading them—distaste amounting in many minds to antipathy. This at first sight seems an inconsistency, for the sonnet comes next in brevity to the epigram; but the sonnet is avowedly exhaustive; it works out a thought, and, whether that hold out or no, must last its fourteen lines. Hence, to short-lived patience, it is slow, while the epigram may be as short as it likes, and says its say in a flash, the fewer words the better.

This is, of course, one reason of the mind's delight in illustration. Illustration is only incidentally an ornament; its purpose is to save time. It is the fruit of a noble impatience of wordiness and detail. It cuts a long tale short, establishes a common ground, and trusts the hearer for catching the idea, for comprehending at a glance where the similitude holds, and where its use and purpose ends. It is indeed a partnership between poet and audience, their mutual stock the common knowledge and universal sympathies, through which they come to an understanding by an instantaneous process.

We by no means justify the common impatience of length; we are only noticing it. Prolixity is indeed a relative term. We remember a very unjust comparison of Lord Brougham's between Dante's and Gray's descriptions of evening, to the disparagement of our poet, because Dante in "Era già l'Ora" got through what he had to say in a stanza or so, and Gray spun out his over several verses. Wilson very justly replied that Dante was short because he had other fish to fry; Gray was deliberate because evening was the subject he set before himself and his readers. All elaborate descriptions of scenery and natural effects are only in place where the reader's mind is composed and at rest from eager expectation. Mr Ruskin in his 'Modern Painters' has descriptive passages of cloud, of sky, of landscape, exceedingly elaborate, but not prolix; and Uvedale Price on the Picturesque has pages running into delicate refinements of detail, of which no reader of taste is impatient. But we note in some novelists of our day—perhaps the tendency is especially a feminine one—a habit of intruding minute scenic description side by side with the action of their story, of which we do grow somewhat weary. Every paragraph of narrative has its burden, recalling "The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa'." The sky is lurid or bright, according to the temper of the heroine; in every change of her fortune our attention is called off to some distant effect of light and shade, till we do not know which most engages the thoughts of the author—the living tragedy or the atmospheric phenomena under which

it is acted out; a meagre story by this method becomes a striking example of modern prolixity.

Again, there are occupations appropriate to one sphere, and to be done deliberately, but out of place and to be hurried through in another, as it is a part of a servant's skill to be quick-handed in the parlour and to take time in the kitchen. Thus, in a prose treatise on agriculture an even exhaustive treatment of the question of manures is permissible; but in a poem, amplification on such a theme may justly be called prolix; the poet aiming at an audience not concerned through their pecuniary interests: and certainly Grainger, having, in his "Sugar-Cane," written several pages of such instructions as the following, incurs danger of the charge:—

> "The sacred Muse
> Naught sordid deems but what is base, nought fair
> Unless true Virtue stamps it with her seal;
> Then, planter, wouldst thou double thine estate,
> Ah, never, never be ashamed to tread
> Thy dung-heaps, where the refuse of thy mills,
> With all the ashes all thy coppers yield,
> With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost form
> Of force, to fertilise the poorest soil;"—

and does not catch himself up a line too soon when he sums up this branch of his subject with

> "Enough of composts, Muse; of soils enough."

For the poet addresses himself not to a technical few, but to a world of readers, of whom nothing is required but the use of eyes and ears, sympathy, sensibility, and understanding.

The question to what extent poetry may be prolix — may treat its subject in every aspect exhaustively — naturally leads us to the consideration of what so many critics regard as *the* poem of the day —the 'Ring and the Book.' Mr Browning, indeed, directly courts the charge of prolixity by telling his story, the facts of which are soon told, in eleven if not twelve different methods of amplification, in each of which a distinct character is imparted to the narration through the introduction of matter perfectly irrelevant to the case in hand. This is not an occasion for a critique on what is called by Mr Browning's admirers that "wonderful book," and which we allow to be a very remarkable one; only, while they call him the most poetic of poets, we might style him, judging from page upon page, the most prosaic; prosaic in proportion to the prodigious number of words he has taken to work out an idea. Poetry pure is almost in its nature much in little. But while to the great bulk of the book we deny the title poetry, we grant its power; also, that the first perception of the story's capabilities was a poet's conception, and that throughout he shows that grasp of his subject which is one of the supreme tests of power. While we must differ from Mr Browning's eulogists, we at the same time allow weight to their verdict. The business and duty of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. If people are enthusiastic as to the amount of pleasure they derive from Mr Browning's numbers, there is no getting over such testimony. The merit of verse cannot be proved or disproved by demonstration. People are pleased, their ears soothed, tickled, and gratified — there is a fact. We can only assert, on the other hand, that Mr Browning's verse, in its ordinary flow, affects us as dancing does if we stop our ears; where we see time marked by gesticulation, the motive and the pleasure of the exercise

alike escaping us. To our ears his lines seem

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

and over very jolting roads too; and this is a fact also. After pages of this singular system of harmony and rhythm, we should have settled down into the conviction that there are two sets of ears for poetry, just as there is the Asiatic and the European taste in music, but that we observe, when Mr Browning's keenest admirers quote a line or a passage to prove their point, they select the smoothest and most finished and really felicitous examples; and say, this is Tennysonian,—this Shakespeare might have written. For obscurity they think it apology enough that "his thoughts are too big for his words"—a plea no poet would thank them for. We all of us *think* that we have thoughts too big for our words. It is the business, the all-in-all of the poet to invest thoughts of all sizes in appropriate words.

Mr Browning addresses the British public in a tone of defiance—

"Well, British Public, ye who like me not."

It seems that a class of worshippers, however devoted and exclusive, does not satisfy; so the poet's countrymen get a snub,—as wanting acumen, as grocers, Philistines, and what not. Now, we think the British public has something to say for itself. No reasonable man should expect persons with pursuits and interests of their own not to recoil at the threshold on finding a tale of murder and suspected adultery told over a dozen times in blank verse, and told with that air of rigmarole to the careless glancing eye, that crabbedness of construction, which keeps the reader on the heels of thought, and compels a reperusal, not once, but three or four times, before the sense is got hold of. Much of it, too, is written in a composite language, one half the line Latin, the other English; while the tone of what he gathers is mostly selfish and cynical—Italian principles of action and lines of thought in a corrupt period. Not that he ever imagines himself among the Capulets and Montagues of a bygone age; whether he glances or gives his mind with deliberation, the reader alike recognises Mr Browning everywhere. The poet is indeed absorbed in his theme, but never to the merging of his personality in that of another. Whether it is "one half Rome," or "the other half Rome," or "Tertium quid," "Guido," or "Caponsacchi," or "Dr Hyacinthus," or "Pompilia," or the "Pope," all talk and think exactly like Mr Browning *in propria persona*. All are equally prone to digressions. Their concatenation of ideas follows the same chain. All are metaphysical, analytical, psychological, down to poor Pompilia, a girl of seventeen, who can neither read nor write. All speak in the thread of their own thoughts, without taking into account the court, the judge, the patron they address:—all proving that though it was a poet's flash which took in and gave life to an old-forgotten tale of cruelty and wrong, yet he worked it out in its multiform aspects at his leisure. It is *cleverness*, not fancy, that keeps up the strain of thought once started. The ideas evolve themselves calmly, *prosily*, for pages at a time, as they might in any uninspired speculation on other people's modes of thinking and acting. Mr Browning has that craving to leave nothing unsaid that comes into his mind, which he attributes to one of his characters:—

"Sir, how should I lie quiet in my grave
Unless you suffer me wring, drop by drop,
My brain dry?"

Even in Pompilia's story, adduced as the charming, most universally-pleasing point of the book, and one, too, giving most striking evidence of the poet's power of merging himself in another being, we fail to discern those delicate feminine touches which compel us to forget the artist in his creation. Fancy, for instance, an Italian girl, two hundred years ago, talking about *facts*, or entering into the quirks or profundities of the following strain of thought. The passage is one often quoted for its beauties:—

"Even for my babe, my boy, there's safety thence—
From the sudden death of me, I mean. We poor
Weak souls, how we endeavour to be strong!
I was already using up my life—
This portion now should do him such a good,
This other go to keep off such an ill!
This great life—see, a breath, and it is gone!
So is detached, so left all by itself,
The little life, the fact which means so much."

This sort of nature, or the want of it, is as open to the judgment of the common reader as to the professed critic, often too much occupied by the beauty or point of the thought, as characteristic of the poet, to note its discordance with the character or circumstances of the avowed speaker. As a simple member of the British public, he is more puzzled than the critic seems to be by the leisure, length, and collectedness of all concerned: and scarcely sees the relevance of a vast deal of curious speculation supposed to pass in the minds of men and women in the hurry or extremity of a tragic situation. For in whatever predicament the actors or the victims of the tragedy find themselves, they are equal to any amount of hard thinking and whimsical illustration, as where Guido, wondering at his folly in risking his life by killing two old people, exclaims:—

"Life!
How I could spill this overplus of mine,
Among those hoar-haired, shrunk-shanked odds and ends
Of body and soul, old age is chewing dry!
Those windle-straws that stare while purblind death
Mows here and there; makes hay of juicy me!"

If, however, waiving the question of probability, the ordinary reader perseveres, he will not go unrewarded. The book is amusing reading, whether poetry or not, whether prolix or not — in fact, this latter quality is the parent of much readable matter. The style is anecdotal. Italian chronicles have furnished the author with many telling quaint examples of the cruelty, tyranny, and insolent oppression of times prior to the date of the story. All the *miscellanea* collected in a wide course of reading are engrafted into the various narratives, and told with caustic humour. Here the reader may learn how Pope Stephen exhumed Pope Formosus, who had been dead eight months, clothed him in pontifical vestments, and arraigned him for having given up a lesser see for that of Rome, with all the grotesquely horrible circumstances of trial and condemnation;—how it was once a point of education among gentlemen to learn to endure torture, and how a host would exhibit his pluck to a guest by having out the rack into the courtyard before dinner, and bid his servants do their worst upon him;—how a duke guillotined a man at his own door for taking offence at the abduction of his sister;—how Dominus Hyacinthus composes an appetising dish of liver, minced herbs, goosefoot, cockscomb, and cheese, and, if it disagrees with the old father-in-law—"well, his will is made;" with a thousand other "facts," which carry a reader from page to page, forgetting that he is read-

ing verse, and even that he is engaged upon a tragic incident that actually happened. The reader finds himself endeavouring to form, with not much success, a picture of Italian society, out of the jesting, diffuse, but clever delineations of an able hand, loving humanity rather in the abstract than as he anywhere sees it, not seldom coarse, often a caricaturist, with now and then a touch, which we wish away, of the revolting and profane.

An intelligent writer in the pages of a contemporary has recently given his experiences as a reader. Himself a thorough-going devotee, he seeks and finds sympathy in his worship of Mr Browning. Not only does he carry in his own memory long passages of Paracelsus, but he knows somebody else whose mind is similarly stored. It is he that pronounces Mr Browning the most poetical of poets, and counts the hours spent in reading his more mystical and toughest utterances as among the happiest of his life. But we are struck with an admission which accounts in a material degree for the non-universality of Mr Browning's favour. To read him with the right gust and appreciation, people must be out of the way of all temptation to do anything else. "Thoroughly to enjoy a good book," says this reader, "I am inclined to think we must be out of the way of newspapers and periodicals, and, I might add, out of the way of familiar society." In fact, to do a book justice a reader must be on shipboard beyond reach of the post, or on a sick-bed, or in some remote inaccessible position. It was two thousand miles from home, and, as we gather, without a soul to speak to, that he read 'Pippa Passes,' which "quite settles the question that Browning is a great dramatic poet"—"the scene between Sebald and Ottima being the very concentrated essence of tragedy, than which there is nothing more terrible in any Greek drama extant." No doubt books assume quite a different—a transcendental—aspect under these circumstances; but do they leave a man his powers of comparison? Could, for example, this "reader" have been caught by the lurid tinsel of Mr Bailey's profanity within the Bills of Mortality, or have felt the thrill he owns to at the ghastly heading "Scene—Hell," which graces one act of that sulphureous drama? Was it, we may ask, under "the abstraction necessary to the enjoyment of a great work" that the Greek dramatists first established and have since maintained their hold on men's minds? Is it only when remote from all chances of excitement, from all the concerns of the outer world, that Shakespeare is recognised for perhaps the greatest of poets? A poet of the highest order has a nobler office than delighting readers who have nothing else to do; he neither asks for nor requires such isolation from all other interests in his hearers. His winged words make their way anywhere. What the "Reader's" critical judgment is of the 'Ring and the Book' we have yet to learn. "I am waiting," he tells us, "for a fitting opportunity when the world may not be too much with me." It must be owned, however, that here is an excuse for the British Public. It cannot expatriate itself in a body, or disperse into inaccessible corners. The books it accepts must endure the competition of other occupations and interests; they must not only have thought, but expression. The air readily carries music; pure, sustained, harmonious tones reach far.

We have called prolixity a relative as well as a positive quality. Length does not deserve the epithet so long as it suits the reader's taste. We desire things to be long or short

according to what is to succeed them, and are patient of length if we dread what is to come after. Richardson's merits as a novelist are great; but now in England, amid the multiplicity of books, the mere length is fatal. In a desert island, as the solitary's only novel, this amplitude of detail, here so tedious, would enhance and crown every other merit. When Mr Macaulay produced his copy of 'Clarissa' at a hill station in India, the whole station was in a passion of excitement. The governor's wife seized the book, the secretary waited for it, and the chief-justice could not read it for tears,—none would, under such circumstances, think it too long, but those who were kept waiting.

There is no stronger external evidence of the inspiration of the Bible than its marvellous condensation, and therefore its fitness for the humanity of all time. Man has portioned it into texts to serve the prolixity, the diluting processes inseparable from human thought; but it is, in fact, one great text, about which human thought, knowledge, and wisdom amplify, pursue, swell, dilate, diverge into infinite cogitations of wit and infinite cobwebs of speculation. As men we cannot escape from prolixity either in others or ourselves. We must all prose sometimes, and tell each other things we know they know, and that they know that we know that they know. All that we must aim at is moderation in our own person and patience under the universal infliction; acknowledging the universal hold of prosing upon human affairs: for, "to say the truth, there seems no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done."

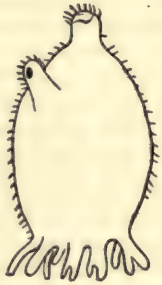
THE LEATHER BOTTÈL.

A DARWINIAN DITTY.

[For the better understanding of this "ditty," in case it should not be self-interpreting, we prefix to it two Extracts, one from Mr Darwin's *Descent of Man*, and the other from Dr Alleyne Nicholson's *Introductory Text-Book of Zoology*, with a relative woodcut, borrowed from Dr Nicholson's work, in which cut, as being a family portrait of our ancestor (according to Mr Darwin), our readers cannot fail to feel a strong interest. We suggest that the word Ascidian, if not spelled Askidian, ought, at least, to be pronounced so.]

"The most ancient progenitors in the kingdom of the Vertebrata, at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians.

"These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes, . . . these to the Simiadæ. The Simiadæ then branched off into two great stems, the New World and Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded. Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality." —*The Descent of Man, and Selection in relation to Sex.* By Charles Darwin, M.A. F.R.S. &c.; vol. i. p. 212-13.

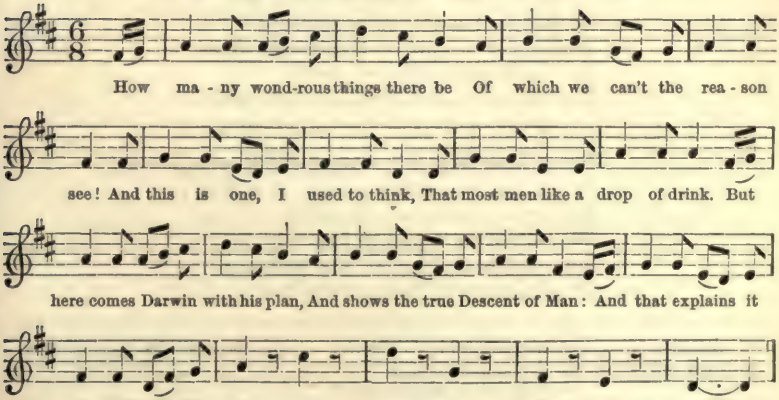


"A Simple Ascidian."

"Tunicata. — This class includes a class of animals not at all familiarly known, and mostly of small size. They are often called *Ascidians* (Gr. *askos*, a wine-skin), from the resemblance which many of them exhibit in shape to a two-necked jar or bottle (see fig.)—The two orifices in the outer leathery case or 'test' of the *Tunicata* lead into the interior of the animal, and are used for the admission and expulsion of sea-water; and by their means the animal both breathes and obtains food." —*Introductory Text-Book of Zoology.* By H. Alleyne Nicholson, M.D. &c.

Air—"The Leather Bottèl."

See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. ii., 513.



There are Mollusca rather small,
That Naturalists Ascidia call;
Who, being just a bag-like skin,
Subsist on water pouring in:
And these you'll find, if you will seek,
Derive their name from Heathen Greek;
For Scott and Scapula show full well
That As–kos–means—a leather bottèl.

Now Darwin proves as clear as mud,
That, endless ages ere the Flood,
The Coming man's primæval form
Was simply an Ascidian worm:*
And having then the habit got
Of passing liquor down his throat,
He keeps it still, and shows full well
That Man–was–once—a leather bottèl.

When Bacchus' feasts came duly round,
Athenian peasants beat the ground;
And danced and leapt, to ease their toil,
'Mid leather bottles smeared with oil:
From which they slid, with broad grimace,
And falling, filled with mirth the place:
And so they owned and honoured well
Their great–grand–sire—the leather bottèl.

The toper loves to sit and swill
Of wine, or grog, or beer, his fill;
And, as he doth but little eat,
It serves him both for drink and meat:
But don't, I pray, be too strait-laced,
Or blame this pure Ascidian taste:
For Darwin's theory shows full well,
The to–per–is—a leather bottèl.

The Dean of Christ-Church does not shrink
To give five reasons we should drink:
"Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we should be by-and-by:"
Then adds the fifth in humorous sport,
As "any other reason" for't:
But all his reasoning shows full well,
The Dean–was–just—a leather bottèl! ‡

Nay, those who fain strong drink would stop,
Don't say, we should not drink a drop;
But water, milk, or *eau sucrée*,
We're free to tipple all the day:
Sam Johnson's self, as you may see,
Drank many myriad cups of tea:

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* Worm is here used for larva. † See Virgil's Georgics, ii. 380.

‡ Dean Aldrich's well-known Catch,

"If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink,"

And all this drinking shows full well
That man's–at–best—a leather bottèl.

"The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,"
The plants, too, drink the moistened plain:
"The sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little need for drink,
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up;"
While beasts and fishes share the cup:
The Sun, too, drinks, the Moon as well;
So Na–ture's–all—a leather bottèl.*

I hope even Darwin don't say Nay,
When asked at times to wet his clay:
And I for one would drink his health,
And wish him sense and wit and wealth:
And if good liquor he doth brew,
I'll drink to old Erasmus too:
And gladly join to show full well
That man–is–still—a leather bottèl.†

PLATONIC PARADOXES.

A NEW SONG.

Air—"*The tight little Island.*'

In how many strange ways
Human nature displays
The caprices that enter her pate, O!
To which view you'll be led
If some pages you've read
In the Oxford translation of Plato.
What a wonderful writer is Plato!
And how well Jowett's pen can translate, O!
But I clearly discover
On reading him over
Some very odd notions in Plato.

The fears of the brave
Make us always look grave,
And the mean little tricks of the great, O!
So the foolish things too
That the wise say and do
Are ridiculous even in Plato.

---

is a translation of the following Latin lines, which Father Sirmond, the Jesuit, "quoique fort sobre," delighted to repeat:—

"Si bene commemini causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis; atque futura;
Et vini bonitas; et quælibet altera causa."—*Menagiana*, i. 172.

* Altered from Cowley's Anacreontics.

† Erasmus Darwin, mentioned in the last verse, was, we believe, the grandfather of the present distinguished Naturalist. The germ of the "Darwinian theory" is, we consider, much more certainly to be found in the Doctor's posthumous poem of the Temple of Nature, than the origin of man in the Ascidian larva, or leather bottèl.

Upon some points I quite go with Plato,
In the same way as Addison's Cato:
But some marvellous flaws
As to justice and laws
Mark the model Republic of Plato.

Every honest man grieves
At the number of thieves
That our social temptations create, O!
And our hearts are all sore
For the wretchedly poor;
And I'm sure the same feelings had Plato.
But the system propounded by Plato,
These deplorable ills to abate, O!
Was to break off with Mammon,
Have all things in common:
"Private property's gammon"—said Plato.

There of course is no theft
When no property's left
To give Meum and Tuum their weight, O!
And when all's a dead level,
Starvation and revel
Alike are excluded by Plato.
These Communist doctrines of Plato
Have again come in fashion of late, O!
But the makers of money,
The hoarders of honey,
Won't be pleased with these projects of Plato.

Then the struggles and strife
That attend married life,
And that often turn love into hate, O!
Its profligate courses,
Desertions, Divorces,
Must have hurt the fine feelings of Plato.
But a very bad cure proposed Plato
(For I don't think him here *the potato*),
"Make the man and the woman,
Like property, *common*;—
And the children as well:" added Plato.

No folks were to wed
That were not thorough-bred,
And each wedding should last a short date, O!
And if children appeared
Not quite fit to be reared,
They were never acknowledged by Plato.
'Twas a delicate question with Plato,
Upon which he dislikes to dilate, O!
But we all of us know
Where the puppy-dogs go
When the litter's too many for Plato.

On this question that vexes
Us as to the sexes,

Our author don't long hesitate, O!
Women's duties and rights,
Whether beauties or frights,
Are completely conceded by Plato.
But the pace here adopted by Plato
Seems to move at too rapid a rate, O!
All must go to the wars
And be servants of Mars,
Both the women and men, under Plato.

On another small point
He appears out of joint,
Though perhaps it admits of debate, O!
If philosophers solely
Should rule o'er us wholly,
Or our kings be the pupils of Plato.
Suppose them as clever as Plato,
How would Darwin or Mill rule the state, O!
Should you think Epicurus
A good Palinurus,
Or would England be governed by Plato?

A philosopher's schemes
Are made up of fond dreams
And of idle Utopian prate, O!
For while Theory preaches,
'Tis Practice that teaches,
And corrects the wild crotchets of Plato.
So the model Republic of Plato
Must submit to the general fate, O!
Lay the book on the shelf,
And each man make HIMSELF
What a Christian would wish for in Plato.

NOTE.—While we thus venture, under the allowed garb of ridicule, to record some plain truths as to certain extravagant views suggested by Plato in his Republic, we should do injustice to our own feelings if we did not at the same time express the pleasure and admiration which have been excited in us by the remarkable Translation of that author that has just issued from the Clarendon Press. This work by Professor Jowett is one of the most splendid and valuable gifts to Literature and Philosophy that have for a long time been offered. Its first or most obvious excellence is the perfect ease and grace of the translation, which is thoroughly English, and yet entirely exempt from any phrase or feature at variance with the Hellenic character. Very few translations, other than the Bible, read like an original: but this is one of them. It has other and more recondite excellences. It is the work, almost the life-labour, we believe, of a profound scholar, a thoughtful moralist and metaphysician, and a most successful instructor of youth: and it is manifest that the complete success that has attended his execution of the task is itself the means of concealing the diligence, industry, and ability, with which philological and interpretative difficulties must have been solved or overcome. It is a great matter, even for the best scholars, to possess such a guide and help in the study of the original; and to others, desirous of knowing thoroughly and appreciating worthily the wise thoughts and literary beauties of one of the greatest writers that ever lived, the boon is inestimable. The Introductions to the several Dialogues seem to be excellent, and are appropriately directed to explain the point of view which the great Greek philosopher occupied, and to point out the fact that his very errors—and we think some of these very great—arose out of his keen perception of evils which needed a remedy, but which, we believe, can only be remedied by higher influences than any that were within reach of a Pagan Philosophy.

UNDER THE RED CROSS:

A NARRATIVE OF HOSPITAL-LIFE WITH THE PRUSSIANS IN FRANCE.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

On arriving in Munich from Italy, my first step was to report myself to the English Legation—a mere form, perhaps, as I knew that the German authorities alone could help me to obtain what I had come to seek: the being enlisted in the corps of the "*Volunteer Nurses*." and obtaining the protection and privileges conferred by the Red Cross; still there is a general belief on the Continent, that the bearer of an English passport is entitled to special respect;—and although we were not in very good odour in the North German Confederation (owing to our being suspected of a sneaking and unavowed sympathy for the French), there was nevertheless a certain feeling of security in the possession of that flimsy document, with its rampant and defiant supporters of the Garter, heading "the request and demand in the name of her Majesty," &c. &c.

I had brought letters to the Prussian envoy, Baron von W., and, in my interview with him, informed him that I wished to devote myself to nursing the sick and wounded in the hospitals in France: it was a matter of perfect indifference to me where I was sent, or what work I had to do; but that, if a choice were offered to me, I should select the work of fever hospitals, as it required less surgical knowledge than the wounded demanded, and in consequence of the contagion, there would be a greater want of nurses. Baron von W.'s answer was: "Doubtless it is a very noble mission you are undertaking, and with your knowledge of French and German, you may be of great use. Where ladies have been able to stand the work and privations, their nursing has been a very great help and comfort; but many don't know the hardships of such an undertaking, and turn out, notwithstanding their most praiseworthy intentions, helpless and useless. Therefore I do not hide from you that it is by no means an easy thing to obtain the Red Cross; but I will do all that lies in my power to recommend you, most especially to Graf Castell, the head of the Central Committee, and if you will meet me to-morrow at our mutual friend's, Madame von M., I will let you know the result."

This "mutual friend" is a charming and clever English lady (married to a Prussian diplomate), with a "heart of gold," and most original and amusing. My visit was a surprise which elicited the exclamation—

"Good gracious, child! what are you doing in Munich?"

"Going to nurse the sick and wounded at the seat of war. Come here to get my papers."

"Why, you don't expect to get the Red Cross, do you? Because you had better give up that idea at once. It is next to impossible. They have refused scores; and, besides, I don't think our nationality is any recommendation just now."

"Why is there such a very great difficulty? I thought they were always glad to have nurses."

"Because, my dear, there has been such unwarrantable abuse of the Red-Cross badge. Lots of people have gone—ay, and even from England—with the idea that they

would make a pleasant trip of it, see the country, write paying articles to the papers, and get their expenses gratis into the bargain! I know of a lady who, under the protection of her badge, went over the battle-fields and made interesting collections of dead heroes' bones! Besides, my dear, it sounds all very fine and praiseworthy; but women who have got 'nerves,' are easily shocked, and can't understand what the poor suffering men want, had far better stay at home; there isn't one in a hundred that can be of real use."

"Well, but I don't want to write articles for newspapers—I should not know how to; nor do I care for relics of fallen heroes; and you know that I don't mind privations, and understand German thoroughly."

"Including their horrible *patois?* You must remember that your knowledge of *hoch Deutsch* is not going to be of much service to you when a half-delirious 'Schwab' or 'Westphäler' mutters out his wailings or requirements in his own peculiar dialect, and there would be a great loss of time in having to appeal to a third party for an explanation." I assented. "Oh!" continued my friend, "I know you'll do capitally, but you can't expect them to take it for granted; however, you may be certain I'll give you every recommendation and support that I am able to; but don't be sanguine about the Red Cross, for I don't think you will get it."

I confess I did not feel elated at this new view of the case; but, to my surprise and delight, when I reached Madame von M.'s house on the morrow, I was greeted with the welcome words:—

"Let me congratulate you, my dear, on your success. It's all right; you are to have the Red Cross, and be packed off with the first hospital-train which leaves for France. You had better go and see Baron von W., and thank him for his help."

"At one o'clock, I suppose, is the best hour?"

"Bless you, no such thing! don't you know that in Germany every one dines at one o'clock? Go before."

That little duty performed, my next move was to go and have an interview with Graf Castell, the chief (or "head-devil," as our American cousins call it) of the "Bavarian Society for the care and support in the field of wounded and sick soldiers," a very lengthy nomenclature for a society, but then the German language is more precise than concise; also it is apt to get uncommonly rusty for want of use, and I felt somewhat uncertain as to what amount of fluency I could command, seeing that I had been out of the habit of conversing for some years; however, memory brought back the intricate constructions and proper forms of speech.

Graf Castell informed me that I should be supplied with the necessary papers of "Legitimation" and the badge, and that I was to hold myself in readiness to start with the hospital-train, the exact day of departure not having as yet been fixed. He also gave me a letter of recommendation, which would give me access to the Queen-mother's private *lazareth*, as well as to that of the Knights of St George, both out of town.

Before returning to my hotel, I thought it advisable to purchase a small "conversation book," and practise myself in the conventional *Durchlauts* and *Hochwohlgeboreners*, which the Germans use so profusely when addressing grandees, both in speaking and writing.

The next day dawned with a

snowstorm, and as I sat at breakfast in the "Speise-saal," and watched the *drotchsky* horses slipping about, and finally sitting in all sorts of uncomfortable positions on the frozen streets, I began to foresee what a cold journey was before me, and sallied out to purchase fur-shoes and warm underclothing; then drove out through the town and suburbs into a muddy lane, and stopped at a house having the appearance of a well-to-do *wirthschaft* (which the Queen's Hospital had really been). On the door was posted the following announcement: "No admittance except by order of the Queen-mother's Hofmarschall." Ignoring this injunction, I sent in Graf Castell's letter, with my card, and in less than a minute was beckoned in to the vestibule, where the above-mentioned Hofmarschall stood before me hat in hand. How conveniently the "conversation book" served me at this critical and unexpected moment! "Seine Excellenz" informed me that her Majesty was in the ward, and had sent him to say how happy she would be to show me her hospital herself. I made an attempt to excuse my intrusion, pleading ignorance of her Majesty's presence; but the Hofmarschall broke into French, and repeating, "Sa Majesté vous prie," led the way up-stairs, and introducing me first to the lady in waiting at the door of the Krankensaal, we walked through it, and I was presented to the Queen, who smiled very affably, saying—

"C'est un vrai plaisir pour moi, de vous montrer moi-même tous mes malades."

"Je rends grâces à votre Majesté," I replied, "de l'honneur dont elle me comble, et la prie d'accepter ma reconnaissance pour une bonté qui me rend cette visite doublement précieuse."

Thereupon her Majesty, remarking interrogatively, "You are English?" continued the conversation with perfect ease and fluency in my own language, and led me round the infirmary, giving me the history of each patient. There were not more than twenty-five (no cases of fever), and all appeared very well cared for and happy; the rooms very warm, but thoroughly ventilated. The Queen-mother of Bavaria is a handsome short woman of about forty-five years, motherly and kind in appearance, but dignified and gracious withal, and she visited her patients every day.

The "König-and-Georg-Ritter Spitäle," both in the same building, are much grander affairs—a very large building, originally intended for a "Damenstift," and containing over two hundred and fifty patients. There I was taken under the wing of the "Barmherzige Schwestern" (Sisters of Charity), who had been administering their tender cares since the first wounded had been brought from Wissembourg, Wörth, and Gravelotte. The patients occupied by twos little rooms right and left off long passages. The poor fellows seemed very glad to see visitors, and talk over all their woes. For the most part they were cheerful, and seemingly contented. There were many who had been wounded at Spicheren, Vionville, and Gravelotte, and who did not expect to be on their crutches till Easter; others from Beaumont and Sedan and the later engagements. The rooms were kept scrupulously clean and tidy, each patient having by his bedside a little table, with the inevitable cigars (indeed they were all smoking), pipes, books, writing materials, and newspapers. The two worst cases I saw were a Silesian who had had both arms and one leg amputated; his face was wasted, pale, and covered with sweat, but he conversed freely, told me his sleep and appetite were good, but that his great regret was

"that he could not now be vor Paris." The other was a Prussian, whose leg had been badly amputated on the battle-field, and an abscess had formed on the stump; as the Sister dressed the poor limb, the hero groaned and cried like a child.

One good-looking young Saxon, with a bullet in his arm, observed, pointing at his *camarade:* "Poor fellow! he won't be able to go back and fight; but, Gott sei dank, I shall be out again soon!"

Another who heard me say I was going to France to nurse in the hospitals, remarked—

"Ich beneide die Verwundeten, und ich beneide auch Sie!" ("I envy the wounded, and I envy you too!")

The military hospitals at Munich are not nearly so clean and well kept as the royal ones; but then that could not be expected, as the cost would be too great; but the French, of whom there was a very large proportion, were just as well cared for and attended to as their enemies.

Madame von M. took me to the "Hof-Theater," in the box of the Prussian Embassy, and I had the luck to hear my favourite opera "Faust" most exquisitely given; indeed I believe the opera in Munich ranks amongst the best abroad, for the young King is passionately fond of music, and spends much of his private fortune in having the best operas put magnificently upon the stage, especially those of his friend Richard Wagner.

After waiting two days more, during which the weather got still colder and the ground more thoroughly frozen, I received a very business-like-looking envelope from Count Castell, containing my Legitimation's Carte, which ran thus:—

N 830

Legitimation.

Name Miss * * * * *

Stand

Wohnort Italien.

ist ermächtigt zum Tragen des nach der Genfer Convention vorgeschriebenen **Neutralitäts-Abzeichens.**

München, den 1 Dezember 1870.

Das Central-Comité
des
Bayer. Verein zur Pflege und Unterstützung im Felde verwundeter und erkrankter Krieger.

Gf. Castell.

and on the other side the visa of the Royal Bavarian Minister of War, with that functionary's seal; a letter to Baron von P., at Lagny; and my badge, consisting of a band of white calico, stamped with the words "Landes-Verein K. Bayern," and a woollen red cross sown on to it; also a note informing me that the *spital-zug* (hospital-train) would leave the following day at 5 P.M.

Acting on the advice of my friend Madame von M., I provided plenty of warm coverings, and took a small stock of tea, coffee, brandy, and Liebig's extract. I also purchased a couple of hundred cigars—that article being the most welcome *douceur* to a German heart—and had my "flimsy document" *visé* at the Prussian embassy as follows:—

"Gesehen und gut für den Krieges, schaup latz in Frankreich im Dienste der freiwilligen Kranken pflege;" ("good for the seat of war, in the service of the voluntary care of sick and wounded.")

The last piece of advice given me by Madame von M. proved of inestimable service to me:—

"Take everything you may require with you; don't have anything sent after you, or you will never see it again; and—cut your hair short, it's healthier."

"Well," said I, "I had thought of that, but then there might be occasions when I might want to wear a bonnet, and should wish in vain for the severed locks."

"Nonsense, my dear; besides, you can take your chignon with you, and clap it on when you want to get yourself up!"

When I went the next morning to the station to have a look at our hospital-train, and consign my baggage (consisting of one box and a valise) to one of the *wärter* (attendants), a *todten-zug* came in from France. The carriages were marked with a white cross on a black ground.

On the platform were standing dismounted cavalry soldiers, who removed the coffins and placed them on military hearses. There were many people looking on, and deep-drawn sighs could be heard amidst the sad silence which pervaded the whole scene.

When all was ready, the soldiers, with lighted tapers in their hands, took up their places beside the hearses, and the horses themselves looked as if they knew the lifeless burdens they were drawing. The corporal on horseback at the head of the mournful procession gave a half-muffled "Marsch!" and it moved on slowly out of the station.

As the crowd dispersed I heard a woman say—

"Poor noble fellows, they have died a glorious death and earned the "Himmelreich!"—"Kingdom of Heaven!"

"Yes," remarked a bystander, "so have the thousands whose very resting-places are unknown to their families; but what does our country gain by it? those Prussians get all the glory!"

CHAPTER II.

Our hospital-train was made up of forty-seven carriages—several first-class compartments, clean and comfortable, and heated by steam-pipes running under the seats. They were respectively marked "Commandant," "Aertze," "Verwaltung," "Schwestern," "Wärter," and "Wacht";—"Doctors," "Intendance," "Sisters," "Attendants," and "Watch." Then the engine-room with the heating-apparatus,

storerooms, kitchen, and twelve *krankenwagen*, each containing a small stove and five beds (with mattress, sheets, blankets, and feather-pillows), mounted on elliptic springs. These last carriages, as well as the kitchen, are built on the Swiss and American principle—that is, opening on to a little covered platform in the centre connecting them with each other, so that while the train was in motion one could walk through all the carriages to fetch what was required for the sick in the kitchen or store-rooms.

As I entered the *restauration* of the station, the Herr Major or commandant of our train stepped forward, saying—

"You are the English lady I am to have the honour of escorting?" and his spurs met with a clink. "Allow me to present to you the three surgeons who are going with you; and here are six 'Barmherzige Schwester' and a nurse who accompany us."

After a few minutes' conversation, we were summoned by the station-master to take our seats. The Herr Major asked me if I wished to occupy a compartment with the Sisters, but I feared that my sleep would be disturbed by their devotional exercises, and preferred sharing a carriage with the "lay nurse."

Our escort consisted of six Bavarian Landwehr and a corporal; and we took with us several carriages full of ammunition, ten artillerymen and a sergeant going to Meaux.

The first carriage was marked "Bayerischer Spital Zug," and they all had large red crosses on white squares painted on the panels—not that this "Neutralitäts-zeichen" was much respected in France, for it had occurred more than once that the hospital-trains—even those returning loaded with wounded—had been fired upon by the peasants and franc-tireurs as they passed; and the commandant told me our journey to Lagny would be very slow work, for when once across the French frontier they dared not travel by night.

My companion, a German widow, turned out to be a nurse *de son état*, who had been through the campaign of '66 as *freiwillige kranken pflegerin*, and, ever since this war broke out, had been working gratis in the hospitals at home. She was present on the battle-fields of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour (where she herself, unaided, performed an amputation), and escorted the first ambulance-train which bore the wounded into the Grand Duchy of Baden, doing the duties of head-nurse until the hospital she belonged to broke up; and now her intention was, like mine, to seek work in France. She proved, as we travelled on, a most pleasant companion, good-hearted and full of fun (a rare merit for one of her nationality!), not liable to be awed or frightened by anything, and very entertaining.

When we reached Ulm, late in the evening, there was an hour's halt. Supper was served for us in the *restauration*, and then we repaired to our night-quarters, the Sisters occupying two of the *krankenwagen*, and Madame Schmid and I another. The cold was intense, but we made up a roaring fire in the little stove, and wrapping ourselves up in endless blankets and rugs, went to bed, getting up in turns every half-hour to poke the fire and to pile on coals; but sleep would assert itself, and when we woke up at daylight the fire was out, and the cold intense.

As I opened the door to go and find one of the *wärter*, the snow, which was piled up a foot high on the platform, was blown in like dust by the freezing, cutting wind.

The first person I met was the

Landwehr corporal, who was on his way to look after our fire with one of his men. It was soon set a-blazing, and the soldier having fetched us our *café au lait* from the kitchen, we "bivouacked," as it were, round the little stove.

The "Copral" was a tall handsome specimen of his class, spoke the most uncompromising *patois*, wore his helmet very jauntily inclined towards his left ear, and having accepted the offer of a glass of cognac to thaw the icicles which still hung from his moustache, proceeded to enlighten us as to his views of the Franco-German struggle. We found that the man set a boundless value on his sex, for his pity, he said, was not so much for the relatives of fallen heroes, as for the poor French girls who would find no more husbands! Then he drew out a small gold locket which he wore round his neck, and showed us therein the portrait of his bride. At Stuttgard we stopped for an hour, and changed into our day-quarters, the first-class carriages, which were warm and comfortable.

At 2 P.M. we reached Carlsruhe, and there our dinner was brought to us, consisting of black bread (which would have been eatable enough had it not been flavoured with fennel), a plate of soup rather watery and greasy, some tough boiled beef and potatoes, and some Bavarian beer. This, diversified with *sauer-kraut* and cold boiled sausages, formed the staple of our dinners and suppers during the whole journey. It was rather monotonous and coarse, but there was plenty of it.

The "Copral," whose weak point was his gallantry, and who was never loath to accept a good cigar, always secured us white *brödchen* and a bottle of milk when they were to be got; and as I had with me a spirit-lamp, essence of coffee, tea, and sugar, we fared very well.

When we crossed the bridge of Kehl, destroyed during the bombardment of Strassburg, and since rebuilt, it was so dark that we could scarcely distinguish the river and town. A little beyond Strassburg we were shunted on to a side-rail and there stopped for the night. Our experience of the previous night, with the prospect of doing "stoker" by turns, was not engaging. Madame Schmid proposed our fetching our pillows and blankets from our night-quarters, so we decided upon retaining the day-compartments, and tipping the *wagen-chauffeur* to keep our pipes hot till midnight, trusting that the hot air shut in would prevent our being congealed until the machine was set agoing again at dawn. This proved a much better plan.

When the *wärter* came the next morning to bring us our breakfast at Lunéville, we found ourselves sealed in by the frost, for neither the door nor the windows of our carriage could be opened until some hot water had been fetched from the kitchen to thaw the ice, and release us. At this station I had my first conversation with a French woman, who was sweeping out the office of the Prussian station-master—a rough stern fellow, of whom she seemed much in awe. He did not intimidate me in the least, though he was infuriated by my expressions of sympathy for his poor conquered slave. He rather guessed than comprehended my meaning, his own knowledge of the language being confined to "Débéchez-fous, fîte, allons," interspersed with the ever-recurring "Donner Wetter, Marsch!"

Our progressive movements henceforth became subject to many interruptions; for our line being the only direct communication between

France and Germany, it was continually encumbered by post, provision, military, and hospital trains running to and fro; and, to avoid collisions, no little prudence was necessary.

From each station the Herr Major would telegraph on to the next, to know if the line were clear, and thus our departure depended on the answer, which would sometimes keep us waiting for hours, sometimes hurry us off without a moment's delay; occasionally we went creeping along at an exasperatingly slow pace, and then again found ourselves rushing at express speed.

At Nancy there were no less than seven trains waiting to move on, the period of their detention ranging between four hours and four days. Alongside of ours was an endless cavalry train full of Uhlans and their steeds, numbering two hundred and eighty. The horses were placed by sixes in vans, three facing each other. I pitied them far more than the men, for they had been thus cramped up for seven days already, and were not able to lie down.

The men were kind and caressing to them, and they were continually straining their heads over the bar (fixed in front of their chests) to look out, and have their dear soft noses patted. As I stretched out my hand from the carriage-window to give the horses some pieces of bread, two Uhlans said to me—

"Oh, Schwester" (sister), "give the bread to us, for the horses get plenty of corn and straw, but we have hardly eaten anything the last three days."

This train had been retarded by a slight collision at the commencement of its journey, and ever since its progress had been of the slowest. The men, whose patience was sorely tried, vented their feelings by scribbling satirical remarks and weak jokes, in chalk, upon the panels of their vans, such as "Restaurant de la Paix," "Eilzug nach Paris;" and under the usual "6 Pferde oder 32 Mann" they had added, "Kanonen-futter;" ("express train to Paris, six horses or thirty-two men; and 'food for powder.'")

Our *chauffeur* having assured us that our train could not possibly move on for at least four hours, Madame Schmid and I went to luncheon at a *restaurant*, and then strolled about the pretty picturesque town; but it was sad to see the deserted streets, the gloomy expression upon the faces of the few stragglers we met, and the too evident cessation of all business.

Even in rushing through those departments occupied by the enemy, traces of the remorseless Juggernaut, war, were painfully visible. A thick coating of snow had covered the untilled and neglected fields; scarcely a village but had one or more houses damaged or ruined by shells; and the manufactories of these once thriving districts were closed, and their tall chimneys smoked no longer.

When we returned to the station, we were some time in finding our train, notwithstanding its flaring red crosses, for it had been shunted off nearly a quarter of a mile beyond where we had left it—some had moved on, and others arrived with fresh regiments of Landwehr called to "fill up the gaps"—and we found an addition to our numbers in the shape of eight convalescent Prussians of the *Garde* (or *Jarde*, as they pronounce it), whom we were to take on to Lagny to join their regiments—picked men, evidently "the flower of the army."

Even Madame Schmid, who being a true Bavarian, with the campaign of '66 still fresh in her memory,

bore the Prussians no great love, and called them to their faces "die schwarze Raubvögel" (black birds of prey), was fain to admit that these *fritzchen* were not only handsome but refined and well bred, and we very soon became good friends. They spoke with much modesty of their victories, owned that in the first battles the French fought with bravery, and expressed great pity for the country people whose homes were desolate, and crops destroyed, adding: "Poor people, it is very hard; for they can't help being French any more than we can help fighting them when we are ordered to."

It is truly touching to see the attachment which the North Germans especially have for their homes and families. Even the roughest and most uncouth of them, when giving a matter-of-fact account of his campaign (of the result of which he is confident), will soften at once at the mention of *die heimath* (home), and exclaim—

"Oh! if only my mother knew: if I could only see her for an hour!"

CHAPTER III.

Toul was reached in the afternoon. Observing an unusual commotion on the platform, I looked out and saw two French officers on parole, who were making for our train, in which a compartment had been assigned to them to convey them to Bar le Duc. They were pushing their way through a crowd of soldiers, some of whom followed jeering and "chaffing."

"Give them a *coupé* to themselves: they must not mix with us," they shouted; "so shut them up in a cage alone!"

We were indignant, and seeing no officer present who could reprove the offenders, and the poor Frenchmen looking very angry and rather frightened, Madame Schmid's blood was up in a second.

"How dare you insult prisoners?" said she, apostrophising the delinquents as well as the whole crowd gathered around. "A mean, cowardly set of *elende hunde*" (miserable dogs); "and call yourself soldiers, forsooth! Shame on you!"

I profited by the moment of surprise caused by this unexpected attack to get out of our carriage, and accosting the two officers, said to them—

"The conductor does not seem to have shown you your carriage—pray follow me;" and opening the door of the carriage next to us, they got in, and I continued standing on the step talking to them through the window until the train began to move. In the mean time the soldiers, silenced at once by the well-merited reproof, and hissed at by our friends the *Garde*, retired discomfited.

The officers came to thank us for our kindly interference as soon as we reached Bar le Duc.

"But you are not German?" said the Captain, a true Bazaine type.

"No, English," I answered.

"Oh, then, you know that tomorrow the Comte de Chambord is to land at Bordeaux with 10,000 French refugees, furnished and armed by England, and France will be saved!"

I owned to being uninformed of this unexpected move on the chessboard, and could not help smiling at the idea of 10,000 Messieurs coming over from their "base of operations" in Leicester Square to chase the Prussians out of their lines!

But our attention was soon called

in another direction: a huge train laden with wounded French and Germans arrived from Beaugency; there must have been more than four hundred. It was a pitiable sight—the victors with heads, arms, and legs bandaged, their uniforms so soiled, their accoutrements so damaged, that one could scarcely tell to what regiments they belonged, their boots in holes, their bandages dirty and blood-stained. It was not a regular hospital-train which conveyed them, but a military train, made up, as they all were, of carriages of every class, description, and country—Prussian, Mecklenbürger, Saxon, Badenser, Wurtembürger, Bavarian, Hesse Nassauer, and Hanoverian, coupled together promiscuously. Owing to the perfect system which regulates the Prussian military movements, the arrival of this train had been telegraphed an hour before, and a large barrack with long tables and benches was already prepared; and before the wounded men had all alighted, soup, and a plate of meat and bread, had been laid out for them. Those who were too ill, or too severely wounded, remained lying on the mattresses and straw in the vans, and we helped to carry their food to them. Amongst these latter were the French prisoners, pitiable, half-starved wretches, lately carried from the battle-field, or from their own deserted ambulances; their clothes in rags, their feet frozen, and most of them suffering from typhus fever and dysentery.

I am bound in justice to mention here, that every German pressed forward with as much *empressement* as we did, to succour these poor French fellows first.

At every large station there is quite a little trade carried on by Frenchwomen, of felt-slippers and comforters; also brandy, cigars, sausages, white bread, and coffee; so we were able to *chausser* the sufferers "poor feet," bandaged in dirty rags, and comfort their "inner-man" with restoratives. Our doctors also attended them; and as we each of us had a little store of bandages and charpie, the most urgent cases had their wounds dressed and made "comfortable."

I looked round expecting to see the Sisters (whom we had asked to come with us and help); but they chose to remain in their carriages. It was understood that they thought it best to give their aid indirectly as intercessors rather than helpers, for they sat still and chanted a litany.

The train soon hurried off again, for, as it was not warmed, and the cold was intense, the authorities were anxious that the wounded should reach Nancy, where a hospital-train was ready to convey them to Germany.

There being no more work for us, and our noses and fingers being blue with cold, we retraced our steps to reach our train, which we had left shunted on to a side-rail and engineless. What was our astonishment on approaching it to see it suddenly propelled in our direction (by a to us invisible power) for some hundred yards! The line on which it stood was an acute curve, and we soon became aware that another train coming behind it at no great speed had run into it. Our doctors, attendants, and military escort, nay, even the two women-cooks, had all descended to go and help the wounded, leaving only the Sisters behind in the train. These good women, however, were not hurt, and only very much frightened at being suddenly and violently thrown into each other's laps.

Two of our vans were slightly damaged, but not so as to render them useless. Our Major indulged

in a great deal of Teutonic swearing, flavoured with the usual appeal to the elements; and after an hour's delay we left Bar le Duc, and at evening reached Sermaize, where we passed the night. The sun shone brightly the following morning when they brought us our coffee, but our bottle of milk had come to grief during the night; so, there being at the time every prospect of a lengthened halt, Madame Schmid proposed that we should scour the village in search of some more.

The village seemed quite deserted. We knocked at some inhabited houses to inquire where milk could be bought, but the answer was, "Nous avions de si belles vaches avant la guerre, mais on les a toutes réquisitionneés, et puis que voulez-vous? il n'y a plus de commerce!" However, one kindly dame took pity upon us, and leading us through several tortuous little streets, meeting not a soul "human or canine," took us into a shop of "comestibles," and introduced us to the bystanders as "some ladies from the ambulance train who wish to buy milk." We were instantly surrounded by garrulous females sprung up from unseen corners, and asking us a score of questions, as to whence we came and where we were going, and if it was true that our trains were warmed and travelled with a kitchen?

My companion, whose sympathies were very French, but who neither understood nor spoke the language, made frantic gesticulations of assurance and approval, when I interpreted the appeal of one woman—

"You will nurse our sick too, won't you?"

Another said to me:—

"But are you sure you are not German?"

"No."

"You are French?"

"Non-plus." This rather staggered the questioner, but the first, nudging her, remarked:—

"Well, every one can't be French!"—and to me—"It is all the same noble mission, and God will recompense you."

We succeeded at last in getting our bottle filled with fresh milk; and after many farewells and handshakings, we bent our steps leisurely towards our train, when we suddenly became aware of shouts from the station and waving of hands, and saw our carriages slowly moving on.

We rushed like mad down the hill, and along the platform, and managed to scramble up on the hindermost carriage, and, at the utmost peril of our necks, holding on like "grim death" to the brass bars which are fixed to the side of the carriages, moved cautiously along the steps until we reached our compartment in safety, and got in just as the train was accelerating its motion to express speed! The two military trains were still stationary, so we had evidently been telegraphed to move on quickly, before the *post-zug* left the next station.

The Châlons station was still more crowded with trains than the one at Nancy, and the trade of the female itinerant vendors of cognac, cigars, and coffee, seemed flourishing. There were long lines of booths, too, with their little stoves, cooking sausages, and other fat and suspicious substances.

The gallant "Copral" chucked all the pretty girls under their chins, and expressed his admiration by unconnected phrases, such as "jolies Françaises," "dommage la guerre," "quel malheur"—answering their objection with "Nix comprends pas" (which, indeed, was the standard phrase of the German soldier on every occasion); and when I remarked to him that the *bride* whose

effigy reposed on his manly breast might perhaps object to such familiarities, he reverted to his favourite sympathy, saying—"Poor girls! you see 'they' will never find husbands now!"

We were very much tempted to go to an *hôtel*, and indulge in those ablutions of which we had been guiltless for several days already, and which had become paramount to godliness, instead of secondary, in our estimation; but our morning's experience prevented any such rash adventures, especially as the Herr Major assured us we might be moving in ten minutes. As it turned out, however, this period of detention was lengthened to thirty-two hours, during which none of us dared to venture beyond sight of the train.

The day we left, we had an unusually bad dinner, but consoled ourselves with the thought that we should shortly reach Epernay, and there indulge in a bottle of unadulterated and first-rate champagne. Another disappointment! we crept on so slowly that it was quite dark before we got to the station, and then received strict orders not to leave our train, as there was a report of Franc-tireurs lurking about. Tea was substituted, *per forza Maggiore*, for the sparkling beverage; and in a not very contented humour we tucked ourselves up in our blankets and resigned ourselves to the comforting arms of "Murphy."

Our slumbers were unexpectedly disturbed, about an hour after midnight, by high words and abusive language, and the ominous clink of arms. Instinctively seizing my revolver, I opened the window hastily and looked out for the cause of the tumult, but the darkness prevented my seeing anything but the glimmer of two rifles and the shining scabbard of the Herr Major, who was exclaiming:—

"Donnerwetter! what business have you here? and, zum Teufel! what is the use of having you sentinels, if you cannot stop these hounds from spying?"

By this time every one in the train was looking out of their carriage-window, and inquiring what the row was, excepting the Sisters, whom we heard taking instant refuge in their beads.

Tranquillity was established along the line, and presently the "Copral" appeared, with his helmet less jauntily poised than usual upon his handsome head, for he had just received a very severe reprimand from the Major for not attending properly to the safety of the train; but he declared it wasn't his fault, nor that of the sentinels, for the night was so dark they could not see the approach of a "bloused" countryman who had crept up and was standing on the steps of one of the carriages, peering in through the drawn curtains.

There was very little doubt that the countryman was a Franc-tireur spy, sent to inspect the position and report if an attack might bring favourable results; but although the darkness protected him from the vigilance of the sentinels, the spy had been perceived by one of the *wärter*, who stole a march on him, and, seizing him by his collar, pulled him down from the steps and called the watch. What the fate of the unlucky Frenchman was we never ascertained, as he was consigned to the mercies of the "Etappen Commando," and at dawn we had already moved on towards La Ferté.

Reasonable hopes were now entertained that we might reach our destination, Lagny, by evening: preparations were therefore made for the reception of the wounded there. Two *marmites* of soup stood ready to be

served at a moment's notice; all the *wagonen* were warmed throughout, the beds made, a little basket containing bandages, charpie, and a reel of cotton placed in each carriage, and the *krankenwärter* and Sisters provided with scissors and simple surgical instruments. The doctors and attendants became very fussy, and on the panels of each carriage was marked in chalk the number of sick it could accommodate.

The Herr Major, who had all along been hinting that our services would be very acceptable on the journey home, now tried a final effort to persuade us to stick to the hospital-train; but we resisted, for they had plenty of doctors and sisters. Besides, on getting back to Munich again, the sick and wounded would be distributed amongst the hospitals, and we knew we should have to wait until another *spitalzug* would be in readiness to start, and then spend another week of discomfort, doing no earthly good to any one.

At Meaux we parted with our ammunition-vans and artillerymen, and were telegraphed to from Lagny that the line was so encumbered with military trains we must halt there till dawn.

Our *fritzchen* of the *Jarde* told us they were to be *einquartirt* for the night, and then march on to Lagny. How we envied them being able to stretch their cramped limbs, and enjoy the benefits of ablution in something larger than a soup-plate!

"Adieu, Mutter! adieu, Schwester!" said the brave fellows shaking our hands, and one added—

"If I am wounded again, I hope I may fall into your hands to be nursed."

"No," remarked another, "if I am never to see *die liebe heimath* again, I had rather become *kanonenfutter* on the field."

What a lovely night it was! The moon shed her pale silvery light on the snow-covered ground. Save the distant church-bells tolling the eve of a *fête*, not a sound was heard in the village; yet how many heavy hearts must have been beating with dull and sad despair! Ah! if crowned heads and subtle diplomates would reflect how the innocent are made to suffer, their industry crippled, and their homes made desolate, perhaps they would not drag their countries so precipitately into cruel wars.

Poor light-hearted pleasure-seeking Frenchmen, I could not blame them when I heard them grumble—

"Ah, this horrid Government! why has it made us suffer so?"

It was about ten o'clock, and Madame Schmid and I were debating as to what would be our fate when we reported ourselves to the "Delegirter" on the morrow, when I heard a gentle tap at our window, and drawing the curtain we perceived the faces of two of our *fritzchen*.

"We came back to tell you," quoth the sergeant, "that we are *einquartirt* in such a nice hotel; the people are very kind and respectable, and there is plenty of room."

"And," chimed in his *camarad*, "there is such a capital billiard-room. We have been playing all the evening, and we felt quite *erquickt*. Do come! we'll carry your bags and rugs."

The prospect, not so much of the green-table as of the bedrooms, was very tempting; and the eight days' comfortless travelling having made our appearance somewhat similar to that of the engine-driver, we did not relish the prospect of thus appearing before the speckless authorities. But this shifting of our quarters, albeit for a few hours, would necessitate the waking of the Herr Major to get a permission; and as his temper

had been already roused by the unforeseen delay, we thought it wiser not to risk a refusal; and thanking the *fritzchen* for their kind attention, we bade them return and finish their games.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a case of *chacun pour soi*, when, the following morning at nine, we reached our journey's end, Lagny being then the terminus of the direct line between Germany and Paris. Not only did all the troops, artillery and ammunition, destined for the east and south line of investment *débarquer* there, but it was also the direct communication with headquarters at Versailles.

The station was so crowded with military of every description that we had to wedge our way to the Etappen Commando to get the address of the Delegirter, Graf von H.

To this functionary—evidently a great "Personage," unusually tall and proportionally bulky, with a countenance not enlivened by intelligence, but with the white enamelled Johanniter-Cross shining on his broad chest—I presented my letter from Count Castell. His countenance remained perfectly impassive, and his speech was measured as he said—

"Graf Castell has given you an excellent recommendation, and I should only be too happy to place my authority here at your command, but I fear you will not find work to suit you. We have but scanty accommodation for the wounded, and as soon as they arrive from engagements, or are able to be moved, we send them home at once in the hospital-trains. We have already sent off 7000 sick and wounded in less than a month. I should recommend you to rest for two or three days, and then proceed to Corbeil, Orleans, or Versailles."

"I have letters," said I, "for the Crown Prince and his Hofmarschall, also one for Prince Putbus, but I doubt if nurses are really required at headquarters; there are sure to be plenty there already. Officers are always well cared for. But how are we to get to Corbeil? They told me at the Etappen Commando the *feldpost* courier was not allowed to take travellers."

"There," replied the "great" man, "I am powerless to help you. Had I a horse I should place it at your service; but even if the King himself were to require one here I could not procure it for him. Your only chance would be journeying with a *colonne;* but it's very slow, and rather risky."

"And where can we be *einquartirt?*"

"I regret that I have not an available nook in this house to offer you. As for the town, it is entirely occupied by the troops, who are even driven to seek shelter in the uninhabited houses, shops, cellars, and stables. There is an inn called La Sirêne on the other side of the Marne; perhaps you might find accommodation there."

And as the tall personage walked to the door to inquire if such a thing were possible, my companion whispered to me, "*He* is no good; let's shift for ourselves." We thanked, departed, and made for the Sirêne in search of quarters.

There had been originally two bridges over the Marne, a fine stone one and a suspension-bridge, but they had both been blown up by the French as the enemy approached, to retard his progress towards the capi-

tal. The Germans had built a wooden one for the passage of troops and waggons, and one end of the suspension-bridge hung into the river, which, being frozen several feet deep, made it secure for foot-passengers to cross. There was also the carcass of a dead horse, carried down by the current, firmly wedged by the ice, which formed an extra support to the somewhat unsteady planks. Over this structure we climbed, and reached the "Sirêne," in the street beyond. It was a very dirty and uncomfortable-looking hostel, and the sour-looking landlady instantly answered our inquiries for quarters by the uncivil and curt reply, "Nous n'avons pas de lit; je vous dis qu'il n'y a rien ici." Out into the street again: the houses, with very few exceptions, had been all abandoned by the tenants, who had not only removed all their goods and chattels, but made their homes uninhabitable to the enemy, by wrenching off all the windows and doors; neglected and forsaken shops had had their counters and shelves torn out for firewood; some had been turned into stables, others bore the marks of ruthless invasion, and the streets were full of troops, hurrying to and fro.

What was to be done? We were contemplating "bivouacking" in one of these dismantled abodes, when we heard behind us some familiar voices; and turning round, we perceived our *fritzchen* headed by the corporal, with a paper in his hand.

"Are you looking for quarters?" he said; "so are we: why don't you come to the Mairie with us? If they can't do anything for you, we'll get some straw and boards, and knock you up a princely quarter in one of these forsaken shops."

Oh, welcome *fritzchen* to the rescue! and we followed them hopefully to the Mairie.

When we explained our wishes to M. le Maire (a charming little old man, of the *vieille roche* type), he clasped his hands in despair.

"I have not one room to give you. Our population was 2000 inhabitants, and we now lodge more than 5000 soldiers; judge for yourself how embarrassed I feel."

"How, M. le Maire! have you not even one single bed?"

"Unless you would put up with a convent; I think the Sisters of St Joseph can lodge you."

"And why not? with gratitude, M. le Maire;" and the little man handed me a printed slip of paper—

"Maire de la Commune de Lagny.
Billet de Logement.
Les Sœurs du Convent de St Joseph,
Rue des Jardins,
Logeront
'Deux Dames de l'Ambulance;'"

and calling a hanger-on in a blouse, directed him to take us to the convent. There the Sisters showed us into a huge barn of a room on the ground-floor, furnished with eight hospital-beds, a table, a few straw-chairs, and (ye gods be praised!) a small white stove in the centre.

"For the moment, ladies," said the Sister, "you are alone; but from one day to another you may have companions: yesterday there were six ladies, who left this morning for Orleans."

The aspect of the room was not cheering, for the windows and glass-door (the frames of which had been swollen by the damp) wouldn't close tight, and the mildew on the walls stood out in bold relief, half an inch thick. However, the beds were clean and comfortable, and the stove was a great boon. We were only too glad to rest our weary bones, and change the clothes we had not taken off for eight days and nights.

Selecting a corner bed, I man-

aged, with the help of a rod I found, some strings, shawls, and rugs, to make myself a private compartment, which Madame Schmid used to designate as my *staats-cabinet.*

The convent had been in time of peace a Pensionnat de Demoiselles. The pupils had, of course, all been recalled to their respective homes as soon as the Prussians showed signs of advancing, and most of the nuns had also taken refuge in other holy places. The mother-superior, however, like a brave sea-captain, would not forsake the ship in the hour of danger, and four of the sisters had rallied round her.

One wing of the building, which contained the school-rooms, was given up for an hospital; the Red-Cross flag fluttered over the entrance-gate. None of the forbidden sex, save the doctors, the sick, and the dead, crossed the threshold; and thus the sanctuary remained a perfectly safe retreat.

Sœur Marie-Jésus, a pretty and charming woman, full of French *ésprit*, and not devoid of a certain coquetry even in her simple dress, informed us that we might fetch our meals in the adjoining kitchen, where another sister cooked for the hospital patients; but that fuel they had, *hélas!* none to give us, for all the store of wood and charcoal they had was consumed, and that now the lazareth provided them with part of the wood sent for heating the wards: we should have to get it in the same way.

In a corner of the yard there were some logs heaped up, a saw and hatchet were also found, and before evening we had cut up quite a little provision for our stove.

The food we obtained consisted of a basin of watery soup and a lump of—what? it was difficult to define; but we ate it, and gladly, although, as the American remarked when asked what his impression was of a crow he had eaten for a wager, "we did not hanker after it."

From the batteries of Chelles, a few miles distant, we could hear the guns firing on the forts of Rosny, Nogent, and Noisy, so distinctly that sleep during the incessant cannonading was impossible. When the Parisians, not so long before, had flocked out in thousands to view the scene of the horrible Pantin murders, they little thought how soon manslaughter on a larger scale would be witnessed there!

Next day we began our visits to the lazareths in our building. The rooms were warm, but not well ventilated; and the typhus patients, of whom there were great numbers, were not separated from the wounded, but huddled far too close together. If this was the sort of accommodation Lagny afforded, I did not wonder that the sick and wounded were being so quickly sent home in hospital-trains.

Madame Schmid, whose *forte* was surgery, assisted mostly in the bandaging and dressing of wounds; and I devoted my attention chiefly to the typhus patients, especially the Frenchmen, who could not make themselves understood by the German sisters. One, a young handsome chasseur-à-pied, was in a sad condition, his large brown eyes rolling restlessly about, his face emaciated, and lips and tongue parched, and his ideas and memory hopelessly confused.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"I do not know; I think six days."

"Do you suffer much?"

"No, but I am thirsty—always thirsty!"

The bottle of water by his bedside, and which he was constantly grasping for, evidently did not slake his thirst.

"May I give this man some le-

monade?" I inquired of the doctor, as he came on his round; "I know the Germans don't care for it, but he seemed so eager for it when I mentioned it."

"It isn't good for him," was the doctor's reply, "for he has a touch of dysentery too; besides, where are you going to find lemons here?"

"I have with me some fresh lemon-juice in sealed bottles, which I brought from Italy."

The doctor took the poor Frenchman's hot hand kindly between his own, and then, as he left the bedside, whispered to me, "Do as you like, for nothing can save the poor fellow now."

How eagerly he drank the cool beverage! and then a smile came over his haggard features as he said—

"Merci, ma sœur; ah! que c'est bon!"—"Thank you, sister; ah, how good it is!"

"Et maintenant, mon ami," I resumed; "comment vous nommez vous?"—"And now, my friend, what is your name?"

"Mon nom? ah oui . . . attendez . . . je crois . . . Louis . . . non, je ne le sais plus!"—"My name? ah, yes . . . was . . . I think . . . Louis . . . no, I don't know!" and his dilated pupils stared hopelessly at me, as if to ask me for help.

"Cela vous échappe—n'importe, cela reviendra; vous avez une famille, une mère? voulez vous que je li écrive?"—"You have forgotten—never mind, it will come back to you. You have a family—a mother; would you like me to write to her for you?"

"Ah, oui, une mère et une sœur . . ."—"Ah, yes, a mother and a sister."

"Et votre pays, s'appelle comment?"—"And your native place, what is it called?"

"Ah oui; mon village . . . c'est . . . attendez . . . je crois . . . non, je ne puis me le souvenir."—"Ah, yes, . . . my village . . . it is . . . wait a bit . . . I think . . . no, I cannot remember it!" and his eyes rolled restlessly, and his speech became inarticulate.

"Ne vous tourmentez pas, mon ami; vous me le direz demain." The two following days his condition got worse. Whenever he saw me approach with a glass of lemonade, the old smile flitted across his face; he even remembered at lucid intervals where he had fought, how he had lain for nights in trenches full of water; but on the fourth day he died, without ever having been able to recall either his own name or that of his native place.

His body was not the only one which was carried through our courtyard that night; two Mecklenburgers, also typhus patients, and a Saxon whose leg had gangrened, followed their quondam foe to their last resting-place.

Amongst the severely wounded was a Prussian who had been shot through the upper part of his left arm, and the wound was in a very precarious state. It must have made him suffer tortures, especially when being dressed, but he bore it all with the fortitude of a hero, was always in a good-humour and full of fun, and had a huge appetite; his frame was so strong, his constitution so healthy, that when it became necessary to amputate the limb, the surgeons were confident the operation would be successful. He had been so courageous through all his sufferings that they did not deem any special *ménagement* necessary, and announced the necessity of the operation in a half-playful way, to suit his humour.

"Amputate my arm!" he shrieked; "never! I had rather die ten times over."

"Come, Fröhlich," said the head surgeon, "that isn't like you—you

bear pain so bravely; besides, it is your left arm; and you must know that if it were not absolutely imperious we would not do it."

But Fröhlich was not to be either cajoled or persuaded, and so the matter dropped; but on the morrow, the surgeons, knowing the case to be serious, told him the ball would have to be extracted under chloroform; and so he submitted quietly, and the amputation was successfully completed. When he came to himself, Fröhlich had no idea of what had happened, but stretching forth his right hand to feel if the operation was over, he suddenly discovered that the limb was gone!

"My arm! my arm!" he yelled out; "where is my arm? I cannot live without my arm!"

Madame Schmid, for whom he had taken a great liking (for he said she dressed his wounds so comfortably), tried to console him, and persuade him not to behave so childishly. What did he fear? he was strong and healthy; was it not better to lose one's arm than one's life? But her efforts were fruitless.

"I want my arm, my arm; I don't want to live: I can't live without it!" And, alas! he kept his word; for henceforth he would neither rest, nor partake of food, nor listen to persuasions or reasonings; and on the fourth day after the operation he died, shrieking with his last gasp, "Ach, mein arm! mein arm!"

One day, as we were out on a marketing expedition—for we found there was some excellent butter and fresh eggs to be bought—we met one of our *Fritzchen* of the "Jarde." He invited us to come and see their quarters. We followed him into a very fine large church strewn with straw, and accommodating more than a hundred soldiers.

"You see," said our friend, "we are very comfortable, for the pews have wooden floorings, and there are two large stoves; in fact, we shall be very sorry to leave such good quarters, for to-morrow we march to the *vorposten*, and it will be bitterly cold out in the trenches."

"But where do you get your fuel?" I asked, "for ours is rapidly giving out, and even the hospital has but little left."

"Wherever we can find it; we'll go and annex some for you directly:" and calling two of his *cammaraden*, they led the way to a forsaken house and shop, and forthwith proceeded to pull down shelves and counters, collect pieces of broken furniture, and then dived into the cellar, emerging with a huge log of wood; and thus we returned to our convent gate in triumphal procession.

In the meanwhile, as the number of nurses in the lazareth had increased, owing to another hospital having been given up, and the sisters had come over to our establishment, and, moreover, as the exceeding dampness of our quarters had given us severe colds and coughs, we had decided to move on where we should find more regular work to do; and I had sent on to Versailles my letters to Prince Putbus and the Crown Prince's Hofmarschall, with an inquiry as to where nurses were most wanted.

The Mère Supérieure and Sœur Marie-Jésus would come and sit with us in the evenings, and learn how to make tea, which they had never tasted! and then animated political discussions would ensue.

"Voyez-vous," said "ma mère," a stout comfortable-looking woman, whose black eyes glowed like coals as she peered over her blue spectacles, and got excited with her subject, "peace ought to have been made after Sedan. What benefit have we of all these battles, in which our troops have got demoralised by reverses, and by the treachery of

their chiefs? What sort of men are these generals, who lose their heads and capitulate instead of fighting? Ah! si j'etais un homme moi, voyez-vous!" . . . and the old lady clenched her fist, and looked as if she might have been tough and uncompromising to deal with had she belonged to the stronger sex!

We had now got so accustomed to the booming of the cannons, which seemed far more frequent at night, and even made the house tremble sometimes, that it no longer interfered with our slumbers. Even the rats, which had grown quite familiar with us (and presumed so much upon our acquaintance with them, that they would emerge from their holes, run races with each other, and fight, even before our candles were put out), could not prevent exhausted nature from asserting her rights.

Our life in these quarters was such a "bivouac," that not only had we to cut and saw our own wood, cook our food, and clean out our barn, but we even had to wash and iron our clothes, for of a *blanchisseuse* Lagny could not boast; and thus, when night came, we were far too fatigued to care for impudent rats or thundering guns. I could not help laughing to myself as I thought of some of my friends at home, who would "collapse" at the bare idea of sleeping in a mouse-haunted chamber, and yet who envied me my "mission of mercy."

"Oh, I wish I could come too, it must be so interesting to nurse the poor sick soldiers!" doubtless, but it wasn't *quite* a bed of roses, as the reader will have perceived.

CHAPTER V.

In his answer to my letter, the "Hofmarschall" mentioned that Prince Putbus had written to tell me where nurses were much required, for that hospitals at headquarters were already completely organised. This information had, however, never reached me; indeed, many other letters, although very carefully and correctly addressed, had shared the same fate. Instead of losing any more time in idle conjectures, and fruitless researches after missing letters, we deemed it wiser to seek the earliest and best means of getting to Corbeil, which we knew was the largest depôt of hospitals in France.

Travelling with a *Colonne* would have taken two days and nights, and such locomotion, with the thermometer several degrees below zero, was not a promising exchange for our damp quarters. *Voitures de retour*, which had brought German potentates and German Jews, were occasionally to be found, but their prices were far too exorbitant to suit our purses, and they were unwilling to carry my luggage, which no consideration would persuade me to part from.

Sur ces entrefaites, Sœur Marie-Jésus entered our room in the evening, followed by two French ladies. They were two sisters, natives of Corbeil, had escaped to Belgium when the war broke out, and were now returning to their *foyers*, where their husbands (one a bookseller and the other a tobacconist) were doing a thriving business, and required their assistance. The bookseller, M. Picard, had fetched them from Brussels, whence they had had a very tedious journey, and now they had come to seek rest and refuge in our sanctuary.

We bade them a hearty welcome (happy thought! perhaps they could

suggest means of getting to Corbeil!), helped them to make their beds, and made them partake of our tea, potatoes, and fried eggs.

I observed that Madame Louit, the tobacconist's wife, spoke little and shed many tears. Her sister soon explained to me the cause of her grief: she had brought with her from Belgium six cases of cigars, pipes, and other fumigatory articles for her husband's *commerce*, but at the Lagny station one of the boxes was found missing. When she complained of her loss, they had offered her another case similar in appearance to her own, but she would not have it—"and so," concluded she, "we would not bring away our own boxes, but, as it was so late, left everything at the station, and my husband, who has found a bed with some friend at the Mairie, will go and see about it tomorrow."

"And how do you propose getting to Corbeil?" I inquired.

"I am afraid," answered Madame Picard, "that we shall have great difficulty, for we must take our *marchandise* with us, but *mon mari* is going to do his best."

"We want to get there too," said I; "and if by clubbing together it could be easier managed, pray count upon us."

Early the next morning M. Picard arrived to greet his womenkind. He was a little man, rather stout, with a close-cut grey beard, wore spectacles, and could speak both English and German; he came to inform the ladies that he had heard of a conveyance for them and their baggage to Corbeil, but that what the driver demanded was more than his private financial arrangements would admit of; besides, it was one of the quondam *omnibus de la gare*, capable of containing six people, which was more than he required. The occasion was most propitious, so I proposed paying half and going with them.

"Dutout," said the little Frenchman; "not the half, but a third, because we are three, and you are two."

"But," I objected, "that does not equalise it."

"Oh yes," persisted he, "because we have such a large amount of luggage—voyons? est-ce convenu? touchez là!" and we shook hands to close the agreement. I took out my purse, wishing to pay down my share at once, but he wouldn't hear of it:—"What now? I don't know you, that is true, but you are English, and that is sufficient"—and as he heard we were going to the station to get our letters at the Feld-Post Relais, he said he would accompany us, for he wanted to look up his sister-in-law's cases.

Now the Feld-Post Commissar, who was a native of Frankfort, and consequently an "annexed" Prussian, was a great ally of ours. Whenever we went in search of letters, he would invite us inside his office to warm ourselves, and there we gleaned news of what was going on, for since we left Munich we had not seen a paper.

On this occasion we went to inform him of our change of address, so that he might forward our correspondence, and had a little chat on the events of the day. As we issued out on to the platform, to my amazement I saw my little Frenchman standing between two Bavarian soldiers.

"Eh bien, M. Picard, que faites-vous donc là?" I inquired.

"I am arrested," said he, in English, his lips very white, and his voice very tremulous.

"Arrested! what for?"

"Because," he went on, "I am accused of having stolen a box of merchandise, whereas it is I who have lost one; moi Picard, membre

de l'Academie et Libraire, voler! ah, c'est par trop fort."

I had not time to answer him before the two Bavarians cocked their guns; the click made him start.

"Now they are going to shoot me!" and as the soldiers shouldered their arms, and, turning on their heels, gave the order "Marsch!" the little Frenchman answered sturdily, "Ya wohl!" and beating his chest with one hand, he added, in a loud tone, to himself, "Allons, Picard, mon ami; du courage!" and marched off firmly between his captors.

Why is it that a Frenchman must always be theatrical, even in the hour of danger?

Knowing the circumstances of the case, I could not stand by passively and witness such injustice, so turned back into the post-office, and explained the misunderstanding about the boxes to the commissar, imploring him to come with me at once to the authorities, and liberate the poor little Frenchman.

"Can you guarantee his veracity?" asked the commissar. "How long have you known him?"

"Well, only since this morning, but I am certain that he is respectable."

"If that's all, take my advice, and don't mix yourself up in this business; you will be suspected of connivance, which will neither be pleasant to yourself, nor serviceable to your *protégé*. Don't be in the least alarmed; if the case stands as you say, he will be able to prove it very easily, and will be liberated at once."

When we returned to our quarters, the two sisters were providentially out, for I dreaded answering their inquiries about the unfortunate prisoner.

In less than an hour the door was thrown open, and in rushed the little man, waving his hat triumphantly. He had explained the misunderstanding to the authorities, before whom he had been so unceremoniously conducted, had shown his papers, and all had been eventually satisfactory explained; "mais j'ai tout de même passé un bien mauvais quart d'heure, allez!" concluded he.

"And were the authorities rude to you?" I asked.

"No, not positively rude, but not too polite; however, it is all over now—and now I have come to tell you that I have made all the arrangements with our driver, and that the carriage will call for you four ladies at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

I was anxious, before leaving, to go once more and see the patients, especially one who by his gentleness and truly religious resignation had much interested me. I found him, as was his wont, fingering a well-worn little pocket-bible, and trying feebly to turn over the leaves.

"Let me read to you," I said; "it will tire you less. What shall I select?"

"Our Saviour's end," he answered, knowing his own was not far off, poor fellow!—"and a psalm."

Afterwards he spoke of his home and his people, and taking my hand, he stroked it gently, saying:—

"You are very good, very kind, but ach sie sind nicht meine Mutter!" (you are not my mother!) and he turned his pale wasted face to the wall, and sighed murmuring words of love for her, who could not, alas! hear that her memory was strong even in death; and who would soon have to live on the remembrance of

> "The touch of a vanished hand,
> Or the sound of a voice that was still."

That evening I sent word to the Mère Superieure that we should be

departing next day, and that I would like to take leave of her, and thank her for her kind hospitality. She came at once to see us, and the conversation having as usual taken a political turn, she told me how every inhabitant save one old woman and two old men had fled from Lagny on the approach of the enemy in September. It was entirely owing, she argued, to the 'Presse,' which had persuaded the people that if they remained their women would be insulted, their children *égorgés*, and the men forced into the enemy's ranks; and thus there being no one left to protect them, the houses had been broken into, pillaged, and ruined.

Little by little, however, those who had not crossed the frontier returned, and, reopening their shops, had ended by doing a thriving commerce; and to this I could testify, for I never entered a provision shop but I found it thronged with military paying the exorbitant war-prices demanded, without an objection or a murmur. Even such luxuries as fatted turkeys at twenty and thirty francs a-piece found ready purchasers.

Punctual to his word, M. Picard called the following morning with the omnibus. Our boxes were hoisted on the top, and we drove off—no small load for the one Percheron horse, who, like all his races, was strong, but not fleet. Ferrières, the princely seat of a Rothschild (and, it was said, so much coveted by King William that he would gladly have exchanged Potsdam for it), lay to our left, and very soon we began to pass long lines of covered waggons, battalions of spiked helmets, detachments of ubiquitous Uhlans—whose propinquity made the French ladies tremble, and thank the Fates that they were under the protection of the Red-cross badge—troops of "requisitioned" horses, and conveyances of every description, from the Parisian *petit coupé* to the meanest donkey-cart, drawn by cattle of unequal dimensions, harnessed together with odd ends of straps, chains, and ropes.

M. Picard proved a most amusing companion. He had all the *verve* and *ésprit* peculiar to his nationality, was well informed, well read, and unprejudiced, and an Orleanist to the back-bone into the bargain. He "chaffed" his womenkind unsparingly about their terror of the Prussians, and flavoured his conversation with many clever anecdotes and quotations.

At Brie-Comte-Robert we stopped for an hour to dine and rest our steed. The eating-room of the inn was so crowded with Germans, all smoking their huge porcelain pipes, and blouses wrangling over their *petits verres*, that we preferred going into the kitchen itself, where the hostess—a big hard-featured woman, who looked as if no number of Uhlans could intimidate *her*—was cooking some savoury cutlets, and an aged woman, her mother, washing up the dishes, while at the table sat a Prussian officer talking to a stout repulsive-looking Kaufmann of the Hebrew persuasion.

Since the German occupation had commenced, the door of this hostelry had been rarely darkened by petticoats, and it was a treat for the hostess to have a confidential talk with her own kind. Hearing me converse in German with my companion, she looked suspiciously at me, and lowered her voice to a whisper; but Mesdames Picard and Louit told her she had nothing to fear, and thus I had occasion to learn what her views were of this invasion of Vandals so variously reported in the papers.

"I bear them no love, you may be sure," said the virago, "for they have trampled unmercifully on our

'Belle France;' but, individually, I have nothing to complain of. The soldiers are noisy and rough, but the officers keep them in order, are well-mannered, and pay for everything on the spot. Tenez," continued she, pointing to the blond-bearded lieutenant seated at the table, "celui-là c'est mon enfant gâté; he has been six weeks quartered here, is always quiet and unpresuming as you see him now, and has never given me any trouble; also I always make him dine at our table, and make his coffee first in the morning; n'est-ce pas camarade?" she asked, apostrophising the "spoilt child," who, removing his pipe, turned his gentle-looking face towards her smilingly, and replied—

"Oui, Matame, toujours bonne pour moi."

The smoking cutlets, flavoured with a delicious *sauce piquante*, were now placed upon the table, and we did ample justice to them. The hostess, standing with her arms akimbo, related to us how a "garçon de café" of hers, being suspected of decided Franc-Tireur tendencies, had run a narrow escape of being shot, and was only saved by the intercession of her *protégé*. At this juncture the kitchen-door opened, and a blouse, inserting his head, said, "Six cafés pour ces messieurs, tout de suite."

"Qu'ils attendent!" she called out after his receding figure; "j'ai autre chose à faire maintenant," and proceeded unconcernedly with her conversation. I inquired if there were not occasionally differences between the *blouses* and the Germans, and drunken brawls at late hours.

"At first we had rows, but the officers punished the men severely for the smallest breach of discipline, and we are allowed to close our inn at six, so that our nights are undisturbed; it is our own *requisitionnaires*, and such as those (pointing to the Jew), whom we hate most,—en voilà de la canaille, sans foi, ni loi!"

As we resumed our journey, the roads became so frozen and slippery that our stout steed reduced his jog to a walk, and I foresaw that we should not reach Corbeil before night.

"Never mind," said the good-natured little Frenchman; "if the Mairie is shut, and it is too late for you to find quarters, we shall be most happy to give you a bed."

Passing a little village, we were met by a Bavarian cavalry captain and a surgeon, who asked us to give them room in our carriage, as they had no means of getting to Corbeil, which they must reach before night.

"Very sorry," I replied, "not to be able to accommodate you, but you see there is no room: moreover, we have a great deal of luggage, and it is as much already as the horse can do to drag us along on the slippery roads."

The captain, who was a tall rough fellow, with a skin like a Malay, stood up on the step of our carriage, and, looking in, perceived the two Frenchwomen in the opposite corners. "Oh, we'll make room," he replied contemptuously, "by turning these French people out into the gutter, and their baggage after them (*wir schmeissen sie aus*); and as for the horse, *es geht ja alles mit dem Schwert*" (everything goes with the help of the sword).

"No, you won't," said Madame Schmid, whose ire had been gradually rising since the commencement of the scene; "you won't turn any one out, you ill-mannered bully: what right have you to stop our carriage thus? so you——"

"And who are you, I should like to know?" interrupted the Hauptmann, getting more offensive.

"I am a Bavarian Kranken-

pflegerin who has been both through the campaign of '66 and this present one, therefore I know what I am about when I say you have no right to stop us. The carriage belongs to these French ladies just as much as to us, for we have shared the expense of it. As to your bluster about swords, we have a revolver which can match yours; and if you don't step off the carriage this minute, I'll take your name and report your insolence to your superiors."

The bully instantly got down, and, touching his cap, said (looking at me),

"Verzeihen Sie, I was not aware the vehicle was private; I thought it belonged to the Ambulance."

"That's no excuse either for your insolence to us or your brutality to these French ladies," and, calling out to the driver to go on, Madame Schmid pulled up the window in the Hauptmann's face, and he and his companion were left standing speechless, if not contrite, in the middle of the road.

"You see," said Madame Picard to her husband, "I was right to be afraid of these Prussians; what would you have done now without these ladies and their badges?"

The road very soon became so slippery, that the horse, which had not been rough-shod, could scarcely stand on his legs. The driver, therefore, got down to lead him, Monsieur Picard and I descended, and thus the weight having been considerably reduced, and the animal's confidence restored by frequent pattings and encouragements, we concluded the rest of our journey (about eight miles), and reached Corbeil at 8 P.M. The Mairie was still open, and having shown our papers, my companion and I were billeted on to a young couple, by name Herbert, who lodged us in a very comfortable room with a large clean feather bed.

VERA.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

The Lord Advocate, Mr George Young, is a logical and vigorous thinker (as some of his anti-annuity tax and anti-game-law friends know to their cost); and though we are unable to concur in many of the encomiums which have been lavished upon his Education Bill, we are ready to admit that it is characterised by what its admirers call an eminent "simplicity" of conception. It is indeed a measure of almost republican simplicity and severity. It destroys the parochial schools, it abolishes the burgh, "in the high Roman fashion." Such measures are sometimes needed. When an institution has become utterly rotten, or when an abuse has attained gigantic and unmanageable proportions, it is often the wisest policy to cut at the roots. No one, however, will venture to describe the burgh and parochial system of education, as presently existing in Scotland, in such language. The burgh schools are an interesting and characteristic feature of the civic enterprise of Scotchmen; and the parochial schools, founded by the Reformers, and giving visible expression to the noble sentiment of Knox—"We judge that in every parish there should be a schoolmaster, such as is able, at least, to teach the grammar and Latin tongue"—have for three hundred years been the admiration of the world. A measure of reform which sagaciously appropriated and applied to the altered conditions of modern life these characteristic and traditional agencies would have been a great, but by no means a simple, measure. Its construction would have involved much patient labour, and conspicuous sense, tact, and knowledge. To demolish an old feudal dwelling-house, and build a modern villa in its place, does not demand architectural genius of a high kind—any apprentice can do *that;* but when we propose to convert to modern use some charming fragment of Gothic or baronial life, we employ a Pugin or a Gilbert Scott. The Lord Advocate's villa is an extremely simple and symmetrical piece of architecture; but it attains simplicity and symmetry at the expense of qualities which are even more valuable, and of institutions which have stood the test of time, all things considered, in a really surprising way.

Don't quite sweep away the old until you have thoroughly tested the new, is a maxim that commends itself to prudent men in every craft—state-craft included. The country gentleman who cuts down all the fine old timber in his park, on the ground that it is not properly or harmoniously distributed, suffers, certainly from one, it may be from two, inconveniences. In the first place, the new wood which he plants may refuse to grow at all; and, in the second place, even if it does grow with reasonable rapidity, he has yet no sort of shelter about his house for twenty years. And when we hear that our venerable parochial system is to be rooted up, and replaced by a bran-new article from Downing Street, we cannot help asking ourselves such questions as these: Will the exotic root itself among us? Will it take kindly to the soil? Is there not a chance that we may lose by the exchange? And—to drop metaphor—is it absolutely certain that under the new Privy Council *regime* the singular and admirable properties of Scotch elementary training will be preserved—its

association with the classics, its flavour of scientific and general culture?

On the whole, however, it may be conceded that the act has been drawn by a fairly skilful draughtsman. We are unable ourselves to perceive the *raison d'être* of a measure so revolutionary in character; and the observations, therefore, which we purpose to submit on one or two of its main provisions, are made, as lawyers say, under protest. We believe that the Scotch parish school is an inheritance of which we have no reason to be ashamed; and that, retaining its historical basis and its distinctive features, it might, without any considerable difficulty, be developed and enlarged. Yet even on the assumption that the parochial system requires to be cut away, root and branch, it appears to us that the Bill contains certain provisions of a gratuitously offensive and obnoxious nature. The "religious difficulty," as it is called, is simply evaded. The local boards are not enjoined to teach, neither are they prohibited from teaching, religion — the fact that no payments from the Privy Council grant are to be made in respect of religious training amounting at most to a discouragement. The secularist, who says that religion ought not to be taught in the national schools, occupies an intelligible position; the churchman, who says that religion ought to be taught in the schools, but that it ought to be taught according to the authorised formularies of the Church, occupies an intelligible position: but those who maintain that religion ought to be taught, but that it ought to be taught according to *no* authorised formulary or creed, occupy a position which appears to us to be wholly unintelligible. Religion, as a matter with which business-men and business-boards have to do, must be put into some sort of intelligible propositions. For the use of children, these propositions cannot be more conveniently stated than in the form of a catechism; and there are plenty of catechisms, drawn with fair ability, in use among us. Select any, or all, of these expositions of Christian Protestant opinion—the Shorter Catechism, the Catechism of the Church of England, the Catechism of the Lutheran churches — and declare that the teachers in the national schools shall not be entitled, on pain of being deprived of office, to controvert the doctrines which they contain, and a tolerably equitable settlement might be attained.* We have never been able to understand the feeling which regards with jealousy the introduction of a creed or formulary into national schools or national churches. A creed protects the individual from the despotic coercion of the Church, and it protects the Church from the fantastic vagaries of the individual. It is a protection against arbitrary fanaticism on the one hand, and against whimsical eccentricity on the other. And we have always maintained, in the interest of rational liberty, that, as long as religion is taught in the schools supported by the nation, it should be taught according to that moderate and temperate creed—that venerable expression of Christian opinion—which has been sanctioned and supported by the State. The more we consider the matter, the more we are convinced that this is the sound view, and that any other must lead in practice

* We attach no weight whatever to the argument, that the use of any special formulary can possibly exert a proselytising influence on the scholars. It is a gross absurdity to suppose that any child will imbibe peculiar attachment to the principle of church establishments, while groaning over the Shorter or any other Catechism!

to the most deplorable confusion. The experience of the great London Board is in this connection far from reassuring. The English Education Act of last session provided that catechisms and other formularies should not be introduced into the schools which it established. After considerable debate, this Education Parliament has resolved,—"That, in the schools provided by the Board, the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and such instruction therefrom in the principles of morality and religion as are suited to the capacities of children, provided always that in such explanations and instruction the provisions of the Act in sections 7 and 14" (which prohibit the use of catechisms or other formularies) "be strictly observed both in letter and spirit, and that no attempt be made in any such school to attach children to any particular denomination." What does this mean? It means that the religion to be taught shall be left to the discretion or indiscretion of the individual schoolmaster. Is not this a tremendous power to intrust to a single man? The conscientious schoolmaster, oppressed by the weight of too much liberty, will shrink from accepting the burden; but pragmatical idiots and narrow-minded bigots will revel in the licence which they will enjoy. A man who was prevented by law from wandering beyond the limits of the Apostles' Creed, could never offend very grossly the Christian intelligence of the community; but when this restraint is withdrawn—when *all* restraints are withdrawn—there will be no check upon fanatical caprice or pious whimsicality. The Lord Advocate's Bill does not in so many words forbid the introduction of denominational formularies into the schools, but we presume that their use is virtually prohibited. At all events, each school-board is left at liberty to teach religion according to the form which it considers most consistent with divine truth. Such a provision cannot fail to become a fruitful source of discord. There will be a free fight in every parish where a schoolmaster is to be elected. There will be a party cry; a theological whip; religious bribery and intimidation. The Churchmen will try to elect a Churchman, the Dissenters a Dissenter. The members of one denomination will not allow the person who is to teach religion to their children to be taken from the ranks of another without a fierce struggle. We cannot blame them; it is the only security, if it be a security, which the Act gives them. The beaten party will sulk or secede—Scotchmen always do secede when they can't get their own way. They will be eager, moreover, to mark, learn, and inwardly digest the shortcomings of the schoolmaster selected by the rival sect, and the wretched man (passing rich on £35 a-year) will lead a dog's life among them. Before long, under this vigilant supervision, rumours of heresy and unsound doctrine will go abroad. Then complaint will be made to the Central Board; and if, as is probable, the Central Board decline to interfere, on the ground that heretical teaching is not an offence under the Act, the evidence in support of other offences will be discovered, or—invented. A Scotch local board may be trusted to perform its duties as a whole with reasonable discretion; but the moment religion is introduced, it loses its head, sets at defiance the plainest rules of justice and fair-play, and behaves itself generally in the most preposterous manner. The profound sagacity which proposes to intrust to such assemblies the exclusive disposal of that "religious difficulty" which

has perplexed politicians and philosophers for generations, is deserving surely of more than ordinary admiration.

On this religious question, however, enough, and more than enough, has been already written and spoken; and leaving it without further comment, we desire to direct the attention of our readers to what may be called the administrative machinery of the measure. The Bill contemplates the establishment of local school boards (very democratic in constitution) throughout the country, which are to provide for the educational necessities of each locality, subject to the review of a department of the Privy Council sitting in London. The Lord Advocate in his opening speech was careful to exalt the position and emphasise the functions of the district authorities; but no one can read the Bill attentively without seeing that the local boards are mere *dummies*, and that while the shadow of power is given to them, its substance is left with the Privy Council. The only power which the school boards retain is the power of taxing themselves (which is freely and generously accorded to them);—this, and the privilege to select what form of theological doctrine shall be taught in the schools—a fatal and disastrous freedom of choice that might surely with advantage have been withheld.

Thus the radical jurisdiction is vested in the Privy Council—which means that the work is to be done in London, and *therefore* done badly or not at all. We intend, in saying this, no disrepect to the present Vice-President of the Council. Mr Forster, on the contrary, has always seemed to us to be a moderate, conciliatory, and eminently reasonable sort of man, who unites with these really fine and rare qualities a true faculty for governing. But Mr Forster is already overworked; Mr Forster knows nothing of Scotland; and even if he did, the time must be close at hand when, in obedience to what may be called the "shuffling" policy of the Cabinet, Mr Forster must move to the War Office or the Admiralty. Everybody knows, in short, that the "Scottish Department of the Privy Council" means neither Mr Forster nor the Lord Advocate, but an uninformed and unenlightened subordinate—an English or Irish chief-clerk—in the classical language of the Bill itself, "*some* secretary or assistant-secretary" at Downing Street. Were the control that is vested in the Privy Council merely nominal or general, this arrangement, although objectionable, might not be utterly intolerable. But the fundamental conception of the Bill is, that the local boards cannot be trusted to undertake the simplest duty, and that no act of administration, however trifling, can be effectually performed without the consent and approval of the Privy Council—a body, be it said in passing, which excites throughout the length and breadth of Scotland a very cordial feeling of dislike. The most microscopic matters of detail, as well as the largest questions of policy, are remitted to this distant tribunal—there being no fewer than *sixty-four* occasions when the Bill invites or requires the legislative or judicial intervention of "The Scottish Education Department."

Let us briefly indicate the extent and nature of the jurisdiction which is thus conferred. The Act is divided into six parts, and the main sections of each part refer to the constitution and powers of this Central Board. It may be said without exaggeration that if the provisions as to the "Scottish Education Department" were withdrawn, the whole measure would

collapse: apart from the action of the Privy Council Committee, there is no living force or vitality in the Bill.

Part I. provides for what is called the general management, by assigning to the "Scottish Education Department," in addition to the powers and authorities conferred by the Act, all the powers and authorities possessed and exercised with respect to education in England by the Privy Council Committee—the Scottish Education Department being defined to mean "the Lords of any Committee of the Privy Council appointed by Her Majesty on Education in Scotland." The officers appointed by the department, it is significantly added, *may be* the same officers employed by the Education Department for England!

Part II. provides for what, with fine irony, is called the "Local Management." "Local Management" consists mainly, it would appear, in the exercise by the London department of the most complex jurisdiction. The London department is authorised to determine the area of a parish or of a burgh; to determine that a burgh may be merged in a parish (the determination being final, and not to be questioned on the ground of any error in estimating the population of the burgh, or on any other ground); to determine the numbers of which a school board shall consist; to direct the school boards as to the mode in which elections shall be held; in the event of a school board failing to obey the directions as to elections, "to *nominate* a school board for the parish or burgh in which the failure has occurred" (surely a most extraordinary and anomalous stretch of authority); to determine all questions or disputes as to the validity of elections, and in every case *where there is an equality of votes, to determine which candidate is to be deemed duly elected;* to frame all such additional rules and directions as to elections as may be considered necessary or expedient; in case of invalid elections, "to *nominate and appoint* as many members as are required to make up the full number of members" (another most despotic provision); to determine the respective number of members in those cases where a burgh and a parish have been conjoined; to combine parishes wherever they are of opinion that it is advisable to do so; to order a school board to be elected in any burgh or parish where no school board has been elected; to combine a burgh school board and a parish school board, and to order that any burgh or town shall cease to have a separate school board; and in every case where, at the end of six months from the passing of the Act, a burgh or parish is without a school board, "to *nominate* a school board for such burgh or parish." With a provision that the school board shall be entitled to appoint a chairman and to pay any election expenses out of the rates (the Privy Council, as a rule, deals very generously with the money of other people), that part of the Bill which relates to "Local Management" closes.*

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* Since the text was written the census has been taken, and though the figures are not given on authority, it is known that throughout large districts of rural and highland Scotland the population has *decreased* since 1861. It is quite plain that for many of these districts the existing educational machinery must be amply sufficient. This fact adds force to the suggestion contained in an able memorandum addressed to commissioners of supply by the Education Committee of the Church of Scotland. "To prevent these evil consequences," says Dr Cook, the convener, "only one course presents itself—viz., to ask that Scotland shall be treated with respect to the

Part III., entitled "Schools," vests all the existing parish and burgh schools in the school boards to be appointed under the Act. The school board is required to ascertain within a limited time whether there is a sufficient supply of public school accommodation within its district, and to report to the London department its opinion, in order that the London department may judge of the soundness of such opinion. In the event of the school board being of opinion that no additional accommodation is required, the London board may cause further inquiry to be made by officers or persons appointed by them, and may then direct that additional accommodation be provided. If the school board fails to report within a specified time, or should their report be "unsatisfactory," the London department are to cause their own officers to make inquiry (the expense to be paid by the school board), and thereafter to make and issue such directions and orders as they shall see fit. In conducting their inquiry, the officers of the department (taking into account every school, *whether public or not*) "shall have power to call upon all public officers, and upon all clergymen, schoolmasters, teachers, and managers of schools," for such information, access to documents, and entry to schools and school-buildings, as they may deem necessary for the purposes of the inquiry. The London Board is authorised to call for returns, to draw up the forms in which the returns are made, and, in the event of the returns not being made, or not being made in the prescribed forms, to appoint an officer to make them at the expense of the school board. The London Board is further authorised to appoint inspectors to inquire into the accuracy and completeness of the returns. With "the consent and approbation" of the London department, old schools may be enlarged, new schools built, and private schools acquired. With "the consent" of the London department, and subject to the rules and conditions that it may prescribe, infant, evening, industrial, and (when satisfied that a district is suffering from poverty) free schools may be established.

We come next to that part of the Bill entitled "Finance," and here it is only fair to say that the London department is not brought prominently forward. The rate-payers are graciously permitted to *tax themselves* very much as they like! Nay, the 50th section, in the most handsome manner, provides that "every school board *shall be at liberty to receive* any property or funds which may from time to time be conveyed, bequeathed, or gifted to it." It is to be regretted that the clause did not end there, for it could then have been said that *one* distinct and complete act of administration had been confided to the discretion of the local boards. But it proceeds—"And it shall be the duty of the board, *subject to the control of the Scotch Education Department*, to administer such property."

Part V. deals with the schoolmaster, and deals with him, we are bound to say, in an excessively shabby and arbitrary fashion. The

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supply of schools in the same way as England is treated under the Education Act of 1870: in other words, that it shall be the duty of the Central Department (wherever located) to make inquiry as to educational destitution, and that Boards of Ratepayers shall be called into existence *only where there is destitution to remedy*, and where that destitution is not, after due notice given, otherwise supplied. If in any respect the statute which at present regulates the parochial schools requires alteration, it is open at any time to changes which may amend it without subverting the schools which now exist under its protection."

remuneration, by salary or otherwise, of a schoolmaster, shall be, it provides, not less than—£50? £70? £100? no—not less than Thirty-five pounds a-year! Scotch schoolmasters are to be paid at the rate of 13s. a-week—the wages of Scotch ploughmen and other agricultural labourers averaging, we believe, 15s. or 17s. The appointment of schoolmasters is vested in the school boards; but their choice is limited to persons who hold a "certificate of competency," granted by the London Board. The examiners of persons desiring to obtain certificates of competency are to be appointed by the University Courts of the four Universities of Scotland, but the examiners merely "report" to the London Board, which alone has the power to issue certificates, and which may, without cause assigned, cancel such certificates. This extraordinary power—the power to dismiss a teacher whenever it sees fit to do so, without reason assigned or trial accorded—is thus curtly defined:—

"The Scotch Education Department may issue an order cancelling the certificate of competency of any teacher, and every such teacher whose certificate shall have been cancelled shall forthwith cease to be a certificated teacher, and he shall be removed from the office of school teacher which he may then hold, and shall vacate the schoolroom and other tenements which he may hold by virtue of his office, and shall cease to enjoy the emoluments attached to such office."

Schoolmasters holding office at the date of the passing of the Act are entitled, indeed, to demand what is called "a public inquiry" before being dismissed by the London Board; but this public inquiry is a transparent imposture. On the demand being made, the London Board are to nominate one or more fit persons before whom the inquiry is to take place, and who, the section proceeds, "shall report the result of the inquiry to the Scottish Education Department, who shall, on considering the report, do in the matter as shall be just," and a dismissal by the said Department "shall be final, and not subject to review or question in any court of law." A public inquiry, forsooth! The evidence is to be led in public, and there the publicity ends. The notes taken by the Commissioners are to be transmitted by post to London; they are to be considered by "some secretary or assistant-secretary" in the office at Downing Street; and a fortnight afterwards the luckless schoolmaster is to receive a letter, signed by "some secretary or assistant-secretary," informing him that he has been dismissed, and that the dismissal is final, and not subject to review or question in any sort of way. The Act does not merely give the London Board the absolute right to dismiss the schoolmaster, but it fails to indicate any conditions or limitations under which the right is to be exercised. They may dismiss him because his hair is red, or because he speaks with a Buchan accent: from the first to the last clause there is nothing whatever to indicate what shall be deemed "an offence" under the Act. And yet the unfortunate teacher, like the rest of us, is presumed to live under a constitutional government, and the Bill has been drawn and devised by the members of a Liberal Ministry!*

We need not continue our examination and exposition further. The remainder of the Act is conceived in the same spirit; and it fitly closes by providing that a

* The difficulty of dismissing a schoolmaster who is known to be incompetent is at present too great; but the right of the Central Board to dismiss should unquestionably be placed under certain statutory limitations.

school board cannot "remit the whole or any part of the fees payable by a child where the parent satisfies the school board that he is unable from poverty to pay the same," without the approval of the Scotch Education Department, "who shall cause such inquiry to be made in the parish or burgh as they think requisite." Throughout the Bill the school boards are treated as children, to whom freedom of action or choice is carefully denied, and over whom "some secretary or assistant secretary" at the Privy Council Office must exercise a paternal control, and a constant and vigilant inquisition.

Now we do not wish to be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that the organisation and administration of national education can be left to the local boards. There *must* be some central tribunal. A cautious, judicious, well-informed central board, sitting in Scotland,* composed, let us say at a venture, of the Principals of the Universities (who have a good deal of spare time on their hands), with a legal assessor to advise on points of law, would be of real service. To such a tribunal the nation might safely intrust the delicate and extensive jurisdiction which the Bill confers on the Privy Council—part of it, at least, if not all of it. The jurisdiction is delicate and extensive, and, even by the best-informed board that could be framed, would require to be exercised with the utmost care and caution: exercised by "some secretary or assistant secretary" at Downing Street it would become oppressive, inquisitorial, tyrannical—utterly vexatious and burdensome to all concerned.

It is certainly natural that a Scotch Education Board should sit in Scotland, and be composed mainly of Scotsmen. What, then, are the reasons which prevent the Government from giving effect to so reasonable a request? As far as we have observed, only two have been assigned—by Mr Gladstone and Mr Forster respectively.

"You know," Mr Gladstone told a deputation from the United Presbyterian Church, "that your Scotch members object to the Scotch boards that already exist, and they would, of course, oppose the creation of a new one." "The Bill proposes," said Mr Forster, "that certain grants shall be made by Parliament in aid of the local rates, and such grants can only be made through the Privy Council, which is responsible to Parliament for their due application." Mr Gladstone's objection raises the question of the utility and efficiency of the Scotch boards (which we thought had been settled),—Mr Forster's involves the much larger question of Ministerial responsibility.

The history of the crusade against the Scotch administrative boards is interesting and instructive. It

* The scheme which we indicate might be worked out somewhat in this way:—There are the Principals of five colleges in Scotland, who now receive salaries of from £500 to £800 per annum. They are all men of considerable literary and academic position, and might, even apart from the offices which they hold, be fitly selected to administer the machinery of Scotch education. Each of them would receive an addition to his salary during the time that he continued a member of the Board of Education. To the Principals, an experienced lawyer or judge and school-inspector might be added; and thus, for a very moderate yearly sum, a Board whose decisions would command general respect throughout Scotland would be obtained. The Board would meet once a-month in Edinburgh for the determination of questions of principle; but the ordinary administration might be assigned to committees—the Principals of St Andrews and Aberdeen to undertake the supervision of education in the northern and eastern districts, and the Principals of Edinburgh and Glasgow in the western and southern districts.

was conducted by three or four of the Scotch members who belong to that amiable variety of their countrymen which has been felicitously described by the 'Saturday Review': "What he likes best is to get a place for himself, and what he likes second-best is to prevent some other Scotsman from getting it." So they charged the boards with inefficiency, extravagance, oppression, unpopularity, and other grave offences. At their instance the House of Commons appointed a Select Committee to try the Board of Supervision. Moved by their importunities, the Treasury appointed Lord Camperdown and Sir William Clarke to inquire at Edinburgh into the allegations against the different departments. We ventured to anticipate that the inquiry would end in the confusion and discomfiture of the assailants. Our prediction has been more than verified. Mr Crawfurd, the Chairman of the Select Committee, and the ringleader of the insurgents, having satisfied himself that the Poor-Law Board admirably discharges its onerous duties, proposes in his draft report to increase its numbers and augment its authority. Lord Camperdown ascertained that the charges preferred against the Scotch departments in general could be ascribed only to ignorance or mendacity. When, after the Report had been published and laid before Parliament, the subject was discussed in the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr Lowe) expressed himself to the effect that the administration of Scotch affairs had been shown to be "remarkably efficient and surprisingly economical." These were the notorious results of the inquiry; and how they can be presumed to tell against the proposal to institute a Scotch Education Board, we are at a loss to perceive.

It is easy, indeed, to understand why, in the conduct of Scotch affairs, a Scotch should be superior to an English board. Sitting in Scotland, it is of course directly and cheaply accessible. Then it must in the main, moreover, consist of gentlemen who are acquainted with the habits, and usages, and peculiarities of the country which they undertake to govern, and who have been allowed time and opportunity to master the special work of their department—trained officers conversant with the laws which they administer, and habituated to the duties which they discharge. The local boards quickly discover that a central board of this kind is the best-informed and cheapest tribunal which they can approach, and it becomes, in consequence, a board of advice and direction quite as much as—nay, even more than—a board of control. The advantage of such a system of administration cannot be overrated. But remove the board to London, and put an English House of Commons man in its chair, and it will forthwith cease to be of service, and become a nuisance and an obstruction.

A Scotch board, to be of service, should not only be Scotch in composition, but it *should sit in Scotland.* Every one who knows anything of the matter, knows that the business of a department cannot be conducted by correspondence alone. To clear away difficulties and facilitate an understanding, a personal interview is worth a dozen letters. The chairman of the Poor-Law Board told Lord Camperdown that, besides the correspondence of his office (some 6000 or 7000 letters annually on questions of law and usage, which no English official could comprehend), deputations from the local boards waited daily upon the Board, the chairman, or the secretary. At present these most useful interviews are easily arranged.

The inspector or chairman of a parochial board in any part of Scotland (save the remote Highlands and Islands) can reach Edinburgh in the course of a few hours, and his return-ticket will cost him a few shillings only. He starts by an early train, transacts his business rapidly with men who can at once give him the necessary information, and is home by nightfall. But if the conduct of Scotch education is to be removed to London, the hardest heart must experience a sentiment of pity for the unlucky schoolmaster who has occasion to consult "the Scottish Education Department." Duncan M'Gregor, schoolmaster at Cairndarroch, we shall say, is despatched by his board to obtain an interview with that august tribunal regarding a fund for educational purposes which the Chief of MacCloskie has bequeathed to the parish of his birth. Cairndarroch, in spite of the railway, is still five hundred miles distant from the metropolis, and Duncan finds that the expense of the journey to London—there and back—amounts to at least twenty pounds. To its inquisitive and light-fingered gentry the simple Celt, as he wanders with open mouth through its crowded streets, presents an irresistible temptation; and even if he arrive in safety at Downing Street, he has an Iliad of troubles in store. The very fine gentlemen who condescend occasionally to act as porters and messengers to the London offices don't understand a word that he says, and have never even heard of "the Scotch Department," except in connection with the Limited Mail. At length, having in the interval overcome with characteristic tenacity innumerable obstacles, Duncan is ushered into the presence of the assistant secretary. The assistant secretary shot grouse one season in Scotland for a week, and of course understands its institutions and its language. So he listens attentively while Duncan explains his errand. "The buird hold that they're in right to the MacCloskie Mortification; but the haill lands of MacCloskie have been brought before the Lords in a multiplepoinding. Now, sir, what would you advise us to do?" The astounded secretary would probably conclude that a multiplepoinding was a kind of vehicle or public conveyance used in Scotland; but no amount of explanation would enable him to comprehend the anxiety of the local board to acquire a mortification. The illustration is by no means fanciful—the truth being that Scotch life, especially the life legal, religious, and social of the more remote counties, is a thing by itself, quite distinct from English life, and requiring to be handled with a delicate consideration and intelligent discrimination which officials resident in England cannot possibly acquire.

As regards the assumption that a Scotch board would be unpopular, we need only say that we have perused the reports of at least a hundred meetings—lay and clerical—all of which, with hardly an exception, have insisted on the necessity of establishing a central board in Edinburgh, and have declared that rather than allow their schools to be handed over to the Privy Council, they will use their best efforts to defeat the measure. The unanimity on this point, to those who know Scotland, has been really astonishing.

We have now, in the last place, to consider Mr Forster's argument on Ministerial responsibility. The argument has never been stated with precision, but it is based on some such train of reasoning as this: "Every department of the executive must be directly responsible to

the Legislature. But there can be no responsibility unless the head of the department is a member of the Ministry, with a seat in Parliament, and liable to be removed from office by a Parliamentary vote." On this proposition we have one or two remarks to offer, which we think are worthy of being considered even by those who are only indirectly interested in the fate of a Scotch Education Bill.

It is absurd to say, in the year 1871, that any department of the executive, either in England or Scotland, is "irresponsible." Every public body in this country is now sensitively alive to public and Parliamentary opinion. Even in the narrowest technical sense, the Scotch boards are responsible to the House of Commons through the Home Secretary (to whom they report annually), and through the Lord Advocate. We are willing, indeed, to admit that the Scotch system of administration is different from that which obtains in those English offices (and in those only) which are presided over by Cabinet Ministers; but we maintain, without hesitation, that the difference is altogether in favour of Scotland. What is the object in view? If the object in view be to put "the right man in the right place," and leave him there to do his work to the best of his ability, the Scotch is a far sounder system than the English, which, indeed, on any ground of reason or logic, is utterly indefensible. For what do they do in England? Most of the great administrative offices are made political and Parliamentary prizes, to be scrambled for on the floor of the House of Commons. Whenever a Cabinet is overturned, the official chiefs retire, and make way for men who may be, and indeed generally are, entirely ignorant of the special duties of their departments. Mr Gladstone, *more suo*, carries the practice to the extreme limit; it is necessary, he gravely maintains, to "educate" statesmen; if a youthful politician is kept in an office till he is acquainted with its duties, his mind, becoming cramped and dwarfed, cannot rise to the contemplation of imperial questions; and thus, under the paternal supervision of the First Minister, there is a constant shuffle of the cards. Lord Hartington leaves the Post-Office and goes to Ireland; Mr Stansfeld leaves the Treasury and goes to the Poor-Law Board; Mr Goschen leaves the Poor-Law Board and goes to the Admiralty. That the system does not lead to the utter demoralisation of the public offices is the highest tribute that can be paid to the excellence of the permanent subordinates. A system so fundamentally irrational, however, cannot, we may be assured, survive a season of pressure. The House of Commons has spent six unprofitable weeks in unprofitable debates upon the reorganisation of the army. Everywhere throughout the country people are asking to what cause this legislative and administrative paralysis is to be ascribed. The time will come, or we are much mistaken, when the administration of the army and navy will be withdrawn from the control of Parliamentary tacticians, and intrusted to the "irresponsible" discretion of real soldiers and sailors. That time will come—let us hope that it will come quickly; else it will go hard with England when Moltke and Bismark are ready to turn their big guns against our rotten batteries.

Mr Forster, as we have said, is an eminently fair and reasonable man. Will he ask himself what he truly means when he uses the word "responsibility"? Responsible for what? Responsible, we presume, for the proper application of the na-

tional funds. And to whom may that responsibility most prudently be intrusted, and by whom will it be most efficiently discharged? by an English or Irish secretary sitting at Downing Street, or by a board of Scotch gentlemen thoroughly acquainted with the wants and idiosyncrasies of Scotland, easily and cheaply accessible, and specially selected for their ability to undertake the duties of the department? Yet, even assuming, as has been said, that the Scotch offices are comparatively irresponsible, it does not follow that irresponsibility is a bad thing if it is thereby meant that a body intrusted with difficult and delicate functions is placed in a position which enables it to be indifferent to the passing agitation of the moment. The law has anxiously attempted to secure that, in this sense, the judicial office, for instance, shall be irresponsible. Looking to the semi-judicial duties which administrative boards are called upon to discharge, it is clearly an advantage that they should not be filled by eager political partisans, fresh from the Parliamentary arena, and anxious above all things to discredit an opponent, or to catch a vote.

Once more, Mr Forster is not only a reasonable but a liberal man. Why should he treat Scotland with this exceptional shabbiness? The Scotch have been historically and proverbially a thrifty people, and it is not probable that at this late hour of the day they will all at once become extravagant and reckless. Scotland has now been united with England and Ireland for a good many years; but it must be said that, financially speaking, the connection is not profitable. Ireland pays little, and gets much; Scotland pays much, and gets little. The appropriation accounts recently issued for 1869-70 enable us to compare the expenditure on the Civil Service in the three countries, and are worth looking into. The Home Civil Service is divided into four general classes—Public Works, Public Departments, Law and Justice (exclusive of judicial salaries, which are mostly paid out of the Consolidated Fund, and exhibit the same disproportion), and Education, Science, and Art.

The total estimate for the year under Class I., "Public Works and Buildings," amounted to . .	£1,223,806
Of which Scotland obtained (exclusive of the special votes for sheriff-court houses and the Glasgow University buildings) .	20,566
And Ireland, as an annual average charge, obtained .	148,817
The total estimate for the year under Class II., "Public Departments," amounted to . . .	1,733,681
Of which Scotland obtained .	51,010
And Ireland . . .	182,183
The total estimate for the year under Class III., "Law and Justice," amounted to	3,712,246
Of which Scotland obtained .	177,010
Of which Ireland obtained .	1,317,384
The total estimate for the year under Class IV., "Education, Science, and Art," amounted to . .	16,28,170
Of which Scotland obtained .	98,083
Of which Ireland obtained* .	404,000

The result, on the whole, was as follows: Out of a total vote of £8,298,083, Ireland obtained £2,042,384, whereas Scotland obtained only £346,669, the balance, close upon six millions, going to England. The expenses of the administrative departments are included under Class II. The £51,010 which Scotland obtained was distributed in the following proportions:—

* To this, according to 'The Irish Teacher's Journal,' must now be added another £100,000. That Journal announces (1st April 1871):—"We have much pleasure in informing our readers that the Government have acceded to the request of the Commissioners, and have placed at their disposal the additional sum of £100,000, to be employed in the improvement of the position of the Irish national teachers.

Exchequer and other offices, .	£6,317
Fishery Board (including grants for piers, cutter service, &c.),	13,298
General Register Office, .	7,321
Lunacy Commission, . .	6,166
Poor-Law Commission (including £10,000 for medical relief),	17,838

The £182,183 which went to Ireland was thus distributed :—

Lord-Lieutenant's household,	£6,164
Chief Secretary's Office, . .	23,453
Boundary Survey, . . .	500
Charitable Donations Office, .	2,238
General Register Office, . .	20,722
Poor-Law Commission, . .	97,328
Public Record Office, . .	4,682
Public Works Office, . .	27,183

Nor does this comparison exhaust what can be said in favour of the economical administration of the Scotch departments. They pay back to the Treasury every year about £6000 (which has been received by them in the shape of fees); and the Comptroller-General certifies that their actual expenditure last year was less than their estimated, to the amount of £3000. The grant of £10,000 for the medical officers of the parochial boards is simply *distributed* by the Poor-Law Board; and the same may be said of the sum of £4800 for piers and harbours, and boat and cutter service, which is paid through the Fishery Board. Deducting these sums (amounting together to close upon £24,000), it appears that the net cost of the whole administrative machinery of Scotland amounts to about £27,000 — probably the cheapest governing body that is to be found in the world!

The 'Scotsman' has hinted that a good board in London would be better than a bad board in Edinburgh. We have proved, we think, that from the nature of the case a good board in London is out of the question; and to insinuate that there are not three men in Scotland capable of organising its educational machinery, is surely to libel a people who have shown throughout their whole career a special aptitude for the business of government.

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CHARLES DICKENS.

"Call no man happy till he is dead," said the wise old heathens. It is still more important that we should sum up no man's greatness, and come to no definite conclusion as to his fame, until that last great event has happened which separates him softly yet suddenly from all the secondary influences, from all the ephemeral popularity of common life. It is not very long since most sensible people were moved with that curious mixture of sorrow, shame, and unwilling amusement, which is called forth by any absurd exhibition of self-importance or vanity—by the record of the amazing reception given to Mr Dickens by the American people, or at least by those excitable classes who claim to represent that ill-used nation. If we remember rightly, the fact that Dickens spoke our common language was then proclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic as one of those often-referred-to bonds of union which ought to make New England and Old England one. The sacred mother-tongue, which was spoken by Sarah Gamp and Betsy Prig, was to become an object of deeper sanctity to both of us from that hallowing connection; and not Butler nor Bunkum, much less Alabama claims or Fenians or Filibusters, could break the charm which a Dickens breathed upon the great Anglo-Saxon world, which, if it was united in nothing else, was still united in its worship of his genius. A hasty hearer might have supposed it was Shakespeare of whom these praises were spoken; but it was not. It was the author of 'Pickwick,' and 'Copperfield,' and (honour to Yankee impartiality!) 'Chuzzlewit'—not by any means a Shakespeare, but yet a man exercising much real and a great deal of false influence on the world. People laughed in their sleeves at the big words of this glorification; yet Dickens had his seat secure in the national Walhalla, such as it is, and nobody dared to attempt to dislodge him. When he appeared, crowds thronged to hear and see him: when, after a

long interval of silence, he condescended to put forth the beginning of a story in the old well-remembered green covers, everybody rushed to read, to praise, and to admire, if they could. There is something half affecting, half ridiculous—and which shows in the very best light the grateful docility of the common mind—in the eagerness with which the public tried to convince itself that it was charmed by the opening of the fragment called 'Edwin Drood.' We all said to each other that this was going to be a powerful story—one of his best, prehaps; we were on the outlook for the familiar delights, the true Dickens vein, which we knew so well. The effect was flat, no doubt, and the effort severe; but perhaps we thought that was our own, the reader's, fault. Thus faithfully does the British public, much-maligned and sorely-tried audience, uphold the minstrel who has once got possession of its ear. It stood by him with a piteous fidelity to the last. But now Dickens, too, has come, like so many more, to be a piece of history, and may be judged as the rest have been judged. For something between thirty and forty years he has reigned and had his day. He has been adulated publicly and privately, as (it is said) kings used to be adored. For a lifetime he was fed with praise, as well as with that which is more substantial than praise. The fictitious people of his making were received into the world as if they had been a new tribe, and he their king. Honour, and riches, and a kind of semi-royal power, were his. This great position he undoubtedly held in right of his genius alone, and retained it till he died. How he did this, how he managed to get so high, and keep the height so long, and what he did for the world thus subject to him during his reign, are interesting questions, to which we mean to try to give some satisfactory answer.

The world of fiction—or rather the world of poetry and imagination—in which the dullest of us spend so many hours, if not years, of our lives, has many differing altitudes and longitudes, and many variations of spiritual atmosphere. It becomes narrow or large to us, low or lofty, noble or mean, according as is the guide we choose or find most congenial. There are some who lead us into a tragic Inferno, echoing with mortal groans and dark with misery; some into a stately Eden, all novel and splendid, with two fair primeval creatures in the midst; and some into the scenes we know—the common earth, which we recognise, and yet which is not the less enchanted ground. Of all the circles of imaginative creation, that of Shakespeare is the widest, as it is the most largely impartial, the most divinely calm. It is a very world full of creatures good and evil, of everything the earth contains—the mean and miserable along with the noblest and highest. All are there, great and small, because all are in nature. But there was but one Shakespeare, and we do not compare the mere children of men with that son of the gods. To come a long way farther down, there is much in the atmosphere of Scott which reflects that of Shakespeare. If there is no great intellectual being towering over common men, there is at least a full and honest conception of the variations in that gamut of humanity which strikes so high, and sinks into such depths profound. And in our own day we have still that heritage of truth and nature. Thackeray, so often miscalled cynic, though his pages may be over-full of the easy victims of social satire, has not left us without more than one noble testimony that mankind

can be as good, and simple, and honest, and true, as it can be wicked, base, designing, and artful. This Shakespearian tradition has come down to us through the changes of ages. In the eighteenth century —that time of universal crisis—there was a fluttering and doubtfulness of standards. Richardson, narrow in his honest inexperience, would have made a world for us out of sublimities and fiends, lifting the ideal of humanity to the last taper-point of elevation; while, on the other hand, manliness had like to become identified with vice, had not Parson Adams saved Fielding. But through all, the creed of our best Makers has been that of our greatest Poet—which is, that the noble are, at least, as possible as the mean; that you are as likely to find in your next neighbour a generous friendly Antonio as a grasping Shylock; and that a man cannot truly picture the world of fact in the world of art, without tracing at least as many beautiful images as he does base ones—nay, that the beauty, the goodness, the nobility, *must* imprint themselves on the record, amid all baser chronicles, or the record cannot be true.

Now, the curious thing in the works of Mr Dickens is, that whereas he has added a flood of people to the population of the world, he has not added one to that lofty rank where dwell the best of humanity. He has given us the most amusing fools that this generation knows, the most charmingly genial people in difficulties, the most intolerable and engaging of bores. But he has scarcely left us one character which is above ridicule, or of which we think with a smile and a tear mingled, as it is the highest boast of your true humorist to mingle smiles and tears. Not to ascend to any Shakespearian heights, there is not even such a light as Uncle Toby shining out of his pages; there is nothing like Thomas Newcome. He tries hard, and strains, and makes many an effort to cover the deficiency; but what he produces is sham, not real—it is maudlin, not pathetic. His highest ideal has a quiver, as of semi-intoxication, in its voice; its virtue is smug, self-conscious, surrounded by twittering choruses of praise. There is not even a woman among the many in his books that would bear putting up by the side of the women who are to live for ever; and how strangely wanting must be the man of genius who cannot frame one woman, at least, worth placing in the crowd where Una is! This is the strange drawback, the one huge deficiency, which must always limit the reputation of the much-worshipped novelist. Mrs Gamp, no doubt, is great; but she will not serve our turn here. He has represented with the most graphic and vivid clearness almost every grade of the species Fool. He has painted ridiculous people, silly people, selfish people, people occupied with one idea, oddities, eccentrics, a thousand varieties—but among all these has never once stumbled upon the simple, true, ideal woman, or any noble type of man. Looking at his real power, his undeniable genius, the wonderful fertility of his imagination, the spectator asks with a certain surprise, How is it that he never fell upon one such accidentally, as we do in the world? The wonder seems how he could miss it. But miss it he did, with the curious persistency of those fate-directed steps which are fain to enter into every path but one. This is the first characteristic of Dickens among his compeers in the world of literature. He has given us pictures as powerful, individualities as distinct, as any have done. Perhaps he has added to our common talk a larger number of side reflections from the

thoughts and experiences of fictitious persons, than most writers even of equal power. But he has not created one character so close to us, yet so much above us, that we can feel him a positive gain to humanity.

Now, when we make this complaint and accusation against the novelist, we are by no means setting up the ideal above the real, or demanding of heaven and earth a succession of Grandisons. Far be the thought from our mind: for one hero there must always be, no doubt, a hundred valets, with a variety and play of life among them such as many people can appreciate a great deal better than they could appreciate the bigger nature. Let us have the valets by all means; but the writer who can set only valets before us cannot be placed in the highest rank. It must be understood that the difference between the mind which makes "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor" the central light in a picture, and the mind which places Mrs Gamp in that position, is not a difference of degree, but one of kind. The latter may be amusing, versatile, brilliant, and full of genius, but it is clear that the best he can do for his race is a best which is infinitely beneath the other. He knows of no hidden excellence, no new glory which he can bring out into the light of day; he finds no stars in the half-discovered skies, nor even the violet hidden by the mossy stone. He can do a hundred other clever and wonderful things, but this he cannot do; he has a bandage upon his eyes, a feebleness in his hands. He can identify and realise, and pour floods of laughing light upon all the lesser objects; but the central figure he cannot accomplish—it is beyond his power.

And we cannot but think that Dickens himself must have been aware of his own limitation on this point. The struggle and strain of which we are always aware in the working out of his good characters, shows something of that suppressed irritation with which a workman struggles against his special imperfection. He is angry that he cannot do it well, as some others can; and he works himself up into an excitement which he tries to believe is creative passion, and heaps on accessories and results with a hand which is almost feverish in its eagerness. The curious artificial cadence of the speeches which are meant to be impassioned—the explanations which every one of his higher female characters, for example, makes in measured sentences, each exactly like the other, at what is supposed the turning-point of her existence, and in what are supposed to be the accents of lofty and high-pitched feeling—are the most curious instances of this strain and conscious effort. He works himself up to it under the reader's very eyes—he makes enormous preparations before he takes the leap: when he sets himself in motion at length, it is with clenched hands and the veins swelling on his forehead—and then he fails. This process is gone through almost in the same monotonous succession whenever he attempts to strike any of the higher chords of life. The only thing real in it is the failure. In all the rest there is the strangest counterfeit air, and a consciousness of the sham which is as apparent to the writer as to the reader: the passion is stirred up and foamed and frothed, with always some new ingredient thrown in at the last moment in very desperation; the pathos is skimmed down, diluted, sweetened with the most anxious care. No cook nor chemist could be more solicitous about the due mixture of every element. The only thing that is deficient is the effect.

It is a curious reflection, that perhaps the most popular writer of the period which is now closing—the enchanter who ruled over the youth of most of us, whose supremacy at one time was scarcely contested, and who even now has lost but little of his power—should be thus strangely incapable of entering into and representing the higher phases of existence. His works, we all know, are works of the purest morality, inculcating only benevolence, charity, and virtuous sentiments. Indeed, Mr Dickens's genius is not even superior to the popular prejudice in favour of poetic justice: he likes to reward his good people substantially, and to make the wicked ones very uncomfortable. But with all this, he does not bring us into good company. The society of the cleverest of Cockney grooms—the most amusing of monthly nurses—would not be considered edifying in ordinary life. Were we condemned to it by any freak of fortune, we should feel ourselves deeply injured; and whether the large amount of it enforced upon us by our favourite novelist is much to the advantage of our taste or manners as a nation, is a question worth considering. The genius which brought such an unlikely pair to the front of the contemporary stage, and has kept them there for something like a quarter of a century, is a very different matter. The difficulty of the task, and the extraordinary unsuitableness of the position, do but enhance the power of the creator: it is infinitely clever in him, but is it quite as good for us? If, as people say, society in many of its circles has taken a lower and coarser tone, may not the indifferent company we have all been keeping in books have something to do with it? We think there is a great deal to be said on this point; but we are timorous, and do not feel equal to the task of charging upon the worshipped Dickens any such social offence. He who has always preached the most amiable of sentiments—he who was the first to find out the immense spiritual power of the Christmas turkey—he who has given us so many wonderful instances of sudden conversion from cruelty and unkindness to the most beaming, not to say maudlin, amiability,—shall we venture to say of him that his influence has not been of an elevating order? We shrink from the undertaking. But still we venture to repeat, it is a curious fact that this most influential writer has brought his readers into a great deal of very indifferent company, and has not left to us to neutralise it a single potential image of the elevated or the great—nay, has left us nothing but the weakest, sloppiest, maudlin exhibitions of goodness, big in complacency, but poor in every other point.

This, however, which is the worst we can say of Dickens in one particular, is the very highest in another. Those beings whom he has invented or brought out of obscurity have no natural claim to our interest, no attraction to bring them to us, not even any force of natural sympathy to give them power. By what strange gift is it that he captivates us to Sam Weller, and calls up a gleam upon the gravest countenance at the very name of Mrs Gamp? Their truth to nature, some critics will answer: but this nature has nothing that is delightful in it; it is repulsive, not attractive. Mrs Gamp in real life would be hateful, tedious, and disgusting—yet there is not a beautiful lady in creation whose company we like better in print. How is it? Even when, as a question of art, we disapprove, the furtive smile steals to the corner of our mouth. This can be nothing

but genius, that vivifying and creative principle which not only makes something out of nothing, but which communicates qualities to a bit of dull clay of which in itself it is utterly unconscious—genius which we are always labouring to define without growing much the wiser, but which we can no more refuse to be influenced by, than we can deny the evidence of our senses. In this power of interesting his readers, Dickens does not even take such help of nature as other great artists have been glad to use. There is no story, no touch of natural emotion, to dispel our prejudices and bring near to us the strangely-chosen creature of our author's predilections. What he does, he does by sheer force of genius, scorning all auxiliaries, and his success is complete. His conception of the keen illiterate Cockney mind, sharpened by contact with that life which abounds in the London streets, is as clear and sure as are those streets themselves which he can see; his glance goes through and through it with a divination more full than knowledge. Perhaps his consciousness of the influences which widen and light it up, is more vivid than that of those which cramp and limit such an intelligence; he never ventures to go deep enough to bring it face to face with any problem beyond the reach of its philosophy; and he is apt to endow it with a preternatural cleverness which makes all training and instruction unnecessary; but with what certainty, swiftness, and freedom does he play its quaint original light over the surface of men and things! what a command he has of its odd reflective power, its curious scraps of knowledge, its easy good-nature and tolerance—a tolerance which means close acquaintance with many kinds of evil! The fulness and clearness of this knowledge nobody can doubt; though, on the other hand, it is less apparent how conventional and superficial it is: even here Dickens does not go deep. His instinct leads him to keep on the surface. There is more true insight in half-a-dozen lines which we could select here and there from other writers as to the effects of street education than in all Sam Weller.

Nevertheless, Sam Weller is not only true, but original. There is no tragic side to him. There is no real tragic side, indeed, to any of the Dickens characters. And Dickens, perhaps, is the only great artist of whom this can be said; for to most creative minds there is a charm indescribable in the contact of human character with the profounder difficulties of life. An instinctive sense of his own weakness, however, keeps him as far as possible from these problems. And his Sam is the most light-hearted hero, perhaps, that has ever been put upon canvas. He is the very impersonation of easy conscious skill and cleverness. He has never met with anything in his career that he could not give a good account of. Life is all above-board with him, straightforward, jovial, on the surface. He stands in the midst of the confusion of the picture in very much the same position which the author himself assumes. He is the *Deus ex machinâ*, the spectator of everybody's mistakes and failures—a kind of laughing providence to set everything right. Sam's position in the 'Pickwick Papers' is one of the great marvels in English art. It is the first act of the revolution which Mr Dickens accomplished in his literary sphere—the new system which has brought those uppermost who were subordinate according to the old canons. This ostler from the City, this groom picked up from the pavement, is, without doubt or controversy, everybody's master in the story of which

he is the centre. When the whole little community in the book is puzzled, Sam's cleverness cuts the knot. It is he who always sees what to do, who keeps everybody else in order. He even combines with his *rôle* of all-accomplished serving-man the other *rôle* of *jeune premier*, and retains his superiority all through the book, at once in philosophy and practical insight, in love and war.

The 'Pickwick Papers' stands by itself among its author's works; and as the first work of a young man, it is, we think, unique in literature. Other writers have professed to write novels without a hero: Dickens, so far as we are aware, is the only one who, without making any profession, has accomplished that same. To be sure, 'Pickwick' is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a novel, and yet it would be hard to classify it in any other list. Strangest of books! which introduces us to a set of people, young men and old, women and girls, figures intended to represent the usual strain of flesh and blood—in order that we may laugh at them all! There is a horrible impartiality, a good-humoured universal malice, running through the whole. The author stands in the midst, half himself, half revealed in the person of his favourite Sam, and looks at the world he has created, and holds his sides. He does not even feel contempt, to speak of—he feels nothing but what fun it is to see so many fools disporting themselves according to their folly. There is, as we have said, a horrible impartiality in it. Other writers have preserved a little respect, a little sympathy, for the lovers, at least—a little feeling that youth must have something fine in it, and that the gallant and the maiden have a right to their pedestal. But not so Dickens: the delight with which in this book he displays all the ridiculousness and inherent absurdity which he finds in life, is like the indiscriminate fun of a schoolboy who shouts with mirth at everything which can by any means be made an occasion of laughter, without acknowledging any restraint of natural reverence or decorum. In 'Pickwick', the work is that of a man of genius, but the spirit is almost always that of a mischievous innocent schoolboy. When the great contemporary and rival of Dickens produced his first great work, all the virtuous world rose up and condemned the cynicism of 'Vanity Fair'; but nobody has ever said a word about the cynicism of 'Pickwick'; and yet, to our thinking, the one is a hundred times more apparent than the other. 'Vanity Fair' is a book full of deep and tragic meaning, of profound feeling and sentiment, which crop up through the fun, and are ever present, though so seldom expressed. The historian, story-teller, social philosopher, laughs, it is true, but he has a great mind to weep: he sneers sometimes, but it is because his heart grows hot as he watches the pranks that men play before high heaven. But the author of 'Pickwick' cares not a straw what fools his puppets make of themselves; the more foolish they are, the more he laughs at their absurdity. He is too good-humoured, too full of cheerful levity and the sense of mischief, to think of their lies and brags and vanity as anything vile and blamable; they are so funny, that he forgets everything else. His characters go tumbling about the world as the clown and pantaloon do in the midst of those immemorial immoralties of the pantomime—the ever-successful tricks and cheats in which we all find once a-year an unsophisticated pleasure. In short, the atmosphere of 'Pickwick' is more like that of a pantomime than of any other region we know. Mr

Jingle, who is the villain, and has to be punished and reformed after a fashion in Mr Dickens's favourite harlequin-wand manner of reformation, is a respectable character, with a purpose, beside Mr Winkle, who is the veriest braggart, cheat, and sneak that ever was introduced into fiction. Yet the very funniest scenes in the book, those which the chance reader turns to by instinct, are the narratives of Mr Winkle's exploits, though he is one of the foremost walking gentlemen, lover, and in a manner hero of the piece. Sam Weller, who picks him up with his unlucky skates on, and takes care of his equally unlucky gun, is, like the author, too merry over it, to feel any sort of indignation against Mr Winkle. The two burst with private laughter aside, and find it the best fun!

The extreme youthfulness of this treatment is visible even in the more serious parts of the book, if anything in it can be called serious. Mr Pickwick himself is just the kind of bland old gentleman, with money always ready in his old-fashioned breeches-pocket to make up for all deficiencies, and an everlasting disposition to meddle and set everything right, who is too apt to be a schoolboy's ideal: an old fellow who may be freely laughed at, but whose credulity is as unbounded as the funds at his disposal, and who is delightfully ready to be hoaxed, and falls by himself, almost too naturally, into the pitfalls of practical joking. It is, perhaps, the perfect good-humour of this view of life which keeps it from being assailed as cynical. For it is thoroughly good-humoured, by dint of being absolutely indifferent. There is the same large toleration in it which we have of the tyrannies, and extortions, and avarices of an ant-hill, when we take upon ourselves to observe the busy community there. When the weak one is overpowered and trodden upon, no indignation fills our superior bosom; we look on and smile, and watch without interference—without anything that can be called sympathy, but with a great deal of amusement. In the same way, there is no doubt, though with a curious revolution of circumstances, our schoolboys, our servants, contemplate us. Were our grooms habitually set to produce a picture of the existence of their masters, there is little chance that it would be so amusing as 'Pickwick,' but it would be in the same vein. The keenest, lively, sharp-eyed observation of the outside, without any sympathy or respect, or desire to understand the unseen—a lively apprehension of the folly of those who act as we ourselves would not think of acting, and by the guidance of principles which we don't care to fathom—lies at the bottom of the whole. It is the life of one class as it appears to a member of another; the commentary of a spectator who never identifies himself with the actors, who has no sense of community of interests or character, who is as indifferent to their right and wrong as we are to the Ants—but who notes everything, and has an instinctive perception of the fun, the ridiculousness, the absurdity inalienable from humanity. One touch of sympathy would change the whole—would bring in shame and moral sentiment, would probably give bitterness to the laugh, and modify the fun with meaning. But this idea had not occurred to Dickens at the time of 'Pickwick.' His is the very triumph of youthful profanity, of superficial insight, of bright-eyed, unsympathetic vision. The light of his laughing eyes throws a certain gleam of amused expectancy over the landscape—or rather stage, which is a better word. And

how thoroughly we are repaid for our anticipations of fun!—how delightfully does everybody commit himself, make a fool of himself, exhibit his vanities, his absurdities, in unconscious candour before us. Never was there such a big, full, crowded pantomime stage—never so many lively changes of scene and character. There is scarcely more art or skill in the situations than is necessary to please the most indulgent holiday audience. Mr Pickwick's memorable mistake about his bedroom—the troubles to which Mr Winkle was subjected in consequence of his good-nature in opening the door in the middle of the night to a lady coming home from a ball—are incidents for the planning of which the very minimum of invention has been employed; and yet how they amuse us! We laugh as we laugh at the preposterous innocent blunders which sometimes occur in our own life. They have the same spontaneous unintentional air, the same want of meaning. For absence of meaning is a positive advantage in the circumstances. It improves the fun, and increases its resemblance to the fragmentary humours of ordinary existence. Thus our author moves us at the very smallest cost, so far as construction is concerned. But the panorama which he unfolds before us trembles with light and movement and variety. There is nothing dead, stagnant, or dull in the whole exhibition—in every corner it is alive; something is going on wherever we turn. We feel that it is out of his own inexhaustible being that he is pouring all those crowds upon us, and that as many more are ready to follow, all as full of eccentricity, absurdity, nonsense, and fun as their predecessors. It is the life, the flow and fulness of vitality, the easy wealth of witty comment, the constant succession of amusing scenes, which insure the popularity of 'Pickwick.' It is of its nature delightful to the very young—to the schoolboy mind yet unawakened to anything beyond the fun of existence; and at the very other end of the social scale, it is full of amusement to the wearied man, who has enough of serious life, and to whom it is a relief to escape into this curious world, where all is fun, and nothing serious. But of all the revelations of mind made by the first works of great artists, 'Pickwick' is perhaps the most incomprehensible. With all its charming gaiety and good-humour, with its bits of fine moral reflection and demonstrative worship of benevolence, it is without heart and without sympathy—superficial and profane.

We do not use the latter word, however, in a religious sense; for Dickens has always persistently and most benevolently countenanced and patronised religion. He is humanly, not sacredly, profane in the first great effort of his genius—not bitterly sceptical of, but light-heartedly indifferent to, human excellence. This will, we fear, be considered strange doctrine by those who have taken for granted all his subsequent moralities on the subject, and the very great use he has made of moral transformations. But in 'Pickwick' there is absolutely no moral sense. It either does not exist, or has not been awakened; and there is the deepest profanity—a profanity which scorns all the traditions of poetry and romance, as well as all the higher necessities of nature—in the total absence of any sentiment or grace in the heroes and heroines, the lovers, the one class of humanity on whose behalf there exists a lingering universal prejudice. It is true that this criticism refers in its fullest sense to 'Pickwick' alone—but 'Pickwick' is Dickens *pur et simple* in his first freshness, be-

fore the age of conventionality had begun. And the defect is closely connected with one of his best qualities—the genuine kindness of feeling which mingles with all his ridicule. He is never harsh, never ungenial, and much more disposed to put a good than an evil interpretation upon the motives of human folly. He does not permit us either to hate or to despise our fellow-creatures in their weaknesses; but yet he enjoys the contemplation of those weaknesses. He is cruel without intending it; but in his very cruelty he is kind.

The distinction, however, between this one book and all the others, is as curious as anything in literature. It is the same hand which works; for who else could fill his canvas so lavishly?—who else has such unbounded stores to draw upon? The life and brightness are the same, the boundless variety and animation; and the same also is that power of natural selection which brings to the author's hand those odd and unusual and unelevated figures which suit him best; but in everything else the whole fictitious world is changed. 'Pickwick' was full of the most genial, natural, easy indifference to the higher morality; but every subsequent work is heavy with meaning, and has an almost polemical moral. In 'Pickwick' everybody's aim was to make himself as charmingly absurd as possible for our delight and pleasure; for this end they roamed about the world seeking adventures which meant nothing but fun, and generally conducting themselves like men without any social bonds of duty upon them, with no responsibilities to the world, nor necessity to make their living or advance their fortunes. We even defy any one to make out to what social class these personages are intended to belong. Were we to describe Mr Pickwick as a retired tradesman, and his young friends as sons of well-to-do persons in the same class, we should convey the impression made by their manners and habits upon ourselves personally; but there is no evidence that Dickens meant this. In all his other books, however, the social details are fully expressed, and the bondage of ordinary circumstances acknowledged. Many of these works have not only an individual moral, but are weighted besides with an attack upon some one national institution or public wrong, as if Mr Dickens's sense of responsibility to the world for his great gift, and the manner in which he should use it, had developed all at once, and, having once developed, would not be trifled with. The Yorkshire cheap schools; the land speculations of America; the Court of Chancery, and other objectionable institutions—have each a book devoted to them; while the advantages of benevolence, and the drawbacks of selfishness, are developed in every new group of characters, to the edification of the world. This change is an odd one, and one for which we know no explanation. But however it came about, the fact is beyond doubt. The group of works which followed—'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Oliver Twist,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'Dombey'—are all books with a purpose. They are books, too, in which the old traditions of construction are partially followed, and the love tale is restored to a certain prominence. They have a beginning, and a middle, and an end, the due amount of orthodox difficulties, and the "lived very happy ever after" of primeval romance. Thus their character is altered. There is no longer the delightful Pickwickian muddle, the story without an end, which might go on for ever. The orthodox machinery of the novel places a certain limit upon the book; it re-

stricts it within conditions, and demands a certain exercise of those qualities of foresight and economy which are equally necessary, whether we are about to marry ourselves, or to arrange for the marriage of our hero and heroine. But notwithstanding this change of circumstances, the charm of 'Nickleby' and 'Chuzzlewit' is the same as the charm of 'Pickwick.' It lies in the wealth and fulness and lavish life, in the odd exhibitions of ignoble and unelevated humanity, in the gay *malice* (not maliciousness) with which all that is ridiculous is pursued and dwelt upon. Nothing can be worse than the bits of melodrama which now and then, in the exigencies of the story, the author is driven to indulge in; and the good people and gentlefolks are as a rule extremely feeble and uninteresting; but all the teeming wealth of lower life which makes the other rich abounds and overflows in these. The grim group of the Squeerses, the genial bigness of John Browdie, the Crummles and their *troupe*, Pecksniff, Mark Tapley, and Mrs Gamp, Toots and Miss Nipper, are all perfect in their way. With them the author is at his ease. His artificial goodness and maudlin virtue fade out of our sight. When he is out of the benumbing presence of the ladies and gentlemen who are compelled to talk good English, and behave themselves accordingly, he expands like a flower. His foot is on his native heath, he is among the people and the scenes with which he is fully acquainted, and he can give himself his full swing. Sometimes he even rises into a strain higher than that of his old light-hearted, cynical, and amused toleration. The picture of Dotheboys Hall has a certain fierce reality in its fun, of which nothing in 'Pickwick' gives promise; and the drama of Bill Sykes's vengeance and punishment is most effective and even terrible. His knot of criminals is revolting, but it is one of the most powerful pictures he has ever drawn; and it is all the more powerful in comparison with the insipid framework of goodness and prettiness in which this trenchant villany and gloom are enclosed. Here his utter failure and his highest success are put together so closely that it is impossible not to see the full force of the contrast. Fagin, the Artful Dodger, and Bumble, are all full of reality; and even such a miserable conception as that of Noah Claypole gives strange involuntary evidence that the very lowest type is more conceivable to our author's imagination than the gentle uniformity of civilised existence, into which he can put neither character nor spirit.

The same fact is apparent less unpleasantly in the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' where the false sentiment and mawkish pathos of little Nell, with all that exaggerated and foolish devotion which Mr Dickens is so fond of representing, forms a husk and envelope for the delightful figure of Dick Swiveller, one of his greatest creations. We are not sure that we do not, as a matter of individual opinion, place Dick on a pinnacle above all the rest—a pinnacle which, perhaps, he may divide with the Micawbers, inimitable pair! but which not even Sam Weller could reach. Sam is a saucy fellow, whom we all know we would not tolerate in our service for a day, useful as he was to Mr Pickwick; but Dick Swiveller we take to our bosom. His very dissipatedness, his indebtedness, "the rosy" which he passes so much too often, the idle ways which we cannot help seeing—we look upon all with indulgent eyes. He is never a blackguard in his lowest days; even the people in those streets, which he shut up gradually by buying a pair of gloves in one

and a pot of pomade in another, must have missed him, when he no longer went by in his checked trousers swinging his cane. He is an indifferent member of society, and likely to break his aunt's heart; but there is no harm in Dick. The poor little Marchioness, in her big cap and bib, is as safe in his hands as if she possessed the rank her name implies, and he were her ladyship's most decorous chamberlain. He may beat her at cribbage, and teach her how egg-flip tastes, but no harm. In the chapters which discuss and describe Dick Swiveller there is more true humour than in all the rest of Dickens; for he, perhaps, alone of all the many personages of his family, has got the love of his author. He is treated fondly, with a gentle touch; he is made fun of tenderly; he is cunningly recommended to our affections, as a man recommends the truant boy who is the light of his eyes, in all manner of soft pretended reproaches and fond abuse. He is almost the only man disabled, and incapable of helping himself, of whom Dickens makes a favourite. Most of his pet characters are particularly clever and handy, and most of them find some way of turning the tide of fortune, and working themselves clear. But it is very certain that nature never meant our beloved Dick to do anything for himself. He would have gone stumbling on till doomsday, shutting up one street after another with his little purchases, making ineffectual appeals to his aunt, and taking the failure of them quite good-humouredly, in the most genial undiscourageable way, had not Mr Dickens at last made up his mind to interfere. Perhaps that is why we like him so; he is so dependent upon our liking and our sympathies. Then he is so friendly, so willing to be of use, so anxious to conciliate, and so charmingly unconscious of the harm he is doing by his good-natured efforts; so easily moved to one thing or another; so elastic and versatile in those innocent plans of his, which are always ready to be changed at a moment's notice. "No man knocks himself down; if his destiny knocks him down, his destiny must pick him up again. Then I'm very glad that mine has brought all this upon itself, and I shall be as careless as I can, and make myself quite at home to spite it. So go on, my brick," said Mr Swiveller, "and let us see which of us will be tired first."

Such is the cheerful philosophy with which he beguiles his woes. But if Mr Swiveller struggling with fate is a fine spectacle, Dick in the pangs of disappointed love is finer still. When he contemplates gloomily the indigestible wedding-cake—when he binds his hat with crape instead of the traditionary willow—when he takes comfort, and bids the faithless Sophy know that a young lady is saving up for him—he is inimitable. Pure comedy, as good almost as Falstaff in its way, is the entire episode. It wants the breadth which the greater artist gives to all his work; and the surroundings are not equal to the central figure, and take off from its fine proportion. Such an artificial pair, for instance, as Sally Brass and her brother—such a mere monster as Quilp—have nothing to do with the more refined and true conception, and balk Dick of his due development. But even these cannot prevent the scenes, in which he is the principal actor, from taking the highest place in English comedy. When the Marchioness comes upon the stage the picture is perfect. It is hard to understand how so many inferior episodes have been dramatised, and this, which is as fine as Molière, should have been neglect-

ed. The honest fellow's goodness to the forlorn child, the perfect ease with which he adapts himself to her society, the little fiction—so quaintly nonsensical, yet after a while so real—which he weaves about her,—to all this we know scarcely any match in the language, and certainly nothing more humorous and more captivating. For the first time Mr Dickens goes direct to the heart; and he does so in one of the highest and most difficult ways,—not by tears, but by laughter. The humanity and innocent-heartedness of this irregular, disorderly, dissipated young man, overcome all the defences which we erect unawares against the sickly sentimentality of little Nell. We defy her to move us, but we succumb to him without a struggle. The two playing cribbage in the damp kitchen, of which Dick remarks that "the marble floor is—if I may be allowed the expression—sloppy," has just that mixture of the pathetic which true humour demands. The miserable scene—the small, squalid, desolate child, who is one of the actors—the careless good heart, touched with a hundred gentle movements of pity and kindness, of the other—bring out the genuine comic nature of the intercourse, the quaint originality and fun, with double force. So vivid is the picture, that the present writer, turning to the book with the feeling that the cribbage-playing below stairs must have gone on for a considerable period, is struck with amazement to find that it only happened once. So reticent and modest is real power whenever it feels its strength, and so genuine is the impression made by the true humour, the happy tender naturalness, of this strange and touching scene.

We have said that the Micawbers may claim a place on the same platform with Dick; but we are not sure whether we can fully justify the claim. The Micawbers are great, but they are not pathetic: there is not in them that deeper touch which dignifies the laughter. Nothing like a tear starts at their bidding; and consequently they do not attain to the same perfection as their wonderful predecessor. But if the humour is less deep and true, the wonderful energy and life of the picture—its truth to nature, its whimsical reality and force—are above all praise. Mr Micawber is as genuine an addition to the world's population as if we knew where to find his mark in the parish register, and were acquainted with all the beginnings of his career,—how he fell in love with Mrs Micawber, and how that lady's family permitted a union which was to give them so much trouble. His genteel air, his frankness on the subject of his difficulties, his delightful readiness to give his attention to anything that may turn up, the way in which his impecuniosity serves him as a profession, are all set before us with an unfailing spirit. Mr Micawber never flags; there is never a moment at which we can feel that the author has forgotten what went before, or lost the thread. Even his concern in one of those wonderful plots which are so dear to Dickens, his connection with Uriah Heep's disgusting villany, does not harm him. On the contrary, we feel disposed for once to welcome the plot which makes apparent to us Mrs Micawber's distress of mind over her husband's new-born mysteriousness, the delightful power of racy letter-writing which she exhibits, and the beautiful devotion which she does not attempt to conceal. Mrs Micawber is almost as good as her husband. The intrepid courage with which she keeps up that imaginary struggle with her family, scorning every

temptation to leave Mr Micawber, her occasional despair and beautiful power of overcoming it as a wife and a mother, and making herself as comfortable as circumstances permit; her anxiety that Mr Micawber should have occupation worthy of his talents, and be appreciated at last; her never-failing gentility and sense of what is due to her position,—are all kept up with the same perfect spirit and reality. As we read, we too feel the exhilarating effect of a meal procured by the sale of a bedstead; we too are aware of that sensation of having settled a serious point of business, which possesses Mr Micawber when he has put his name to a bill. We scorn the worldling who hesitates at that security; we understand the roll in our friend's voice, his consciousness that he has come into his property, and paid off all the charges with a liberal hand when he writes his name to that bit of paper. Perhaps none of us have ever encountered in the world the full-blown perfection of a Mr Micawber—perhaps, as revealed by the inspiration of the poet, nothing so consistent and complete ever existed; for it is the mission of art to fill out the fragmentary types of human character, and give them form and substance. But how many hints and suggestions of Mr Micawber has the ordinary observer met! and how kindly, how genially, with what a friendly insight, has the author combined those suggestions, and made them into one consistent being! A less friendly interpretation, an eye less kind or less enlightened by laughter, might have made a miserable Jeremy Diddler out of our hero—and the difference is very notable; for Micawber is no doubt as great a nuisance to his friends as Diddler was, and has quite as little sense of the sanctity of money, that one fundamental principle which most of us hold so strenuously. Nor is Dickens without the power of treating this view of the character, as many slighter sketches, and the elaborate and cruel one of Harold Skimpole, which the reader will recollect in another book, abundantly testify. We do not know that in reality Micawber is more virtuous than Skimpole. The difference is too delicate to be defined; but of this we have no doubt, that humour has helped humanity in the picture of the former, and that the author's sense of the unbounded fun of the situations in which such a man places himself by nature, has actually helped us to realise a moral difference. For Mr Micawber's sense of honour and generosity is strong, though it is not perhaps so effectual upon his character as might be desired. It is true that the signature of the bill is to him as it were a receipt in full, clearing him of all further responsibility; but still how charmingly ready he is to sign it! how incapable of taking advantage of any one's generosity without that precaution! He fortifies his friends against the indiscretion of their own liberal impulses by those bits of stamped paper. He mortgages that grand estate—the future which nobody can alienate from him—with the readiness of a prince, believing in it all the while with greater and more perfect faith than perhaps nowadays any prince would be justified in entertaining. And then how hospitable, how liberal, how ready to share what they have, be it pasty or crust, sirloin or bread and cheese, are this most amiable couple! Not only do they hold themselves ready to sell their bedstead at a moment's notice on their own account, but they are equally ready to entertain you on the proceeds, giving you the genteelest yet cheerfulest of welcomes, a lavish portion, and

the most charming talk to help it down. Their hearts are as open as if they had ten thousand a-year,—and so in fact they have, or as near it as circumstances allow, having a blithe unfailing faith in the something which is to turn up, and in their fellow-creatures and their good fortune. It is astonishing in what good stead this same faith in fortune stands even the commoner adventurers of ordinary life. And as for the Micawbers, we do not pretend to be capable of any morality on the subject. Had their difficulties been fewer—had something turned up at an earlier period, equally genteel and lucrative, in which Mr Micawber's talents would have found scope—had he been above the necessity of selling bedsteads or signing bills—the chances are we should have known nothing about him: and this possible deprivation is one which we cannot contemplate philosophically.

Mr Micawber even reconciles us in part to one of those wonderful and terrible explanation-scenes which are Mr Dickens's delight. We tolerate it because of the high crisis of feeling which it brings about in the Micawber household. The mystery with which it is introduced; the terrible sense of estrangement which prompts his devoted wife to appeal to the sympathy of her friends, "though harrowing to myself to mention;" Mr Micawber's own tragic consciousness that with such a secret as weighs down his being, it is not with him as in former times, when "I could look my fellow-man in the face, and punch his head if he offended me: my fellow-man and myself are no longer on such glorious terms!"—all these preparations work us up into real excitement; and when the crisis is over, we turn from the villain and the victim with equal indifference, to be present at the reconciliation, or rather, as Mr Micawber more eloquently expresses it, "the re-establishment of mutual confidence between myself and Mrs Micawber." It is with the most delighted readiness that we hasten to assist at this explanation.

"'The evil that has been interposed between Mrs Micawber and myself is now withdrawn,' said Mr Micawber, 'and my children and the Author of their Being can now once more come in contact on equal terms.' His house was not far off: and as the street-door opened into the sitting-room, and he bolted in with a precipitation quite his own, we found ourselves at once in the bosom of his family. Mr Micawber, exclaiming 'Emma, my life!' rushed into Mrs Micawber's arms. Mrs Micawber shrieked, and folded Mr Micawber in her embrace. . . . 'Emma,' said Mr Micawber, 'the cloud is past from my mind. Mutual confidence, so long promised between us once, is indeed to know no further interruption. Now, welcome poverty,' said Mr Micawber, shedding tears, 'welcome misery, welcome houselessness, welcome hunger, rags, tempest, and beggary. Mutual confidence will sustain us to the end!' With these expressions, Mr Micawber placed Mrs Micawber in a chair, and embraced the family all round: welcoming a variety of bleak prospects which appeared to my judgment to be anything but welcome to them: and calling upon them to come out into Canterbury and sing a chorus, as nothing else was left for their support."

Still grander and more imposing is the last appearance of the Micawbers upon the stage. We pause, however, to say that we are morally certain Mr Micawber, left to himself, would never have emigrated; and that only the delicious temptation of the novelty, and the sense of an opportunity for distinguishing himself as the typical emigrant, could have moved him to such a step. The tears with which he has been welcoming ruin are scarcely dry, and Mrs Micawber has but newly recovered from the faint produced by the reconciliation.

"My aunt mused a little while, and then said:

"'Mr Micawber, I wonder you have never turned your thoughts to emigration.'

"'Madam,' returned Mr Micawber, 'it was the dream of my youth, and the fallacious aspiration of my riper years.' I am thoroughly persuaded, by the by, that he never thought of it in his life. . . .

"'There is but one question, my dear ma'am, I would wish to ask,' said Mrs Micawber. 'The climate, I believe, is healthy?'

"'Finest in the world,' said my aunt.

"'Just so,' returned Mrs Micawber. 'Then my question arises. Now, are the circumstances of the country such that a man of Mr Micawber's abilities would have a fair chance of rising in the social scale? I will not say at present might he aspire to be governor, or anything of that sort; but would there be a reasonable opening for his talents to develop themselves—that would be amply sufficient—and find their own expansion?'

"'No better opening anywhere,' said my aunt, 'for a man who conducts himself well, and is industrious.'

"'For a man who conducts himself well,' repeated Mrs Micawber, with her clearest business manner, 'and is industrious. Precisely. It is evident to me that Australia is the legitimate sphere of action for Mr Micawber.'

"'I entertain the conviction, my dear madam,' said Mr Micawber, 'that it is, under existing circumstances, the land, the only land, for myself and family, and that something of an extraordinary nature will turn up on that shore. It is no distance, comparatively speaking; and though consideration is due to the kindness of your proposal, I assure you that it is a mere matter of form.'

"Shall I ever forget how, in a moment, he was the most sanguine of men, looking on to fortune; or how Mrs Micawber presently discoursed about the habits of the kangaroos? Shall I ever recall that street of Canterbury on a market-day as he walked back with us, expressing, in the hardy roving manner he assumed, the unsettled habits of a temporary sojourner in the land, and looking at the bullocks as they came by with the eye of an Australian farmer?"

When he is found later, "with a bold, buccaneering air, not absolutely lawless, but defensive and prompt," we feel that it requires all the comfort we can derive from the spectacle of his preparation for every emergency, and all our sense of the infinite satisfaction it gives him, to console us for the parting with our friend and his family.

"He had provided himself, among other things, with a complete suit of oilskin, and a straw-hat with a very low crown, pitched or caulked on the outside. In this rough clothing, with a common mariner's telescope under his arm, and a shrewd trick of casting up his eye at the sky as looking out for dirty weather, he was far more nautical after his manner than Mr Peggotty. His whole family, if I may so express it, were cleared for action. I found Mrs Micawber in the closest and most uncompromising of bonnets, made fast under the chin, and in a shawl which tied her up (as I had been tied up when my aunt first received me) like a bundle, and was secured behind at the waist in a strong knot. Miss Micawber I found made snug for stormy weather in the same way, with nothing superfluous about her. Master Micawber was hardly visible in a Guernsey shirt and the shaggiest suit of slops I ever saw; and the children were done up like preserved meats in impervious cases. Both Mr Micawber and his eldest son wore their sleeves loosely turned back at their wrists, as being ready to lend a hand in any direction, and to tumble up, or sing out, 'Yeo — heave — yeo!' on the shortest notice."

Thus our friends disappear from the scene, and we sympathise with the author in making them prosperous and magnificent in that future which they were always so comfortable about. We do not much believe in it, but still he is only yielding to a natural impulse, and commands our sympathy, if not the concurrence of our judgment. In all his works there is nothing better, and not much that is half so good. From beginning to end he never flags in carrying out his conception—the Micawbers are as good the first day as the last, and the last as the first; they are always themselves, ready for any emergency, and acting nobly up to it. We will not say that the humour is as high and fine as that which produced Dick Swiveller, but it closely approaches the proportion of that inimitable sketch; and as time goes on, and all that is to die of Dickens dies as it must—a process which seems to us to be progressing quickly at the

present moment — his real fame, which depends upon a very much smaller foundation than that which has been given him by contemporary opinion, will be found to rest more upon these two pictures than on anything else he has done.

We may say here that of all his books 'Copperfield' is the one which the reader has most satisfaction in. It has, besides this matchless group, many of Dickens's pleasantest sketches and best characters. Even the hero himself is capable of attracting us in a way not usually achieved by a *jeune premier*, and there is actually an interest apart from any drollery in the story of his childish life, the curious loneliness and independence of its introductory chapter, and the pleasant reality of growing up and youthful experience which marks the boy's progress into manhood. Miss Betsy Trotwood, too, is an admirable sketch, the very best of Dickens's women; and though the touch of melodrama in her is quite unnecessary, it is not sufficiently offensive to demand any strong protest; everything (let us add as a general axiom) that can be skipped, and does not thrust itself into the complications of the tale, may be forgiven. The episode of poor little foolish Dora is both amusing and touching, though after the marriage the child-wife is often on the point of growing tedious. Simple silliness is one of the most difficult things in the world to manage at length, and the author is prevented from adding anything to make it piquant by all the circumstances of the story, and the human prejudice which protects the little bride; but barring this touch of tediousness, there is truth enough in the picture to make it very amusing; and there is an amount of natural pathos involved in the very idea of the fading and death of the young which Dickens has taken much advantage of on other occasions, with a tendency to false sentiment, and the easy effects of conventional melancholy. Dora, however, is better than little Nell and Paul Dombey, both highly artificial pictures, relying for their effect upon the far deeper and more real picture which most people carry in their hearts of something sufficiently like to blind the reader's eyes with tears, and overpower his judgment. Before their marriage, David and his lovemaking are charming; and all through, the puzzled, troubled, saddened, but always loyal young husband, retains our sympathy—as he does, indeed, on most occasions when he is personally prominent. Perhaps, however, it is by contrast with the superior excellence of the story otherwise that the melodramatic part of 'David Copperfield' is more repulsive than usual. Steerforth and his mother, and the monstrous imagination called Rosa Dartle, are the nightmare of the book, and even the despair of little Emily and the virtuousness of Peggotty are tiresome. "Skip the pathos," was the earnest injunction which we lately heard addressed to a benevolent reader who was reading 'Copperfield' aloud. Perhaps this is too much to say, but yet the reader will find it safe to pass over a great deal of the more touching portions; the strength of Dickens did not lie there.

This is specially true of the short stories published on successive Christmases, the first of which produced an effect which at this distance we find it very difficult to account for. Dickens was then at the highest pinnacle of his fame, and everything that fell from his lips was eagerly received by an admiring public; and the 'Christmas Carol,' the apotheosis of turkey and plum-pudding, addressed perhaps the widest audi-

ence that is capable of being moved by literature. The story of how Scrooge was converted from avarice and misery into the very jovialest of Pickwickian old gentlemen, moved us all in those days as if it had been a new gospel. There was nothing recondite about it, no finer meaning that escaped the common eye; everybody understood the moral, and perceived at a glance how beneficent was the training which prompted an old Skinflint to send a prize turkey for his poor clerk's Christmas dinner, and poke him in the ribs and raise his salary next day. The 'Christmas Carol' was the beginning of the flood of terrible joviality and sentimentality which since that time has poured upon us with every Christmas, which detracts from our gratitude; but its effect at the time of its publication was extraordinary, and it must, we presume, have been attended by good practical results. It is seldom that the teacher of charity can lay hold upon so vast an audience; and the kindly moral was perhaps all the more generally acceptable, that it required no great elevation of sentiment or spiritual discrimination. This, however, is the only one of these smaller productions which will retain its position. The succeeding stories, though all bearing the same good meaning, dwindled by degrees into the maudlin vein. 'Scrooge' retains a certain vigour still, but not by right of any vivid character or striking scene. Its interest is almost entirely forced, and its power quite artificial. Goose and stuffing are its most ethereal influences; and the episode of Tiny Tim is like the others we have instanced, only touching because of the personal recollections which any allusion to a feeble or dying child inevitably recall. The episode, however, must have been a favourite with the author, since it remained one of his selected passages in his readings till the end of his career.

It is perhaps too early as yet to decide which of the later books are likely to retain any permanent place in English literature; nor do we recollect sufficiently the order in which they were published (which, by the way, is not retained in any printed list we can lay our hands on), to say when it was that the current slackened, that the indications of genius began to grow less frequent, and the creative impulse to fail. Our own impression is, that in 'Copperfield' Mr Dickens's genius culminated, and that everything after gives symptoms of decay. 'Bleak House' and 'Little Dorrit' stand on a much lower elevation, and 'Our Mutual Friend' on a humbler level still. The impulse and spontaneity are gone; by times a gleam of the original energy comes back, but as a rule the work is a manufacture, bearing painful marks of the hammer, and brought into being by an act of will, not by the spontaneous movement of life. Even the type of character deteriorates. The smug, self-conscious, professional goodness of the heroine of 'Bleak House,' which it always astonishes her so much to find appreciated and applauded, takes up a great deal more room than it has any right to do, and irritates and wearies the reader. What fun Mr Dickens, in his earlier vigour, could have made of Esther Summering's consciousness, and her well-feigned surprise at everybody's good opinion of her! but by this time he is too languid for such an effort, and is compelled to take, as it were, to a kind of imaginative dram-drinking to rouse him up, in the shape of spontaneous combustion and other horrors. Little Miss Flite, who has been crazed by the Court of Chancery, is a fantastic figure, worthy of a place in the permanent collection

of oddities which this author has added to his more important pictures; and there is a languid sketch of one of the many prodigals of fiction, with some novelty in it, in the person of Richard, who considers himself to have saved the money which he is prevented from throwing away, and consequently throws it away the second time, with the clearest conscience and a gentle sense of duty. Perhaps, however, the only real hold which this book ever had upon the popular imagination was through Mrs Jellyby and Mrs Pardiggle, who belong to that class of female philanthropists whom the English public has a certain savage delight in annihilating. Mrs Jellyby's pleasant placidity in the midst of all the miseries of her household, her perfect temper and good-humoured indifference to everybody's sufferings, are very much more true and amusing, however, than the strained fun of Borrioboola-gha, and it is a phase of character the author is fond of. 'Little Dorrit' is, again, a step lower down in the scale than 'Bleak House.' There is an effective situation, that of the Marshalsea prison, and the strange squalid life of the family, which has no other home; but Mr Dorrit is but the Diddler development of Mr Dickens's favourite character; his grandeur and his meanness are all gleaned from previous sketches, and the result is neither interesting nor agreeable; whereas the heroine is one of those inconceivably and foolishly devoted little persons, mawkishly fond of some disagreeable relation, and delighting in making victims and sacrifices of themselves, who represent the highest type of female character to the author. The best thing in the book is the Circumlocution Office, there set forth at full length; and the talk of the retainers and poor relations of the Barnacle and Stiltstalking families, the two statesmen races, which is a not unmeaning though feeble echo of the talk which may be heard every day among the decayed members of the governing classes.

To 'Our Mutual Friend' and 'The Tale of Two Cities' we can give no place at all. The latter might have been written by any new author, so little of Dickens there is in it. In short, we believe there are at least half-a-dozen writers extant who could have produced a piece a great deal more like the master, and with much more credible marks of authenticity. 'Edwin Drood' has been supposed by many a kind of resurrection, or at least the forerunner of a resurrection, of his characteristic force. But we cannot say that such is the impression produced upon our own mind. Of all undesirable things to be deprecated by an admirer of Dickens, we should say that the resurrection of his peculiar style of tragedy would be about the greatest—and this is all which could be hoped from the opening of 'Edwin Drood.' Jasper did indeed give promise of being one of the blackest of the impossible scoundrels whom from time to time he has brought into being for our gratification; but Durdles is one of the weakest ghosts of the past, and the Deputy a most pitiful shadow of those *gamins* who were ever so full of life and spirit. This fire, we think, there can be little doubt, had died out. Fun and high spirits are perhaps of all other qualities of the mind the ones which do rub out most easily. We do not doubt that Dickens was as strong as ever in constructive power, in pathos, and in philosophy; but then these are precisely the points at which our understanding leaves him. So far as we are concerned, we could dispense with all, or almost all, he has done in these particulars. The

higher fount of humour, from which, indeed, at the best of times, he drew but sparingly, was dry; and even the abundant flood of cheerful wit, and large, laughing, though superficial, observation, had failed: never, we think, has there been a more distinct decadence. But natural decadence is no shame to any man: the only thing that can give it a sting is the desperate effort some men are compelled to make to keep up lost fame and do impossible work after the fiat has gone out against them. And this Dickens was not called upon to do.

There is a gleam, however, of departing energy in the curious book called 'Great Expectations,' which is worth noticing. It is not in the old strain, nor specially characteristic of Dickens, but there is a certain power in the conception. The horror of the young hero, who has been adopted and "made a gentleman of" by a convict, when he finds out who his benefactor is—the strange wild love and pride of the man in the "gentleman" whom he has made—the faithfulness with which, when his loathed and feared patron is in danger, the young fellow holds by him and schemes to save him—have considerable impressiveness and power. The book is painful in the highest degree; and nothing could be imagined more artificial and false than the picture of Miss Havisham, the vindictive deserted bride, who has shut herself up for a quarter of a century in her dressing-room, where she sits in her wedding-dress, which apparently has lasted all that time too, with but one shoe on, exactly as she was when the news of her lover's falsehood reached her. This mad figure, seated with a still madder disregard of possibility amid her absurd surroundings, is neither tragical, as she is meant to be, nor amusing, but simply foolish: but the story of Pip's horror at the sudden apparition of his benefactor, the sense of repulsion with which he struggles, while he tries to be kind to him, and his exertions to get him free at the last, are boldly conceived and well told. Had another man done it, the likelihood is that the new author would have been much applauded for an effective and powerful bit of work; but all that was characteristic in Dickens, all that was best in him, had faded off the scene before we received this with the applause which attends a popular actor's best performance. How changed he is from what we have known him! we say to each other, as we fling our bouquets on the stage: we withdraw behind the curtains of our box that he may not see us, and shake our heads as he raises, with tremulous loudness, that voice which once rang easily through the house without labour or effort. Poor old fellow, how he has gone off! we say—and applaud all the more.

And when we look back upon the works of Dickens, they divide themselves at once into these two classes—the works of his heyday and prime, and the works of his decadence. The natural vigour of the one contrasts in the most singular manner with the strain and effort of the other; and yet, if we examine into the matter, the change is very natural and explainable. The great source of his popularity is the immense flow of spirits, the abundant tide of life, which runs through his early works. He never spares himself in this respect, but pours forth crowds of supernumeraries upon his stage, like an enterprising manager at Christmas time, sparing no expense, as it were, and giving himself infinite trouble merely to provide a rich and varied background for his principal figures. He leaves upon our minds an impression of unbounded wealth and

illimitable resources. We know that it will be no trouble to him to fill up any vacant corner with a group; and even while the thought crosses our mind, his eye has caught the vacancy, and a half-dozen of living creatures are tossed into the gap in the twinkling of an eye. This overflowing abundance has a wonderful effect upon the public mind. A sense of something like infinity grows upon us as we see the new forms appear out of the void without even a word, at a glance from the painter's eye. And then his creative energy was such that a stream of fun passed into the dulness along with this strain of life. These new people amused their author. He dressed them in the first fantastic garb that might come to his hand, and set them free to dance through their eccentric circle as they chose. This immense energy, fertility, and plentifulness is, however, one of the gifts that can least be warranted to last. It belongs to the first half of life, and could scarcely be expected to survive beyond that period. When the intellectual pulse began to beat slower, and the tide of existence to run less full, this power abated, as was natural. Though there were still as many people on the canvas, these people were but the ghosts of the lusty crowds of old; and even the numbers got reduced; the supers began to be dismissed; and economy stole in where prodigality had once ruled the day. If the reader will look at the later works, he will perceive at once this lessened fulness. When the author himself became aware of it, the knowledge roused him to preternatural exertions. The absurder oddities of Dickens are crowded into these later books in a forlorn attempt to make extravagance do the work of energy. Such weird and grotesque figures, for instance, as the doll's dressmaker, and Mr Venus, the maker of skeletons, could not have existed in the earlier and brighter period. They are the offspring of exaggeration—strange evidences of the wild and almost despairing attempt to keep on a level with himself. This extreme strain and effort to prolong the prodigality of early work is at the same time, no doubt, one of the reasons why he never attains in any solitary instance to the vigour and originality of his beginning. It might have been supposed that the very narrowing of the sphere would intensify the individual conceptions; but Dickens would not consent to narrow his sphere, and did not give his powers fair-play. Thus the tide of his genius fell, as the tide of life falls. That elaboration which experience and study make natural to the mature mind, struck at the very roots of his success, for his success had never been due to art. It had been the spontaneity, the ease and freedom, the mirrored life, versatile and rich and ever-moving as life itself, though seldom more profound than the surface picture which a glass reflects and brightens, which had been his grand charm. The "thoughts which sometimes lie too deep for tears;" the "richer colouring" given by the deep glance of those eyes "which have kept watch o'er man's mortality," did not lie within his range. Therefore, as he grew older, he waned, and his power went from his hands.

For this reason, and many other reasons already indicated, it appears to us that Dickens's place and fame in the future are likely to shrink much from their present proportions. When all its adventitious helps are gone, and he comes to be judged simply on his merits, the importance of his position will be greatly lessened. Perhaps he may even be the victim of an unjust revulsion from all the false emotion and claptrap

sentiment surrounded by which it has been his unfortunate fate to leave the world. He has had so much false reputation, that it is but too possible his true reputation may suffer temporary eclipse by one of those revenges which time brings about so surely. Unjust depreciation, however, is as much to be avoided as the false glory which so many injudicious applauses have raised about his name. He was not, as he is said to be, a writer of the highest moral tendency, because the company he introduces to us, *par predilection*, is not by any means good company; and the virtue which he makes a point of recommending is very poor and mawkish in its pretended excellence. But, at the same time, he never introduces one scene, and scarcely a thought, which trangresses the severest laws of modesty; and this, though negative, is praise of the very highest description. His weight is always thrown into the scale of goodness; nor does he ever lend a grace of sentiment to vice, or even attempt to excuse the inexcusable. Had he indulged in the propensities of the 'Guy Livingston' type of novelists, it is impossible to calculate the harm he might have done, or the floods of debasing influences he might have poured forth upon the world. But in this point even Mrs Gamp is as blameless as Mrs Grundy—nay, infinitely more innocent; for Mrs Grundy's social heroine is seldom anything so respectable as the mother of six.

Mr Dickens's claims as a humorist, in the highest sense of the word, are limited, chiefly by the absence of that fine sense of moral excellence, apart from all conventionalities, which is like an ear for music, an unexplainable gift, which no amount of genius or understanding can confer upon a man if nature has withheld it. The want is by times scarcely apparent; and once, at least, he overcomes it altogether with a bound, as Wordsworth is said for one wonderful moment to have gained the sense of smell of which nature had deprived him; but, as a rule, this absence of the highest order of perceptions limits his capacity for producing the highest kind of work. He cannot get above himself. By times he has glimpses of a purer air, and strives and strains to get into that better atmosphere—but the strain does but tighten the halter about his neck, beyond the length of which he cannot go. The period in which he is most natural is the 'Pickwick' period, in which his high spirits and sense of power carry him quite out of the range of sympathy, and he laughs at everybody indiscriminately with a good-humoured and easy fulness of laughter which disarms all our censures, and yet is essentially cynical, though so unlike the ordinary conception of that word. But after 'Pickwick,' when the first fulness of fancy had been sobered by practical knowledge of the difficulties and dangers of actual production, Dickens's virtue develops with a suddenness and loftiness which is very remarkable. It is as if he had surveyed his mimic world, found out in it the deficiency we have remarked, and had vowed to himself that he would be moral, and would be sympathetic, and that this deficiency should be seen no more. If such was his resolution, he carried it out nobly, there can be no doubt; but yet his morals, like all his higher sentiments, are artificial; they are even polemical, standing on their defence, calling heaven and earth to witness how genuine they are. This want of spontaneous moral feeling takes, at the same time, the point out of his satire. He is shocked conventionally by social evil, but his heart is not wrung, nor his sense

of harmony outraged. He is never bitter; sometimes he lashes himself into a rage, getting it up with grinding of teeth and gathering of brows; but the gall which is in that man's own soul who is hurt and stung, and made to bleed by wrong, is never visible in Dickens. He shoots fiery darts at an abuse, because his attention has been directed to it as something which ought to be assailed, a fit object for his artillery; he does not fall upon it with sharp disdain and loathing, as a thing ruinous and pernicious within. It is the absence of this warm moral sentiment which limits him both as satirist and humorist, giving him admission but to the threshold of the highest circle. In both these branches of art his old rival, Thackeray, takes place infinitely above him, notwithstanding that the common verdict of the world in their day set down Thackeray as a cynic and sceptic, with no belief in virtue, and held up Dickens as a kind of apostle of human goodness. In this point, as in many others, distance clears away the mists, and makes objects which were confused and indistinct when close at hand, clear and apparent to the further view.

Yet with all his limitations and deficiencies the genius of Dickens was one of which England has reason to be proud. When he held the mirror up to Nature, he never showed, it is true, anything heroic, or of the highest strain of virtue and nobleness: but he showed such a picture of the teeming animated world as few men have been able to do—he expounded and cleared to us some unseen corners of the soul, so as to make them great in the perfectness of the revelation; and here and there he cleared away the rubbish from some genial sunshiny spots where the flowers can grow. We may apply to him, without doubt, the surest test to which the Maker can be subject; were all his books swept by some intellectual catastrophe out of the world, there would still exist in the world some score at least of people, with all whose ways and sayings we are more intimately acquainted than with those of our brothers and sisters, who would owe to him their being. While we live, and while our children live, Sam Weller and Dick Swiveller, Mr Pecksniff and Mrs Gamp, the Micawbers and the Squeerses, can never die. They are not lofty personages, perhaps, nor can they do us much good now that they are here. But here they are, and nothing can destroy them. They are more real than we are ourselves, and will outlive and outlast us as they have outlived their creator. This is the one proof of genius which no critic, not the most carping or dissatisfied, can gainsay. Would there had been among them even one soul of higher pretensions to give dignity to the group! but such as they are, they are indestructible and beyond the power of decay. These are Dickens's evidences of the reality of his vocation, and they are such as even the devil's advocate could not assail. Vain would be the hand and futile the attempt of the critic who strove to shut upon a spirit thus attended the doors of the temple of fame!

UNDER THE RED CROSS:

A NARRATIVE OF HOSPITAL-LIFE WITH THE PRUSSIANS IN FRANCE.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

CORBEIL is a much larger place than Lagny; the houses, too, and shops, had not been abandoned, the inhabitants having had the sense to see that it was just as safe, and far more profitable, to have soldiers billeted on to them (for which they received a fixed rate of payment from the commune), and to stand behind their counters, than to leave their houses to be demolished, and wander homeless in distant departments.

When the Prussians arrived, they found, as was to be expected, the bridge over the Seine minus an arch, so they ordered the French authorities to rebuild it at their own expense within a given number of days, imposing a penalty of 1000 francs for every day beyond the fixed term.

Almost every other house had a red-cross flag over it—indeed, we found that every available establishment, including the theatre, had been turned into a *lazareth*, and that the adjacent chateaux (for Corbeil, owing to its picturesque situation, was a favourite summer resort of the Parisians), abandoned by the proprietors, had been made into either *schwerkranken* or *reconvalescent spitäler* (severely wounded and convalescent hospitals).

The streets were crowded with soldiers and a goodly sprinkling of natives, and having got the address of the head-surgeon, Von Grauvogel, at the Etappen-Commando, we were hurrying off to report to him our arrival, and offer our services, when we heard a voice behind us calling out—

"Meine Damen!" (my ladies!)

Turning round, we faced a very gentlemanly-looking individual clothed in a grey overcoat with a green collar, and the Johanniter-cross in his button-hole.

"Have you been long in Corbeil, and do you belong to a hospital here?" he inquired.

"No," we made answer; "we only arrived last night, and are on our way to the head-surgeon to ask for work."

"Because," he resumed, "I am the Delegirter of the Freiwilligen Krankenpflege here, and if you will step into my office close by, I have something to propose to you."

We followed him in, and he, having looked over our papers, asked Madame Schmid if she would undertake the supervision of the culinary department in a convalescent hospital.

She told him she had never done such a thing before; but as she had a long experience of what the sick and wounded required, and was willing to make herself useful in any way, she would try.

I was very glad he did not ask me; for though I rather pride myself upon being able to cook good honest English dishes, and even some French *entrées*, I should have had to confess to my ignorance of German "messes."

"And you," said the Delegirter to me, "as you know French well, and are doubtless acquainted with the decimal coinage and weight, will you undertake the direction and *haushaltung* (housekeeping) of two *lazareths?* This is how the case stands: we have turned two cha-

teaux, lying close to each other about four miles out of town, into two convalescent hospitals for the sick only—that is, for fever and dysentery patients who leave the *schwerkranken lazareths* to recruit their health before returning to their regiments—and there is a *verwalter* (intendant) and some Freiwilligen Krankenpfleger; but the surgeon complains of the way the food is prepared for his patients, and the hospitals are sadly in want of female influence to establish system, order, and cleanliness; will you undertake this?"

"Certainly," I answered; "at least, I will do my very best."

"You both seem," added he, "to have fallen providentially from heaven; for I have been at my wits' end for days to find the right sort of ladies, and this morning telegraphed in my despair to Berlin for some one; so it is all settled, and to-morrow the *verwalter* will fetch you at your lodgings, and drive you out to the Chateau de Bellegarde, where I will come and visit you next day, and see that you are properly and comfortably installed."

On leaving the Delegirter's office we went to pay a visit to our travelling companions, who had already taken their places behind their counters, doing a brisk trade, and—now that the danger was past—were laughing over the adventures of the previous day. As we were relating to M. Louit the *rencontre* with the insolent captain, I became aware of the presence of a Prussian officer sipping his coffee in the back parlour.

"Oh, n'y faites pas attention," said M. Louit; "c'est un artilleur qui est logé chez moi depuis longtemps: il ne comprend pas un mot de Français, ni moi un mot d'Allemand, mais nous sommes de liés bons amis, et c'est un bon enfant qui ne se mêle de rien, allez toujours." "Oh, don't mind him; he is an artilleryman who has been lodged here a long time: he does not understand one word of French, nor I one word of German, but we are very good friends, and he never bothers, so you can speak freely."

Mesdames Picard and Louit made us promise that whenever pleasure or business brought us to town, we would go and share their *pot-au-feu*, and so we parted.

As we made our way through the thronged market-place, lined with booths innumerable, whom should we see but the ruffianly Bavarian, who either did not or pretended not to recognise us. Madame Schmid was for attacking him on the spot for his ungentlemanly behaviour, but I persuaded her the brute was not worth it, and she desisted,—very soon, however, finding a new vent for her ire in the direction of a landwehr man, who accosted me on the bridge with the remark that my badge had not the *stempel* on it. I was about to draw out of my pocket-book the stamped one, and explain that I preferred not soiling it by wearing it on my arm, when Madame Schmid stopped me short.

"Don't take the trouble to give him any explanation whatsoever," said she; "a *feld-gendarme* is the only person who has the authority to ask you any questions. As for you," turning to the Bavarian, "you are nothing but a *gemeiner commiss-soldat* (common private soldier), and you had better march off at once, or I'll have you put under arrest for breach of duty."

The man had probably passed as a "lord of creation" until he encountered Madame Schmid; but what now happened was, that he instantly did as he was bid, without uttering a word.

Our hosts, M. and Madame Her-

bert, were a newly-married couple, whose honeymoon had been arrested in its first quarter by the arrival *de ces brigands de Prussiens.* The husband, *huissier de son état*, thinking the occupation would be short, remained at his post; but, believing in the reports of the newspapers, had sent off his young wife to her mother, living in some far-distant village, which the Prussians were never supposed to reach. However, the out-of-the-way district was not spared the visit of the ubiquitous Uhlans. "I should have done much better to have stayed at home," said Madame Herbert; "for my husband, who had officers billeted on to him, had to hire a woman to cook and to clean the house; and my mother and I lived in a constant state of terror, for we were quite alone in her little house."

"And how did the 'brigands' behave?" I asked.

"The night they arrived, forty of them took possession of our kitchen: we sat trembling with fear in an upper room. Presently a non-commissioned officer came up, and, knocking at our door, put his head in, remarking, 'Nix avoir peur, matame,' and then disappeared; but they made such a dreadful racket below that we did not dare go to bed. The following morning the corporal again appeared, and perceiving my photograph on the chimney, stalked across the room, took possession of it, and putting it calmly into his pocket with the words 'Soufenir, matame, merci!' walked out again, and in a few minutes they were all gone."

"And did they steal anything?"

"No; but they cooked their food, and broke up the chairs for fuel, and made a dreadful mess."

"Oh, pour ça," added the husband, "il faut être juste: ils gaspillent, salissent, et cassent tout, mais au-moins, il vous respectent les femmes, et payent comptant pour tout ce qu'ils boivent et mangent."

"Oh, for that matter, we must do them the justice to say, that although they soil and break and waste everything, at least they respect women, and pay for everything they eat and drink."

"And how about your customers here?"

"Well, some of them are rude and overbearing, and swear and use bad language if they don't get their meals punctually, but on the whole they behave very decently. Now the captain who left us yesterday had been billeted on to us for ten days, but he was always well-mannered and gentlemanly, bought all his own and his orderly's food, and begged us to give him his meals whenever it was most convenient to us; the Prussians are much the best amongst them."

"Then all I hope is that you won't have a certain Bavarian cavalry captain of my acquaintance quartered on to you" (and what is more, I am sorry I don't know his name, or I would print it here in large letters for the benefit of the public!) We drove the next day to our hospital, in the staff-surgeon's clarence brougham, driven by a military coachman, and escorted by a military groom, and entered at once upon our functions.

The chateau was "pleasantly situate" on the banks of the Seine, a large modern house, having no architectural beauty, but built for a comfortable and roomy summer residence, and yet capable of being thoroughly warmed by two huge *calorifères.* The drawing-rooms on the ground and first floor, numbering seven, had been made into *krankensaale;* the rooms on the second floor distributed amongst the *verwalter*, the *pfleger*, and soldiers; and the offices, store-rooms, and kitchens, were built underground.

The confusion, dirt, and disorder which here met our eyes were truly appalling.

I must here digress for a few minutes to explain, that when the war broke out, a large number of young men belonging to *turn-vereins*, and suchlike—artists, students, apothecaries, barbers, confectioners, innkeepers, carpenters, and engineers—formed themselves into various corps, and, placing themselves under the direction of a *führer* or leader, offered their services as Freiwillige Krankenpfleger, and were distributed amongst the many hundred ambulances, *lazareths*, and hospitals which sprang up in France as the invasion advanced, and the numberless engagements kept filling them with sick and wounded.

Many members of these corps were not only invaluable on the battle-fields, but of great help in the hospitals, and these deserved well of their country; but many, again, gave far more trouble than their occasional services were worth —looked upon their mission as a tour of pleasure, which would end in a triumphal entry into Paris—and lived on the fat of the land.

To these worthless members our Freiwilligen, alas! belonged, with very few exceptions. They had divided the work of the establishment amongst themselves, according to their several tastes: thus, one undertook the kitchen, another the stables, a third the marketing, a fourth the store-rooms and cellar, and the others were "supposed" to be required to look after the patients.

The *chef*, who had two hired Frenchwomen under him, passed his mornings riding the *verwalter's* horses, and came into the kitchen, with his jack-boots and spurs on, only to eat his meals. The store and cellar keepers chose the best of everything for their own especial consumption; the others strutted about in their costumes (red shirt and grey trousers stuck into high boots), and made their appearance at meal-time; and the patients, who seemed quite a secondary consideration in their estimation, were left to the care of the few exceptions which I have mentioned. That the "bad hats" must be removed, if system and order were to be introduced, was evident; but I foresaw that much diplomacy and *ménagement* would be required to effect this reform; for if there is one thing that men hate more than another, it is to be "jostled" out of what they consider their rights by the feebler sex.

Our *verwalter*, Herr Müller, looked like anything but what he was—a Prussian,—young, tall, and very thin, his hair and eyes as black as a Spaniard's, his features very regular, and his complexion colourless; a nervous delicate constitution, upon whom the hard work he had chosen to undertake, and the occasional "passage of arms" with the Freiwilligen, had evidently told.

When he had assigned to my companion her duties and responsibilities in the lower regions, and consigned to us the keys of the store-rooms, he thus enlightened me as to my own work:—

"Every morning the meat and bread required for the hospital is brought from the village;—you will see that it is of the best quality, and fairly weighed, and give a receipt in French, keeping copies of the same in German for the books: you will also receive and note down all other provisions, such as groceries, vegetables, salted meats, flour, and the wine brought for the patients, to whom you will distribute the latter according to instructions received from the staff-surgeon: you will twice a-day have to carve the por-

tions of meat for the patients, and see that the food is properly and fairly divided in the various wards: you will take charge of all the linen, see that the *chauffage* and *éclairage* of the whole establishment is properly attended to, and that the night-watches do their duty. As far as regards the *krankensaale*, and all that is concerned with the patients as well as the soldiers, your only authority is the staff-surgeon. For the rest, if any one gives you any trouble, you may always count upon my help and support."

The *stabsarzt*, who occupied two rooms on the first floor, was a man of sixty years, very tall and very thin also (the authorities had evidently *not* lived on the fat of the land!), clever, polished, well-read, and a good linguist, but a rigid disciplinarian, whose very wink was law, yet the patients were fond of him, for he was very kind and sympathising to them.

The first few days of my new life was very up-hill work, but as one of our Freiwilligen (the best of them) had fallen ill of typhus, and died, we did not wish to introduce any reforms until the funeral was over.

Poor young man! he was the only son of a widow, and it was very hard that he should thus have to sacrifice the life he had devoted to the care of others. It was the rule with us, that whenever fresh cases of typhus or small-pox occurred, they were to be removed in the very first stage to the *Schwerkranken lazareths*, not a quarter of a mile distant; but Heinzman had only been ill four days, and his end was very sudden and unexpected.

On the evening after the funeral, the *stabsarzt* and *verwalter* came up to our sitting-room, and we held a "council of war" on the subject of reorganisation. I suggested that the two French females who were paid six francs a-day, and who added to their total ignorance of cooking the faults of laziness, dirt, and dishonesty, should at once receive warning, and be replaced by two convalescent soldiers under Madame Schmid's surveillance, and a hard-working honest *femme de peine* hired at two francs a-day, to act as charwoman; also, that all superfluous Freiwilligen should be persuaded that their services were required in other ambulances, and removed thither by order of the Delegirter.

The "vote of confidence" was passed, and the following day the fiat was issued, and thenceforth the work of the establishment went on smoothly; but my occupations and work redoubled, for Herr Müller got intermittent fever, took to his bed, and kept it for many weeks, so that I had his work to do, and him to nurse into the bargain.

This of course prevented my taking any of the duties at our other hospital at the Chateau Bruyères, beyond portioning out the wine and provisions which were fetched from our store-rooms.

Our patients numbered an average of sixty, and, with few exceptions, were well enough to crawl about the house, and sun themselves at mid-day hours on the terrace. They were distributed in the rooms proportionately to the size thereof; each Saal was numbered, and the inmates placed under the authority of a *zimmer-commandant* (generally a non-commissioned officer), who was responsible for their cleanliness, order, and obedience to rules, and for any such offences as the breaking open of locked-up cupboards or spoiling of furniture.

The patients' meals numbered five a-day. At 8 A.M. *café au lait* and bread; at 10 A.M. a slice of bread, either buttered or with a slice of

ham, sausage, or herring, and a glass of port-wine. At mid-day, dinner, consisting of thick soup (either *erbswurst*, rice, sago, or barley), a good-sized portion of meat (beef, mutton, veal, or lamb), and vegetables. At 4 P.M. another edition of bread and cold meat, and more port-wine; and in the evening soup, and meat hashed and warmed up in thick sauces, highly flavoured with vinegar and onions, so dear to the German palate.

The *erbswurst* or pease-sausage, prepared with a large proportion of meat and fat, for making soup, had been invented since the commencement of the war by a native of Berlin, who received from the Prussian Government 20,000 thalers for his patent. Its excessive cheapness and simplicity of preparation proved of inestimable value to the army. Each sausage is about 9 inches long, and weighs sixteen ounces; the cost is nine kreutzer or six sous; and as three good portions of thick soup can be made out of it (by merely stirring it for ten minutes in boiling water), each portion comes to a penny. The terms I was on with the staff-surgeon, Dr Meyer, were a curious compromise between perfect politeness and strict discipline. Whenever business took me into his study, if I was accompanied by any member of the establishment, he would not rise from his seat or writing-table, but merely turn round and give his orders, or answer my inquiries in a curt, business-like way; but if I appeared alone, he seemed to set aside the fact of my being "only a nurse," and, therefore, subject to military discipline—would rise instantly and bring his heels together, and, in the most polished manner, request to know how he could serve me.

Being summoned one morning into his presence, he thus spoke:

"Fräulein, although your duties do not strictly oblige you to be in the wards, I know that the interest you take in the welfare of my patients makes your visits frequent to them, and both I and they are grateful for the beneficial change they have brought; therefore it is my duty to tell you that this morning a case of small-pox has broken out in Saal No. 5."

"You need not have the least anxiety about me, Herr Stabsarzt," I answered, "for I have not the slightest fear of infection, and have often nursed people through small-pox."

"So, so," said the stern man, stroking his moustache; "you are not a bit afraid?"

"Not a bit."

"Very good then. I have given orders that the man is to be removed to Vitry within an hour; see that his blankets go with him, and do not return, and that his straw mattress is burnt at once.

CHAPTER VII.

During the first three weeks of my life at Bellegarde, my time was so much occupied from early morning till the distribution of candles to the *nachtwach*, which closed my day's work, that I often had to eat my meals standing, and never had leisure to go out of doors and inspect the premises; indeed, if it had not been for a new moon, spied (luckily over my right shoulder) as I looked out of a window one evening, I should not have been aware that we had entered another month.

Letters from home did not reach me, but helped doubtless to build up that heap of correspondence known as the "Dead Letter Office,"

which must have become gigantic during the war; and there being a like failure in the arrival of newspapers, I remained in utter ignorance of passing events, though the distinct booming of the guns proved that the bombardment was still doing its murderous work.

One sunny afternoon I contrived to get out for an hour, and got hold of the gardener, from whom I gleaned information respecting the proprietor of our chateau—for the park and gardens, though sadly neglected now, had evidently been laid out with much taste, and in imitation of an English country-place; also the long line of green and hot houses showed that floriculture was a favourite occupation.

Nor was I wrong in my conjectures, for the proprietor, Monsieur Perrier, was a wealthy man, a member of the Imperialist Government, and an "Anglo-mane" into the bargain; his household was English, from the butler to the groom, and his children had an English governess. Of this latter fact I had been long aware; for in my sitting-room, which evidently had been occupied by some "Mees" of the family, I found various copy-books scribbled over in more or less grammatical English, and corrected by an uncompromisingly Anglo-Saxon "scratch."

"Ah! if you could have seen the park and gardens, Mademoiselle," said the gardener, "comme c'était tenu! I had fifteen men under me; the lawns were like velvet, and I would have defied you to pick up a dead leaf anywhere. And the *serres* always full of exotics and ferns—now I have no more coals, and cannot heat them; cela me fend le cœur de voir mourir de froid ces pauvres plantes!"

"And what has become of the Perrier family?"

"*Helas! voilà le malheur*, they did as almost every one else—they fled; the ladies and children to Belgium, and *le Patron* to Paris, where he is shut up now. He thought, as we all did, it would only last three weeks, and now it is three months. I have been obliged to send away all the gardeners and labourers, for there was neither work nor pay; and, good heavens! where is it all going to end?—for when the siege is raised and the Prussians gone, the real miseries of France will begin with civil war!" I little thought then how true his prophecy would turn out.

"And as no one was left in charge of this chateau, I presume M. Perrier took with him his servants?"

"Yes, his French cook and a valet, seven horses and a cow."

"Well, they won't be starved out—that's a comfort!"

No matter how unbiassed in opinion and impartial in judgment one tries to be, I don't think any one is free from the weakness of having favourites, and thus it was that some of our patients were to me objects of special interest and care. It was not only the gratitude and pleasure which beamed in their eyes, whenever I appeared for the distribution of cigars, or "titbits," in the shape of an extra cup of afternoon coffee and biscuits, which gratified my vanity, but the refinement and intelligence displayed in their conversation, when I went to have a friendly "chat" by their bedsides, which made me like them—and yet discipline forbade familiarity. One of their chief amusements was card-playing; but no matter how interested they might be in the game, I never passed through the wards that they did not instantly remove their pipes or cigars from their lips and stand at "attention," unless beckoned by me to remain seated. There was one Saal (No. 7), however, occupied by a rough set of Bavarians, and an uncouth *zimmer-command-*

ant, which I rarely entered; the inmates had been often severely reprimanded by the staff-surgeon for wilful damaging of trees and shrubs.

Herr Müller continuing to be *arbeitsunfähig* (incapable of duty), it became necessary for me to drive into Corbeil about once a-week on hospital business with Dr Meyer; and although he would only give me about twenty-five minutes, I contrived occasionally to get in a hasty visit to our friends, and glean some news of the sorties from Paris.

One evening, as we returned rather late from town, I observed an unusual commotion around our house. The line of railway from Paris to Orleans cut the park in two, passing close to the building; a train was now stationary before it, the engine hissing angrily in the dark, and all the inmates of the establishment, including the patients, who had rushed out of the wards to see what was going on, were huddling round the engine-driver and stoker asking questions.

What had happened?

A malicious but invisible hand had taken a long heavy bar of iron (probably from the neighbouring iron-foundry), and placed it across the rails, just before a train laden with wounded and French prisoners was to pass.

Luckily the engine-driver, who knew the propensity of French peasants for thus proving their "patriotism," and was always on the look-out for "rocks ahead," was going at slow speed, and perceived the dark object across the lines just in time to put on the break, and the train had only been thrown off the rails for a few yards. Who was the culprit? Nobody had been seen; no one could tell. There were no bones broken, and no damage done, or the commune would have had to pay a heavy fine.

Every one turned out to help; in a few hours the train was in motion again (the wounded and prisoners having been cared for and fed), and henceforth the whole line to the next station was guarded by sentinels day and night.

Our military doctor, who always tasted the food himself before it was served out to the patients, expressed himself highly gratified with the reform worked by Madame Schmid. Indeed, I could not help observing how some men, who had just come out of the typhus hospitals, and arrived pale, wan, and hardly able to crawl, while others' complexions showed signs of very recent small-pox, soon became strong and healthy; and the drafting of men, well enough to return to their regiments, occurred much more frequently than at first.

It was so arranged that the covered waggons which brought fresh convalescents were used to convey those who left part of their way, so that they should not be exposed to cold, or to a fatiguing march at once. It occurred one day that the arrival of the waggons having been announced for a certain hour, a draft of twenty-two men, who were to leave with them, received orders to prepare for the journey, and came to me to get such articles of underclothing as they were in want of (and of which we kept a store), such as socks, drawers, woollen shirts and jackets; also to have their bread-bags filled, their *feld-flaschen* replenished with wine or brandy, and (the favourites especially) their pockets stuffed with cigars, tobacco, lump-sugar, and toasted coffee-beans. But some delay occurred, the waggons did not arrive, and the departure had to be postponed for several days. That night, as I was descending to the lower regions to see that all the lights were extinguished, I met one of the soldiers in ghost-like attire

standing irresolute on the stairs; he looked deathly pale, and quite unconscious as to his whereabouts. I took no notice, and continued going down. When I came up again, my friend was still standing on the same step.

"What do you want, my good fellow?" No answer.

"Do you feel ill?" Same silence. Was he walking in his sleep? It looked rather like it; so I took him by the hand, and, leading him up to the landing (he following passively), I faced him down the passage which led to his ward, and said—

"There, now, go back to your room;" but the man did not stir.

"Do you want the doctor?" still no reply.

Night-watches seemed to me like policemen, never at hand when most wanted; therefore I knocked at the surgeon's door, and, informing him of what had occurred, went my ways up-stairs to Herr Müller, who was very restless and feverish, and with whom I sat up part of the night, without hearing anything more of the nocturnal wanderer.

The following morning I was sent for by Dr Meyer.

"You distributed brandy amongst the twenty-two men who were to have left last evening?" he asked.

"Yes, Herr Stabsarzt, according to your instructions."

"True, but I did not contemplate what has resulted: it appears that several of the men emptied the contents of their *feld-flaschen* yesterday evening, and made themselves intoxicated. The man you met last night was not walking in his sleep, but was in a state of idiotic drunkenness; in fact, he has made himself so ill, that he will have to keep to his bed for a week at least; but the others must be punished."

"How?"

"They are to have no wine and no cigars for three days; and when they do leave, you may fill their flasks—with water."

The culprits belonged to Saal No. 7, and were dealt with accordingly.

The Delegirter's visits of inspection had no fixed period, and it was a subject of gratification to our *amour propre* that he always expressed himself so satisfied with our establishment, and called it his "model hospital." Madame Schmid well deserved the praises lavished upon the lower regions under her charge, for they were, indeed, a marvel of cleanliness and order. The two military cooks were capital fellows, though they sometimes tried their *chefesse's* temper. Indeed the charwoman remarked to me once:—"C'est une excellente femme, mais elle s'emporte comme une soupe au lait!"

On Sunday afternoons a military chaplain (one of the most eloquent men it has been my good fortune to hear) performed divine service in the largest ward. The service lasted about half an hour, and consisted of a hymn sung very correctly without accompaniment, an extempore prayer, and sermon to suit the occasion. The patients from the hospital at Chateau Bruyères came over, and all attended the service indiscriminately, both Catholics and Protestants. Those who were not strong enough to do otherwise sat on their beds; the others stood in a compact circle round the table in the centre of the room, where the chaplain placed his Bible, the only book he referred to. It was touching to see the rapt attention of all these men, with their hands crossed and their eyes riveted on the ground.

On one occasion, foremost amongst them stood a fine tall Uhlan, who had arrived lately, and was still very pale and delicate-looking, ow-

ing to a severe attack of typhus and dysentry. As the chaplain dilated upon the gratitude which they ought all to feel, not only for the success which it had pleased God to give their armies, but for His especial blessing which had spared them the cruel end of so many of their comrades, and expressed the hope that an armistice and a peace would soon be concluded, whereby they would be able to return to their Vaterland and their families—many a subdued sob was heard.

As I looked up to watch the scene, so simple and yet so imposing, I observed the tall Uhlan getting gradually whiter, and the blue rings under his eyes darker; in a moment more he staggered forward, and, by the help of two *krankenpfleger* who were present, was led into the next ward. By the time I had reached his bedside with a basin of ice and cloths for his head, he had quite swooned away and lost all consciousness; the eloquence of the chaplain and the mention of his *heimath* had been too much for him—and yet he was one of those Uhlans of whom it had been said, "qu'il n'y avait rien de sacré pour ces gens là!"

The number of our patients, which had diminished to an average of fifty, was suddenly increased one week owing to the *lazareth* in the theatre at Corbeil having been burnt down. The pit and stage, which were lined with beds, were warmed by a *calorifère* built for the purpose, and this was managed by a Frenchman. One morning the surgeon, finding the *chauffeur* had arrived much later than was his wont, and that the patients were complaining of the cold, severely reprimanded the culprit for his inattention; in less than an hour the building was discovered to be on fire, the *calorifère* having been overheated. The scene which ensued was described to me by Madame Louit, who lived close by, as horrible: the sick, urged by the fear of being burnt alive, rushing wildly out into the street—the screams of the wounded, who were not able to stir—the roaring of the flames, and cracking of timber, would have struck terror into the hearts of the bravest. Yet all was so promptly and well managed that not one life was lost; and as the last wounded man was carried out in a blanket, the stage gave way completely, and in a few moments the wooden building was a black smoking mass. Some one had even had the presence of mind to think of saving the *caisse;* but all the beds, linen, instruments, and medicaments had been destroyed.

Some people declared that the *chaufeur* had expressly overheated the furnace out of spite, because he had been severely handled by the surgeon; but many, like me, were of opinion that it had rather been done *par surcroit de zèle*, wishing to make up for lost time—for surely none but a fiend would take such means to vindicate himself. This view of the case was taken by his judges when the trial came on, and the Frenchman was acquitted of all evil intentions.

There is nothing like a catastrophe to make one specially prudent and mindful of accidents: this conflagration immediately suggested to me the necessity of having all the chimneys swept in our establishment, for I had ascertained that it had not been done since the winter began, and I knew that roaring fires had been kept up constantly.

The *fumiste*, from a village a few miles distant, was sent for, and came with the indispensable little Savoyards (there must be very few Savoyards left on their native soil, for they seem to be all chimney-sweeps and organ-grinders abroad).

The little imps, as they descended from their dusky regions, reported that it was high time the operation was performed, especially in the upper stories. But the following day it was found impossible to use the kitchen-range: the flue had many angles before it reached the outer world, and in cleaning it out, the soot had evidently accumulated in one corner, and thus the smoke, not finding sufficient exit, returned and filled all the kitchen and offices to suffocation. The *fumiste* was again sent for, but did not come. On the morrow the surgeon complained the food was smoked—no wonder! Another messenger was despatched for the unwilling sweep, who promised immediate attendance, but with no better result. At last I went to the surgeon:—"The position below is untenable," said I; "we are obliged to keep the windows open: the *fumiste* does not appear; Madame Schmid and her acolytes have 'struck;' and if something is not done at once, the patients will not get any supper."

"Go," replied the surgeon, "and tell two of the soldiers below, who are sawing wood, to put on their uniforms, take their guns, and fetch the fellow down instantly."

In less than an hour the prisoner appeared between his two guards, looking very much frightened, and the two little sweeps' faces behind him were almost white with terror.

As they entered the kitchen the soldiers remained on guard at the door, until not only the flue was taken to pieces, cleaned out, and remounted, but until the fire had been lit in the range, and found to draw perfectly; then they accompanied the culprits to the gate and released them.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the armistice was declared, and the entrance of the German troops into the forts made known, it was a source of great delight to the inmates of Bellegarde. The Landwehr men already began to look forward to going back to their wives and children; those of the regular army had been sorely tried by hard fighting and sickness, and contemplated with joy the return to their Vaterland; and the doctors and *krankenpfleger* had had six months of very hard work, and were not sorry that their labours were going to cease.

That peace would ultimately be made, without any more fighting, was fully expected. The patients, who were very fond of talking politics, were always very anxious to know what opinion the foreign press had of the Franco-German war, and what they dared say about the politics of that "*schlau kopf* (sly-head) Bismark."

As I now received my English papers regularly, they would all flock eagerly around me to hear the translation of some good and impartial "leader" in the 'Pall Mall;' and the 'Graphic' was a great source of amusement to them—Mr Sydney Hall's bold sketches of the incidents of the war being greatly appreciated.

There was a little dark-haired Bavarian, by name Frick, who had a beloved *camarade* in a *blond* Prussian, and who never seemed to enjoy anything without he shared his delight. As he saw me enter the ward with the 'Graphic' in my hand, he would rush to the bottom of the stairs, and sing out to the young one above, "Kloana, komm geschwind runna, und betrocht d' schöne Bilder;" which in *hochdeutsch* meant,—"Little one, come

down quickly, and look at the beautiful engravings!"

When the time came for these two inseparables to be parted, it was truly touching. They fell upon each other's necks, and cried like women; and for days after Frick had left, we could with difficulty persuade his friend to eat.

I was sent for one morning to the staff-surgeon's sanctum, and when I entered, found him studying a huge and detailed map of a small portion of France.

"Fräulein," quoth he, "I propose, now that our patients are getting on so nicely, and that my assistant-surgeon from Bruyères can look after them in my absence, to give myself a day or two's leave, paying a visit to Versailles and some of the batteries around Paris. As you have letters for headquarters, would you not like to accompany me?"

"Of all things, Herr Stabsarzt, I should enjoy it immensely; but can I get two days' leave also?

"Well, Herr Müller is getting on much better, and I think that in a few days you can be spared. See, here is the map, and our route distinctly marked: my little German horses will manage the journey very easily in two days, and it will give me great pleasure to escort you."

I thanked the kind old gentleman, and went on my way rejoicing, but that week passed and the next, Herr Müller did not get stronger, and the Versailles plan seemed to vanish from the horizon of possibility. Ever since the armistice had been declared, it seemed a signal for the French about us to brag, and to defy regulations and contracts. Before, they had been humble and cringing enough—indeed, some of them had filled their coffers meanwhile; but now our butcher, who had delivered daily an average of a hundred and sixty pounds of meat, at a franc and a half per pound, began to bring bad or inferior meat; and the baker would suddenly stop his supply for a day or two without giving any reason, save that now he could sell it elsewhere, or send it to Paris. Our staff-surgeon, however, did not allow these defaults to continue, and threatened military interference, armistice or no armistice. So the Frenchmen thought better of it, and mended their ways.

M. Lefort, the butcher, thought himself, like all his class, "très fort sur la politique," and never lost an opportunity of giving his views of the "situation." When I remarked upon how distinctly the bombardment was heard from Bellegarde, he would say, "Tout cela ce n'est rien, voyez-vous; cela coûte un argent fou aux Prussiens, et cela ne fait aucun mal à nos forts. Ah! Trochu c'est l'homme du peuple, et il ne les cédera jamais." "Oh, that is nothing! it costs the Prussians a heap of money, and does not damage our forts a bit. Ah! Trochu is the man of the people, and he will never surrender!"

After the armistice had been declared, and the forts (almost knocked to pieces) had surrendered to the Germans, M. Lefort was nowise subdued by the fact, but explained it by, "*Vendus! trahis! c'est cet animal de Trochu qui a tout vendu à Guillaume;* the forts are nothing, it is in the town itself that the Prussians will never dare to enter, for not one of them would come out alive!"

Amongst the Prussian soldiers whose duty it was to saw wood and carry water was a Pole, by name Jetzoreck, a quiet, taciturn, sedate young Landwehr man, who was looked upon as the steadiest and most hardworking of the lot; what was my astonishment, therefore, one evening to hear high words between him and Madame Schmid, and on descending to inquire the cause of

the tumult, to find the Pole (who had had half a day's leave) in a hopeless state of drunkenness. Now he had often earned from me, by his good behaviour, and little services, such as carrying wood up to my room, an extra glass of schnaps, or an extra good cigar, and I flattered myself that a soft word would turn away wrath; but I was mistaken, and finding that no persuasion availed, he had to be led away by two of his comrades and put to bed.

On the morrow there was a gentle tap at my door, and Jetzoreck appeared pale and contrite.

"Oh, Fräulein," said he, "I am going to be put under arrest for three days, but I wanted to come first and ask you to forgive me for my rudeness last night."

"But how comes it," I asked, "that you, of all others, could have got intoxicated?"

"Well," he answered, twisting his cap around in his fingers, and looking ruefully at his toes, "the fact is, when I went to town yesterday morning, I found a letter from my wife announcing the birth of a fifth child, so I went to the wine-shop and had a bottle of schnaps."

"Well, I'm very sorry for you, Jetzoreck, and I hope neither case will happen again;" but I did not inquire if joy or despair had driven this young father of a family to the companionship of the bottle!

Within a few days we had another culprit brought to trial. The gardener came to complain to me that one of the patients had broken the valve of one of the ponds in the park, whereby all the water had run off.

"Did you see any one do it?" I inquired.

"No; but shortly after I had found it out, I saw two of them standing at the edge of the pond—it must have been the same."

"Who were they, can you tell?"

"The tall, fair man, with the blue coat and white facings, and the young Bavarian with the scar under his eye."

Two of my favourites, one of them my Uhlan! I followed the gardener to see what mischief had been done, and then with a heavy heart proceeded to find the two men.

As I entered the ward, I first called the *zimmer-commandant:* he had not heard anything about it; but would I interrogate the men myself?

"One of you has damaged one of the ponds, and caused all the water to run off," I said; "it is a wilful spoiling of property which does not belong to you, and you ought to be ashamed to give the French the right to complain of your Vandalism, even in the last days of your invasion; who of you did it?" The men looked at each other, the Uhlan turned a shade paler, but no one spoke.

"Was it you?" I asked the Bavarian.

"Nein, Fräulein," in a very decided voice;—then to the Uhlan:

"Was it you?"

"Nein, Fräulein!"

"Think again," I added; "you were both seen near the pond while the water was running out."

"Yes," replied the Uhlan, "Kraft and I were both up there this morning, but the mischief was already done; I give you my word of honour as a soldier that we did not do it." And the tall fellow drew himself up, and looked fearlessly out of his bright blue eyes, like the gentleman that he was.

"Very well," I said, "and I give you my word of honour, that if within twenty-four hours the man who did the mischief is not found, you shall none of you have cigars for three days," and therewith I retired.

Before the evening I heard a knock at my door: "Herein!"

The Uhlan stood before me, his right hand up to his forehead—"Entschuldigen Sie, Fräulein (excuse me), we have found out who broke the pipe; it was Henkel, one of the Prussian orderlies."

"Gut," I said; "the staff-surgeon will settle that matter. I am very glad it was not you." "And so am I," he replied; saluted, turned on his heel, and I heard the ring of his heavy spurs down the passage.

When the Delegirter paid us his next visit, he brought with him the head-surgeon, and inspector of all the hospitals; luckily it was on a Saturday—everything had been scoured, the day was very bright, and the whole place was radiant with well-scrubbed marble floors and polished metal. The Prussian official was lavish of his praises, and aired his best English for my edification. He also informed us that the armistice had been prolonged for five days, and that as peace would probably follow, our hospitals would take in no more patients, but in the course of a fortnight we should have to send home the men, and close the establishments.

On the same evening, as I was carving the meat for the patients, the staff-surgeon came into the kitchen, and thus spoke to me:—

"The number of our men having now considerably diminished, and Herr Müller being able to get about a little, there is no reason why you should not have the couple of days' leave you have so well earned, therefore we will now put into execution the little trip to Versailles which I planned three weeks ago, and start to-morrow morning. The carriage will be ready at 4.30 A.M., for we have a long journey before us, and must start betimes; please to see that we have some provisions with us, for ourselves, and the coachman and groom."

The notice was short, especially as I had several orders to leave, papers to write out, and my "Sunday best" to pack up in a small bag, but I was too elated to care about much sleep; and at half-past four next morning, we had had a cup of coffee, and were seated in the carriage. Of course it was quite dark, but by the time we reached Sceaux the sun was shining brightly. The large map I had seen in the surgeon's study was referred to whenever the coachman was doubtful what road to take; it was evidently one of those wonderfully detailed maps which the Prussians possessed of the enemy's country, of which one had heard so much, and it was so accurate that it indicated side-roads unknown to the very inhabitants.

At Sceaux we descended, and, followed by the carriage, walked through Bagneux to "Fontenay aux Roses." These were the *vorposten* (advanced-posts) of the Bavarian artillery during the siege, and more ruined, forsaken villages cannot be imagined; the batteries built all along the heights (all silent now), with the trenches and casemates, showing the marks where the French shells, which responded from the Forts of Issy and Vanvres, ploughed up the ground. The pavements in the streets had been torn down, and some of the houses demolished from the roof to the cellar. Even the Mairie, the tallest and most conspicuous building, turned into a hospital and with a red-cross flag flying over it, had not been spared; and so the wounded who were saved had been removed to more distant places.

At Chatillon the devastation was rather less; it was evident that before they found themselves bombarded by their own guns, and had to "fly," the French had discovered the truth of the Prussians respecting all houses and property not abandoned by the owners; for whereas on some doors was chalked, "II

Compagnie I Offizier 9 Mann," or "I Jäger Bataillon 18 Mann," or "Feld-Commando," on others was scrawled in large letters the information that they were "Maison habitée," or, with small regard to orthography, "Maison à bittez par le Propriétaire." Here we picked up several pieces of shell, which were heaped up in the corners of the streets with the sweepings. From Chatillon to the Fort of Issy the famous map indicated a road leading straight across the fields, and the surgeon decided upon taking it, in preference to the longer highroad round Vanvres.

We passed (the carriage still following) close to this last fort, with its new earthworks so peppered by ball and shell that it looked like a huge ant-hill against which gravel had been thrown.

As we approached Issy, we suddenly came upon an unexpected obstruction in the shape of a wide deep ditch filled with empty gabions, and the bank formed by the fresh earth thrown up. We could manage to clear the ditch and scramble up the bank, and so doubtless could the horses had we been on their backs, but with a heavy brougham at their heels it became a serious dilemma.

As we were making up our minds to retrace our steps, an artillery officer, who had perceived us from afar, came galloping up, and having ascertained our wishes, he assured us the evil would be remedied directly, cleared the ditch (sitting his steed remarkably well), careered in the direction of some earthworks, and reappeared with eight pioneers and their spades, who set to, and in a few minutes had filled the ditch and levelled the ground for the distance of a few yards, to enable the carriage to drive easily over it on to the road again.

During this process a lively conversation was kept up between the two gentlemen, after reciprocal self-introductions.

"But," remarked the officer, how did you come to take this road?"

"Because," said the surgeon, "I found it marked out on my map."

"Excuse me," rejoined the other, "I think you must be mistaken, for we haven't this road marked on ours."

"Allow me," said the surgeon, fetching his map from the brougham; "you see here, 'Route stratégique,' supposed to be used for gun-carriages."

"*Ganz richtig*," replied the officer; "I congratulate you on the perfect accuracy of your map, which must be more recent even than ours."

At the foot of the hill leading up to Issy, we left the carriage and walked up. The staff-surgeon presented himself and me to the major in command, who gave us two Prussian Engineer officers to show us over the fort. What a mass of ruins the place presented! and it had been said that the bombardment had not injured the fortresses! No wonder they capitulated! the three barracks entirely destroyed, nothing but some of the outer walls as high as the first story left; one side of the bastions, notwithstanding the new earthworks thrown up, literally torn asunder, and an enormous breach made, more than a hundred feet in diameter, and reaching to the second wall of the powder magazine—and on the same side, some of the casemates even had been shattered to pieces.

The German flag (red, gold, and black) was flying from the northern bastion; and in the inner square hundreds of Prussians were occupied moving the *matériel*, and clearing the mountains of broken shells, hand-grenades, and *zücker hüte* (sugar-loaves, or shrapnell shot) with which it was strewn. I could not account for the presence of an enor-

mous coil of wire-rope, which looked like a cable, and on inquiring, was informed that it had been used by the marines for bringing up the guns; nor could I help wondering whether the bragging and sanguine M. Lefort would still hold to his opinion that the forts had been "sold," had he witnessed the ruin and desolation around us.

Returning to our carriage, we drove through Clamart and Meudon to Sèvres, which we reached at midday, and where we gave the stout little German horses the two hours' rest they richly deserved.

The bridge over the Seine, of which one arch had been blown up and repaired, was then the line of demarcation between the French and German dominion, and a wooden barrier in the shape of an X was placed up at the entrance. Here German and French authorities stood to examine the passes of the thousands of people hurrying to and fro with provisions. Perfect good-feeling seemed already to have been established between the enemies, who cracked endless jokes together over the exhibition of papers.

We then walked to St Cloud, that beautiful royal residence, now burnt and mutilated out of all shape by the big gun of Mont Valerien in its attempt to sweep out the enemy, who held too commanding a position over Paris.

When the Germans at first occupied St Cloud, many of the works of art the palace contained (as well as the valuable collection of porcelains at Sèvres) had been, by the order of the Crown Prince, removed and consigned to the French authorities, but still a great many pictures and rare fixtures remained. As soon as the shells began to fall with such deadly precision that conflagration was inevitable, orders were issued to save the valuables; but "Mother Valérie's Chickens" had no consideration for art, and two soldiers having already lost their lives in the attempt, the palace had to be abandoned a prey to the roaring flames, which soon left nothing but a heap of blackened walls, crumbled masonry, molten metal, and crushed glass. The fountains played still, exemplifying the saying of the brook, "Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever;" but the famous orange-walk, with the southern trees all killed by the frost and neglect, was a sad sight.

From the top of the hill, where now the "Lanterne de Diogène" was a shapeless heap of stones, we had a glorious view of Paris. The golden dome of the Invalides shone brightly in the sun; the sky was so cloudless, the atmosphere so clear, that the towers of "Notre Dame," the "Arc de Triomphe" (so soon to become triumphal for the victors), and the Column of the Bastille, stood out in bold relief.

As we sat gazing at the huge besieged city, with its distinct line of *enceinte* at our feet, a regiment singing the "Wacht am Rhein" passed below us, the rich stirring notes of the men's voices bringing up the refrain,—

"Fest bleibt und treu, die Wacht am Rhein!"

CHAPTER IX.

We arrived at Versailles at 4 P.M., and at the Etappen-Commando received a printed order, which, at the Mairie, was exchanged for a "billet de logement" for "un officier, une dame, deux domestiques, et deux chevaux," at a hotel in the Rue de la Paroisse. What a contrast Versailles

presented, with its neatly-swept broad streets and fine shops, to other French towns occupied by the enemy! The streets were full of life, and thronged with military of every kind; not even at a review had I seen such a variety of uniforms, and it appeared to me there were far more officers than men.

The Emperor had never established his court in the chateau of the Louis's, nor inhabited the palace raised, "À toutes les gloires de la France," as I had been led to believe, but from the first had taken up his quarters at the Prefecture, where we now went to hear five military bands perform his *tafel-musik*.

The Crown Prince lived in a villa call Les Ombrages, situated on a hill beyond the railway station, and the *schlau kopf*, Bismark, worked out his political web in a house of modest appearance in a side street.

On the following morning we went to breakfast at a *café*, and then visited the chateau. There had been the previous day an "evacuation" of the sick and wounded towards Germany, so that only fifty-three now remained to occupy the spacious saloons, hung with huge pictures of Napoleon's victories. I inquired of the surgeon who escorted us through the "royal wards" if they had not found the chateau a convenient building to transform into an hospital; his answer was—

"Yes, as far as space was concerned, for we have had as many as 800 beds occupied at a time, but many conveniences for such an establishment were wanting, and our great difficulty was to heat the galleries during the rigid winter we have had."

I noticed that the difficulty had been overcome by placing an iron stove in the centre of the rooms, upon an iron flooring, and running the flue through the top of the window, where an iron plate had been substituted for the pane of glass.

The patients (all officers) were mostly very dangerous cases, and many of them looked as if the French chateau would be their last earthly residence. I was very anxious to see the Galerie des Glaces, where, a few days previously, King William had been proclaimed Emperor, and which so lately had been the scene of a theatrical pageant, on a grand scale, with real kings and princes on the stage, and now reflected in its mirrors sick and dying men, and nurses gliding noiselessly from bed to bed. The gildings and frescoes of the gorgeous ceiling, which had crowned the great historical play, looked down now upon a sadly real drama.

Leaving my staff-surgeon to wander through the Park to the Trianons, and settling to meet him at our quarters, where we were to dine at two o'clock, I did some shopping in the town, and then, crossing the station, passed several Prussian and Bavarian sentinels, placed at intervals along the garden of Les Ombrages, and, reaching the house, inquired if I could see H.R.H's Hofmarschall, Count von Eulenberg. I had sometime previously, while at Corbeil, received another letter from this gentleman, requesting me to send on by post the letter of introduction I had for H.R.H., and this I had done.

A very military butler took in my card, and in a few seconds I followed him into a comfortable but simply-furnished room, with an alcove occupied by the Graf, who informed me he regretted not being able to present me to the Prince, as H.R.H. was then visiting his imperial father at the Prefecture.

In my interview I inquired of the Graf if Versailles harboured such a luxury as an English banker, and he advised me to apply for

correct information to our *représentant*, Mr Odo Russell, who inhabited the same house as the 'Times' Correspondent, at No. 6 Place Hoche. To our *représentant's* abode I therefore bent my steps, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. I don't know whether it is yet true that, in recognition of his peculiarly distinguished and conspicuous services, Mr Odo Russell has been offered the —— Embassy, but at least—and of such things a woman without any "rights" may, perhaps, be suffered to speak—he has a terse yet lucid diction singularly expressive of intellectual power, and that thoughtful high-bred courtesy which is the fitting ornament of a statesman representing our gracious Sovereign at a foreign court. He told me that M. Thiers was to have an interview with the Emperor that day on the subject of the preliminaries of peace, and that afterwards his Majesty would probably take his daily drive. As I was very anxious to get a sight of this royal personage who had become such a "*point de mire*" for the universe, I hurried back to our hotel to inform the staff-surgeon of the chance in prospect; and as soon as we had dined we set forth for the Prefecture, where we were told by a sentinel that the Kaiser's carriage and escort were waiting for him under the portico, whence he would shortly drive out.

In a few minutes there was a slight stir in the courtyard, and we stepped up close to the gates, when a sergeant of *feld-gendarme* (who seemed to have sprung up out of a trap-door, so sudden was his appearance) begged us to stand back a few paces. Did he take me for a female regicide, or think I kept revolvers or Orsini bombs hidden in the folds of my skirt? I had not time to propound this question before the clatter of horses' feet was heard, and the Kaiser emerged wrapped up in a fur cloak, seated in a very shabby "victoria" drawn by four mean-looking black horses, ridden by two sorry-looking postilions.

It doubtless was incumbent on me to look with awe, or respect at least, upon the mighty king; but suddenly the words in 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland'—"You are old, Father William, and your hair is very grey"—occurred to me, and it may be that this sudden recollection of once familiar words a little disturbed my solemnity, for I felt the *feld-gendarme* scowling at me while he saluted his Kaiser as he passed out of the gate.

The interview with M. Thiers must have been unsatisfactory, for the face so often described as bearing *une empreinte de bonhommie militaire* looked very black under the military visor, and the snowy moustache was *décidément herissée.*

We had a long drive home through Bièvres, Palaiseau, Longjumeau, and Morangis, but the stout little horses accomplished it in four hours, and before eight o'clock that evening we had returned to Bellegarde.

The armistice was to end on Sunday night, the 26th of February; but rumours were already current that the entry of the German troops into Paris had been the rock on which the vessel of peace had struck—and sunk; and it was generally believed that on the Monday morning hostilities would recommence. Our hospital at Bruyères had already been broken up, and our own patients reduced to a very small number, and these were to be sent off in a few days. Our staff-surgeon was also to depart on the same day, but he informed me I should be required to stay on for about a week with Herr Müller and our three *freiwilligen*, for the purpose of taking care that the chateau, when given up,

should be left in as orderly and cleanly a state as possible.

"If peace is not signed," he added, "and hostilities recommence, I shall, of course, have to take the direction of another hospital. Are you tired of your work? or may I send for you to occupy the same post with me again?"

"Certainly," I answered; "you may count upon me. I have not the least wish to give up work as long as I can be useful."

The first train which passed our house on Monday morning was adorned with laurel-branches, and the soldiers it conveyed waved their hands out of the carriage-windows, and shouted "Friede! Friede!" (peace), so that we knew the storm had been weathered, though, perhaps, at the sacrifice of Parisian *amour propre.*

And now active preparations were made for the departure of the last batch of patients, who all came to bid me farewell. I did not observe my friend the Uhlan among them, but he arrived soon after alone, and having expressed his gratitude for the kindness and attention he had received during his convalescence, he added—

"Fräulein, you have got a brother in the army, have you not?"

"Yes," I replied; "warum?"

"Because I wanted to leave you a little token of gratitude; but, as it is a thing unsuited to a lady, I thought you would like to give it to your brother as an *errinerung des feldzug's*" (a souvenir of the campaign); and he drew from under his coat a wooden pipe, which he had cleverly fashioned and carved out of the branches of a tree.

"Thank you," I said; "you are right. It is certainly not suited to a lady; but I shall keep it with pride, as a remembrance of one of my favourite patients."

The chateau looked quite sad and *unheimlich* when the wards were all empty, and we seemed to wander like *des âmes en peine* about the long passages and deserted saloons; but there was plenty of work left to do.

What remained of provisions, groceries, and candles, we distributed amongst the poor French about us, as well as some sheeting and blankets; but the bulk of the linen had to be packed up in ticketed bags, and, with the bedding, sent to the central depot in Corbeil, whence they would be forwarded to the hospitals in Germany. The account-books had to be balanced, the house thoroughly cleansed, the furniture replaced in the rooms from whence it had been removed, and the porcelain returned to its cupboards.

The entry into Paris was now free; and having heard from my brother that he had arrived from England to fetch me, I decided, instead of writing (for letters took four days to reach the capital, not more than sixteen miles distant), to go myself and ask him to wait a few days more for me, if his leave permitted it. One of our *freiwilligen*, who had the stable department under his care, and who was delighted at this chance of seeing Paris before he returned home, offered to drive me there and back in an open victoria. I explained to him how hazardous to him the journey would be, for the exasperation of the mob against all Germans would place him in a very dangerous position should his nationality be suspected; but he begged so hard to be allowed to go that I gave in, though not without serious misgivings.

The next morning, provided with a map of Paris, my English passport, and a French and German *laisser-passer* signed by the prefect of Corbeil, we started for the capital. On leaving Villejuif we crossed the Prussian barrier, and descending the

hill which runs under Fort Bicêtre to the Porte d'Italie, we entered Paris proper. An *octroi* guard asked if I had anything liable to duty; but neither he nor the Mobiles at the *barrière* seemed to notice my Prussian driver.

Proceeding at a brisk trot along the Boulevard de l'Hôpital to the *quai*, we continued along the river across the Pont Neuf, then the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and followed the Rue de Rivoli until we turned into the familiar *cour* of Hotel Meurice. It being a Sunday, the streets were thronged; all the men seemed to be in uniform, and every one bent upon seeking amusement; and to this fact I attributed my having been allowed to pass unmolested. I cannot say that I felt at all comfortable, for carriages being then a very rare article, I knew that we did not pass unobserved; and though I pretended to be intently absorbed in a number of the 'Mot d'Ordre,' for the life of me I could not have repeated one word that was printed thereon.

Once under the shelter of Meurice's, I breathed again freely. I inquired if my brother were in.

"He went off not an hour ago for Calais," answered the manager. "Having vainly waited for days for an answer to his letter, he concluded you were no longer at the hospital, and, his leave being over, he had to return."

This put me out sadly, but it could not be helped. Where could I put my horse up for a couple of hours, as I had another drive of sixteen miles before me?

"We have no stables in the hotel," was the answer. "There is one two streets off; but I don't advise you to send the carriage there with your German coachman—you may never see them again."

So we drew the vehicle up into a remote corner of the *seconde cour*, covering the horse with blankets, and stuffing his nose into a bag full of oats. At four o'clock the manager—whose feelings were divided between sympathy for an old customer and fellow-member of the Red Cross Society (for the hotel had been turned into an ambulance during the siege), and regard for his own safety in daring to harbour a Prussian—advised me to leave the town while it was yet daylight, and most of the people were bent in the direction of the Champs Elysees, and because the exit of the town was far more hazardous than the entry.

"If you get into any difficulty," was his last piece of advice, "show your English passport—that may save you; but if the *canaille* get hold of your coachman, nothing will save him from their fury; so tell him on no account to speak a word, or he might betray himself."

We took the same streets again; and I was congratulating myself on our good luck, as we trotted through the Barrière d'Italie, when a very repulsive-looking Red in a blouse caught sight of my driver, and shaking his fist at him, approached the carriage, shouting out—"Tiens! voilà celui qui est passé ce matin—fallait pas le laisser sortir; c'est un Prussien, ce n'est pas un cocher, faut l'arracher du siège!" "Here's the fellow who passed this morning; he is no coachman, but a Prussian—let's pull him off his seat."

I once met a mad dog in a narrow country lane many years ago, and remember distinctly that though I collected presence of mind sufficient to scramble over a friendly hedge, and thus get out of his track, my teeth and knees knocked audibly against each other in genuine and uncontrollable terror! But this critical moment by the Paris *barrière* was yet more terrible to me; and visions of what my poor little German's fate would be

in the hands of these bloodthirsty ruffians must have given my face the expression of blank and smiling idiocy which I felt it suddenly assuming, and prevented me from uttering a single syllable; indeed, I felt my tongue cleaving helplessly to my clenched teeth.

The German, who had heard and understood every word, saved us by sheer *sang froid* and pluck. Putting his horses at a walk, he took no more heed of the half-dozen "blouses" which had now approached the carriage than if they had been so many flies. The ruffians followed the carriage up the hill for a few yards, and then, concluding they had been mistaken, fell back. What a relief it was when we recrossed the Prussian lines, and once more found ourselves amongst friendly faces; and I think I may safely say that nothing could make me forget that memorable drive into Paris!

Madame Schmid and I went to pay a farewell visit to our friends in Corbeil, which, from its vicinity to Paris, was now driving a brisk trade in provisions, and seemed in a constant state of "market-day." The Picards were in great spirits. Their only son, who had remained shut up in Paris as a garde mobile, and whom, hearing no news of for five months, they had believed killed, wounded, or taken prisoner, had weathered all the disastrous sorties; and although he may have made, I daresay, a great many of those "pacts with death," which at one time were much in vogue, he returned safe and sound to his family.

The *caisse* behind the counter had been well filled, peace was made, commerce would prosper, "and," said the little Frenchman, "when they are tired of playing this little farce of the republic, the throne will be replaced on the stage, and occupied, it is to be hoped, by its legitimate possessors: *apropos*," he added, "do you know I have been arrested again since I last saw you?"

"Arrested again! for what?"

"I had brought from Paris some caricatures of *Trochu vendant les clefs de Paris à Guillaume*, and had already sold several copies to Prussian officers, when one day one of 'ces messieurs,' seeing it in my window asked me how I dare 'traîner ainsi des grands hommes dans la boue'" (thus drag great men through the mire), "and made me follow him to the *commando*, where I was detained for several hours, until it was proved that I had no intention of personally insulting the Kaiser, and then they let me off again."

As I took leave of the gardener of Bellegarde, and returned several beautiful foliage plants with which he had adorned my sitting-room, I inquired about the fate of the *Patron*, and the animals he had taken with him to Paris.

"M. Perrier," he replied, "had now gone to Belgium to join his family. He had lost two servants through small-pox, and the seven horses had all been killed and eaten; but the cow, whose milk had been an inestimable resource, and who had been kept concealed in a cellar, and thus saved, was to return to Bellegarde in a few days."

On the morning of the 8th of March the remnant of our *freiwilligen* society was disbanded. Madame Schmid and the three *krankenpfleger* returned to Germany, Herr Müller joined his brother at Rheims, and I took the train at Juvissy. Thus closed our task. My work during nearly three months had been hard, it is true, but always interesting and satisfactory.

I parted affectionately from Madame Schmid, and shall always remember with interest that superb

firmness and strong personal ascendancy by which she reduced the much-disciplined officers and soldiers of Germany to a yet higher state of obedience.

On landing at the Chemin de Fer d'Orleans with my baggage, I secured a *coupé* with the greatest difficulty to take me to Meurice's. The only train which conveyed passengers and their luggage started at 9 P.M.; so, having some shopping to do, and knowing that cabs were not to be hired, I sallied forth on foot without taking off my badge, and sauntered up and down the Rue de Rivoli, Rue Castiglione, Place Vendôme, and Rue de la Paix, as far as the opera-house and back again. The streets were thronged with men dressed in uniform (I can't call them soldiers), hurrying up and down without seeming to have any fixed idea of where they were wanted, or what they would do when they got there; many ladies, all dressed in black, and plenty of the inevitable "gamins"—from these I occasionally caught the ungrammatical remark as I passed, "*Voilà une ambulance!*" further, no one took the slightest notice of me, perhaps because I also was clothed in black. In every shop I went into it was the same story—no work had been done since the siege had begun, and now there was no hope for a change, as strangers did not arrive.

As I passed the well-known *porte-cochère* in the Rue de la Paix, with the metal plate on one side engraved "Worth au premier," I wondered how much the "great man" had suffered from the siege; and I was astonished to see that Guerlain had not removed from his labels "Fournisseur de S. M. l'Imperatrice." What struck me most was the complete security and facility of crossing these once crowded streets, owing to the absence of omnibuses and vehicles of any kind. In a *modiste* shop the "demoiselle" who served me remarked—"Ah, vous êtes bien bonne, madame, d'avoir soigné les blessés!" I smiled, and shrugged my shoulders deprecatingly. "Etiez vous dans Paris pendant le siège?" added my interlocutor.

"Non," I answered; "hors de Paris;" and deeming prudence the better part of valour, I changed the subject back to tulles and feathers, and soon left the shop. I did not contemplate with any satisfaction the probability of the *modiste* discovering me to be not a French nurse, as she supposed, but a Prussian one, and in a patriotic fit handing me over to an exasperated crowd of Reds. There was altogether such a feeling of complete insecurity in the atmosphere, and a vacillating sort of motion in one's limbs as one walked along, as if stepping on the edge of a crater which might burst out at any moment and annihilate you, that I was not at all sorry when I found myself closely packed that night (although in a very slow train), and safe on my way to Calais. The journey took eighteen hours instead of five, and the Channel was even more than usually rough; but at last I stood on the land of peace, police, and express trains, and could not refrain from uttering the hackneyed exclamation, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

VERA.

OLD AND NEW ANNALISTS OF OXFORD.

It was once our lot to assist—in the French sense only—at one of those rural entertainments known as Penny Readings. In the course of the evening a young gentleman came forward and sang a song, which was listened to, on the whole, with respectful attention. Two young farmers, who sat with ourselves in the front row, were among the most interested listeners, only interchanging from time to time an earnest whisper. When the performance was concluded, and the usual amount of decorous applause had subsided, one of them rose, and, leaning forward to the platform, addressed the performer in a confidential aside.—"Mr D——, if you please, sir, wor that comic?" Mr D——, with much modesty, confessed that it was so intended. The questioner turned round to his friend and said triumphantly, "There now, Jim! I *told* you as 'twere comic."

We have not had the opportunity of putting such a question confidentially to Mr Jeaffreson as to the book which he calls the 'Annals of Oxford.' The title, certainly, gives no hint of facetiousness. But this, so far as we can judge from a very limited acquaintance with that branch of literature, is the case with a good many popular effusions, which are nevertheless distinctly intended by their authors to be, and held by their admirers to be, immensely comic. Nor, again, can we conscientiously say that we have found any sort of fun in the book—far from it; but this, again, as all of us know from dismal experience, is no disproof whatever of an intention to be funny. If a liberal use of slang, and a preference, in most cases, for a kind of circumlocutory banter rather than plain English terminology, are proof presumptive of comic intention—as they would seem to be, judging from the practice of the confessedly facetious writers of the day—then we should be doing the author no wrong if we called his book the 'Comic Annals of Oxford.' When we find Oxford itself spoken of as the "'Varsity"—an undergraduate vulgarism, against which even 'Bell's Life,' no very stern æsthetic censor, has vainly protested; when, in an account of the secession of the scholars in King John's time, we are told that the whole body "skedaddled;" when a birch-rod is translated by "the flagrant besom;"—and these are merely isolated flowers of language, for, as we may have occasion to show hereafter, there are whole passages written in this style,—we feel sure that we are reading a history of Oxford written down to the modern fast undergraduate's point of view. These flowers of language are not amusing, of course; but they are meant to be comic.

If the author had been content to adopt for these flimsy volumes a title corresponding to those which designate some other works of his; if he had called this 'A Book about Oxford,' instead of the 'Annals of Oxford,' he would have found quite as many readers for his collection of extracts and anecdotes, without assuming for them a character to which they were wholly unentitled. Or again, if he had left the extracts and anecdotes to tell their own story, without overlaying them with the slang and vulgarity which are his own especial contribu-

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The Annals of Oxford. By J. C. Jeaffreson, B.A. Oxon. Hurst & Blackett: 1871.

tion, the volumes might have amused an idle and not over-critical reader, without irritating him as they do now. As it is, he has achieved the exploit of having spoilt a good subject. For a history of the University, not too learned to be generally readable, and not too popular to be accurate, is somewhat of a desideratum. There is not much really worth reading on the general subject except the old volumes of Anthony à Wood; and Anthony, though abundantly painstaking and amusing, is not always honest. Some good materials for such a work have been lately published, under the editorship of the Rev. Henry Anstey, in the series of 'Chronicles and Memorials' issued by authority of the Master of the Rolls.* Of these Mr Jeaffreson has made very imperfect use. These volumes comprise the Chancellors' and Proctors' Books from about 1350 to 1460 (but which contain copies of earlier documents), together with certain University registers, and records of the Chancellor's court. No records of the early halls are known to exist; but matter equally important and interesting must lie buried in the archives of individual colleges, which would probably not be inaccessible to a duly-accredited inquirer.

Of the history of Oxford, before the thirteenth century, we can be said to know positively nothing. The University itself possesses no earlier records of any kind. That schools of some kind existed there long before that date, there seems to be no reasonable doubt. But such traditions as have come down to us on this subject have all the character of fable. Even of the thirteenth century the authentic records are but few. It is not until the establishment of colleges in the latter half of that century—corporate foundations, which have maintained until now a continuous existence and a fixed domicile—that any such records were likely to have been preserved. The earlier students, whatever their numbers or their character, were either scattered in lodgings throughout the town, or boarded together in certain tenements which were rented from the citizens by some professional scholar of maturer age, who commonly acted both as teacher and boarding-house keeper, and made his living thereby. Public schools came afterwards to be built, for the greater convenience of teaching in classes, the use of which, upon making a certain payment, each "master" could have for his lectures. Such, very briefly, seems to have been the nucleus of the colleges and of the University respectively. But whatever records or books might have been kept by the governors of these earlier academic halls (and no doubt they did keep such), not having been handed down to hereditary custodians, have perished, as has been said, so far as all present inquiry can ascertain, and with them all trustworthy data for Oxford's early history.

Mr Jeaffreson is highly facetious as to these dark ages, and indulges his powers of imaginary description rather largely. As in this particular chapter he is only facetious, and not offensive, the reader must take the following as a somewhat favourable specimen of his vein :—

"In the almost total absence of pertinent evidence to enlighten my ignorance or expose my blunders, I have no intention to imitate the conscientious reticence and timorous moderation of scribes, whose account of the University's earlier years is little more than a confession of their uncertainty about them. On the contrary,

* Munimenta Academica; or, Documents illustrative of Academical Life and Studies at Oxford. 1868.

I have much pleasure in stating precisely how the original schools of Oxford were planted, how they took root, and how they grew into the imposing, and august, and complicated affair which, in compliance with an antiquated and highly absurd fashion, Oxonians are wont to call their Alma Mater. . . .

"Towards the last year of the eleventh century, there might have been seen wending their tardy way towards the walls of Oxford, a party consisting of seven pedestrians, whose rusty habiliments and thoughtful countenances betokened their possession of learning and their want of money. Each of the wayfarers bore, slung from his neck, a wallet, of which the chief contents were a slenderly-provided purse and the materials for a frugal meal. . . .

"I am in a position to state the exact considerations which decided these dealers in learning to select Oxford as the scene of their future labours; but as it would not answer my purpose to render the public altogether as knowing as myself, I shall not record the auspicious motives, until some critic has demonstrated to my satisfaction that the adventurers would have done better for themselves and society at large had they settled in Stoke Pogis, Mudfog-in-the-West, or Blathering-by-the-Sea. . . . It might be imagined that these founders of Oxford University, before announcing their readiness to instruct pupils, built or hired houses in which to receive their little friends; but they did no such thing. . . . One of the adventurers acquired for a few pence, paid half-yearly, a spacious and cobwebby garret at the top of a cordwainer's dwelling; another was so fortunate as to secure a room over a beer-shop; a third, the most successful of the party, contrived to get possession of a disused stable, a loft, an old hen-house, and a small court containing a large water-butt, on the understanding that he would teach reading, writing, and arithmetic to his landlord's three sons."

If any reader cares to have the 'Annals' of Oxford written in this fashion, he will find his taste fully gratified in these volumes.

The halls or inns, in which the students of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries lived, probably numbered from three to four hundred when the University was full. They bore in many cases, like the present colleges, the names of popular saints. Besides two or three St Marys, St Edmunds, and St Johns, —whose representatives are still to be recognised—there were St Paul, St James, St Thomas, St William, St George, St Martin, St Cuthbert, St Michael, St Lawrence, and St Mildred's Halls. Others were named after the original occupier, or some succeeding teacher who had made for himself an academical reputation. Such names as Newell's Inn, Takley's Inn, Trillock's Inn (now New Inn Hall), Willoughby's Hall, Perry's Hall, and Bostar's Hall, represent all that survives of the fame of their sometime occupiers. Some again took their designation from their locality, or from some outward feature,—as, for instance, Corner Hall, Broadgates Hall (merged in Pembroke College), Elm Hall, Ivy Hall, Deep Hall, two White Halls, and Great and Little Black Hall. Cabbage Hall, at the foot of Headington Hill, was said to have been founded by a tailor.* "Glass" Hall, "Tiled" Hall, and "Chimney" Hall, most likely commemorate the first introduction of those modern conveniences into academic architecture. A great many of the scholars' tenements had some distinctive sign over their doorways, like the shops and taverns (indeed some of them had very possibly once been occupied as such), and by these devices they were known. The Lion, the Bull, the Eagle, the Hawk, the Cat, the Hare, the Vine, the Shield, the Feathers, the Saracen's Head,—all

* "Caterpillar Hall, the name of the house higher up the hill, was no doubt a complimentary appellation, intimating to posterity that, on account of its better commons, it had drawn away a great number of students from the inferior society; or, in other words, that the caterpillar had eat up the cabbage."—Huddesford's Notes to Wood.

appear from time to time in the list of halls on the University register. Hart Hall survived until it was merged in the short-lived foundation of Hertford College by Dr Newton in 1740. Brasenose College, still displaying the well-known symbol over its entrance-gates, is the only existing foundation which retains its ancient sign. Some authorities have discovered a somewhat more refined derivation for the name, asserting that it means the Brasing or Brewing House, from the low Latin *brasinium;* but there can be little doubt but that the Brasen Nose, whatever its origin, gave its name to the hall which appears under that designation early in the thirteenth century. The colony which migrated to Stamford in 1334 were so far from being ashamed of the homely symbol, that they set up a rival brasen nose (which is still, or was very lately, existing) over their gates in their new locality. There was an old University tradition—due probably to the inventive genius of some undergraduate of the day—that the original sign was a conventional portrait of the nose of the famous John Duns (Scotus), and set up in affectionate remembrance of the great lecturer.

The earliest benefactions to the University, for the encouragement of poor scholars, were in the form of sums of money, which were deposited in separate "chests," bearing the names of the respective donors, kept under the special guardianship of the university authorities, and usually deposited for safety, as it would appear, in the university church. From these, grants were made from time to time to deserving applicants, in the way of loan—never, originally, as gifts. The recipient had to deposit some valuable article by way of pledge, and this was always to be of greater sworn value than the sum received as a loan. He was also bound to repeat a certain number of "Aves" and "Paternosters" for the souls of his particular benefactor; an ordinance of which the traces yet remain in the official thanksgiving (for it has been modified into that shape), introduced into the "bidding" prayer before every University sermon, in which the names of special founders and benefactors are still commemorated, on some special occasions forming a list of considerable length. It was a very curious arrangement, to our modern notions; in fact, as Mr Anstey calls it, a "pawnbroking department," neither more nor less. Precious manuscripts, jewelled daggers, silver cups, famed garments, were among the usual deposits made by the students who required a loan of money from one of these public banks to pay his battels, or settle accounts with some importunate tradesman. The difficulty which at once strikes us is, how the really needy student could be in possession of such valuables; and the disagreeable impression is left upon the mind that, in those times as now, the well-to-do borrower could be easily accommodated, while the poor had too often to go empty away.

The poverty of the medieval students comes out very strongly in these University records. The whole nation was poor, comparatively; but in many cases the life of the young scholar, far removed from home and friends, and to whom the fatal facilities of credit, the bane of modern university life, were unknown, must have been a hard and pinching struggle. The furniture of the chamber which he shared with three or four companions was probably worse than he would have found in his own home; his meals were coarse and badly cooked; his best cloak in winter-time might too probably be in pawn in one of the public loan-chests. Sometimes, as a fa-

vour from the University authorities, he obtained during vacation a licence to beg. There is at least more excuse for him than there would be for the modern undergraduate, if we find him, as we do occasionally, in these black books of the proctors, committing highway robbery in Bagley Wood. Considering the great difficulties of locomotion in those days, the length of the journey home, and the probable poverty of the criminals, one would be half inclined to condone the offence of the "two Welsh scholars" who in 1461, according to the records of the Chancellor's Court, stole a horse out of the stable of the "Cardinal's Hat," and rode off into Wales on it. After all, it was only the host's story: the horse had undoubtedly disappeared, and he had to pay for it.*

But in the midst of all this poverty there were wealthy members of the University even in these medieval times. There was a far broader distinction of ranks, both in and out of academic society. While the son of the yeoman was painfully husbanding his slender resources, the student of high degree was to be seen spending his money freely within the same walls. Some of these latter brought with them to the University a retinue of servingmen such as would astonish the most extravagant modern undergraduate. The feasts which they were in the habit of giving at their "inception" for the M.A. degree were carried to such an excess of expenditure, that they had to be limited by special statute. George Neville, younger brother to the great Earl of Warwick, feasted six hundred guests in Balliol College on the day of his inception. If a student claimed noble birth—and the claim seems to have extended wider than in later days—he became the table companion of the head of his college; if his social rank did not amount to this, he dined at the table of the fellows as a "fellow-commoner" or "gentleman-commoner." The same gradations of position are found in the records of our oldest public schools — Winchester and Eton. The outward distinctions of rank, the gold tufts and the silk gowns which we are rather inclined to smile at in these days, and which rouse Mr Jeaffreson's ire so needlessly, were quite in harmony with the differences in ordinary costume which formerly prevailed in the various ranks of society. The gold-lace on the young nobleman's dress-gown, seen rarely in our own times at commemoration, presented nothing strange to eyes which, like those of Anthony à Wood in much later times than we are just now speaking of, had seen even in so small a society as Gloucester Hall, "the worst rented" of all, "twenty or more gentlemen-commoners clad either in doublets of cloth of silver or gold." It is possible that the "levelling up" which prevails in all such matters in our own times, when, so far as dress goes, no one can tell the mistress from the lady's-maid except by the more quiet tone and subdued colours, and when no one wears gold-lace except a beadle, may be an improvement in society to all eyes but those of an artist. The colleges have now, with but few exceptions, seen fit to obliterate all distinctions in rank, and status, and academic dress, amongst their undergraduate members. If this has the effect of educating the young nobleman and the future territorial lord in the simple habits and tastes which befit the scholar, well and good. But how, if it teaches the son of the country parson, and the half-pay officer, and the hard-work-

* Anstey's Munimenta, p. 684.

ing professional man, that he stands exactly upon the same social level as the heir of half a county, and has therefore a right to adopt the same ways of life, the same amusements, and, as a consequence, something like the same scale of expenditure?

Mr Jeaffreson is fiercely indignant at what he considers the servile adulation shown by the University at all times to rank, and more especially to royalty. He condones the flatteries which the gownsmen bestowed upon Queen Elizabeth at her visits, probably on the ground that she was a woman; but he has very little patience with their reception of her successor, James—"Solomon," as he facetiously calls him; and when he has to record how "Solomon delivered himself of a Latin speech," he fancies that even at this distance of time he "can hear the pompous intonations of the Scotch Latin." We cannot pretend to so fine an ear as the writer, nor can we reproduce, even in fancy, the exact accentuation of King James; but it is most probable that its broad vowels came much more near the Roman intonation than the emasculated and corrupt pronunciation which has so long prevailed in our English universities, and which our best scholars are now combining to reform. Here is the annalist's picture of what he conceives to have been the state of social feeling in Oxford in "the feudal times;" the witty form of expression must at least be Mr Jeaffreson's own, for we cannot think the medieval undergraduate was capable of it:—

"'Universitas' was supposed to derive dignity and virtue from every patrician lad who stayed for a few terms in one of her hotels; and in order that students of noble degree on leaving Alma Mater might report favourably of Oxford as 'an awfully jolly place, where f'lers were deuced civil and pleasant, you know, and all that sort of thing, you know,'—they were surfeited with slavish homage by chancellor, proctors, principals, tutors, and every order of academicians from doctors to freshmen. When they showed themselves in High Street, graduates of divinity bowed low before, physicians fell cringingly backwards into the gutter so that their highnesses should have room to pass, and artists showed their delight in noble beings by going through the ocular practice known to cynics by a disdainful phrase, which declares the possibility of kissing with the eyes. These favoured youths were implored to wear brilliant garments, and to soften the severity of their geometrical caps with tassels of auriferous lace—foppish excesses which would have brought undergraduates of ordinary clay to the birching-block. They were provided with softer beds, and sustained with choicer meats, than those prepared for common scholars."

The outward homage paid to rank was, as we all know, a very different thing two or three centuries ago from what it would be now; in point of fact, it is a social custom which has almost entirely disappeared. Whether honoured more in the breach than in the observance is a question on which we might perhaps find ourselves at issue with Mr Jeaffreson; who, we are sure, never allows a servant to touch his hat to him, always asks John to take a chair when he comes into the study, wears that individual's livery turn and turn about while he gets into his master's best dress suit, and never has "choicer meats" served at his own table than are supplied for the kitchen dinner. Less than this, we feel convinced, could never satisfy so stout a champion of equality and fraternity.

The distinctions of rank were very marked indeed, both in the University and elsewhere, in the times of which the annalist is speaking. But it should always be remembered that the same homage which the commoner paid to the noble was exacted, by the statutes of the University, from the bachelor of arts to the master, from the master to the doctor.

The scholars of Queen's College were to answer the questions put by the fellows "upon their knees;" the undergraduates of Jesus were to go bareheaded in the quadrangle when one of the seniors was in sight. Yet without affecting such an intimate and intuitive acquaintance with the sayings and doings of those times as Mr Jeaffreson has assured us he possesses, we think he has a little overdrawn his portrait; and for this reason. He gives us, in a few words, a companion picture—though he confesses that its shadows are not so dark—of the Oxford of the present; he speaks of "the fulsome flatteries and servile compliments with which the collegiate dons and plebeian undergraduates, known in Victorian England as tufthunters, make life pleasant and poisonous to the 'tufts' of Christ Church and other fashionable colleges." We know this last to be a fancy sketch; and therefore we doubt whether Alma Mater, at any period of her existence, ever really sat for the other.

But our censor reserves his principal vial of wrath to pour upon the University when she received George IV. (then Regent) at Christ Church, and when the royal guest "won by postprandial eloquence the enthusiastic plaudits of a noisy gathering of aristocratic dignitaries, hilarious gownsmen, and academic sycophants." (It is a fine sentence; but we fear Mr Jeaffreson has forgotten his logic, and made what Aldrich would have called a "cross division;" does he mean that none of the gownsmen were sycophants, and that none of the dignitaries were gownsmen?) Oxford did go rather mad, no doubt, upon that occasion. Those were the glorious days of England, when she had done more than hold her own. The great sovereigns of Europe had come to pay a special visit of honour to the gallant nation who had spared neither its blood nor its money to maintain the liberties of the world. It *was* an honour to the University to receive such guests at such a time, and the academic authorities were right in so esteeming it. The official "account of the visit," against which Mr Jeaffreson inveighs so bitterly as "steeped in flunkyism," was certainly not drawn up in the best possible taste. He is especially hard upon the frequent use of the word "condescension." It was not much more, we suppose, than a *façon de parler* of the day. But that the Regent should be spoken of as "condescending" to put on a doctor's red gown, and "more than once to express his approbation of the arrangements," strikes the independent mind of our annalist with horror. The general abuse of the Prince which he takes occasion thereupon to introduce, we may pass over with the remark that its taste is at least as questionable as that of the academic courtiers. Whatever the Regent was in his private character, he represented there the majesty of England, and in many points represented it with dignity and grace. But the *animus* of Mr Jeaffreson's strictures may be fairly judged of from the following passage, which he quotes with a sneer, and with italics of his own, from Dr Ingram's Memorials—an author of whom he is good enough otherwise to speak with patronising approval:—"I don't like to laugh at the worthy doctor," he says, parenthetically, "for his 'Memorials of Oxford' is a capital book." (One would have liked to have had poor Dr Ingram's opinion, had he been living, of Mr Jeaffreson's publication.)

"The room was filled with men of rank and eminence; but among them all, attention was particularly directed to the veteran Blucher, who, sensible of the feeling, rose and addressed the company in his native German: which was *immediately and eloquently* translated into English by the Prince Regent, omitting

only (*with that exquisite good taste which distinguished him*) those parts which were complimentary to himself."

The italics, as we have said, are Mr Jeaffreson's, and we are much obliged to him for them—otherwise we might certainly have missed the point of the quotation. There are, we dare to say, other delicate touches of satire in those Annals which have been lost upon us in the perusal, merely for the want of these useful literary finger-posts. Even with their help, we fail to see anything especially ludicrous either as regards the Prince or Dr Ingram. But the undergraduates of that day come in for their share of the lash of this modern Diogenes, for their servility on this occasion.

"The undergraduates occupied their crowded loft in full force, and cheered till they were hoarse, when the Prince Regent, after walking on crimson cloth from the Divinity School to the Theatre, condescended to ascend the daïs provided for the proper elevation of royalty."

The class of undergraduates for whom these volumes appear to have been written, would no doubt have behaved very differently, and in a manner to insure the author's entire approbation. They would probably have stopped the whole proceedings of the day by a storm of discordant clamour, mostly inarticulate, but, whenever intelligible, resonant of what the London "gents" call "chaff," and enlivened with brilliant flashes of slang witticism, such as would remind us of Mr Jeaffreson's best manner. They would most likely have shown their noble contempt for dignities, royal or academic, by asking the Emperor of Russia for a song, by making strong personal remarks upon Blucher's boots, and by insisting on the expulsion from the Sheldonian Theatre of some foreign member of their staff who wore what they were pleased to consider a remarkable head-dress. They would have been very far indeed from displaying anything like servility towards royalty. They had the hereditary successor of the Prince Regent among them not very long ago, and Mr Jeaffreson must be gratified to know that some of them were so truly independent as to call him "Wales." Does it never strike such people that there may be two distinct developments of "flunkyism"—the servile and the familiar; and that to some minds the latter is the infinitely more offensive of the two? When the young shopman in your own town is so remarkably obsequious to you behind his counter, you don't think much the worse of him, and certainly not a bit the better of yourself; but if the same "gent" were to clap you on the back in the street, and salute you as "old f'lar" (we borrow our author's spelling of the word), your personal disgust would be very apt to take the form of kicking him.

But let us return to the earlier annals, and see how Mr Jeaffreson deals with that curious account which Anthony à Wood (translating freely from Matthew of Paris and Thomas de Wyke) gives us of the great riot which took place in the year 1238, between the Oxford scholars and the retainers of Cardinal Otho, the Pope's Italian legate, who had come to make an ecclesiastical visitation of the University. The story has been so often reproduced that we should not trouble our readers with it, but for the opportunity of contrasting the old annalist with the new.

Otho and his company lay at Oseney Abbey, some five miles off. A deputation of the scholars waited upon him, bearing presents, after the custom of the day.

"But when they came (not without solemn procession) to the door of the Guests' Hall, the porter, who was an Italian belonging to the Cardinal, spake with

a loud voice after the Roman fashion (by no means fit and opportune in this solemnity), and rudely asked them their business, what they would have, what they came for, &c. To which the clerks gave answer, 'that they might approach the presence of the Lord Legate, and offer him their devoirs; for they confidently believed that they should be received with honour, forasmuch as they had before sent in their presents. But the said porter, speaking tauntingly to them, denied entrance with great haughtiness and scorn. The clerks, taking this for a great affront, forcibly rushed in; and those Italians, the Legate's servants, that would have thrusted them back, and were ready to oppose them with their swords, they beat with their fists and their staves that they then had. While these things were in doing, it happened that a certain poor chaplain of Ireland, at this time a student in the University, was standing at the kitchen-door, and, after the manner of a poor hunger-starved wretch, was begging for God's love some boon to relieve his hungry stomach; but him when the master of the Legate's cooks (brother to the said Legate, whom he had appointed in that office lest poison should be mingled with his meat) heard, and not able any longer, or at least would not, endure his solicitations, being at the same time or soon after that the scholars had beaten the Italians, took scalding liquor out of a caldron wherein some fat meat had been newly boiled, and cast it into his face. A Welsh clerk, who stood by and beheld this injury, cried out—'Fie for shame! shall we suffer this?' And so being not able to endure that affront given to his fellow-academian, bent his bow which he had with him (for it was now the fashion for secular academians to carry arms about them), and shot the said master or clerk (whom they satirically called Nabuzaradan—*i.e.*, Magister Coquorum) through the body dead in the place."

Thus Wood tells the story—not so well or so simply as his authorities, yet well enough. And now let us hear Mr Jeaffreson. (It should be remembered that Wood had a fancy for Latinising his name into "Antonius à Bosco," which the modern annalist turns to great comic account.)

"The incidents to which Antonius à Bosco thus points in language befitting the historian's dignity, I imagine to have been just these. To the knocking and kicking against the door of the Guests' Hall, whereby the peaceful scholars proclaimed their desire to enter, the porter, on opening the wicket, and speaking in the Roman fashion, demanded, 'Well, now, what are you doing here?' 'Doing?' answered the students, 'we have come out to Oseney to call on the Lord Legate.' 'Have you?' retorted the official; 'then you may go back again without seeing the Lord Legate.' 'What! you have taken our presents,' cried the students, 'and treat us in this way! Your Lord Legate is a nice fellow. He has housed the grub, and won't give us a crust in return. That is just like an Italian.' To which—still speaking in the Roman fashion—the porter responded, 'Bless your imperence; my Lord Legate take your trash! not a bit of it. The abbot's swineherd gave your presents to his pigs. There, get out with you! You are a low lot.' . . .

"For a few minutes the shindy was universal and sanguinary. Claret was tapped, eyes were blackened, heads were broken in every direction. The Italian soldiers of the Legate's guard wished themselves safe back in the south, when the storming-party raised the cry of 'On to the kitchen! we'll see what our Lord's Legate is going to have for dinner.' Whereupon the struggle was transferred to the culinary chambers of the religious house, and some smart fighting came off amongst the pots and pans. But the chief cook,—Otho's own brother,—was a terrible and unscrupulous adversary. . . . Irritated by the jeering voice of an Irish scholar, who with polite importunity asked him for a warm plate of soup and a mug of wine, the satanic miscreant, instead of bestirring himself to minister to the physical comfort of the Hibernian chaplain, 'took scalding liquor out of a caldron wherein some fat meat had been newly boiled, and cast it into his face.' A cry for vengeance arose from the scholars of 'Down with him! Up with him! Fling him in the big copper, and boil him into soup!' In another instant a Welsh scholar, sympathising with his cousin from the Emerald Isle, drew his bow, and shot the superlative cook dead as a doornail. It is not said whether the scholars proceeded to boil him; but the total silence of history respecting the Italian caitiff's sepulture is circumstantial evidence in favour of the suggestion that the ferocious Oxonians cooked the cook and then ate him."

The results of the fray were serious. The Legate, alarmed for his

personal safety, took refuge in the abbey church until nightfall; when he "mounted the best horse he had"—or, as our comic annalist has it, "threw his legs over pig-skin"!—and rode off to King Henry III., who was then at Abingdon, with his complaint. It ended in an interdict being laid upon the University, which the excellent Bishop Grossteste had great difficulty in getting removed.

In those earlier centuries blows were readily struck, and it may be easily conceived that the youth of England gathered in the University, whether their numbers were nearer 3000 or 30,000 (the larger figures have their advocates), were never slow to strike them.

The feuds between "Town and Gown" are as ancient as the University itself. To some extent, no doubt, the antagonism has its root in the nature of things. The scholar and the clerk looked down with a certain contempt on the unlettered laic. He in his turn could not but entertain a jealousy of those who were not only initiated into mysteries from which he was himself excluded, but were also protected by privileges and immunities. The life of a cleric, in the days when all lives had their price, was valued at double that of a layman. The homicide, for which in later days the uneducated Englishman went to the gallows, was condoned in the criminal of whom it could be said, when the text of the black-lettered volume was put into his hands by the officer of the court—"*Legit ut clericus.*" There was little real attachment at any time in England between the priestly caste and the commons. There was a good deal of ignorant awe on the part of the latter towards the former, and abundant hatred, open and concealed, but very little love. And the gownsmen in the University town, though not identical with the clergy, shared their privileges, and, in consequence, their unpopularity. There was also the unavoidable clashing of interests; in early times as between landlords and tenants—always as between sellers and buyers. So long as the occupiers of the Halls rented them from the townsmen, it was natural for the latter to seek to raise their terms as the demand for lodgings grew with the growing University; while the tenants quite as naturally looked upon such a process as extortion. Mr Jeaffreson is satirically indignant because some kind of legal tariff in such matters was at last enacted, at the instance of the University authorities, by King Henry III. Though he is very far from Tory proclivities in general, he is strongly of opinion that every English landlord should be allowed to do what he will with his own. He tells us (drawing here entirely, it must be remembered, out of the wealth of his own imagination) that when the town landlords demanded an increase of rent, "The principals answered that, though rent was by its very nature a thing obnoxious to the philosophic mind, and scarcely to be endured, they would consent to pay the rent fixed in days when house property was comparatively valueless, but would neither vacate their habitations nor pay a groat more for the occupancy of them;" while the undergraduates of those days, we are told (on the same authority), "thought that, unless the extortioners would listen to reason and justice, it would be necessary to cut the throat of every landlord in Oxford." Happily no such desperate remedy was required. The King was pleased to appoint four commissioners or taxors, two of the town and two of the University, with power to fix the rents, from time to time, at which the halls or inns

should be let to their occupants. That these officers "discharged their invidious duties with honesty," Mr Jeaffreson thinks, "is probable;" but nevertheless he looks upon the royal decree as "certainly savouring of spoliation." It would seem to most persons as fair and equitable an arrangement as could well be made.

The question of the market price of commodities was also one upon which, as buyers and sellers, the citizens and the gownsmen were likely to disagree. Demand and supply could not find their natural level in days when the means of communication were limited, and when the local merchant had a virtual monopoly. Laws in restraint of trade, which political economists now laugh at, were then almost a necessary of legislation. The price of wine, of beer, of butcher's meat, and such necessaries of life, had to be fixed by law, not always to the satisfaction of the purveyors; and even the tailors' bills were subject to statutory regulations as to price. Thus the University from the beginning took up a position of antagonism, which, however necessary in self-defence, helped to separate still wider the interests of the town and the gown. It might have been supposed that, inasmuch as the wealth and prosperity of the city arose out of and depended upon the presence of the University within its walls, the citizens would have regarded the gownsmen as their most substantial friends. But it has never been so at any period. Class jealousy has been stronger even than self-interest; and not even the danger, more than once imminent, of the whole scholastic body migrating to Northampton or to Stamford, and condemning the streets of Oxford to a perpetual long vacation, could suffice to make the municipal body regard their guests in any other light than as an alien army of occupation, whose money it was good to take, and whose presence, therefore, must be endured. Not that the fault lay altogether with the citizens. There is an insolence inherent, it would seem, in the student-life, whether English, Spanish, or German, inseparable from it at all periods of its history. The German *bursch* terms the whole non-academic world Philistines, and his fellows at Oxford or Cambridge regard it in much the same light; a feeling which the other party is not slow to detect, and does not fail to return in its own fashion. For this reason, perhaps, more than any other, when the University of Oxford clung to what was left of Romanism, the town was Puritan; when the University was in arms for the King, the townsmen were almost unanimously Roundheads; when the University pronounces for Conservatism, the town feels it a point of honour to return two Radicals.

In our peaceful times, the struggles between these two bodies—so closely united, and yet so widely separated—are confined chiefly to politics, national or local; a fight of words, in the matter of parochial rates, or the election of a school board—that new apple of discord thrown down by a provident Legislature. But in the earlier days of Oxford the fighting was in bloody earnest—commonly arising out of some trifling incident, but which the perpetual jealousy easily made cause of quarrel. The weapons, too, were always at hand. In spite of statutes enacted and re-enacted against the carrying arms by the members of the University, it was a scholar of a very poor spirit who did not wear his dagger somewhere about him; or who, even if, out of fear of the Chancellor, he did not carry his cross-bow openly in the High Street,

failed to have it handy in his chamber. In days when the fashion of going armed was common to men of every social rank but the lowest, it was to be expected that the University student should chafe against the prohibition in his own exceptional case. The students at King's College, Aberdeen, appear to have been specially ingenious in the variety of the weapons which they adopted, in order to evade the letter of the prohibition; so that the statute had to recite in detail a list of forbidden implements under names, many of which are quite incomprehensible to an English reader.* An inventory which Mr Anstey gives us of the goods and chattels of a scholar of the fifteenth century might shock the luxurious tastes of a modern Oxonian. One chair, a couple of tables, and a few three-legged stools, comprise the furniture; the library is what a clever auctioneer might call "small but well selected;" two books of homilies, Boethius' Commentaries on Aristotle and Porphyry, a book of geometry, and Ovid's 'Remedium Amoris;' an "ancient gittern" and "a broken lute" are an almost pathetic record of tastes—never too common in the University—which the owner for some reason seems to have neglected; but we find there the indispensable "sword," the pair of daggers, and the "bow with twenty arrows." Our annalist describes the state of things in a style which we think we are justified in considering highly "comic."

"Even the chubby-cheeked boy of an Oxford grammar-hall had his bit of steel, which in times of riot he dreamed of plunging into the fat body of the vendor of sweetmeats who had impudently declined to supply him with toffy on tick."

Mr Jeaffreson, as we have been already assured by himself, has a mysterious insight into the thoughts of medieval Oxford which is denied to other men; otherwise we might have hoped that a love of toffy was inconsistent with such bloody-minded aspirations. Schoolboys, however, both in and out of Oxford, did carry swords occasionally, even down to a much later date. When the future Earl of Mansfield entered Westminster School in 1716, he bought a sword amongst other articles of his outfit. But such weapons were as innocent of slaughter as those which the upper boys at Eton, within our own recollection, wore on the 'Montem' day, and with which they dealt destruction to the flowers in Botham's gardens at Salt-hill.

But swords were drawn in earnest, and blood shed too often, in the fifteenth century, between the citizens and the scholars of Oxford. The first great quarrel of which we have any trustworthy record, arose, as more than one such disturbance has in later times, out of the exuberant loyalty of the "gown." Prince Edward, son of Henry III., was returning from France, and passed through Oxford on his route towards the Welsh marches. The townsmen, whose sympathies were on the side of the barons, shut the gates against him, and he had to make his way through the northern suburbs to the King's Hall, in St Mary Magdalen parish, where he was to take up his quarters for the night. The scholars, shut within the city, were thus "denied a sight of their prince," which was more than loyal blood could bear. They came in force to Smithgate, and demanded leave to pass out. One of the city bailiffs, on

* Gladios pugiones sicas machæras rhomphæas acinaces fustes, præsertim si præferrati vel plumbati sint, veruta missilia tela sclopos tormenta bombardas balistas." —'Fasti Aberdonenses,' quoted in Burton's 'Scot Abroad,' p. 262.

duty there, refused. The gownsmen retired, but only to come again in greater force armed with axes, sledge-hammers, and bows and arrows seized from the shops of the fletchers. They began to break upon the gates; until the mayor arrived upon the scene with the town-guard, arrested the ringleaders, and put them in prison. The Chancellor of the University demanded that they should be set at liberty. But in reply, the mayor and his fellow-townsmen appeared in the High Street under arms and with banners flying,—intending, as they probably would have said, to maintain their privilege of shutting or opening their own gates; or, as the scholars said, to attack their inns and halls, and "to beat, wound, and despitefully use" the inmates, who were all at that hour sitting quietly at dinner. As the scholars naturally had the writing of the history of the affray, we are obliged to follow, perhaps rather too blindly, their version of it. Fortunately a certain clerk espied the town force near All Saints Church, and rang the "scholar's bell" of St Mary's to summon his fellows. It had not rung a minute, says the chronicler, when the rush of students from all quarters — "leaving their meat," and arming themselves hastily with bows, swords, bills, and slings — overpowered the mayor and his followers, and drove them back into their quarters sore wounded and discomfited. Then the victors proceeded to retaliate. They scoured the streets, sacked the houses of obnoxious townsmen, and "did what pleased them without any opposition;" and what it pleases a body of riotous academics, mostly young, and flushed with victory over their opponents, is much the same, allowing for specific differences, in all times. They burnt the house of one of the provosts down to the ground. "Then to the house of William le Espycer, the other provost, which being situated in the Spycery, they broke it up with all the spicery itself from one end to the other." The mayor fared no better: he was a vintner by trade, and lived in the Vintry—"which place also they brake up, drank as much wine as they could, and wasted the rest."

It must have been long before the memory of such a scene would have died out among the citizens of Oxford. As it was, the feud awoke again within the same generation. A citizen of some mark, John Metescharpe, had been killed by some gownsmen in one of the many brawls that were continually occurring, and the homicides escaped by flight. The vengeance of the townsmen smouldered for some days, breaking out only here and there in sundry personal assaults. At last both parties, as if by preconcerted arrangement, turned out into the streets in armed force, and were only separated for the time by the exertions of the Chancellor of the University. This was on a Friday: on the Sunday evening, the townsmen, headed by their aldermen, attacked some of the collegiate halls, destroyed the furniture, and burnt the books. On the Monday morning the battle was renewed in earnest. The bell of St Martin's rang at dawn to call the townsmen to arms; the bell of St Mary's, the tocsin of the gown, speedily answered it. The rustics from the villages round flocked in to help the citizens against the detested scholars, who were already parading the streets, fully armed, in that defiant fashion which even in our more peaceful days is characteristic of their order. The proctors succeeded for a while in procuring an armistice between the parties, but at nine o'clock the fight began in the High Street, and continued for many hours. The gown were led by a warlike priest, Fulke de Nermite,

rector of Pightlesthorne in Berkshire, and for some time had the best of the fray. But as they were storming the house of one of the citizens, the owner drew a bow from an upper window, and the fighting churchman received an arrow through the eye into his brain. He was carried off the field only to die, and the gownsmen seem to have lost their courage with the loss of their leader. They were beaten back into their halls and inns, and many took sanctuary in the churches, only to be dragged out and maltreated by their infuriated enemies. Again we must remember that the men and not the lions are the painters: we have only the gown's version of the matter, because only the gown had clerkly skill to record it; and when we read that the Royal Commission which sat to inquire into the matter decided that the town were altogether in the wrong, and that the Bishop of Lincoln excommunicated such of the citizens as were proved to have taken part in the fray, and that the city was compelled to pay a priest to sing for the soul of Fulke de Nermite, we so far agree with Mr Jeaffreson as to think it possible that, if we could have the townsmen's annals before us, we might see justice was in those days rather one-sided when the University was concerned.

But the great fight, whose bitter memories have never wholly died away in the city of Oxford, was half a century later, on St Scholastica's Day (February 10th), 1355. The results of this are perhaps more generally known, and the details may be found in the pages of Anthony Wood, or may be read (with a comic introduction) in those of Mr Jeaffreson. Again the country-folk, against whose entrance a party of the gown in vain tried to keep the west gates, burst into the city carrying a black flag, with the war-cry of—"Slay, slay! Havoc, havoc!" The townsmen had the best of it, and there is little doubt but that they abused their victory unmercifully. Forty scholars are said to have lost their lives. Some of those taken prisoners are said to have been scalped, in mockery of the clerical tonsure. Crucifixes and holy vessels were torn from the churches, and profaned by a drunken mob. On this last occasion, at least, the better part of the citizens were ashamed of the excesses which had been committed, and shocked at the number of the victims. The Sheriff of Oxfordshire was dismissed from his office. An interdict laid upon the city was only removed by the consent of the authorities to an indenture under the University and city seals, by which the mayor, bailiffs, and chief citizens to the number of sixty-two, bound themselves to appear annually at mass in St Mary's Church on the fatal day of St Scholastica, and offer there each a penny, and also to pay a yearly fine of a hundred marks, which latter obligation was subsequently relaxed on condition of the due fulfilment of the former.* The citizens always chafed sorely against this ordinance, under whatever modification. (It came at last to a simple attendance at the reading of the Litany.) But though thus modified by consent of the University from time to time, it continued actually in force within the memory of this present generation. In 1800, the hundred marks were sued for and recovered from the Mayor of Oxford for making default. At last, in 1825, the University, at the request of the Town Council, gracefully consented to waive a ceremony which only served to

* See the documents printed in Anstey's Munimenta, p. 194-202.

keep up the memory of an unhappy feud of ages past, and could not but be regarded by the citizens in the light of a humiliation. It was far better that St Scholastica should be forgotten, instead of being kept in this anything but pious remembrance, both by gown and town. Let us hope that the latter will not also think it necessary to forget the warm acknowledgments which they then formally made for an "act of grace and favour."

The spirit of pugnacity showed itself quite as strongly amongst the medieval scholars in their feuds between themselves, as in those which they carried on with the citizens. The original cause of these internal wars lay, as has been the case with most of the wars of history, in differences of race. One explanation of the term "University," as applied to these seats of learning, is, that it denoted their cosmopolitan character. They were open to all comers, from all parts of the earth. The love of letters was to be the sole and sufficient bond of union. It was found by no means sufficient, however, in practice; and in the great University of Paris, which was the original and mother of most others in Europe, the students who flocked in from all quarters soon ranged themselves into "Nations," bound together by common habits of life and a common language, which the use of the scholastic Latin, enjoined upon all the body in order to fuse such discordant elements, could never practically supersede. Similar lines of demarcation existed both at Bologna and at Prague. The Nations at Paris were four: the French, which comprised under it, as "Provinces," the Spaniards, the Greeks, and the Italians; the English, under which were ranked as Provinces the Britons, the Irish, the Germans, and the Scandinavians; the Normans; and the Picardins. This division into Nations passed from the University of Paris to those of Scotland and England. At Aberdeen and Glasgow, which followed the French model more closely than their English sisters, the Nations still survive—nations in name, though really provincial divisions. Aberdeen has its Mar, Angus, Buchan, and Moray; Glasgow students are divided into the Natio Glottiana (Clydesdale), Transforthiana (or Albana), Loudoniana, and Rothseiana; and the University of St Andrews recognises somewhat similar divisions. These local names serve to designate, more or less strictly, the different parts of Scotland in which the students happen to be born; but the authorities of Glasgow are liberal enough to admit into the Loudoniana all England and the colonies, while the Angusiani at Aberdeen include the whole world south of the Grampians. Mr Jeaffreson is pleased to sneer at what he calls the "piquant pomposity" of Professor Huber in applying the term "Nations" to the Oxford factions; but if he had taken the trouble to refer to the University records, as published by Mr Anstey, he would find that such is their official and historical designation. At Oxford and at Cambridge the recognised Nations seem never to have been more than two, "Australes" and "Boreales" — Northernmen and Southernmen — the river Trent being the line of demarcation. But there were also provincial bodies, ranging under one of these two Nations, and not always under the same. The Scotch students, when it came to fighting, usually joined the Northern Englishmen, as we should naturally suppose, while the Irish and Welsh did battle for the Southerns. Not that these last seem to have been over-scrupulous as to which side they took; they were in

the habit of attacking each other quite as furiously upon occasion as the common and traditional enemy. Both Irish and Welsh scholars bore but an indifferent reputation in the medieval University. They were poor, and they were quarrelsome. Of the Irish there appear to have been great numbers at Oxford, insomuch that it was called "Gymnasium Hibernorum." They lived for the most part, for the sake of cheapness probably, in private lodgings — the "unattached" students of their day—and thus were little subject to academical rule and discipline. To such an extent did the evil of this loose and independent way of life affect the University, that in the time of Henry V. an edict was issued, that, "for the quietness and peace within the realm of England," "all Irishmen and Irish clerks beggars, called chamberdekyns, be voyded out the realm." The Welsh were also a troublesome element, though not so many in number; but the hot Cambrian blood showed always very prominently in a riot. It was a Welsh and an Irish scholar—though their names are unhappily lost to fame—who had shot the Legate's cook. "Madoc of Wales" is one of the two clerks whose violence gave rise to the great riot of 1297; and in the fight on the Beaumont, a hundred years later, between the old factions of North and South (which took place, strange to say, on a day fixed for the purpose, if we may trust the chronicler *), it is the Welshmen who suffer especially from the vengeance of the conquerors, as no doubt they had been foremost in the fray. "Sley the Walsh doggys and her whelyps!" shouted the Northerners, as they hunted them out of their inns and halls, drove them beyond the city walls, and treated such as they could catch with barbarous indignities. The spirit of faction divided also the Cambro-Britons amongst themselves, and the men of North and South Wales were ready to fight each other when they were not summoned to make common cause against the "Saesneg." They herded together in separate halls; and when Dr Hugh Price, by grace of Queen Elizabeth, at last gathered them together in Jesus College, the old wall of partition was by no means effectually thrown down. The North Wales men continued, down to a time quite within living memory, to look upon their southern fellow-collegians as little better than half English, not of the true Cymry—mere Samaritans, in short. This feeling was by no means confined to the younger members of the body; fellowships, scholarships, and exhibitions were founded from time to time by Welshmen for Welshmen, but carefully limited to the counties of North or South Wales, according to the antecedents of the founder. The Scots at Oxford were fewer—for they soon had universities of their own—and were, it would appear, less turbulent and demonstrative. But they were hardly less unpopular there in the fifteenth century, if we may judge from a record of the Vice-Chancellor's Court, by which it appears that the then Principal of White Hall had to appear and clear himself of the terrible imputation that he was a Scotsman—making oath (and bringing three Masters of Arts as witnesses to prove) that both he and his parents were of true English descent.† The chronic state of war between England and Scotland at this period is quite sufficient to account for this antipathy.

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* Knyghton De Event. Angl. v. (p. 2375, Twysden).
† Anstey's Munimenta Univ. Oxon., p. 587.

The effects of the same limited form of patriotism remain to this day in such of the close fellowships, as they are called, as have survived the sweeping reforms of the late University Commission. The early founders and benefactors limited their bounty in most cases to their own diocese, or their own district, or their own county. These limitations had a natural tendency to reproduce themselves. The original founder of Queen's College thought his northern countrymen ill provided for in the way of endowments, and he accordingly enjoined the special choice of men from Cumberland and Westmoreland to fill his fellowships. Whereupon a subsequent benefactor limits his "exhibitions" to those born within the diocese of Canterbury. Patriotic Welshmen, observing that their brethren were excluded by the accident of birth from many of the good things of the University, endowed the new college of Jesus from time to time with benefactions in which none but Welshmen were to share, and gradually contrived so to narrow the original foundation that only one fellowship out of the nineteen remained open to an Englishman.

The rival interests of North and South within the University were the original cause of existence of those well-known academic authorities, the Proctors. The four Nations at Paris, and the two Nations of Oxford, were accustomed to appoint each their *Procurator*, for the due maintenance of their respective rights, privileges, and interests. These officers had the charge of the moneys belonging to the University, and especially of such as were left in trust by benefactors for the purpose of being lent out to poor scholars in order to assist them in the prosecution of their studies. It was their business to see that in the distribution of these North and South had each their due. To this guardianship of the public rights of the Nation, and the duty of seeing the same rights impartially maintained at all University elections, which seems to have been their original function, there was added by degrees a sort of general public censorship. They were to see that the scholars came in good time to the public lectures, and wore the proper scholastic habit and tonsure; features of their office which still survive in an occasional reprimand administered to an undergraduate who may be met on a Sunday morning going distinctly *not* the right way to the University sermon at St Mary's, or wearing "beaver" in the High Street at hours when he is supposed to be at lecture. They were also charged to see that no scholar paid exorbitant charges either to college manciples or to his tailor; a branch of their duty which, it is quite needless to say, has fallen wholly into disuse, and is far too practical and rational a point of reform to be taken up by our modern university reformers. The Proctors also became the guardians of the public peace of the University. It was their business to see that there were no deadly weapons worn, and no street rows indulged in. This was originally a distinct duty intrusted to a certain number of Masters of Arts, who were called "Regents of the Streets," and had their separate districts assigned them.* There were thirty-one of these appointed in 1278. In those turbulent days, the pair of Proctors, even with their four Proproctors and four "bull-dogs," would have been a wholly insufficient force to keep order. It was a very dangerous business for these officials to walk the streets at night when

* Anstey, p. 38.

either gown or town were in a pugnacious mood, as they very commonly were. A shot at the Proctor (as in some sort a common enemy) seems to have been by no means an unusual mode of displaying spirit on the part of the roisterers who were out for the evening; much as "beating the watch" was a popular amusement with their successors not a hundred years ago. As in the more modern case, it was held to be an offence more or less venial, sufficiently punished by fine and imprisonment in the case of a scholar, or banishment from the University precincts in the case of a citizen. In 1314, according to Anthony à Wood, the men of Merton, who were Southerners, turned the Northern Proctor out of the University, and elected a Chancellor by force. In 1540, after a riot in which the Principal of Hart Hall was killed, a special statute empowered the Senior Proctor to carry a dagger for his own personal protection, all University statutes notwithstanding. When seriously wounded, as the Southern Proctor was in 1452, in trying to mediate in a fray between the men of Peckwater and St Edward Hall, he had his expenses paid by the University: which indeed was so liberal as to engage to pay the same to "his heirs and assigns" if he died (we find no record of any Proctor being actually killed). When by degrees the spirit of provincial rivalry died out, the two Proctors were still elected by vote from the whole University; and the canvass was as lively, and the election as uproarious, as any that ever took place for members of Parliament. The successful candidates in 1594 enjoyed the perilous honour of being carried home to their colleges in chairs on the shoulders of the Masters of Arts. Not until 1629, in order probably to avoid such scenes, was what is known as the Caroline Cycle introduced, by which the appointment to the Proctor's office was assigned to the different colleges in rotation, according to their respective numbers at the time.

It would be quite a mistake to suppose that the scholars of the medieval universities devoted themselves exclusively to study, any more than they do at present,—which latter supposition is not so likely to be entertained. Then, as now, there were studious members, who made the most of their opportunities, and whose learning, though of a different type from ours, was the result of at least as much honest and painful labour. And then, as now, there were so-called students whose habits were anything but studious, and whose tastes were more barbarous, and whose ignorance was necessarily greater than that of the idlest of our modern "fast" undergraduates. The frequent faction-fights have been already noticed as a remarkable feature of medieval Oxford life. The drinking, the gambling, and, above all, the poaching which went on, leave us little to regret in those "good old times." The men of Magdalen College (who retained something of a sporting reputation down to modern days) made very free with the deer in the forest of Shotover. When the lieutenant of the county, Lord Norreys, in Elizabeth's later days, imprisoned some of them who had been taken in the fact, their fellow-collegians attacked him in his lodgings at the Bear Inn during the sessions; and when the riot was with difficulty appeased by the University authorities, the Magdalen men carried stones up into their college tower, and hurled them down upon their enemy and his retinue as they were passing over the bridge on their way home to Ricot; and "if my lord had not been in his coach," says

the narrator, "he would certainly have been killed." The poaching was not confined to the younger members of the University. In the previous century we find the vicar of St Peter's-in-the-East obliged to enter in recognisances to abstain from it in future; but this was not the only scandal which he caused the gown. In point of fact, partly because the residence of the Masters of Arts within the University was much longer continued in those earlier times, and partly because of the rude temper of the age, and, it must be added, the lax morality of the clergy, we find the most troublesome disturbers of academic peace among those who wore the graduate's hood and the priest's tonsure. A disorderly Master of Arts, whether lay or clerical, is happily a rare phenomenon now in Oxford; he was by no means so in those centuries. The vicars of St Mary's and St Giles's appear as disorderlies in the Chancellor's court in the very same year (1457) as their brother of St Peter's. The Warden of Canterbury College has to submit to the correction of the Chancellor's Commissary for having instigated his servant to steal, in the public street, the beer of certain scholars of another college who were carrying it home to their rooms. When the students of Broadgates Hall break into the house of a citizen at night, and abuse him, they are headed by "Master" Haywood. A doctor of canon law has to find securities to keep the peace towards a tavern-keeper and an apothecary.*

The University authorities did all they could, in the case of lesser scandals, to make peace between the parties, and to keep them from proceeding to extremities. Some of the proceedings in the Chancellor's court betoken a primitive and patriarchal administration of justice, which makes us regret that with medieval rudeness we have also lost much of medieval simplicity. When the Principals of Broadgates and Pauline Halls quarrelled in 1446, they were formally ordered by the Commissary to kiss (literally) and make friends, and to swear upon the Gospels that they would "keep peace as brethren" for the future, under a bond of a hundred shillings,—all which they apparently did. So, again, when the "venerable" Richard Laycester, prior of the canons regular, has a feud with John Merton, schoolmaster, and his wife, a few years later, the parties agree to go for arbitration in the matter to Dr Chandler, the Commissary. His award is, first—that neither of the parties shall hereafter threaten, abuse, defame, or make grimaces at the other: moreover, that they shall each freely forgive all such offences as may have occurred on either side in times past; also, that within fifteen days from the date of the award they shall provide an entertainment at their joint charges in St Mary's College; Mr and Mrs Merton to contribute a goose and a "pottle" of wine for the occasion, and the venerable canon to supply bread and beer, and such other *et-ceteras* as his liberality may suggest. To this award both parties agreed, and, we may hope, did not omit to invite so good a fellow as Dr Chandler must evidently have been, to sit down with them to the goose and its accompaniments.† There is a charming old-world simplicity

* The proper status and title of this latter party seems to have puzzled the Chancellor or his clerk: "Thomam Halle, '*potygare*' *alias* chirurgicum, '*gentylman*' ut dicitur."—Anstey, p. 523.

† Anstey, p. 713.

about the whole affair, which, as we said before, ought to make us pause before we congratulate ourselves too confidently on the immense progress we have made in morals and manners since that fifteenth century. It is quite true that it is not found necessary to bind over any two heads of colleges nowadays to keep the peace, or to abstain from making faces at each other, however bitterly they may be opposed in University politics; but it would be quite out of the power, we suspect, of any official of the Vice-Chancellor in some cases to make them kiss and be friends. And we certainly should not envy any modern canon, regular or irregular, who had to sit down to a reconciliation supper with any academic Mrs Merton, whose husband had been summoned by him before the court.

It has been said that Latin was supposed to be the common language of the scholars of the "University." It is enjoined in the statutes of most of the colleges that the vulgar tongue was never to be heard within collegiate walls. The undergraduates might use Greek as a means of communication, if they preferred it. The statutes of Jesus College extended the permission to Hebrew—an exceptional* colloquial indulgence of which we cannot conceive that many Welshmen availed themselves, though it has been their pride to affirm that their own language very much resembles it—if, indeed, the Cymry be not the original stock from which the Hebrew is a comparatively modern offshoot. It is difficult to ascertain how far the use of colloquial Latin really prevailed at any time in academic life; probably to a much greater extent than we should be apt, at first thought, to fancy. In the ordinances of many of the old grammar-schools there are distinct penalties for the speaking of English, at any rate during school hours. The restriction continued in use in some of the more conservative schools down to a time almost within present memory. Dr Vincent, the well-known head-master of Westminster, who only resigned his office in 1801, always used it himself, and insisted on its use, when his form was up at lesson. And there is no doubt but that the Oxford men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries possessed a facility in conversational Latin which their modern successors have never aspired to. It was not only that they held the necessary academic disputations in Latin, and attacked each other in convocation with a fluent acerbity to which the language easily lent itself, and which could find vent with less restraint under the convenient veil of a learned tongue; but the traditionary jokes handed down in Oxford jest-books mostly have their point—such as it is—in Latin. It was not good Latin that they spoke, perhaps; but at least it was so far in accordance with the obligation of the statute, that it was not English. But the conversational atmosphere in which the Scottish student lived and breathed must have been still more strongly impregnated with classical learning, if the visitors' regulations issued at Aberdeen in 1546 were ever enforced. The very scouts (*garciones* is the Franco-Scottish term for them) were obliged to be "expert in the use of Latin,

* Exceptional, so far as Oxford is concerned; the same alternative is allowed in the statutes of King's College, Aberdeen, with a special extension of the licence also to the French language—"Propter antiquum inter Scotos et Gallos fœdus."—'Fasti Aberdonenses,' 241.

lest they should give occasion to their masters to use the vernacular tongue." * We are not aware that any such compulsory education was attempted for the same class at Oxford; but the social line between the poor scholar and the serving-man was very slight in former times; and many a man "worked his passage," as one might say, through the University, until he landed in a degree, and possibly a fellowship. The "Battelers" (a lower grade of commoner), the "Poor Scholars," the *Famuli*, and the *Servientes*, are all classed together in the books of some colleges in 1612, and probably all shared the same education. But the present race of Oxford scouts may be safely pronounced to be "no Latiners;" though we had, in our own student days, a personal acquaintance with a college cook who took private pupils in logic.

Whatever might have been the proficiency of graduates or undergraduates in Latin during the centuries we are speaking of, it is certain that they did not speak Greek, and knew very little about it. For a long time it was held to be something not only very difficult to learn, but rather wicked—a sort of black art, which honest men were better without. When Linacre gave his first lectures in the language at Oxford in 1519, a party of stout conservatives, who called themselves "Trojans," arrayed themselves in protest against this Greek invasion. The very name was a sound of horror. It gives the point to the well-known story of the scholar of Queen's College, who, wandering alone in Shotover forest, armed only with his copy of Aristotle, was attacked by a wild boar; he thrust the volume down the brute's throat, with the words, "*Græcum est*,"—as if *that* were sure to choke him. Does not the boar's head, served in the college hall every Christmas, vouch for the fact? But the abstruseness of the study was confessed in serious earnest not only in the Queensman's jest. "*Græcum est—non potest legi*,"—"It is Greek—no man can read it,"—passed into a University proverb. And it had a good deal of truth in it, down to so late a period as the visit of King James I. to the University in 1605, when the contemporary chronicler, in recording the oration made by the Greek reader, Dr Perin, before the King at the Quater-vois (better known to us as Carfax), assures us that it was done "with good action and elocution, and in good familiar Greek (*as Dr Hammond said*)," — that excellent divine being apparently the sole University critic in such matters.

We have remarked the tendency of Mr Jeaffreson in his volumes to speak slightingly of dignities, and to strip the majesty of Oxford of its externals, to make sport for the audience to which he appeals. He seems to us to have emulated the worst taste and spirit of the "Terræ Filius" of old academic memory, to whom nothing in university life was sacred, if he could but hang upon it a jest for the day. One notable exception has struck us in his pages: a passage, the style and tone of which stands out in such favourable contrast with too much that he has written, that we can but regret that one who can write well when he writes to please himself, should think it necessary to write ill to please his public. We have kept the passage to conclude with, that we may part from him in peace. He is speaking of Dr Jeune, some time Master of

* Burton's 'Scot Abroad,' p. 267.

Pembroke College, and late Bishop of Peterborough.

"To raise his comparatively small and scantily-endowed house to pre-eminence over greater and wealthier colleges was beyond Francis Jeune's power, but he effected wonders for the society of which he was for several years the chief ruler. He gave it honourable status in the class-lists, procured the enlargement of its buildings, reformed its economy for the benefit of students of narrow means, and was no less judicious than indefatigable in his endeavours to inspire its members with manliness of purpose and contempt of frivolity. A vigilant and firm disciplinarian, he was prompt in correcting the excesses of his undergraduates, exhibiting no leniency to those whose misconduct was all the more likely to prejudice the discipline of the house because they were young men of superior birth, affluence, or personal style. But though properly stern to insolent offenders, he overflowed with compassionate considerateness and Christian concern for collegiate 'black sheep,' to whom a sentence of expulsion would have involved life-long degradation. To wean scapegraces of this unattractive sort from their vicious propensities, to restore them to physical and moral health, and to send them out into the world unscarred in fame, he deemed no care excessive, no condescension derogatory to his dignity. More than two or three men, whose social usefulness equals their considerable social prosperity, gratefully attribute their success in life to the 'Master,' who conquered them with manly kindness, and reinstated them in righteous principles and self-respect, when a harsher disciplinarian would have crushed them for ever. Nor was he less abounding in sympathy for students who had no need of his forbearance and tenderness. That his college should achieve the main purpose of its foundation, by swelling the ranks of the intelligent, cultivated, and zealous clergy, he was especially desirous. But none of his men—or 'boys,' as he used to speak of them in his loud, hearty, shouting voice—ever started off from college on manhood's journey, by some track not usually chosen by University graduates, without words of pleasant encouragement and serviceable counsel from the shrewd and unconventional 'Master.' If Dr Jeune were still living, I should not venture thus to speak of his excellences, for which during his life he desired no man's praise, though they commanded the admiration of all who knew him."

Many who read these words will know that they were true, not only of the Master of Pembroke, but of the Bishop of Peterborough. Dr Jeune was an ardent Oxford reformer—at least in his early days of office. It is probable that he lived to feel that the real reformation which Oxford required, was that which he conscientiously strove to effect in his own college. When shall we have a school of university reformers who will tread in his steps?

FAIR TO SEE.—PART VI.

CHAPTER XVII.

Bertrand's eventful day had come to a conclusion at last; and now, alone in his own room, he contemplated all that it had brought forth. The stormy episode in the smoking-room had closed, for the present, the period of storms; and a rapture of peace came upon his spirit, like "slumber's anodyne to fevered frames," or that calmest of all calms that lies so softly on the summer sea at dawn, when a tempest's ruffian winds have folded their dark wings, and hushed the faintest accent of all their myriad, sinister voices.

Deep and perfect peace was on his spirit; and indeed if there be a moment when that is possible to us mortals here below, it is then—surely it is then—when Love, that has come to the heart still fresh and pure with the dew of life's morning, catches the first low tremulous harmonies of Requital's voice,—those utterances sounding like some music astray from Paradise,—that never, never can be all forgotten, but will, and must, come back to us; ever plaintive because from the past, yet strangely clear for all the distance they may come, yet strangely sweet for all the passionate sadness they may express. Clear and sweet these echoes come, falling into the minor key, when, as they sweep over the dreary steppes of our ruined lives, they pass the graves of our fairest hopes, and reach us across the ashes of that First Love that gave them voice. Deep and perfect peace, therefore, was on Bertrand's spirit; for this was first love, this was true love—fully accepted, with every assurance of requital. It had struck Pigott, who knew him well, as strange that Cupid's torch had not been earlier applied to that exaltedly-imaginative spirit; and so it may appear to others who are less intimate with him; but, in truth, the very exaggeration of those qualities which might have been supposed to render him susceptible, had hitherto kept him heart-whole. It was no absorption in the pursuits and pleasures of his age and profession; it was no lack of opportunity; nor yet was it that his mind was averted from the subject in that affected scepticism with which certain of our youth ape the tone of cynical models. On the contrary, the beauty, the poetry, the romance, so inextricably interwoven with the *belle passion*, had produced the profoundest impression on a mind extraordinarily impressionable by such influences. But the result was not that he recognised a goddess in every garrison Dulcinea, or erected a new altar, and called upon a new divinity, with every change of quarters. Deeply fastidious in all things, he had long ago evolved for himself an ideal, endowed with exquisite purity and refinement, warmed with all gracious womanly tenderness, quickened with bright intelligence, and wrapped in the bewitching mantle of that beauty in which his soul delighted. In the contemplation of this ideal—in this shadow-worship—he had been content to wait, till, clothed in reality, his ideal should descend from the realm of dreams and visions, and into his calm adoration breathe the warm breath of passion's ecstatic life. He had not surrendered his heart to the guidance of a succession of "summer pilots unto the shores of nothing." He had been content to wait, and he had

waited, unswerving from his allegiance, true to his ideal. But now he told himself that she had come —his goddess—his very own; and, with the rapture of a devotee, he had laid his offering—the best a man can offer—his true fresh heart, upon her altar. It was accepted, and he was at peace. Was she in very truth the realisation of his ideal? Were all these fair attributes hers indeed? No matter. No ideal *can* be realised; approximation is all that can be hoped for. Suffice it that Bertrand believed he had found what he had waited for; and even supposing that he was congratulating himself and finding peace in a fool's paradise, perhaps in such matters that is better (since a paradise of some sort is essential) than no paradise at all.

And so his day finished, and the night was light about him; for in the pageantry of his happy dreams moved, amid myrtles and roses, one constant vision, in whose presence clouds and darkness were impossible.

We fear we may seem to have been guilty of a rather ungallant partiality in dwelling thus upon Bertrand's feelings, and postponing those of the fair being who inspired them.

But it is a more difficult and a more delicate task to deal with the subtler movements of the female heart; and, after all, "in love, if love be love, if love be ours," there must be a sufficiently strong resemblance between the male and female edition of the passion to excuse us from again traversing the ground we have got over in speaking of Bertrand. Shall we therefore simply credit Eila with the same feelings we have ascribed to him, making due allowance for the difference of sex and temperament, and remembering that she is betrothed to him? Perhaps, on the whole, it will be better to let her speak for herself.

If there be a time when the heart, whether male or female, craves the sympathy of another heart, it is at such crisises when it is filled to overflowing with thoughts which the poet describes as too sweet for utterance, but which, in practice, are uttered with a freedom which often makes their sweetness not a little cloying to the confidential recipient. Even Bertrand had ventured his sweet tale to Pigott, undeterred by the uncongeniality of his friend; and it is not surprising that Eila should have seized an early opportunity of unbosoming herself to some one; and who more appropriate than her warm-hearted step-sister?

It was by no means a final "good-night," therefore, which she wished that young lady when they separated in the hall, on leaving the drawing-room; for, not many minutes after, arrayed in a bewitching dressing-gown, over which floated loose her beautiful wealth of hair, and wearing the air of a young lady who has come prepared for, and bent upon, a protracted session, she entered Morna's room.

Morna was in the hands of the tormentor—that is, she was having her hair brushed by an extremely acid maid (colleague of the spectral M'Kenzie), who contrived, when her temper was, as at present, and as it generally was, out of order, to make the process not a painless one. Morna was tired, out of spirits—shall we say even cross? —and the Abigail's operations were not at all acting sedatively, so it was scarcely in a tone of welcome that she greeted her visitor.

"Is that you, Eila?"

"Yes, dearest Morna, it is; I have come to have a little talk with you. Is that tiresome hair nearly done?"

"It will take ten minutes, at the least, to do it justice, after *this* day's work," snorted the maid, who felt all "pleasuring" to be a personal injury, and now saw an opportunity of avenging herself.

"Oh! never mind," cried Eila; "do send her away, Morna dear; it *is* so tiresome to be kept waiting, and I have so much to say; do send her away, and I'll brush it for you myself."

Morna did not seem to share her step-sister's impatience.

"It is so comfortable," she replied, "when one is tired; and surely what you have to say can keep for ten minutes."

The maid's exasperation on perceiving that there was something "particular" to be talked about after her departure—some joyous confidence, some possible fun and merriment—converted her unwittingly into Eila's ally; for she so tweaked and twisted her patient's hair that Morna fairly rebelled, ordering her peremptorily to desist and leave the room.

"Well, Eila?" she said, when the woman had gone—"well, Eila?" Her tone implied, "please say what you have to say as quickly as possible, and then leave me."

Eila made no reply in words, but fixed her beautiful eyes for an instant on her step-sister, with a bright and meaning smile, then threw her arms round her neck, and covered her with kisses.

When this had gone on for a little, without any reasonable prospect of release, Morna disengaged herself firmly, and, as if in answer to a verbal communication, quietly remarked, "You refused him, I suppose?"

"Refused him, Morna? What? How? Do *you* know? Who could have——"

"No one has spoken to me about the matter; but of course Mr Tainsh proposed to you to-day?"

"Mr Tainsh?"

"Yes; did he not?"

"Oh! of course he did."

"Of course. I knew that; and you refused him?"

"Of course I did—the abominable, presumptuous creature!"

"Poor Mr Tainsh!"

"Not 'poor Mr Tainsh' at all; he has only got his desert."

"He could not have expected it, though; it must have been a surprise to him—a painful one."

"Morna!"

"Eila!"

"You are cross and disagreeable, and I have a great mind to tell you no more."

"You must do exactly as you please."

"Well then, I will tell you."

"Very well; do."

"There was more than one proposal to-day."

"Ah! you know that?"

"Yes, indeed; but only one refusal;" and again Eila flung her arms round Morna's neck.

"Stop, stop!" cried the latter. "You are all wrong—you are mistaken—I *did* refuse him."

"What?" cried Eila, uncoiling herself with a start.

"I refused him."

"Refused *whom?*"

"Mr Duncanson, of course."

"Oh, indeed!" cried Eila—"oh, indeed! I wasn't thinking of—of him" ("or you," she might have added). "And you refused him? Very imprudent, was it not? I should say *very* imprudent; but that is not what I was going to speak about;—fancy what a curious coincidence! two proposals in one day! That makes four altogether, and I am only nineteen! but this is the last, for I have taken him. I am engaged, Morna—engaged to Bertrand Cameron."

One would say that the announcement need not have occasioned great

surprise to Morna; and indeed, if it did, she concealed the emotion pretty successfully. A flush, a slight quiver, and the sudden tightening of her hand upon a book she held—these were the few external signs that Eila's words conveyed to her intelligence that strongly affected her, and in an instant she replied gravely, but kindly, as she kissed her stepsister—

"I congratulate you, dear Eila. I hope you will be very, very happy—I think you ought to be."

"I think so, dearest; yes, indeed, I am sure of it: for you know he *is* charming—and the silly creature is *so* devoted to me; quite absurd and childish, in fact; and—and I—well, I suppose I *do* like him a good deal—although, of course, I have only told him that I like him a *little;* and if papa does not object, I think we ought to be very happy indeed. I must tell you all about it, though, and how it came about. You see, Mr Tainsh, &c. &c. &c."

But we know all about it already, so we shall let the conversation go on unreported till the point where Eila, having exhausted all her confidences, and said all that is usually said in such interviews, about herself and her lover, felt inclined to satisfy her curiosity and her interest in Morna's affairs by reverting to what had been said about Mr Duncanson.

"Now, Morna," she said, "after all these confessions, you must give me some in return. You refused him, you said—and I think it was very imprudent. Of course it was only a temporary refusal, and the temptation to snub him would of course be great; but you know his temper is so very high. It was not wise to risk it. I really don't know but what you may have a great deal of trouble to get him back. It will be a difficult matter, I am sure" (Eila spoke with all the earnestness of an enthusiastic expert in the art of man-taming); "but I'll tell you what you ought to do, Morna dear; you ought to go straight to your mother—she will not be in bed yet—tell her the *whole truth*, and make her send a note to Mr Duncanson the *first thing* in the morning, asking him to speak to her before he goes, or the chances are he will be off before daylight, and then you may *never* get him back again."

"An excellent plan, Eila, if I wanted to get him back; but you see, as it happens, I do *not*."

"I'm sure I don't know what you can be waiting for, then, Morna. Here is ten thousand—fifteen thousand—perhaps twenty thousand a-year; is that not enough? Of course a poor soldier is good enough for a humble person like me, and I am thankful that I am not so hard to please; but I suppose nothing under a duke would be good enough for the descendant of all the M'Whannels and M'Cuaigs."

"Don't be cross, Eila dear; you are very kind to take such an interest in my affairs; but I assure you I have no such high notions. I simply refused Mr Duncanson because I don't like him; besides, as I have often told you, I have quite resolved never to marry."

"Never to marry! my dear girl, this is the first time I ever heard of it; and this is about the last occasion on which you could expect me to believe in, or sympathise with, any such nonsense. Ah, Morna! if you knew, if you only knew, what it is to love!"

"Well, Eila, I think even you will admit that Mr Duncanson is scarcely the man to teach me; but I daresay it is very true what you say, that love would make a great difference in one's views of matrimony; but you see it does not fall to the lot of every one; and I must end off where I began, by saying

that I hope you will be as happy as you ought to be, when the course of true love runs so smooth;—and now I think we had better say 'Good-night.'"

And so Morna brought the conversation to a close, kissing and dismissing her step-sister; and before she went to bed she wrote a letter to her aunt, now staying in Scotland, and at no great distance from Cairnarvoch, but about to return to their home in the south of England, begging to be allowed to join them at once, although the customary period of her residence with her mother had still a month to run.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The breakfast-table at Cairnarvoch, on the morning after all these exciting events, was unusually quiet. The only two members of the party not thoroughly preoccupied were Pigott and M'Killop, neither of whom contributed much, as a rule, to the conversation; and this morning they had it all to themselves, an opportunity which they "improved" by a frugal use of monosyllables.

One result, however, was satisfactory to all parties—that the meal was soon over.

Poor Mrs M'Killop was in a terrible state of mystification;—she feared much, she suspected much, but she was certain of nothing. The night before, she had confidently expected a communication from her daughter or her step-daughter—perhaps from both—but she had been disappointed; and as it concerned her dignity not to initiate the subjects which gnawed her heart with anxious curiosity, by a superhuman effort of self-denial she had refrained from extorting by question the confidence she had expected to be spontaneous. But this could not last for ever; and this morning she said to herself, "If *they* don't speak at once, *I* must; it is my solemn duty as a parent;" in pursuance of which determination she signalled the young ladies, as they left the breakfast-room, to come to her boudoir. Neither of them, however, thought fit to understand the signal—Morna rapidly making her escape in another direction, and Eila sauntering carelessly out of the hall-door on to the terrace, where she was immediately joined by Bertrand.

"I wish to speak to you, Eila," cried her step-dame from the doorway.

"I shall be with you immediately, dear mamma," was the reply; "only let me have five minutes of this delightful morning sun on the terrace first."

It is not difficult to conceive what, under such circumstances, "five minutes of the morning sun upon the terrace" became. Very rapidly the terrace itself was abandoned for a retreat more appropriate to the interview,—where, among thick, shadowy foliage, the morning sun could only contribute in a very minor degree to the delight of the occasion, and where, indeed, the noontide sun, suddenly blazing through the branches overhead, found the lovers with the five minutes still unexhausted. But Eila might have been pardoned for her want of punctuality by the strictest martinet; on such occasions it is, if it ever is, excusable; for where a conversation has a tendency to go round and round in a circle of iteration, the progress of the dialogue to any special conclusion,

however fast the words may flow, can neither be marked nor rapid. Far be it from us to follow that dialogue in its details. It certainly would not read well. Accompanied by illustrative diagrams, it might be more amusing; but as it is, it is better left to the imagination. Bertrand would inevitably bore us with his imagery and his raptures, for a very little of that sort of thing goes a very long way when one is not personally alluded to. "And always, always you will love me—me only—and always thus?" the sweetest temper would give way under a score of repetitions of this and similar questions, so we shall be as general as possible. For all that is said to the contrary about women, perhaps their views on such occasions are, as a matter of fact, more practical than those of men.

To a certain extent, the pleasurable excitement of the affair has been on their side all along; they have had observances, homage, worship, and only such an infinitesimal amount of uncertainty as to season what might otherwise have become insipid; and therefore, when the proposal is made, the sport of the thing is over, and its business aspect begins at once to present itself. The male being, on the other hand, only begins to have his innings when his suit is accepted. It is only natural that he should like to have his little share of ante-nuptial worship; that he should like to be told in words what maidenly reserve should not (theoretically) have allowed even a look hitherto to reveal; that he should like to expatiate a little in the blissful regions of romance—just a very little—before betaking himself to the prose of figures and dates, and the fateful tribunal of earthy parents. Eila justified our theory on this occasion; and, though satisfactorily reciprocating her lover's protestations, endeavoured, every now and then, to insinuate between his raptures the thin edge of the practical consideration. As, for example, thus: "We shall be horribly poor, shan't we, dear Bertrand?"

"Horribly, I suppose. I don't know, though—I have four hundred a-year; my uncle might double it, I should think. He certainly ought to, for he says I want steadying; and if anything *can* steady a man, of course, marriage must. Oh! we shall be all right somehow. Married to such an angel, such an &c. &c."

"We shall have prospects, though, shan't we, dearest?" insinuates the practical angel.

"Oh yes! we shall get Aberlorna, I suppose, if my uncle doesn't marry — and he won't, especially when he sees what an angel, what an &c. &c." (Diagram.)

"You must speak to papa at once, Bertrand; you had better come and do it now."

"Oh! there's no hurry; I'll make it all right with him, presently."

"But it ought to be done at once; it ought to have been done before we came out here. I can't bear concealments—they are so wrong; and we have no right to be so happy till we have his consent."

"You dear, delightful, dutiful little angel! but let us have five minutes more—only five minutes—and then I promise to go to him. Will he be difficult?"

"It is impossible to say: he is devoted to me, but then who could resist *you?*" (Diagram.)

After a great many renewals, Bertrand's five minutes' lease of beatitude was at last brought finally to a close, and he suffered himself to be led back to the house to have his *mauvais quart d'heure* with Mr M'Killop. Once in that gentleman's presence, he did not waste much time in preliminary flourishes, or in

those ghastly attempts to lead neatly up to the subject, as usual on such occasions, as they are invariably abortive. Being frank and ardent, he plunged into the business at once.

"Can I speak to you for half a minute, Mr M'Killop?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks; I've just come to say—I daresay you'll be awfully surprised, and perhaps angry, but it can't be helped—I've just come to say that I hope you'll allow me to marry your daughter Eila, for I never loved any one before, and I'll never love any one again, as I love her; and I've told her so; and she—— and it's all right."

Mr M'Killop rose hastily from his chair; he was, as we all know, singularly taciturn and apparently phlegmatic; but he rose hastily from his chair, and his face flushed, and his eyes brightened, and for an instant he allowed himself to betray that Bertrand's abrupt communication had powerfully moved him in some way or another: for an instant, too, it seemed that he was going to express himself with corresponding animation; but that impulse was checked, and, recovering himself, he said quietly, and with a half-smile, "By 'all right,' you mean that my daughter reciprocates your feelings?"

"Yes," said Bertrand, "she has accepted me; and we only want your consent to be perfectly happy: you won't refuse it, I hope?"

"My dear young friend," said M'Killop, resuming his seat and speaking with averted eyes, "the question you put is a very grave question. Young hearts leap to their conclusions, but grey heads reach them slowly and carefully—slowly, my dear young friend, and carefully."

"But, after all," said Bertrand, "it doesn't require much reflection. Here are two people determined to marry each other, and no one else; they're both eligible for each other, and—and what more has to be said?"

"That is—excuse me for saying so—a very superficial view of the matter. There are many considerations to be taken into account when marriage is the question. Personally, no sort of objection to you could be brought by the most fastidious. I like you—I like you much. You are a fine young fellow, Mr Cameron; any girl might be proud of your attachment, and so, I make no doubt, is my daughter; but there is the old story—the sordid part of the business. We can't live on love, and we can't marry without the prospect of something more substantial than love—you must see that yourself."

"Of course, of course; but that would be all right somehow."

"'Somehow' is a bad source of income for a young couple to begin life on, Mr Cameron," said M'Killop, with a good-humoured laugh.

"Yes, but I am sure it could be contrived—enough could be got together."

M'Killop did not reply at once, but rose and walked up and down the room, apparently plunged in profound meditation, Bertrand watching his face with the anxiety of one who strives to read his fate. At last Mr M'Killop stopped, and asked—

"Would your uncle approve of this marriage, do you think?"

"Approve of it? of course he would. He is always saying that he wishes to see me 'steadier' and 'more settled;' and I suppose every one will admit that marriage is the direct road to all that sort of thing."

"He is a proud man, I believe."

"I daresay he is—and will be prouder still when his nephew is married to the most perfect woman in the world."

"Ha! ha!" laughed M'Killop; "you must first of all get him to look at her through your spectacles." Then, after relapsing into his abstraction for a little, he continued: "The property is at his own disposal, I think?"

"Well, yes—that is, with conditions. I believe it is not exactly entailed, but destined, or settled, or something, on me, if he has no children, and I do nothing very diabolical—nothing that he disapproves of."

"And you don't think Sir Roland would consider this marriage very diabolical?" laughed M'Killop.

"My dear sir, can you doubt that he will be enchanted? He is a cold man, but I am sure that, at heart, he is really kind. Then he will simply adore Eila—every one must; and there is no saying how generous he may be!" cried Bertrand, led away, for the moment, by his special pleading, but salving his conscience at once by adding, "Provided he is pleased, which is a matter of course."

Again M'Killop paced the room in deep thought, betraying now and then, in his appearance, symptoms of the agitation which had marked the opening of their interview.

"What on earth can the man be thinking about? The thing is as simple as the alphabet. He's not against it, however—that's clear," thought Bertrand.

After some time M'Killop spoke again.

"I can only repeat, my dear young friend, what I have said before, that I like you much personally, and that I do not conceal from myself that such a marriage would have many advantages for my daughter; but—but—there is always a 'but,' Mr Cameron, in these things—there are considerations that must be considered, and calculations that must be made; and on the whole, perhaps, if you would let me think the matter over for an hour or so, I should be able to discuss it with you more satisfactorily."

Hereupon Bertrand withdrew, and remained alone, and in feverish excitement, till, in about the time named, a servant announced that Mr M'Killop would be glad to see him in his business-room. Bertrand found his host much more alive and awake than usual, with an unclouded brow, and a manner that was for him quite gay and lively. "Well, Mr Cameron," he said, "I have been thinking over our little difficulty, and, I assure you, with hearty goodwill; and I hope, by making some sacrifice—which I shall be glad to make, mind you—that I can put matters in a satisfactory train."

"You are far too kind and good!" cried Bertrand.

"Wait, wait. First of all I make it a positive condition that you get your uncle's consent. I could not hear of the marriage without that. Apart altogether from money considerations, I could not allow it. We may or may not be people of extraction, but we have our feelings of self-respect. You understand me, I am sure?"

"Certainly, sir; and I know what an excellent right you have to respect yourself!" cried Bertrand, with pardonable enthusiasm.

"Very well; Sir Roland's consent must precede the marriage, and something more; but, first of all, let me tell you what I propose to do for you pecuniarily myself. I have the reputation of being rich, and I do not pretend that it is unfounded; but one portion of my fortune is embarked in trade, subject to its vicissitudes and uncertainties. The other half is now being invested in land in Scotland; and that, as you are aware, impairs the income of a capital hitherto invested in carefully selected securities, paying a high rate of interest. Ahem?"

"Yes," said Bertrand, not quite knowing what was expected of him.

"Very good; my present income will thus be reduced, and the land to be invested in is, and always has been, intended to pass, after me, to my son—a deserving son, sir, who has never given me a moment's anxiety, and whom I shall feel it my duty to assist otherwise to the utmost of my power, so that his position after me, as a landowner, may be as good a one as he is entitled to expect. Ahem?"

"Clearly," said Bertrand, not quite seeing, however, how these noble views for the son tended to the provision of the daughter.

"Very well; let us say that, independent of the land, my capital, subject to risks as above, might realise a hundred thousand pounds at the least."

"An immense sum!" cried Bertrand.

"Very well; one half of this—subject as above—shall be my daughter's after my decease, if she marries you, on the condition that Sir Roland sanctions the marriage, and settles the reversion of Aberlorna irrevocably on you and your heirs. Ahem?"

"You are far too generous, Mr M'Killop."

"Listen; I will also undertake during my lifetime to add an annual equivalent to any sum he may annually allow you, subject to the above conditions."

"I never dreamt of such munificence!" cried Bertrand; "and pray believe me that I had no thought of fortune, or even that Eila would have any money at all, when I proposed to her: you are really too generous."

"Well, Mr Cameron, I daresay you can understand that I have a partiality for my daughter; and I don't really see that I could make a better use of my money;—do you? ha! ha! But, to return to the practical, we must, first of all, get Sir Roland's consent; and meantime we must exercise a little patience. The time will pass quickly enough. You had better write to your uncle at once; offer my respects, and say that, after mature and anxious consideration, I have given my provisional sanction, and that I am prepared to do so-and-so, subject to so-and-so, as stated before; and that we await his reply—anxiously. You incline to think he will consent?"

"I haven't a doubt of it; your munificence would alone be sufficient to secure that."

"That is good; I sincerely hope so; and now go away and be happy with Eila."

So Bertrand went away, treading upon air. Probably M'Killop had talked more in the last hour than he had done altogether since the beginning of the shooting season; and Bertrand was satisfied that in all his previous life he had never talked to better purpose. Nothing could well be more satisfactory and agreeable. Fortune seemed to be literally pelting Bertrand with her favours. His rival distanced, his lady-love won, and, on the top of it all, a practical parent blessing him with the unction of the old stage-uncle, and hurling golden promises of fortune at him with the same dramatic generosity!

The course of true love was running smooth, deep, and rapid, the sound of wedding-bells mingling with its soothing song—surely gliding to some peaceful summer sea? surely never to mingle with tempestuous billows, and lose its sweet life in a wilderness of storms?

While matters had been progressing thus happily in the business-room, Mrs M'Killop, smarting with a considerable sense of wrong, and with her curiosity piqued to the uttermost, had vainly waited all the

morning for Eila, and as vainly searched for her own daughter. We know how Eila had been occupied. As for Morna, she had felt herself by no means in the humour for the maternal cross-examination. She knew that what she had to announce would occasion to her mother both anger and disappointment; and never in all her life had she felt less able to bear the coarse outbreaks of that lady's sometimes violent temper. To be put to the question as to minute facts; to have her motives ruthlessly probed; to have all the delicate workings of her heart—many of them not consciously admitted by herself—paraded and reviewed by so unsympathetic an agency, would have been just then intolerable to her. The very vitality of her mother's manner was terribly antipathetic to her present feelings. So she had avoided her, and gone away out among the silent woods, instinctively seeking from Nature, who never yet deceived the heart that loved her, that tender, placid sympathy which her heart craved. Mrs M'Killop meantime had waited and sought in vain; and the mystery that shrouded the proceedings of yesterday became more mysterious as she felt that the two young ladies were avoiding her for a purpose; so that she met them at luncheon bristling with curiosity and wrath. During that meal she conducted herself with silent dignity, and at its conclusion remarked to the two culprits—"Morna, I desire that you will come with me to the boudoir; as for you, Eila, I will not trouble you to break another engagement with me."

"Dear mamma, I'll come at once!" cried Eila.

"You are very good, I'm sure, but I could not think of troubling you; and, for the present, I am engaged with my own daughter, if I can hope that she will condescend so far."

Mrs M'Killop was evidently in the most abominable of tempers; so neither young lady made any further controversy; Eila going away by herself, and Morna following her mother to the inevitable interview.

"I think," began Mrs M'Killop, as soon as they were seated in the chamber of inquisition—"I think, Morna, I have a right to feel that you are treating me ill."

"I am sure, mamma, I would never do so willingly," was the reply.

"You have avoided me ever since our return from the picnic. I am not blind, child; I know that something which you are anxious to conceal from me happened yesterday."

"No, indeed, mamma; I have nothing to conceal from you; but somehow I did not feel able last night, or even this morning, to tell you of what happened yesterday."

"I was right, then; something did happen?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Please go on, then; I detest all this sentimental mystery and fuss."

"I wish to make no fuss about it, but——"

"I declare you would try the temper of a saint: did James Duncanson propose to you?"

"Yes; I am sorry to say he did."

"Sorry!"

"Sincerely."

"Why?"

"Because I was compelled to do what may have pained him a little; and what, I fear, will disappoint you."

"Do you mean to tell me that you actually ventured to refuse him?"

Mrs M'Killop was of course morally certain that she had; but the question was dramatically necessary

to justify surprise, which always runs so well with indignation.

"I did refuse him, mamma, and my principal regret in doing so was that I felt it would vex you; but I really couldn't help it."

"Oh! you couldn't help it, couldn't you?" sneered her mother, in a white heat.

"No, mamma, I could not."

"I presume, then, you have other secrets from me; perhaps you are engaged to some *parté* worthier of you—a duke, or a prince, or" (which was probably Mrs M'Killop's highest idea of distinction) "a nobleman in disguise?"

"No, mother, there is nothing of that sort in the way."

"Then, in the name of wonder, girl, what is it?"

"Nothing," said Morna, in a sad and weary tone.

"Nothing! you had best go to a nunnery, or a poor's-house, or the infirmary at once," snarled her mother. "I've had trouble enough with you and your up-bringing; I've given you the chance of an establishment, and you throw it away for some crotchet, as if it was—as if it was ditch-water. Fifteen thousand a-year! and a fine young man! And you—what are you but a pauper, or next thing to it? A position like what we used to have long ago! Thousands of acres! Part of the old M'Cuaig property too! Oh! you ungrateful—undutiful—artful—obstinate; and Eila——"

But this last consideration was too poignant, and here the angry mother burst into a torrent of tears, accompanied by gusts of maledictory sobbing, and spasmodic invocations of unutterable ancestors to rise from their tombs and testify against their worthless descendant. Morna bore it all with silent fortitude, and when the tempest had lulled a little, said—

"It grieves me sincerely, mamma, to vex you so; but our views about marriage are evidently altogether different, and we need not argue about it. I would do anything I possibly could to please you, but this I really could not—could *not* do."

"Go away out of my sight, you sly hypocrite!" roared the matron, with renewed vigour. "I hope the deluded young man will not give you another chance, when you come to your senses. You're—you're—not fit to be a good man's wife. I don't doubt but you've got some low, beggarly attachment—that's the secret of it. Well, go away and be married to any of the ghillies you please, or perhaps you would prefer a shepherd, or the postman, or—well, I've done with you."

"You have no right to speak so to me, mother," said Morna, roused to anger at last. "If 'the deluded young man,' as you call him, ever ventures to mention the subject to me again, I shall let him know my real reason for refusing him—that I loathe and despise him. I don't know how you dare to say that I am unfit to be a good man's wife. I never wish to be, and never shall be, any man's wife—good or bad; but I will not stay here to be so cruelly treated and spoken to, even by you, mother. I have already offered to go to my aunt's before the time, and to-morrow I shall go to them. When you come to *your* senses, I may come back to you." Morna marched to the door, tragic and indignant, but, turning there, looked back at her mother, whose wrath, half paralysed by astonishment and a rising fear of having gone too far, was now oozing away in quiet tears.

Morna looked at her mother for a moment or two without speaking, then came back to her side, and said, "Mother, forgive me; I was

wrong—we were both wrong. You were angry and did not know what you said; and I—oh! if you only knew how sad my heart is, and how really it grieves me to vex you, you would not drive me away with such words. I am sure you might believe that I would do anything that it was possible for me to do to please you; but this was not possible—it really was not."

Mrs M'Killop was somewhat impressed with Morna's speech, and replied in querulous but no longer insulting tones, "Yes, yes; that is always the way with young people nowadays. Ask them to do anything but what you particularly wish them to do, and what it is their duty to do, and they will obey you cheerfully."

"Well, mamma, I am quite certain that, with my feelings, it could not be my duty to do this; but it can do no good to argue about it." And hereupon Morna, seizing a moment of comparative peace to bring the interview to a close, kissed her mother and left the room. Before the perturbation of Mrs M'Killop's spirit had altogether calmed down, a gentle tap came to her door, and before she could either refuse or grant admittance, there entered to her, with graceful undulating motions, and a bright, but withal deprecating smile on her lovely face—Eila. No visitor could have been more unwelcome at the moment. Mrs M'Killop's aversion to Eila, at all times sincere, was at this moment intensified by her daughter's refusal to play the only card which Eila appeared unable to trump; and, besides this, she was certain that Eila now came to announce to her the collapse of her own scheme, which would have removed that young lady from a trumping position for the future. Poor Mrs M'Killop! it was very hard upon her, to be sure, that her natural ally and her natural foe—in her mind, natural antagonists to each other—should both seem perversely determined to sacrifice even their own interests (as she read it) for the sake of thwarting her; that both strings to her bow should snap, both barrels miss fire. If either had been successful, the failure of the other would not have been so grievous. If Eila had "gone off," the ground would have been clear for Morna, for the future; and if Morna had accepted Mr Duncanson, that would have consoled her mother for the continued misfortune of Eila's society. But both had failed, and the detestable *status quo* was all before her again. It was well, perhaps, that so much of her wrath had already found such free vent, or she might have been unable to exercise even a semblance of the control over herself which hitherto she had achieved, even in her keenest passages with the enemy. As it was, she rose from her seat with an angry flounce, and, though her manner was meant to express calm dignity, it was the intermittent flustering dignity of the turkey-cock. In this way she intimated that, as Eila had found it inconvenient to come to *her* in the morning, *she* now found it inconvenient to receive her, and begged to be left alone. If Morna's tale had been a different one, she could have afforded to listen with patience—perhaps even with interest—to the details of Mr Tainsh's discomfiture; but, as it was, she had no patience for anything that her step-daughter could say. Eila, altogether ignoring the *congé*, and the stormy symptoms which accompanied it, continued to advance upon her step-mother with smiles of archest significance, and—like a regiment reserving its fire till at close quarters—spoke not a word till she threw her arms round the astonished matron's neck, and kissed her ardently.

"Eila! Miss M'Killop! wh—what is the meaning of this—this exhibition?" gasped the step-dame, attempting to extricate herself from Eila's arms, who, however, only varied the caress by burying her head in her victim's ample bosom, with a sort of "rock-me-to-sleep-mother" *pose*, delightfully in contrast with the elder lady's attitude and expression. "I desire you—madam—I cannot—I will not——" gasped Mrs M'Killop, morally, if not physically, suffocated by the demonstration.

"Dearest mamma," murmured Eila, withdrawing a little—"dearest mamma, I am so, *so* happy!"

"What!" shouted the dame, plunging back so violently as to be in danger of turning a back somersault over the sofa behind her; "so happy, so exquisitely happy! And fine cause you have for it, no doubt!" snorted Mrs M'Killop.

"Yes, indeed, dear mamma; and *he* is quite pleased."

"Oh! *he* is quite pleased, is he? that is delightful. If *he* knew you as well as I do, *he* might well be pleased."

"Thanks! thanks! you" (closing) "dear, good, kind" (kiss), "flattering mamma."

"I pro-test I won't stand this impertinence any longer!" cried Mrs M'Killop, disengaging herself, and staring fiercely at Eila, who regarded her with meek astonishment. "Are you mad, Miss M'Killop?"

"If I am, it is only with too much happiness; but what *is* the matter with you?"

"The matter with me! the matter! the matter? Is this a seemly spirit to be in after what has occurred?"

"Why not?"

"Oh! to be sure, 'why not?' miss. This is the modern school, I suppose; this is 'the period'—this is quite correct, nowadays, of course. I'm an antediloovyan, I know. I had better go to the museums at once—among the ichsoruses, and the mammals, and the camels, or——"

"What *can* you mean, mamma?" cried Eila, with the widest eyes.

"All I can say is, if your father approves of it, I don't: if you are to make game of his friends, I don't. I am a plain woman, but I am a lady by birth, and this is not our way, and I don't. My grandmother——"

"Mamma, what *are* you talking of?" and indeed the question was not uncalled for.

"If you choose to refuse a decent man's honourable proposals — to throw away chances you'll never get again, that's *your* affair; but you shan't come to giggle and triumph like—like—a mulatto, over him, to *me*, in *my* room; and so I tell you, miss. Perhaps it may amuse your maid—you can try her; it disgusts *me*, and so I tell you: and this is my *boo*door, and that is *the* door, and so I tell you."

"Dear mamma, I wasn't triumphing over a refusal — it is just the opposite. I was going to tell you of my engagement."

"Your engagement!" sneered Mrs M'Killop, with lofty incredulity. "Now, with my antediloovyan notions, do you know I actually supposed you had refused Mr Tainsh—I'm really quite behind the age."

"Not at all; I *did* refuse him."

"Oh! you did?—I see — and you've repented, and called him back; of course, with your over-*whelming* charms, you have no doubt he will come; but some men have their foolish pride, and, do you know, I think it would be more delicate, to say the least of it, if you didn't give out your engagement to Mr Tainsh till you were quite certain you were to get him. It's always unlucky to count your chick-

ens before they are hatched, but we must hope for the best."

Eila laughed merrily, and said, "We are all at cross purposes, mamma; how very, very droll! Mr Tainsh is a worthy man, but he entirely forgot his place when he proposed to me; and really I'm afraid I can't give him another chance, for I'm engaged to Mr Bertrand Cameron, mamma."

Such a possibility had, of course, been from time to time before Mrs M'Killop's mind, but it had not materially entered into her calculations; and now the full light of the actual fact suddenly bursting upon her had a bewildering effect, and she plumped down upon the sofa, only able to ejaculate "Mr Cameron!"

Her brain was not very quick, so the advantages and disadvantages of the affair were not at once clearly before her; but in her present frame of mind anything that was pleasant to Eila was painful to her, and therefore the intelligence was decidedly disagreeable on a first hearing. Nor did it improve on consideration; for then she remembered that Bertrand had been, in a sort of secondary way, designed for Morna; and, now that he might have been utilised, here was this eternal marplot pouncing upon him.

"Of course! as a matter of course!" she said to herself, bitterly.

Then, as she sat silent, and Eila ran on with her story of how Bertrand had spoken to papa, and how pleased papa had been, and what "handsome, noble promises" papa had made, it dawned upon her that the financial aspect of the affair was far from satisfactory. "Hampering our income," she said to herself, "with a large allowance just now, and half his fortune to go to the minx after his death! I should like to know what he means to do for me. I'm to be put off with a trumpery jointure, I suppose; no ready money, no capital—nothing to leave to my family."

Such was the current of her thoughts, the only offset against the disadvantages of Eila's engagement—that Eila would no longer be an inmate of the house—seeming, for the moment, not at all adequate. It was not to be expected, therefore, that her congratulations should be very cordial.

"It is my duty to wish you well in your new life, Eila," she said, "but I cannot say you deserve well. Anything worse than your conduct to Mr Tainsh I do not remember. If *I* was your own mother, I would let you know my mind freely, I can tell you."

"And as you are not, dear mamma, suppose we say no more about it?"

"I would let you know how I despise double games, and false encouragements, and idle heartless flirtings; and that I think eyes that roll always for admiration, are not the eyes" (rather losing herself in her metaphor) "to be helpmeets to husbands, or take up and bear a share of life's trials, and so forth. As to Mr Cameron, I have nothing to say against him; but he is young, he is very young, he is far too young. Men are all fickle, especially very young men. Probably he will repent; if he jilts you, you will regret Mr Tainsh. People will tell him it is a bad match—plebeian (you know, Eila, your origin is not like Morna's and mine)—and that will set his pride up, or his uncle's pride—they are a proud race—and then where will you be? Take friendly advice, and don't be sanguine; say nothing to any one about it at present, and then the fall won't be so deep."

"Now, mamma, what more could you have said if I *had* been your

own child? Your kindness is really more than I had any right to expect."

"Act on my advice, Eila, and you will always find me glad to advise you."

"I know I shall—I know I shall!" cried Eila, leaving the room; adding, outside the room, "and I shall always be happy to receive it when it is as spiteful, for that tells me how bitterly you feel my happiness."

CHAPTER XIX.

As yesterday had been a day of proposals, so to-day had been one of interviews; and there was that sort of mystery and hush in the establishment which seems perceptible and communicable even to outsiders during a domestic crisis, when the servants lower their voices and move stealthily about the house, when the closing of a door is fraught with mystery, and the jangling of a bell suggests a *dénouement*. It had been a day of interviews, and the list of them was brought to a close when Mrs M'Killop had "interviewed" her lord and master. That he was her lord and master in any other than a poetical and honorary sense of the term, Mrs M'Killop did not believe, and would have denied with indignation, convinced as she was that all things in the family commonwealth were regulated according to her ordinances. Her husband's quietness and self-absorption fostered this delusion, as did his avoidance of dispute with regard to unimportant matters. And, after all, a fussy, violent disposition *is* very apt to carry its point in non-essentials. Common-sense weighs the value of time and tissue, in combating for it, against the worth of a trifling victory. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, such victories are not worth the trouble of achieving them; and as the fussy and violent temperament, which is fussy and violent upon every subject, loses all sense of proportion, and values the fact of conquest far more than the point gained, the one-per-cent of defeat, when common-sense does show fight on an important point, seems no more than the exception proving the rule. Hence Mrs M'Killop considered her sway absolute, and flattered herself that if she determined to make her husband withdraw his consent to his daughter's marriage, there would be no difficulty in carrying her point. She had thought the matter well over, however, and had eventually decided that it would be rather like cutting off her nose to spite her face, if she ran through the arrangement. "I will allow it to go on, but I will frighten him in the first place," was the decision which she carried to her husband's business-room.

The expression of majestic gloom with which, in fulfilment of this programme, she confronted Mr M'Killop, seemed, however, to be strangely lost upon him. He met it, to her astonishment, with a look of tranquil, cheerful brightness, perfectly unusual to him; and at once, with an equally unusual volubility, proceeded to unfold to her what he called "the good news." To this expression his wife took immediate exception; considered the news very bad—even deplorable; and indicated that she had by no means decided upon giving *her* sanction to the match. And here she found, like many other sovereigns, that there is some point where the will of the subject cannot be overridden. In the quietest way possible, her husband pointed out that it was no affair of hers, and that his decision was perfectly independent and final.

"I am sorry," he added, "that you don't see the matter as I do, but that is my only regret in the matter. If you only knew what a happiness it is to me—what a burden it lifts off my mind—what a burden of——," here he checked himself for a moment, and went on: "you would be glad, I think, to further it."

No argument could have been less telling upon Mrs M'Killop; with any little advantage as to comfort which it might bring to her personally, the marriage brought her a world of immediate chagrin and vexation, not to speak of possible disadvantages in the future; and to be told that it made her husband happier than he had been for years, was not, under the circumstances, a feature in the project likely to move such a nature to zealous co-operation, altogether apart from the unseemly and unwonted refusal to recognise her sovereign rights which had gone before. She was, moreover, not at all certain that M'Killop had any right to independent sources of happiness; and as to lifting a burden from his mind—what burden was it? and what business had he to have a burden without her sanction? Altogether, she was exasperated, and set herself to undermine, by every unpleasant suggestion, the rebellious satisfaction in which her husband was indulging. In this way she dwelt upon the youth of the suitor; the short acquaintance between him and his betrothed; the fickleness of unripe manhood; the folly of rash engagements; the almost certain misery of marriages entered into before the contracting parties "knew their own minds;" the extreme improbability of its ever coming to anything; the probable opposition of his family, and their reasonable suspicion that Bertrand had been entrapped for the sake of his prospects.

M'Killop was not to be moved by all these stock considerations, and parried the last by remarking that, when the fortune he designed for Eila was considered, mercenary motives could hardly be attributed to him; and on Mrs M'Killop disinterestedly remarking that she thought the destined provision excessive and unfair to—to others—she meant his son, of course—he cried out, with inexplicable energy, that he would double it rather than see the marriage fall through.

The tormentor was nonplussed; and setting this flight down to the rampagiousness of obstinacy glorying in a first success, she resolved that her husband should find, by a hundred petty discomfitures, that a second would be dearly bought. She had all but emptied her quiver of annoyances, and shot the last shaft without expecting it to tell. It did so, however, and, to her surprise, with marvellous effect; and was delivered on this wise:—

"All I can say is, that Eila's conduct has been most improper throughout; I don't know what the neighbourhood will say."

"I can't say I have noticed the impropriety; and I don't think the neighbours are likely to interest themselves in the matter, one way or other, considering we know no one in the neighbourhood."

"I alluded to this sad business with Mr Tainsh."

"Mr Tainsh! what sad business?"

"Oh! you may pretend not to know, but it won't do; and Mr Tainsh is not the man to conceal his wrongs — his cruel injuries; Eila's name will be blasted — *blasted*."

"Good gracious! Mrs M'Killop," cried her husband, starting up in visible agitation; "what do you mean? No more riddles, if you please."

"No riddles, M'Killop; plain,

sad truth, seen by all the world. Do you mean to tell me you didn't see that Mr Tainsh was in love with Eila?"

"I did not; he never told me; I never noticed it."

"He told *me*, however, M'Killop."

"Well?"

"'Well?' you take it coolly, upon my word! Yes, M'Killop, he was in love with her; she did all in her power, used every device and art, to make him love her, under my eyes, and I saw it; under your nose, and it seems you didn't even suspect it!"

"Well?"

"'Well' again! Is that conduct worthy of a Christian female, M'Killop?"

"She couldn't propose to him, you know, Elisabeth."

"Oh! I wouldn't be too sure of that, if it had suited her; but it didn't suit her, and it wasn't necessary, for she made him propose to her."

"No!"

"Yes, indeed; just to have the pleasure of refusing him, insulting him, telling him that he was too low for her notice; ridiculing his honest love, M'Killop, as an offering only fit for a dairymaid, and an outrage to her. Her father's friend had a right to expect different treatment. When we came upon the scene of the refusal, it was plain to me that she was *violently* insulting Mr Tainsh."

"Good heavens! I had no idea of all this; it is very bad—very painful. I would give anything that it had not happened."

"No man can forgive such an insult," continued Mrs M'Killop, in solemn didactic tones; "and no man can forget the shocking way she threw herself at young Cameron. Mr Tainsh will have his revenge. He has gone away in wrath—in fury—in madness," she continued, her imagination warming to the work, "and he is now telling all the world how things are carried on here—how sensible men are insulted and befooled, and young fools entrapped by designing minxes. A nice character we shall have! and my poor dear Morna will suffer. There, M'Killop, you needn't be so very triumphant about your fine marriage. It won't sound so well, reported by that injured man."

"Good God!" repeated M'Killop, pacing the room in great agitation, "I wouldn't for the world Tainsh was offended or hurt in any way. There's no saying——he might——I like Tainsh——I owe him kindnesses, you see. I wouldn't have Tainsh made unfriendly—that is, I would not be unfriendly to Tainsh for any consideration. Are you sure he is feeling it in this way?"

"Certain; he is simply maddened."

"Then we must make it up to him. I must write—you must write—Eila shall write—we'll all write, and apologise; or I'll go and see him this very day. I'll follow him, and tell him it was beyond my control—that I knew nothing of it. *You* know that; you can tell him that. I can swear it with a safe conscience. Tainsh has reason—Tainsh has common-sense. He can't resent it on me. No, no; but something must be done at once."

All the brightness had faded from M'Killop's face, and a look of anxiety and distress had replaced it, as he moved about the room in short, quick, uncertain strides, betraying extreme nervous agitation in every gesture. His wife looked at him in astonishment; the symptoms he betrayed appeared to her to be out of all proportion to their cause, especially in so phlegmatic a man. She felt that she had overdone her part. Having merely meant to vex and irritate him, she found that she had roused him into a kind of

frenzy — a frenzy perfectly unaccountable to her, but there it was; and it was now necessary for her, having roused it, to undo the work she had done, and to prevent action being taken, which, as she knew, would only place them all in a ridiculous and humiliating light before Mr Tainsh.

To soothe her lord she found no easy task, even with the half-admission that her feelings had carried her away into exaggeration; and all the success she achieved before leaving was the extortion of a promise to suspend action for the moment—and with this she was fain to be content. Her interview had been altogether a failure—it had left her entirely baffled; and there was a mystery about her husband's whole conduct in the matter from first to last which piqued her with the idea of a secret motive—secret from her. If she had had any doubt on the subject, it was set at rest a few minutes after the close of their conversation, when, going quietly into his room to look for something which she had left behind, she found him standing with his back to the door, still in the same attitude, and heard him mutter to himself—

"Good God! have I found the chance, after all these years? Have I found the means — simple and harmless—of setting all to rights—and only to lose it?"

"What chance? setting what to rights, M'Killop?" cried his wife, unable to restrain herself.

Her husband turned fiercely upon her, with a look she had never seen in his face before, and, quivering with rage, ordered her from his sight, with a torrent of imprecations that came with startling effect from so unlikely a source, and revealed to her, for the first time, that under that quiet and almost sanctimonious exterior there lay, unknown and unguessed by her, a second life, from which these utterances came. She fled from the room in real terror—and from that date her theory of government was revolutionised. If yesterday—the feast of proposals—had terminated in general discomfiture and gloom, so to-day the resulting interviews had, after all, left matters in no more satisfactory condition. As there had been only two in the *dramatis personæ* of yesterday for whom the action of the piece went smoothly, so to-day there were still only two. Tainsh and Duncanson, indeed, had withdrawn their contributions to the dismal department, but their places had been supplied by Mr and Mrs M'Killop, who were now looking their parts to a marvel. Such were Pigott's sentiments, as he surveyed the party at dinner, not without disapprobation.

"As for these two idiots," he said to himself, alluding to Eila and Bertrand, "of course they are too ineffably happy not to be silent; and although the consciousness that there *are* two people ineffably happy in a room has a depressing effect, still it needn't be so bad as this. One would have thought the parent-birds would have liked it, but it doesn't seem so. What's the matter with old M'Killop? he's piano enough in general, but to-day he looks as if he was going to be knouted. And the other old miscreant—even her voice would be a relief. How red her face is! perhaps she's been drinking, and daren't trust herself to speak. And Morna too—looking as if she was at a funeral. Upon my life, it *is* rather too hard upon me: conversation is not my line, but one has a right to expect it from others."

It certainly was not a convivial occasion. Eila and Bertrand found it satisfactory enough, but it did strike even their preoccupation that M'Killop was not quite the ideal of the delighted parent he had repre-

sented himself in the morning to be. Bertrand had feared that there might be some demonstrative congratulations when the party met at dinner—slynesses and vulgar rallyings on the part of Mrs M'Killop—a speech, perhaps, from M'Killop (in the morning he had appeared capable of anything), and, at all events, a pretty exuberant marking of the auspicious occasion. But there was not an allusion made to the subject which must have been uppermost in the mind of every one; and, as Pigott noted with intense disapprobation, "the old curmudgeon didn't even pull out his champagne." As the dinner passed, so passed the rest of the evening. Morna was in her own room, making preparations for her journey of the morrow, and did not appear in the drawing-room till the party were about to break up for the night. M'Killop sat silent, staring at the newspaper, and Pigott found Mrs M'Killop so wild in her play at their habitual *ecarté*, that he pocketed his winnings with a recurrence of the suspicion which had crossed his mind at dinner. As for the lovers—Bertrand had left the dining-room immediately after the ladies, and very soon he and Eila were out across the terrace and away among the woods, where time, place, and circumstance were all forgotten, and whence they did not return till the darkness had long fallen, when they crept guiltily back, anticipating a domestic storm. The storm-fiend was contemptuously quiescent, however, merely remarking, "Since you *have* returned," as if the contingency was but remotely probable, "and as Morna makes a very early start to-morrow, perhaps we had better go to bed."

"An early start, Miss Grant!" cried Bertrand; "are you going away? Where to? not for long, I hope?"

"Three questions!" said Morna. "Yes, Mr Cameron, I *am* going away to-morrow morning. I am going to join my aunts at Dunfail; how long I shall be away I don't quite know, but I don't think it is at all likely that I shall be back before you leave; so it is good-night and good-bye;" and she held out her hand.

"I am very sorry," said Bertrand, warmly—"very sorry indeed; but perhaps we shall meet in England; in any case——"

He wished to make some allusion to their future connection, but paused, and she finished his sentence for him:—

"In any case we shall perhaps meet some time or other. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Bertrand, feeling some disappointment that one whom he regarded with such friendly feelings should have made no allusion to present circumstances; but so it was, and so the party broke up. That night Bertrand indited the momentous letter to his uncle, asking that potentate to sanction his happiness—a mere formal compliment, he felt it to be, for the veriest simpleton, he assured himself, would at once recognise the advantages of such an alliance; and his uncle was no simpleton—far from it. So the letter was written, and Bertrand sat down with his friend to be jolly, feeling that all he had now to do was to exercise a little patience for the consummation of his happiness. His friend was not in the best of tempers, and, indeed, much the reverse of sympathetic, entirely declining to believe in the rapture with which Sir Roland was expected to receive the intelligence.

"Nobody in his senses," he said, "could think it anything but foolish. The young lady of course is—don't look so fierce, Bertrand—an angel; but the parents—well, it is as well that Sir Roland is not to have a photograph of them and

their manners when he sits in judgment on the case. I always told you you would make a fool of yourself."

"You forget yourself, Pigott."

"No disparagement to the *beaux yeux*, my dear fellow—quite the reverse; and, after all, if you like to put your neck in a halter at twenty-two—*ce n'est pas mon affaire*. But I'll tell you what *is* my affair; and that is, that this is all deuced slow for me. If I had only foreseen what was to turn up, you wouldn't have caught me going partners with you, I can tell you."

"I think it's as jolly as possible."

"Of course you do, you imbecile; but do you think it's jolly for me—all this mystery, and love-making, and glum looks?—hang me! if one mightn't as well be at Colney Hatch, in the melancholy department. It's simply infernal—that's what it is—and I think you've used me abominably ill."

Bertrand laughed good-humouredly at his friend's vigorous sally, and answered, "But even to look at the matter from your own prosaic, practical point of view, Eila is to have fifty thousand pounds."

"There you go—self, self, self. Fifty thousand pounds! fifty thousand angels of darkness, or of light. That doesn't make *my* billet here the pleasanter; that doesn't give *me* a sane companion to speak to and shoot with; it doesn't make Mrs M'Killop's vulgarity less offensive to *me;* and she's almost my only resource left now, now Morna is going away, who was by far the best of the whole party."

"With an exception," interpolated Bertrand.

"Oh, hang it! I have no patience with you or anybody or anything," vociferated Pigott. "I've lost an autumn; the same money would have paid for a share in the yacht, and the Norway fishing with Ridley; and here I am, shut up in a confounded prison, surrounded with moping lunatics and detestable old harridans; and the grub isn't so good as it was; and I am sometimes thirsty at dinner for ten minutes—(perhaps, now you're in the firm, you'll speak about *that*)—and because old Blowhard happens to be in the blues, that's no reason why he shouldn't pass the wine. And just look at that wood—green and smoky! By George! I'll be off, and claim half the money back!"

"I never saw you in such a vile temper, Pigott. I'm sorry you're annoyed. I daresay it *is* slow for you, but I'll try to be more amusing. As for the other grievance, I think that is only the suggestion of an evil temper. It *is* a bore, Morna's going away; she would have kept you alive."

"She was getting as bad as the rest; and no wonder, in such a hole as this."

"By the by, I *did* notice that she wasn't so cheery latterly."

"Oh! you noticed *that*, did you?"

"Yes—she was almost cross sometimes, I thought; and she didn't even congratulate me—odd, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps."

"What do you mean?"

"Perhaps she had her reasons."

"You're very mysterious."

"Am I?"

"To change the subject, Tainsh apologised."

"Without a thrashing?"

"Yes."

"And Duncanson?"

"I had no quarrel with him."

"He had with you, though."

"I can't make out why."

"No?"

"Can you?"

"Ha! ha!"

"As you can't take the trouble to speak like a reasonable being, I'll go to bed. Good-night, and a better temper to you."

"Whispers of angels make music in your dreams, oh unconscionable dolt!"

CHAPTER XX.

Morna's room adjoined the business-room of Mr M'Killop, and when the party broke up this evening, she was surprised to hear that, contrary to his wont, he came thither instead of going straight up to bed. Her attention was specially drawn to this by the fact that apparently he had come neither to read nor to write, but to occupy himself—singularly enough at that hour of the night—in walking up and down the apartment. The house was badly deafened, so that sounds from the next room came to Morna's very distinctly, and in this way she was able to remark that M'Killop was walking up and down, in the manner of a man who debates some subject with himself, with a good deal of agitation and hesitancy, his steps being now quick, short, and undecided, now long, slow, and steady.

This was continued so long that Morna's attention was withdrawn from it until the footsteps ceased to sound, and she heard the doors of a large cabinet unlocked, and the hinges creak as they were opened. The rustling of papers was then audible, and even some muttered ejaculations of her step-father's—the sense of which, however, she did not, as she did not wish to, catch. At last he spoke out—quite loud—louder than in ordinary conversation, so that to overhear him became unavoidable.

"No, no: it cannot be wrong. Where *is* the harm? Simply to postpone—that is not to defeat justice. Not at all. It will be all for the best. I will keep the paper *in case;* while it exists, no eventual harm can be done. The letter may be destroyed, though—and here it is——"

Morna heard the sound of a paper being torn up, and almost at the same instant there was a sort of choking cry and the noise of a heavy fall; and, running in, she found Mr M'Killop lying insensible on the floor. She obtained assistance without alarming her mother, and in a few minutes he sufficiently regained consciousness to enable him to forbid a doctor, or even his wife, being sent for. When he was so far recovered, and had been removed to his own dressing-room, which was at hand, Morna left him; and noticing, as she passed the business-room, that the doors of the cabinet stood open, she went in, locked them, took the key, and was about to extinguish the light when her eye fell on a letter torn in half, lying near the spot where Mr M'Killop had fallen.

"This," she thought to herself, "must be what I heard him tear; and it certainly was some agitation connected with this letter that brought on his illness. Perhaps he didn't know what he was doing when he tore it up; he was seized at the very moment; in any case, it can do no harm if I take it, and send it back to him with his keys." She took it accordingly, and went to her room, resolving, since she was to start early, to enclose it to him with a note explaining under what circumstances she had found it. In the process of folding the torn letter, however, her eye was involuntarily attracted, as eyes—even the honest-est—may be, by an expression in it; an expression of such interest, that under the influence, as it were, of an irresistible fascination, she read on, and before reflection on the impropriety of what she was doing came back to her, she shared with Mr M'Killop a secret which it deeply distressed her to possess, and

which it would no doubt still more shock him to find her in possession of.

"What am I to do?" she exclaimed, in desperation; but she was spared the trouble of further reflection, for at this moment a message came from Mr M'Killop requesting her to come to him at once.

She found him lying on his bed: he had quite recovered consciousness, but was looking prostrate, and spoke in a feeble voice. "I am very sorry, Morna," he said, "to trouble you at this late hour, but I understand you were the first to come to me when I was taken ill?"

"Yes, I was."

"Did you notice if the doors of my cabinet were open?"

"Yes, they were."

"I am still too giddy to move without danger of bringing on another attack, and I don't like to trust a servant; will you kindly go and lock it, and bring me the keys?"

"I have locked it already; and I have the keys: here they are."

"Many thanks to you, Morna; this is most prudent, and like yourself. I rather fancy I was destroying a paper at the time I was taken ill; whether I had quite destroyed it or not, I don't know: did you happen to see anything of the sort lying about the floor?"

"Yes, Mr M'Killop, I did."

"Perhaps you would take the trouble to pick up the fragments and bring them to me? It is an important letter, and should be thoroughly destroyed."

"I have the letter all here, Mr M'Killop."

"You really are the most sensible girl in the world."

"Stay a moment before you compliment me; I have read it."

"Read it!" cried M'Killop, in a voice of horror and amazement; "do you call that honour?"

After this no word of anger or reproach escaped him; he lay still, pale, with a look of collapse; and it was with difficulty that his trembling lips faltered the few words he wished to say.

"No," replied Morna, "I do not; and even now I cannot understand how I came to read it. Some words which caught my eye at the commencement of the letter so startled me, that I began involuntarily; and what I read so absorbed me, that I went on to the end—almost, I may say, unconsciously."

"You are conscious of the secret it contains, however?"

"I am; and however I may regret the means by which I obtained possession of it, I cannot regret that I am; because it would seem that you were abandoning an act of justice you had once intended to perform."

"No, no; you must not go by appearances in this case; and surely you would not make use of information so obtained?"

"Why not?"

"It would be dishonourable."

"Is it honourable to screen dishonour? My morals may be all wrong; but I can't bring myself to see that."

"Morna, I have been kind to you; I have wished always to be very kind to you."

"Yes, Mr M'Killop, you have—and I am grateful; but that cannot affect this matter. In a question of right or wrong I cannot let my judgment be influenced by considerations of feeling merely; and as to the means by which I have become possessed of your secret,—if I heard—overheard—one man confiding to another the scheme of some terrible wickedness he meant to commit—a murder, for instance—would it be dishonourable in me to make use of the intelligence I had obtained by involuntary eavesdropping to save a man's life?"

"This has nothing to do with a murder."

"No, but the same principle applies to it. I am a thousand times sorry, as I have said, for the way I got the information, but, having got it, I will use it, unless you act yourself; I could not do otherwise."

"Listen, Morna; it is a very intricate story; I promise you I will put all to rights; I swear to you that it is my most anxious wish to do so; but unreasonable haste may ruin all—*all;* involve innocent people in the consequences of guilt, and even compromise my character. You would be both rash and unfair in acting without me; and though you might fancy that you were doing an act of justice, you would in reality be doing injustice ten times greater. You cannot doubt, under the circumstances in which I am placed, that it is my interest as well as my duty to see justice done."

"I certainly cannot see that your interest and your duty are opposed to each other; but what interest you can have had all along——"

"That is nothing to the purpose. Leave it to me; it will take a little time, but right *shall* be done, you may depend upon it. One thing—it must not transpire before Eila's marriage with Mr Cameron; that is indispensable. Allow me" (as she was going to interrupt him) "to be the best judge of my own plans and ideas, and to add that I see no reason why you should threaten an honest man with pressure to be honest."

"Pardon me, Mr M'Killop—I only see a wrong existing; and if you tell me that a little delay is necessary that full justice should be done, I am satisfied."

"Till after the marriage, Morna."

"Very well; but if—supposing—that is—well, I *must* say it—supposing you should die in the mean time?"

"In that case you are at liberty to disclose what you have discovered, and you will find full proof of what that letter stated, in the top drawer, on the right-hand side of the cabinet; there it shall remain in the mean time."

"I shall never be easy till it is off my mind."

"Nevertheless, having possessed yourself of my secret—only to a certain extent—you are bound not to use it so as to hurt me while others' interests are on the way to be established."

"I will not; but I hope there will not be much delay. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Do not think ill of me; believe that any bad impression of me which this affair may produce will be absolutely removed when the truth is fully made known. Ah, Morna! you don't know how much I am to be pitied."

"Any one with such a secret is to be pitied." And then she added, touched by the forlorn aspect of the man—"I *am* very sorry for you, Mr M'Killop. I cannot believe that you would do anything wrong or unjust, voluntarily and wittingly. Good-bye. I hope you will take care of yourself. It is the agitation of this miserable affair that has made you ill." And so they separated.

"She will require management," muttered M'Killop, when he was again alone.

"Surely I *must* be right in believing that he is honest," thought Morna.

Thus ended the last of all the day's interviews—a pretty mysterious one too; and perhaps after this some of us would be inclined in meeting M'Killop to button our pockets in case—only in case—of accidents.

A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM 1750 DOWNWARDS.

NO. I.—WILLIAM COWPER.

There is no art which has suffered so many fluctuations, or which shows more exactly how the tide of genius ebbs and flows, than the art of Poetry. Within the last two hundred years there have been some score of interregnums during which the world has mournfully declared, as with one voice, that its power of appreciating verse was over, and the fountain dried from which that stream should come. One of these grand crises had arrived in the middle of the eighteenth century. In the interval between the end of Milton and the beginning of Pope the art of song had suffered one of its many metamorphoses. It had changed from an inspired message into an elaborate chime of words. Milton, grand, harmonious, and musical as is his utterance at all times, was a man overflowing with high thought and lofty meaning; with so much to say to his generation that the mode of saying it might almost have been expected to become indifferent to him. It never did so, because of the inborn music of the man — that wonderful sense of melody in which he has never been surpassed, if indeed ever equalled, in the English tongue. But notwithstanding this great natural gift, his subject was the thing preeminent with him; and as his subject was of the highest importance and solemnity, so his verse rose into organ-floods of severest sweetness. Dryden, who succeeded him, did not possess a similar inspiration. He had no message to the world to speak of, and yet he had a great deal to say. Accordingly with him the subject began to lower and the verse to increase in importance. And in Pope this phase of poetry attained its highest development. With him everything gave way to beauty of expression. No prophetic burden was his to deliver. The music of the spheres had never caught his ear. Verse was the trade in which he was skilled, not the mere mode of utterance by which a mind overflowing with thoughts of heaven or earth communicated these thoughts to its fellows. He was an admirable performer upon an instrument the most delicate and finest-toned which humanity possessed. His power on it was such that the most trivial *motif*, the most mean topic, became in his hands an occasion of harmony. We confess without hesitation that the music of Pope's verse does not enchant and enthral our particular ear, but it did that of his own generation. It belonged, as does so much of the poetry of France, to an age more moved by culture than by nature; building upon certain doctrines and tenets of literary belief; trusting in style as in a confession of faith, and establishing as strict a severance between the orthodox and heterodox in literature, as ever a community of ecclesiastics has done in a religious creed. Perhaps that was the only period of English literature in which an Academy would have been possible. Pope made himself the poetic standard of the age. His contemporaries were measured by it as by a rule; and no one came up to the height of the great master. He gave to his generation a stream of melodious words such as might have made the whole country sweet, but which, unfortunately, being often employed to set forth nauseous or trifling subjects, gave no nobility to

the mind of his period, but only a mathematical music — something which touched the ear rather than the heart.

But in Pope his school came to a close. It was impossible to do anything finer, more subtle, or more perfect in the art of combining words. If there had been given to him a message to deliver, probably he would not have reached to such perfection in the mode of delivering it; but as it was, he brought to its highest fulfilment and completion the poetical style of which he was capable. And the time had come for a new melody, something which should rouse up the jaded world from the slumber into which it had fallen after all that monotony of sweetness which had lulled its brain into insensibility. The man who, in the silence of the age, was being prepared for this work, was about the last man whom we would have chosen for it had we been admitted to the councils of Providence. He was a man of weak yet tenacious character, unsteady mind, and melancholy temperament; a pensive being born to be a recluse, without any of the bolder manly gifts which please our national taste; without acquaintance with men, or experience in life; a hypochondriac, a man sick in body and in soul. Had he himself been aware of the effect he should have upon the literature of his country, no doubt he would have considered it a triumph of that goodness of God which chooses the weak things of the world to confound the strong. Such, more than any other, is the first impression produced upon us by the life of Cowper; that mournful life over which so many a reader has mused with wonder and awe, marvelling no less at the undeserved and needless sufferings of the man, than at the curious vigour and vitality of the poet. In the one point of view, weak, helpless, unreasoning, and most miserable; in the other, full of the sunshine of cheerful yet solemn thought, good sense, and that genial universal sympathy which helps so many men to bear the burden of their troubles all the easier for the help they afford to others. So many have asked the question, How this could be? that it seems vain to reiterate an inquiry which no new information helps us to answer; but it is impossible to arrive at any just view of English poetry and poets without fully taking into consideration the timid, sad, half-feminine figure which was the first to triumph over the artificial boundaries which had been raised about his art, and to found in nature and freedom the greatest school of poets which has been known in England since the Elizabethan age.

That Cowper did this there can be no doubt: he was timid, not only as a woman, but as a cloistered woman, from whom the world has been entirely shut out—and prejudiced as every sectarian is by nature: his being was given up to the pettiest occupations, and a life such as even a girl or an old woman might be pardoned for finding dreary and monotonous: he was used to dependence, and content with it, feeble of purpose, capricious, and obstinate; yet in his way he turned the world upside down, scorned models alike and trammels, and, defying all precedents, threw open the doors of poetry to all the world and to a new generation. These two characters are far from agreeing, and yet they united in one person. His life and his works are two things as distinct as light and darkness. Never was there a clearer example of the distinction so often lost sight of between personal and intellectual character—a distinction which we are forced to recognise and accept without being able either to harmonise or to explain.

William Cowper was born in Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, in November 1731, a few years be-

fore the death of the potentate whom he succeeded, after a long interval, upon the throne of English poetry. Pope was lingering out his last days on his river-side when the delicate child of the Hertfordshire parson was being "drawn to school along the public way" in that bright early morning of his childhood when he had still a mother. This period did not last long. The poor little sickly boy was left without the guardianship most needful to a child when he was but six years old. He protested at fifty, with a vehemence which it is difficult to give a literal credence to, that his mother had never been out of his thoughts for a week altogether during that long half-century—a filial fidelity in which surely he never had a rival. His father married again, we are not told how soon; but the child scarcely seems to have ever lived at home after this first great loss of his life. He was sent off, probably, in the first sting of it, to school, to a certain Dr Pitman's, where the timid little fellow was badly used by a cruel big boy: then passed two years under the charge of an oculist, his eyes having shown symptoms of weakness—and at ten entered Westminster School. Unfortunately, our only knowledge of his childhood and youth is derived from the gloomy account given by himself in after life of his early unregenerate days, an account clouded in every detail with the gloom of ideas which belong to a later period of his life, and were very unlikely to have entered the heart of a child. From this account it would be inferred that the poor little timid Cowper was a child of remarkable depravity, brought up by a succession of extremely wicked people, all conspiring to heighten the natural blackness of his character, and thus put him beyond the reach of ordinary means of amendment. He grew wickeder and wickeder in his schoolboy days—he became an adept in "the infernal art of lying," he had no "sentiments of contrition, nor thought of God or eternity." About all this there is a curious but very evident self-delusion. Poet though he was, Cowper had forgotten the child that once played in the shadow of the old Abbey and stormed through Dean's Yard; for it is easy to see that the poor little man was neither very sad nor very wicked. He excelled at cricket and football, it is allowed. He formed a number of friendships which lasted into mature life, and to all appearance led his little existence in a very harmless gentle way, liked by everybody, and sufficiently happy in himself. Even the horror for public schools which he afterwards expressed in his poems does not seem to have been drawn from his own experience of them. "We love the play-place of our infant days," he is betrayed into saying, even in the midst of his denunciations—and beguiled from theory into recollection, lets his fond fancy stray to that charming picture of "the little ones unbuttoned, glowing hot," who play the games he once played before it had occurred to him that he was depraved and miserable.

> "The pleasing spectacle at once excites
> Such recollection of our own delights,
> That, viewing it, we seem almost to attain
> Our innocent sweet simple years again."

Thus poetry rights the balance against the gloomy theory of life which swallowed up all Cowper's gladness; and the man who has just maligned his childhood in prose inadvertently vindicates it in verse.

When he left Westminster he entered an attorney's office, and here again it becomes necessary to be cautious of his own jaundiced account of himself, and take his unintentional descriptions as well as his formal one. The latter still continues to give a gloomy sketch of a disagreeable young man,

speaking evil of his employer and of himself, insinuating blame in the matter of church-going, and representing everybody around him as conspiring against his soul. But the unintentional revelation gives us a very different picture. It shows him to us as idle, as foolish, as happy, and as gay as most boys of nineteen are, shirking his work, which was naughty, to be sure, and hanging about the cheerful pleasant house of his uncle, in which there were girls and diversions. "I did actually live three years with Mr Chapman, a solicitor," he wrote afterwards in a letter to Lady Hesketh; "that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle instead of following the law. Oh fie! cousin, how could you do so?" This little indication of his pursuits is infinitely more trustworthy than the after-record. And it proves, at the same time, the futility of the attempt, unconsciously made by Cowper himself, and with the sincerest meaning by his friend Hayley, to make his entire life of a piece, and to impress upon it a melancholy consistency such as, thank Heaven, is rarely found in nature. It was "as if destiny had determined that all his early situations in life should be particularly irksome to his delicate feelings, and tend rather to promote than to counteract his constitutional turn for melancholy"—Hayley tells us—"that he was removed from a public school to the office of an attorney." But we do not believe that the boy was at all melancholy in either place. "His innocent sweet simple years" lay under no such shadow as later life invented for them; and the house in Southampton Row, it is evident, more than counteracted the irksomeness of the attorney's office. Thus it is a youth much like the youth of other men which the biographer has to record, with no precocious sense in it of sorrow to come, but such dreams as make the beginning of existence sweet. One would naturally imagine that the companionship of such a youth as Thurlow would have planted some gentle seed of ambition in his comrade's mind. But though this does not seem to have been the case, Cowper had influential connections, and in all probability felt his future sure. He was free to dally upon the primrose paths, and he did so. He helped to keep his uncle's house full of gentle mirth and frolic; and he fell in love, as was natural, with his uncle's daughter. When his apprenticeship was over, and he began to live alone in chambers in the Temple, his biographers seem to agree that the coming cloud threw its first shadow over him; but then they are all painfully on the outlook for this coming cloud; and it is hard to believe that a man could live a very gloomy life who was a member of "the Nonsense Club, consisting of seven Westminster men who dined together every Thursday," and who was distinguished by what was then called "restlessness," but which we should now call love of change and variety. His letters of this period represent him in anything but a dismal light. We find him now making his appearance at Brighthelmstone, where he means to spend the winter, now at Southampton, where, as he relates with rueful mirth, "I was also a sailor, being of Sir Thomas Hesketh's party; but though I gave myself an air and wore trousers, I had no genuine right to that honour, disliking much to be occupied in great waters unless in the finest weather." The sentiment with which he concludes the record of his amateur seafaring, is

curious enough in the light of after-events. "How they contrive to elude the wearisomeness that attends a sea life who take long voyages you know better than I," he says. Yet in what long stretches of monotony and confinement was his later life cast!

His residence in the Temple lasted for twelve years, and none of these, except the last, seem to show any material signs of the mental disease which was to work such havoc upon him. He tells us, indeed, that he was "struck with dejection of spirit"—that he "lay down in horror and rose up in despair;" statements, however, all given after the sad conclusion of his youthful independence. We are told at the same time that he lived a life of dissipation during these twelve years; they were "spent in an uninterrupted course of sinful indulgence;" but as these words are written with the same intention as the others which represented him as "an adept in the infernal art of lying" at school, it is wise to take them in their most limited meaning. He did not evidently think himself very wicked at the time. But he was not a model young man, it is apparent. He was idle, incurably idle—not accidentally, but by disposition—"I, who take neither pains nor hope for profit, am leading an idle, and therefore what is to me a most agreeable, life," he says in one of his letters of this period. He "spent his money free," without taking any thought of the morrow. And we doubt much whether the impression we derive of him during this interval is half so good as if we could believe that the foundations of his mind were being sapped, and madness coming on. He loved a beautiful and charming woman, his cousin Theodora Cowper, but his love does not seem to have been vigorous enough to stir him up to exertion. She, on the other hand, was, it would seem, ready to share his poor means, and had no fear of his character. "If you marry William Cowper, what will you do?" asked the father. "Do, sir?" she cried with the saucy exaggeration of a high-spirited girl; "wash all day, and ride out on the great dog at night!" The prudent father, however, would sanction no such madness; and a woman who might have made a very different future for the poet, was lost to him—she and all that she might have done. She was faithful to him all her life; but he—was not faithful to her. In short, the only token that he felt this disappointment as a man honoured with such a profound and faithful attachment ought to have done, is contained in the verses addressed to Lady Hesketh, her sister, which are so well known to all readers of poetry—

"Doomed as I am in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past;
Deprived of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost,
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour, or of spleen!
Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
Him snatched by fate in early youth away,
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fixed in her choice, and faithful, but in vain!
O prone to pity, generous, and sincere,
Whose eye ne'er yet refused the wretch a tear;
Whose heart the real claim of friendship knows,
Nor thinks a lover's are but fancied woes;
See me, ere yet my destined course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a world unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow!
Why all that soothes a heart from anguish free,
All that delights the happy—palls on me!"

This is almost the only occasion, so far as we are aware, on which Cowper refers at all to the loss of his love. His first biographer, Hayley, could not perhaps, with good taste, as Miss

Cowper was still living at the time his book was published, take any notice of it; and Southey entirely refuses to allow the affecting plea for indulgence which the poet himself thus makes. "Cowper's morbid feelings, when he began to brood over them, were of a totally different kind," says his biographer, "and there is not the slightest allusion to this disappointment in his account of his own mental sufferings." We would much rather believe that the disappointment had something to do with those sufferings; but it is very difficult to do so, especially as, a short time after, Cowper writes to a friend of having "lately passed three days at Greenwich—a blessed three days; and if they had been three years, I should not have envied the gods their immortality. There I found that lovely and beloved little girl of whom I have often talked to you; she is at that age, sixteen, at which every day brings with it some new beauty." Poor Theodora! giving him her life in loneliness and solitude, since she could not bestow it upon him otherwise; this was all the reward of her sacrifice.

This early incident, and the small effect it had upon his existence, is one of the many proofs that a great deal of pity has been lavished without reason upon the tenderness of Cowper's disposition, and the extreme susceptibility of his character. Beautiful and amiable and gentle as that character was, the capacity of strenuous loving would have been the salvation of it. A man who is able to throw himself into the existence of another, to seek with passion and vehemence the welfare of another, has the strongest safeguard ever invented by God against all the evils that result from brooding over and becoming absorbed in the sufferings of self. In all the combinations of human circumstance and complications of human feeling, true love is the only combatant strong enough to overthrow that last and subtlest enemy of man. There is no proof in his life that Cowper was capable of this primitive faculty of loving at all. He was affectionate. He clung to the people whom he liked, who were near to him, and ministered to him, with the faithfulest tenacity; but no other emotion than that of mild and quiet domestic affection ever entered his mind. The attachment of a child to its nurse is strong within him; and his friends are all more or less his nurses, shielding, protecting, and providing for him. But had he not developed into a great poet, he would have been a very troublesome dependant; for, amiable, gentle, and kind as he was, love and its self-abnegations were simply unknown to him: he received its sacrifices even without recognising them. There is nothing in him that is of kin to that grand principle. The central thought in his mind, the pivot upon which everything turns, is himself. It is so sad, so gentle, so distrustful a self, that we feel that it is cruel to make such an accusation; and yet we believe it is true.

But there are other scattered evidences that this life in the Temple, up to his thirtieth year at least, was a very pleasant sort of life. His friends were literary men, running in their inexperience a-tilt against all the world, and enjoying it as only young critics, delighted with their own prowess and power of slaughtering their natural opponents, the established powers of literature, can. He joined them to a small extent in their work, and wrote poetical epistles to them, and patriotic ballads. He "glowed with patriotic enthusiasm," he tells us. "When poor Bob White brought in the news of Boscawen's success off the coast of Portugal, how did I leap for joy! when Hawke demolished Conflans, I was still more transported." Besides these literary and patriotic ex-

citements, he devoted himself to classical studies, and went through the Iliad and Odyssey, comparing Pope's translation (to its great disadvantage) with the original. These are all the amusements of an idle and desultory mind; but they point to a life largely enjoyed and not endured in gloom and patience. The following letter, written in the year 1762, gives a still clearer view of his state of mind at that period. By this time he was thirty-one.

"I could be as splenetick as you, and with reason, if I thought proper to indulge that humour; but my resolution is (and I would advise you to adopt it) never to be melancholy while I have a hundred pounds in the world to keep up my spirits. God knows how long that will be; but in the mean time, *Io Triumphe!* . . . If my resolution to be a great man was half as strong as it is to despise the shame of being a little one, I should not despair of a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with all its appurtenances; for there is nothing more certain, and I could prove it by a thousand instances, than that every man may be rich if he will. What is the industry of half the industrious men in the world but avarice? and call it by which name you will, it almost always succeeds. But this provokes me, that a covetous dog who will work by candle-light in a morning to get what he does not want shall be praised for his thriftiness, while a gentleman shall be abused for submitting to his wants rather than work like an ass to relieve them. Did you ever in your life know a man who was guided in the general course of his actions by anything but his natural temper? And yet we blame each other's conduct as freely as if that temper was the most tractable beast in the world, and we had nothing to do but to twitch the rein to the right or the left, and go just as we are directed by others! All this is nonsense, and nothing better."

These calm *poco-curante* sentiments are as unlike as it is possible to imagine to anything which we are in the habit of associating with the name of Cowper. Yet these are Cowper's sentiments, uttered, to all appearance, soberly enough, and at an age beyond that which loves to trick itself in cynicisms to shock or puzzle its friends. It is clear, by all the facts of his history with which we are acquainted, that he was carrying out in a very literal way this theory of life. Neither love nor ambition had stirred him to present exertion. He lived for his own amusement, letting his money scatter out of his hands in a thriftless way; and taking no further heed of the morrow than what was necessary to calculate that his funds were enough to provide for its wants.

Upon this listless selfish life, however, there now arose such a storm as drove the sufferer into the very heart of human pity. There is not, we believe, one reader in a thousand who does not recognise in the great misfortune which now overshadowed Cowper's life an excuse, and more than excuse, for all its imperfections. The time came for which he had been waiting all these years, and at last an official appointment was found for him, which would have established him in life. It does not appear that he had ever exerted himself actively to seek such an appointment; but in those days men who possessed political influence were men of strong domestic affections, and never failed to provide for their friends. One day, however, "while discussing his affairs with a friend, Cowper expressed his hope that if the clerk of the journals of the House of Lords should die, his kinsman, Major Cowper, who had the place in his disposal, would give him the appointment." The poet goes on, with his usual exaggerated sense of personal wickedness and boastfulness of his depravity, to say, "We both agreed that the business of the place, being transacted in private, would exactly suit me; and both expressed an earnest wish for his death, that I might be provided for. Thus did

I covet what God had commanded me not to covet; and involved myself in still deeper guilt by doing it in the spirit of a murder. It pleased the Lord" (he adds) "to give me my heart's desire, and in it immediate punishment of my crime."

This exaggerated remorse was perhaps not fictitious, but it is evidently more or less artificial, especially as, Southey justly points out, Cowper expresses no particular penitence for the real fault of which he had been guilty—his utter neglect to qualify himself for any such appointment. The clerk of the journals did die very shortly after, but not, let us hope, by means of Cowper's murderous wish. Two other offices of greater value which were held together, "the offices of reading clerk and clerk of the committees," fell vacant at the same time; and these, as most worthy of his acceptance, were at once offered to Cowper. They, however, involved so many public appearances, that, after worrying himself for a week with deliberations on the question, he at length wrote to his friend, begging to have the least important appointment, which might be held without the fearful penalty of showing himself in public. His kind patron consented, and for a short interval all went well. In a letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, he even writes playfully of the process of preparation he was going through. He describes it as "an employment not very agreeable to a head that has long been habituated to the luxury of choosing its subject, and has been as little employed upon business as if it had grown upon the shoulders of a much wealthier gentleman." He adds, however, "If I succeed in this doubtful piece of promotion I shall have at least this satisfaction to reflect upon, that the volumes I write will be treasured up with the utmost care for ages, and will last as long as the English constitution—a character which ought to satisfy the vanity of any author who has a spark of love for his country." Nothing can be more unlike the elaborate confessions in which afterwards he unfolded the history of this miserable time, than the touching and sudden appeal to his cousin's sympathy with which this letter concludes. He lifts the veil a moment with a brief reference to the hope of the past and that blank in the future which is made by the conviction that change comes too late. "Oh my good cousin," he cries, "if I was to open my heart to you I could show you strange sights; nothing, I flatter myself, that would shock you, but a great deal that would make you wonder. . . . Certainly I am not an absolute fool, but I have more weakness than the greatest of all the fools I can recollect at present. In short, if I was as fit for the next world as I am unfit for this—and God forbid I should speak it in vanity—I would not change conditions with any saint in Christendom. . . . Ever since I was born I have been good at disappointing the most natural expectations. Many years ago, cousin, there was a possibility I might prove a very different thing from what I am at present. My character is now fixed and riveted fast upon me, and, between friends, is not a very splendid one."

This is the last sane speech that comes from him in the gathering darkness. Some time before he had been made aware that the office which he had chosen for its obscurity could not be entered upon until after one public attendance at the bar of the House. This fact drove his agitated mind into an instant turmoil. He attended the office daily in order to ascertain what the duties were; but, either rightly or wrongly, fancied all the clerks to be against him, and vainly, without help or guide, endeavoured to get the necessary infor-

mation into his confused brain. A man of timid temperament and mind quite undisciplined, unused to work, and accustomed to unbounded self-indulgence, however virtuous that indulgence may have been, it may be easily supposed that this sudden trial was not a light one. He had never forced himself to do anything all his life, and now here was something which he was compelled to do. He had not accustomed himself to make any sacrifice of his personal likings. Sooner than do so he had let his love and his best hope for life slip through his nerveless fingers. And now, how was he to meet this first stern call of necessity? It was the sort of crisis which above all others tests a man's strength or weakness—whether he is fit to live the life of a man in the world, or to be thrown out of sight as useless. It is evident that he made a great, and even violent, effort to respond to the call. For months together he went on confusing more and more his bewildered brain with technicalities which, in his mingled ignorance and agitation, he could not understand; and more and more figuring to himself, in his excited imagination, the scene of which he should be the centre, the lines of cold unsympathetic faces staring at him, the solemn audience, the sound of his own frightened voice in the midst. If that moment ever came, he felt that every perception, every gleam of understanding would forsake him. There is something half contemptible, wholly pitiful in such a position. The spectator feels a painful movement of shame which he can only forget in the keen sense of compassion with which he looks on at sufferings so artificial yet so true. But to the unhappy object of this struggle it was nothing less than tragical. He went on trying to conceal his misery, hoping the earth would open and swallow him up before the awful moment. Then in the stress and strain of this fantastic wretchedness the brain itself began to give way. The earth would not swallow him—neither God nor man would save him. This anguish was to himself the deepest abyss of pain, but he felt that it would be ludicrous to any stranger. Then came that novel and burning sense of the intolerable which so soon rises in a weak nature; and the feeling that he could not bear it soon ripened into the wild certainty that he would not. He hoped that he would go mad or die by way of being saved from this bugbear; and then, by one of those wild tricks of nature which we understand so imperfectly, in the very act of going mad he chose the other alternative and made up his mind to die.

We need not enter into the miserable story of his attempts at suicide. Southey quotes them in full from his own narrative. The wild determination to accomplish his own destruction and the equally wild reluctance which accompanied it, drive him from place to place, from expedient to expedient. One time he will drown himself, but finds some one in the way who prevents him. Another time he has the poison at his very lips to drink, and is interrupted. At another he tries to stab himself with his penknife; and he does actually succeed in hanging himself, the last of his attempts, which is only rendered ineffectual by the breaking of the garter he had used. This last incident seems for the moment to have brought him to his senses. He sent for his relation, and pointed (no doubt it was enough) to the broken garter which lay on the floor. Major Cowper was shocked, as it is natural to suppose, and yet more grieved than shocked. "You terrify me!" he cried. "To be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate." And thus in a moment the struggle was over; but not the madness nor the pain.

It was only, however, when this tangible cause of his sufferings was removed, that his growing insanity found an excuse and motive in religion. It was not any religious question which first upset his mental balance; but now the balance being upset, and all the elements stirred into wild tempest and confusion, something else became necessary to give a centre to his feverish fancies, and to the whirl of despair and wretchedness in which he found himself involved. Nothing could be more likely to supply this than remorse, in the first place, for the dreadful crime which he had all but committed. "To this moment I had felt no concern of a spiritual kind," he says. But when the demons had once been let loose, what more likely as a means of torment than this which lay ready for their use? No doubt his friends, incredulous of the effect which so simple a difficulty had produced, left him to himself when the obnoxious necessity had been removed, hoping to hear no more of it. Mental disease was not so much studied in those days, and it is easy to imagine that men in their right senses must have felt a certain mixture of irritation and contempt which would moderate their pity. He had ruined his own prospects and brought them into a disagreeable and embarrassing position by his folly; and if they did not to some degree resent it, they must have been more than men. Not a word is said to this effect, but yet it seems natural that it should have been so, especially as Cowper's own narrative gives us the impression that he was left at first to battle with his own misery as he could. He describes himself as walking "to and fro in my chamber, saying within myself, there never was so abandoned a wretch, so great a sinner." He studies his Bible, now thinking that the curse upon the barren fig-tree was meant for him, now that the sword of the Spirit flamed against him in every avenue of mercy; he turned over sermons, and found only condemnation in them; he opened a book of plays, and out of that received a dart as of fire. He was sleepless by night, and spent the day in one unbroken feverish dream of misery. When he went into the street, the people seemed to stare and laugh, or even sang ballads at him. He dined alone at a tavern, hiding himself in the darkest corner of the room; there he would fall asleep after his meal, and waking in a terror of hideous dreams, would reel and stagger like a drunken man. Thus his misery strengthened its hold upon him in his solitude, and when his brother came he was past help. "I felt a sense of burning in my heart like that of real fire, and concluded it was an earnest of those eternal flames which would soon receive me. I laid myself down howling with horror while my knees smote against each other. In this condition my brother found me, and the first words I spoke to him were, "Oh, brother, I am damned! think of eternity, and then think what it is to be damned!"

It would be a curious question, could we in pity for the woeful spectacle thus placed before us have the heart to investigate it, how much the sense of personal importance and the habit of continual self-reference has to do with this peculiar form of mental disease. Our own impression is, that individual character has a great deal to do with mental alienation of all kinds, and that self-love and self-will will always be found involved more or less in every failure of the brain. A man of generous temper and large heart—a man habitually more occupied with the happiness and comfort of others than his own—has, we believe, an armour of proof

against this mysterious and terrible disease. But Cowper had laid himself open to its attacks; he had lived the life of an egotist for years; he had found all his strength insufficient to overcome personal timidity, that wild and exaggerated self-consciousness which in itself is the offspring of egotism—and, accordingly, he was quite defenceless when the strain came. And it was all the more miserable for him that his malady should have taken a religious form, from the fact that the newly-awakened religious feeling of his age was almost entirely introspective. Wesley had awakened the England of his time to a consciousness that this world was not everything—that the unseen and eternal were not only of some importance, but of supreme importance, far exceeding the seen and temporal; but he had not stopped there. He had turned the current of profound religious feeling, both within and without his own community, into the channel of severe and constant self-examination. He had taught his disciples — and almost every pious person of his age was more or less his disciple — to weigh every individual feeling and impulse which arose in their minds, and to allow no movement of the affections or fancy to escape their scrutiny. They were intent (in theory) upon themselves as a surgeon is on the subject he is dissecting. The simile is unsavoury, but we know no other so exact. Such a theory is by nature injurious only to the few individuals who are predisposed to enter into its full meaning. Most men (thank heaven!) have too many clogs of flesh and blood about them — too many sympathies and emotions—too much instinctive and unreasoning confidence in the God that made them, to be driven frantic by it; and, accordingly, the good it does to the mass by teaching them the profound importance of right feelings, motives, and wishes, and putting spiritual religion in its true place, as something above all external observance, is probably tenfold more than the harm it has done in creating the sin of spiritual selfishness. But Cowper had not the safeguards which protect the mass of humanity. This form of religion tended to increase by every means, and as it were to legitimatise and give a heavenly sanction to, those habits of mind from which his madness came. To cure him of that tragic self-importance which made him perceive in himself a kind of equal antagonist to God, pursued implacably by divine wrath and contended for by all the powers of darkness — an enemy so important that heaven departed from all its common rules, and made war against him *à outrance*—the religion of his day set him to self-examination. It taught him to regard God as perpetually watchful of his smallest movements, noting everything with a vigilant eye, more easily angered than a jealous woman, insisting upon a share in every thought. Instead of the "larger, other eyes than ours," with which the gentler philosophy of to-day endows even the departed spirits of human race, the sign of God's greatness to Wesley and Newton was the minuteness of His all-inspection—the ceaseless, breathless watch he kept upon every word and every thought. And whenever it is fully realised what this means—when the reader represents to himself the effect upon a sensitive mind of such a constant, unintermitting inspection — when he thinks of the one poor solitary half-insane human creature feeling himself surrounded by the austere light of eyes which watch him waking and sleeping, watch him in his weakness, in his dreams, at his table, at his books, whatever he does or thinks or says, making account of everything and laying up

an awful score of unconsidered sins against him,—can he wonder that Cowper's madness came back again and again, and was the persistent shadow of his entire life? This was how the most pious men of the time regarded God. It is how human nature at all times is most apt to regard Him, being so seldom able to divest itself of its deep consciousness of wrong towards Him. These men spoke much of the Saviour and of spiritual joy; but it did not occur to them that God's loving and large comprehension of all our confused ways and works, must be not less, but infinitely more, indulgent and tender than that of any man: yet this was the theory of existence which such a mind as Cowper's wanted, and in which was its only hope.

We linger, however, too long over these opening scenes. Cowper's first fit of madness did not last quite a year, and he was delivered from it, or rather believed that he was delivered from it, by that sudden perception of the salvation offered by the Gospel which is the turning-point in so many religious biographies. Almost all at once the light from heaven burst into his mind, and he was delivered; and had his history ended there, it would scarcely have been more remarkable than that of a host of converts whose transition from a profane and secular to a religious life has been marked by not unsimilar agonies. He was two years at St Alban's under the charge of Dr Cotton—and when he leaves that scene of his sufferings and recovery, there is an air of subdued tranquillity about him which reminds us touchingly of the state of convalescence from bodily illness. He came to Huntingdon in the year 1765, with a tremulous sense of the beauty and goodness of everything in his mind, and a heart open to every gentle solace that might fall in his way. It had been found impossible to get lodgings for him in or near Cambridge where his brother lived, and Huntingdon, oddly enough, seems to have been chosen as within reach. Probably John Cowper, though he was a kind brother, was yet not prepared to take upon him the entire charge of such an invalid, or to wear out his own heart with the constant sight of one who had become an embarrassment to all his friends. Such an expedient is known and practised wherever family troubles exist; and where is it that they do not exist? But here Cowper found what he might have sought over a whole world without finding, had he sought it of set purpose—the one friend in the world from whom he was never to be separated more.

A great deal has been said about the poet's connection with Mrs Unwin, and we believe that the great bulk of the readers of Cowper, from his own day to this, have more or less openly entertained the notion that the love between them was, to some extent, the love of lovers, and that it might (and, indeed, as some people think, ought to) have led to marriage. Except the mere fact that he was a man and she a woman, we do not know one other morsel of evidence to prove such a theory. The relations between them were evidently as calm, as sober, and as purely affectionate as if their bond had been one, not of choice, but of nature; and in all the revelations which he poured forth during their long companionship—revelations in which the most secret things of life mingle with the most frivolous—there is not one word which could lend the most far-away or vague support to the notion. Not the least shade of shyness or self-consciousness is upon either of the friends; their connection was so simple a matter of fact, so clearly recognised by all who belonged to them on both sides, that nothing but the inalien-

able human inclination to find something amiss could have suggested such a thought. It is the most perfect example on record of a relationship so difficult, yet so beautiful; and perhaps only under circumstances so peculiar—circumstances in which the man owed everything to the woman, received all, and gave nothing or next to nothing—could it be possible to maintain it. In the mean time, for these hundred years past critics have done all that in them lay to discover anything that was to be discovered about this frequent subject of gossip. Yet in all that time not one fact, or even inference, to the injury of Mary Unwin has been so much as hinted at——

We had written thus far when the last of all the examinations of Cowper's life—the biography affixed to the Globe edition of his works, by the Rev. W. Benham—came into our hands. It contains a statement so distinct and so startling that we pause with a certain consternation, and look back upon what we have just said. Yes, it is perfectly true; Cowper has never himself uttered a word to lead to the supposition that Mrs Unwin was to have been his wife—neither has his friend Hayley, who, it is to be supposed, must have been in possession of all the circumstances. Southey treats the suggestion with the contempt which an hour ago we should have said it deserved. In the face of all these testimonies, we are compelled to allow Mr Benham introduces a piece of evidence which it is very hard to deny weight to. In our own opinion, it is confuted by every circumstance of the story, and by the absolute silence of both parties most closely concerned; yet, nevertheless, it cannot be passed over. Here is the new evidence adduced. It is drawn from a recent and little-known publication:—

"Mr Bull, in his 'Memorials of Newton,' declares that again and again he had heard his father say that they were about to be married, when Cowper's malady returned in 1773, and that Bull knew this from Mrs Unwin herself." And then he adds the following extract from Newton's hitherto unpublished diary:—

"'They were congenial spirits united in the faith and hope of the Gospel; and their intimate and growing friendship led them, in the course of four or five years, to an engagement of marriage, which was well known to me and to most of their and my friends, and was to have taken place in a few months, but was prevented by the terrible malady which seized him about that time.'"

"This," says Mr Benham, "settles the question." Does it do so? We confess that for the first moment we are staggered by the uncompromising character of the assertion. But at the second glance it does but confuse the whole situation, adding to it a hundred difficulties. Here is a man most voluminous in letter-writing who has babbled (charmingly, touchingly, in such a way as few men could have done, yet the word is not unjust) about everything that happened to him, great and small. Yet we have to wait a century until somebody chooses to print an extract from a friend's diary for information of what might have been the most important step in his life. This step, too, was one which it was so natural to expect from without. It is an idea which must have crossed the imagination of every individual who met for the first time and noted with wonder a man of thirty-six and a woman of forty-three living together in so unusual a union. Yet according to every reasonable indication nothing could be more unlikely and unsuitable when we take all the circumstances into consideration, from within. The very idea of two people thus living together and contemplating marriage is of itself monstrous. Two lovers alone in a house waiting (why?) for a marriage-day which is never referred to by the one who is the spokesman of the pair—then giving up the thought

because the woman had become a thousand times more than ever necessary to the man—and going placidly on again in the old way when that crisis was over without the most distant reference to the purpose, which, if they entertained it at all, must certainly have borne a most important part in their thoughts! The story seems to us utterly incredible. If Mrs Unwin had been disposed to marry the ailing man, whose miserable previous story she knew in all its details before his second illness, why should that illness have prevented her? She rendered him all the services which could be rendered by the nearest female relative for years after; and if she had been his betrothed, her position would have been without doubt most painful and equivocal, whereas the form of marriage would have made all her cares at once legitimate. In our own opinion, the mere suggestion of marriage between two people so situated made its instant carrying out, or their separation, at once imperative. But, on the other hand, the relations of friendship, or of that domestic love which is not the love of man and wife, were attended by no impossibility. The position might be difficult, but it was practicable. The two had grown into the habit of life together before any other relation was possible; and their peculiar religious views, though they might lay them open to the gossip of the vulgar, built sevenfold walls of defence round them with those whose opinions they cared for. Not only was the moral character of both above suspicion, but their semi-monastic life afforded them a double safeguard.

It is quite possible, however, that Newton, who ruled both with a rod of iron, might have thought it better for them to be married, or even have ordained that it should be so, some time or other, in his autocratic way. He occupied with both a position almost more absolute than that held by a confessor under the strictest Roman Catholic *régime;* and nothing can be more likely than that he should have made up his mind as to the expediency of such a step, —marriage, oddly enough, which is the grand stumbling-block to the Catholic, being the one carnal institution for which Evangelicalism has always manifested a marked partiality. With this suggestion we can but leave the matter to the reader's own decision, hoping that he may agree with us in the belief that this project was Newton's, not Cowper's; and that there is no real foundation, so far as the friends themselves are concerned, for this meaningless complication which throws confusion into the records of their blameless life.

Cowper's connection with the Unwins commenced almost immediately after his arrival in Huntingdon. By this time he had not only become very poor, but was deeply in debt to Dr Cotton, the kind physician who had done so much for him. Yet he brought a man-servant with him from St Albans, and apparently a poor boy whose education he had undertaken —a double burden, which his relations, who seem to have by this time begun to contribute regularly to his support, strenuously and not unnaturally objected to. His first attempt to maintain himself in his lodging on his allowance does not seem to have been a success, and after a few weeks he went to board with the Unwins. He describes his life under their roof as follows:—

"We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven we read either the Scriptures or the sermons of some faithful preacher of these holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk or ride or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour

after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors or sing some hymns, and by the help of Mrs Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts are, I hope, the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day between church-time and dinner. At night we read and converse as before till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon, and, last of all, the family are called to prayers. I need not tell *you* that such a life is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness."

The reader will observe that "such a life" differs only from a severe monastic rule in being absolutely without motive. Monks and nuns give themselves up to such an existence as a proof of their absolute self-sacrifice to God, and as part of a prolonged vicarious offering, in imitation of Christ, for the sins of men. But Cowper gave himself up to it without any purpose except his own happiness and comfort, yet believed this course of idle routine and religious business to be something far more elevated than the common labours of other men. It is scarcely possible, indeed, to avoid noting the gentle complacency of the narrative. The poet has got, out of his despair, to be one of the salt of the earth, living an ideal life of holiness and piety; and he records it with gentle satisfaction. This routine, however, was broken by the death of Mr Unwin. Before that event occurred the son had got a living, and the daughter married soon after. There were but two left of the pious circle—the widow and her boarder and patient. It is said that the master of the house in dying had expressed a hope that Cowper would continue with his wife. And so he did. She had become necessary to him—the most untiring of nurses and kindest of companions; and probably at that moment of grief it did not occur to either of them to recollect that the woman whom he looked upon as a mother was in reality only seven years older than himself. Hayley considers that "her age and her virtues were sufficient securities to insure her reputation." And in that dim religious atmosphere, where common motives did not exist, where everything was referred to the guidance of the Spirit, and where, besides, the presence of sorrow must have softened and sanctified the whole, there can be little doubt that this infraction of common rules was never thought of upon either side, but that the arrangement seemed the most natural one possible to all. Both then and afterwards Cowper writes of his companion as of a mother, in a way which was no doubt absurd when their relative ages are considered, but which would not only have been absurd, but a piece of most transparent and contemptible hypocrisy and humbug, had he entertained towards her the sentiments of a lover.

And here began a darker chapter of his life. When Cowper and Mrs Unwin changed their residence from Huntingdon to Olney, it was in order to be near, and to benefit by the ministrations of, the well-known John Newton, then vicar of that place. Had the poet been a Roman Catholic, transferred from some gentle-souled director to an imperious bigot, who bound him hand and foot in spiritual chains, we could use no other words than those which are drawn from us by this new influence. Yet Newton was one of the men who considered Rome as Antichrist, and would have shuddered, as if at the most heinous accusation which could be brought against a man, had he found himself compared to a Popish

priest. Thus it is that human nature continually proves its own identity. Newton became the spiritual director of both Cowper and Mrs Unwin. He was their near neighbour, and, according to his lights, their devoted friend; but he was one of the greatest apostles of that new gospel of self-examination which a real Christian impulse had tacked to the real Gospel, and which a great many simple folk received without doubt as a revelation from heaven. Both his new parishioners put themselves entirely into his hands. There can be no doubt that he meant nothing but good to his friends, and that the life into which his example and influence drew Cowper was to himself the very highest ideal of existence. Once, and only once, he seems to have been struck by the idea that his treatment of his penitents might be supposed by the worldly-minded to have an injurious effect. "I believe my name is up for preaching people mad. . . . Whatever may be the cause, I suppose we have near a dozen in different degrees disordered in their heads, and most of them, I believe, truly gracious people," he says, with curious momentary surprise. But no doubt was in his own mind that his course of action was the best and holiest. Cowper was plunged into all the religious occupations of the parish. If he had lived the life of a monk at Huntingdon, at Olney he lived the life of a home missionary. He who had gone mad in his struggle to face a public assembly once, had now to lead the devotions of the people at periodical prayer-meetings whenever his pastor called upon him. "I have heard him say," said Mr Greathead, who preached his funeral sermon, "that when he expected to take the lead in your social worship, his mind was always greatly agitated for some hours preceding. But his trepidation wholly subsided as soon as he began to speak in prayer." "Mr Newton," says another witness, "used to consider him as a sort of curate, from his constant attendance on the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish." These occupations, however, might not have been radically injurious, for occupation was most needful for him; but for the perpetual enforcing of that grand duty of self-observation, which was by nature Cowper's greatest danger. Through all his labours this was the accompaniment of every exertion. To scrutinise himself—to learn the will of God from vague intimations in his own mind—to examine every feeling lest perhaps something wicked might be in it—to dwell upon every passing mood—to detect every difference of spiritual temperament,—such was the one great course recommended above everything else. It was his besetting sin, the temptation which had most power over him: and it was urged upon him as his highest spiritual duty.

This time of ripening misery is described by Cowper's friends at Olney as "a course of decided Christian happiness." It was interrupted by the death of his only brother, which was for a long time his last occasion of communication with his friends in the outer world. After that an ominous silence falls upon him; one or two curt, cold letters are all that come out of the gloom of monotonous preaching, teaching, self-scrutiny, which had swallowed up his life. It was then (they say) he was to have married. He had time enough to do it, for six years had elapsed from the time of his settlement in Olney before the gathering storm broke all at once. He was in the vicarage, which communicated with his own house through their respective gardens, when the outburst came; and such was the obstinacy of the attack that nearly eighteen months passed be-

fore he left his friend's house. We have no particular account of the secrets of this terrible time. Newton was overwhelmed with sorrow and sympathy, it is evident—a sympathy which, however, was naturally soon tinctured by a sense of the extraordinary burden thus cast upon him. Mrs Unwin alone stood by the man who had thrown himself like a child upon her compassion, as never woman, except a mother, did; uttering no word out of the terrible vigil, making no attempt to deliver herself; wearing her life out in attendance upon him, in humouring all his sick fancies, and watching all his troublous ways. To speak or think of any love but that of motherhood and friendship, carried to the point of heroism, in presence of such a terrible trial, strikes the writer, and we cannot but believe will strike the reader also, with a sense of absolute desecration and profanity. The imagination refuses to carry such a thought into the gloom: these two are not man and woman, they are nurse and patient — mother and child.

We are not disposed to consider the hymn-writing in which Newton engaged his friend as having helped, as some think, to produce this miserable result. Verse was Cowper's natural mode of expression; and it must even have acted as a kind of curb upon his exaggerated feelings, since he could not express black despair or absolute failure of God's mercy in verses which were to be used by ordinary Christians. Many of the hymns, no doubt, are sad enough, but they generally end with expressions of hope and comfort; and so far as we can see, there was nothing in them to injure his mind. Indeed it is rather a certain blank of evangelical religious sentiment—the staple subjects of the hymns of the period—than any revelation of his own feelings which we find in these productions. There is nothing which we can identify absolutely with himself, as, for instance, we can identify that hymn of Dr Newman's, "Lead, kindly Light," in which a certain tender and touching shadow of the original singer always dwells. For anything we could say to the contrary, Cowper's share of the 'Olney Hymns' might have been contributed by any of the ministers round. The only verses which strike us as possessing any special individuality are those entitled the "Contrite Heart."

"I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love Thee, if I could,
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

. . . .

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love Thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

Oh make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be."

These hymns, however, are on a low level in every way; they abound, as hymns so often do, in strong expressions, but there is no corresponding warmth of feeling. The dull smoothness of the stanza is never broken through by any exuberance of personal emotion. They belong to the blank period — the darkest portion of his life. And even his malady itself is scarcely so pitiful as is the dull gathering of gloom which preceded it, the gradual cutting off of all pleasant communion with the world outside, and renunciation of all intellectual pursuits. As friend after friend is lost in the silence, and as everything slowly concentrates into Olney, its prayer-meetings, its experiences, its daily sermons, which occupy even the summer evenings and supersede the habitual walk which kept up still a certain communion between him

and nature—his last remaining friend out of the coterie—the expectation of the reader grows painfully strained as by the pause before a tempest. And such it was.

Cowper recovered from this second attack as a child might have done from a severe illness; and his recovery alone might have taught his friends the true origin of the evil and the manner in which to deal with it. He came slowly to life out of doors. The spiritual and intellectual man, which had been strained to death, dropped from him, as it were; and a harmless creature, with the tastes of a child, came out into the silent soft sunshine instead. He pruned the trees, he fed the fowls, smiling for the first time for sixteen months at some touch of nature among them. When he at last consented to go home, the flickering life grew a little stronger. He became a carpenter, made bird-cages and tables, and built himself a greenhouse, like a boy come home for his holidays. Then his famous hares were given him, and he tamed them. In short, nature took the case in her own hands, and cured him in her gentle way. "As long as he is employed," said Newton, "he is tolerably easy." As the process advanced he tried a little drawing, and when it began to make an approach to complete amendment, books. But he was not fully restored (if, indeed, he can ever be said to have been fully restored), until his spiritual director was removed from Olney. It seems almost cruel to the real friendship and affection which subsisted between them to note the new spring which came to Cowper as soon as he was left to himself. Probably he was quite unconscious of it, and Mrs Unwin never utters a word out of the silence to let us know what her impressions were. But the fact is certain, that Newton was no sooner out of the way than the very first break appeared in the intellectual sky of the poet. In the end of 1779 Newton left Olney, and in May 1780 Cowper sent to his friend Hill, whom he had resumed his correspondence with, a copy of the pleasant verses entitled, "Report of an Adjudged Case not to be found in any of the Books," the case of "Nose *versus* Eyes." The coincidence is singular, if it is no more. And it is singular, too, to note the innocent, unconscious hypocrisy with which he keeps up to Newton the semblance of entire darkness after the invasion of this spark of light. The interposition of "a sportive thought," is, he says, "as if harlequin should intrude himself into the ghastly chamber where a corpse is deposited in state,"—a saying which all his biographers take for a proof of the continuance of his "darker mood," but which looks much more like that maintenance of the habitual gloom expected from a sufferer, which is one of the commonest and most excusable tricks of humanity. "You think I am merry, and have forgotten," we all say, when we are surprised by our first laugh; "but if you only knew how my outward appearance mocks the woe within!" Thus Cowper kept up his sables, his melancholy countenance, knowing that these glooms would gain him a certain credit in his companion's eyes, which a laugh would dissipate in a moment—but all the same felt the warm tide of renewed life stealing into his heart.

And now there dawned upon him brighter days—the brightest days of his life, his time at once of blossom and of harvest. He begins not only to write to his friends, but to send verses to them, now sportive, now moralising, but all disclosing the new tide that is rising in his life. His letters to Newton still display, with a certain half-sad, half-amusing persistency, the black mask of woe unutterable, in which that

friend had been accustomed to see him; but he puts it on to no other of his correspondents. Thus, while he writes to Unwin of his various pursuits, assuring him that "I never received a little pleasure in my life; if I am delighted, it is in the extreme," he recurs to the fictitious solemnity habitual to their intercourse, when he tells Newton of the very same pleasures, and assures him that when he has paid his greenhouse, his pet toy, "the accustomed visit, and watered it, and given it air, I say to myself—This is not mine; it is a plaything lent me for the present; I must leave it soon." The solemnity here is ludicrous, for he could not have spoken more seriously had "the plaything lent him" been a favourite child. But it becomes amusing to note this entire change of tone according to the correspondent. It is as if Newton and Cowper were compelled to speak a different language from that of ordinary men, and kept up their proficiency in it, as a man might do with a foreign tongue, by practising it between themselves.

It was in the period of this new birth and revival of life that his career as a poet really began. It seems to have been one of the peculiarities of Cowper's mind that he did nothing entirely by his own initiative. His powers of invention were small. The tiniest seed, if of congenial kind, germinated in him; but without that seed, nothing grew except the merest trifles. The hymns and "copies of verses" which up to this time were all that he had produced, could scarcely have gained him more than the mild poetical reputation so easily accorded by a limited local society; and it is difficult even to tell whether Mrs Unwin had divined his capacity for greater things and the latent power he possessed, or whether it was merely her affectionate desire to secure occupation for him, which induced her to suggest the composition of his first poem. He took up the new idea, however, with so much eagerness, and carried it out so energetically, that in the interval between December and March almost all the poems which composed his first published volume were written. These poems had all a religious purpose and meaning. The "Progress of Error" was the first subject; the other pieces were entitled "Truth," "Hope," "Retirement," "Conversation," and all aimed at the reformation and amendment of man. It seems useless to pause to make any formal criticism of these works. They contain many passages worthy of Cowper's genius, but in themselves the interest is not strong. They would probably, had they been his only works, have attracted little more attention than fell to the lot of such poets as Hayley and Hurdis, both twinkling tapers in their day. These first flights of serious song, in which the poet did little more than try his wings, bore the trace of ancient models still faithfully followed, and chains of habit and tradition still willingly worn; yet there is great vigour in the strain, and an enlightened critic would no doubt have discerned in them the reality of meaning and force of treatment which marked a new power arisen in the poetic world. Nothing could, however, be more quaintly unlike the first production which might have been expected from a man in Cowper's position than, for instance, the first of these poems, the "Progress of Error." He, the recluse, the pietist, the man who for ten years had not breathed the ordinary air of the world, nor seen its follies, plunges suddenly into criticism of that world with an energy which startles the reader. It is not theoretic error he assails, but the practical sins of his age.

The foxhunter, the *dilettante* priest, the polite gamblers and revellers of society, the drunkard and the fop, are the objects of his onslaught. He goes out of his way to aim an arrow of censure at Chesterfield, and to describe with sorrowful distinctness the effect of the grand tour upon the hopeful youth of England, or as he himself expresses it,—

> "How much a dunce that has been set to roam
> Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

This curious flight from his own standing-ground to that of the world he had so long forsaken is very significant. It proves that he had not yet fairly grasped the reality of his powers, and was still following in the conventional path; but it shows also a characteristic defect which always clung to Cowper. He delights at all times in the contrast between his own retired and blameless life, and the turmoils and passions of society. No man had better proof that the tranquillity of the country, and the apparent calm of a recluse existence, were not always evidences of real peace within; but notwithstanding he goes on asserting them to be so with a wilful self-delusion. The reader may well believe that he could have found abundant topics nearer home, and which came more within his own range of vision, and that there is something of the proverbial facility for "damning sins he has no mind to" in his attacks upon the vices of the outside world; but then he had been taught to fear and hate that world. The injunction to "come out of it" was at that time the epitome of Gospel teaching; and preachers on every side denounced its amusements, its occupations, and its anxieties, as if they, apart from the abuse of them, were actual vice.

The publication of this volume stirred the poet to a great many most human anxieties and wishes. Nothing could be more unlike the silence of his former life than the abundance of communications that pour from him now. There is a momentary awkwardness about the publication consequent on the fact that he has two very dear friends, Newton and Unwin, each of whom are likely to be displeased and a little jealous, should the other have, more than he, a finger in the pie. The object of their common affection has to offend one in order to please the other, and accordingly does so by employing Newton as his agent with his publisher. By way of setting the balance even, however, it is amusing to note that when "The Task" was ready for publication, Cowper, with a certain simple cunning, gives the preference to Unwin, whose turn it was, and leaves Newton in the lurch, a device most characteristic of him. His excuses to each offended party in his turn are amusingly anxious and conciliatory, and in neither case did the ire of the offended friend withstand the apology, for Cowper's friends were like charity itself, suffered long and were kind. As the moment of publication approaches, however, he grows anxious; and as he grows anxious, he puts on more and more, with the simplest belief in his power of deceiving others, that specious pretence at indifference to criticism, which is one of the favourite devices of authorship: "You ask me how I feel on the occasion of my approaching publication? Perfectly at my ease," he says, with that forced smile and the subdued little quiver about the corners of his mouth which we all know so well; but at the same time this excitement, which was of so much more wholesome a kind than those he had been involved in for years past, makes him so frisky, that we find him even venturing to address a written letter in rhymed prose

(if the phrase is allowable), to the great Newton himself, to whom also it is that he says with splendid but always simple complacency, "If they condemn my poetry, I must even say with Cervantes, 'Let them do better if they can!'" He sent copies of his book to his old friends Thurlow and Coleman, with the same admirable pretence of indifference to their reception of it. Speaking of the former, he says: "He can do me no good. If I should happen to do him a little, I shall be a greater man than he." But when the present he made of this first-born child of his genius was unnoticed by his old friends, Cowper's mortified and wounded feelings were incapable of maintaining that height of philosophy. Warm indignation and wrath take the place of his intended magnanimity; and his disappointment and anger burst forth in a poem called "The Valediction," which we have not room to quote, but which quivers with angry force and passion. It is very apparent from such an altogether unintentional piece of evidence as this that there was no apathy whatever in his mind in respect to his own claims. He is candid enough to confess this after a while as time goes on, in a humorous way, which takes its sting from the confession. He had made up his mind, he says, that he would not care; but "having once sent out my wits for a venture, soon became anxious about the issue."

"The 'Monthly Review,'" he adds, "the most formidable of all my judges, is still behind. What will that critical Rhadamanthus say when my striving genius shall appear before him? . . . Alas! when I wish for a favourable sentence from that quarter (to confess a weakness that I should not confess to all), I feel myself not a little influenced by a tender regard to my reputation here, even among my neighbours at Olney. Here are watchmakers who themselves are wits, and who at present perhaps think me one. Here is a carpenter and a baker, and, not to mention others, here is your idol Mr Teudon, whose smile is fame. All these read the 'Monthly Review,' and all these will set me down for a dunce if those terrible critics should show them the example. But oh! by whoever else I am accounted dull, dear Mr Griffiths, let me pass for a genius at Olney."

The charming skill with which he here eludes his own vanity, as it were, and makes fun of his suspense, is delightful; but the anxiety was quite real all the same.

It was in the midst of all the commotion and excitement of this publication that the incident occurred which has puzzled all the commentators upon Cowper's life, and which probably affected that life more than any other event in it. He was not a famous poet, but a poor invalid recluse, with a shadow of madness and misery about him, whose story was inevitably known to the whole country-side, and about whom there could be no delusion possible when he first made the acquaintance of Lady Austen. Nothing could be more humble or more sad than the circumstances which everybody knew, and all his reputation as yet lay in the future, when this brilliant, lively, charming, and very likely fanciful woman paid her summer visit to the dull neighbourhood of Olney. The story is that Cowper saw her with her sister entering a shop opposite his house, and was so much charmed by her appearance that he persuaded Mrs Unwin to invite the ladies to tea. What he himself says of the matter, however, is, that Lady Austen had kindly waived ceremony and paid the first visit, which he and Mrs Unwin, with all due state and ceremony, returned. They "fell in love" with each other immediately, in the most simple form of these words. No doubt the new-comer, paying her duty visit in the house of her sister, was delighted to lay her hands upon such material for social enjoyment, and Cowper's position was one especially calculated to attract

a woman's interest. For one thing, he was already the object of a singularly strong and faithful female friendship, of itself a provocation to another. He was the victim of melancholy. He was so circumstanced that no woman in her senses could be suspected of an inclination to marry him. He was, it was evident, when the crust of shyness was broken, a delightful companion, and he made an instant and flattering response to the kind exertions which the woman, accustomed to society, made for his amusement. Cowper himself was like a boy to whom the charms of society were new. He had been so long shut out from them, so surrounded with gloom and commonplace, and that middle-class country-town life which is so respectable and so limited and unlovely in its details, that the delightful novelty carried him away. One of those sudden intimacies which are so charming while they last, but which the experience of human nature always distrusts, sprang up between them. Ere they had been many weeks acquainted, the project of settling in Olney had entered Lady Austen's mind, and had been received with enthusiasm by her two friends. The first notion seems to have been that they should all take up house together, Cowper and Mrs Unwin removing into a larger habitation which would have space enough for all, and for all the visitors whom they might choose to invite—a Utopian idea (afterwards partially carried out, however, by Lady Hesketh) which seems to have been speedily abandoned, and which was then modified into the proposed tenancy of the vicarage by Lady Austen. In less than three months their intimacy had sprung to such a height that they were Anna, Mary, and William to each other, with still fonder additions. *My* Anna and *her* William were epithets which the taste of the time, as well as the maudlin affectionateness of the religious circle, made perfectly simple. His new friend was the "sister," as his old friend was the "mother," of the poet. He was precisely the kind of man with whom such relations are practicable. He was affectionate, without a touch of passion. He was utterly disabled by the misfortunes of his life for any independent personal step in it. He was fifty. The mere notion of a man so circumstanced being thought of in connection with the word marriage at all, seems to us inconceivable. Strange must have been the humility, wonderful the self-devotion of the woman who could entertain such an idea; and the gay, high-spirited, capricious woman, who is supposed to be the second who thus formed designs upon the valetudinarian, shows no symptoms of being either humble or self-devoted. She liked, no doubt, to have a man of unusual gifts under her influence, and to move him hither and thither as she would—a liking in which she is by no means singular, and which is not confined to women; but that she would have made the sacrifice of her life to him is a suggestion of which there is not the slightest evidence—and one which all the facts of the case go to disprove.

A slight *tiff* arose even in the first blush of this sudden friendship, which Cowper himself describes in a way which shows him not at all above the petty importances of a rural quarrel. Lady Austen wrote in an exaggerated way, he says, of her friends and their merits; and "built such expectations of felicity upon our friendship as, we were sure, that nothing human could possibly answer." To this Cowper sent a cold reply, combating her views with that chilly voice of reason which is always so detestable to the excited mind when kindled to enthusiasm. This letter offended the warm-heart-

ed woman deeply, and the correspondence was broken off. A year later, however, when she returned to visit her sister, the intercourse was renewed; and a short time after, in the autumn of 1782, she took possession of the vicarage. The social life which the three then lived together is too well known to need re-description. "Lady Austen and we pass our days alternately at each other's *chateaux*. In the morning I walk with one or other of the ladies, and in the afternoon wind thread." Cowper has given a hundred other little sketches of this conjoint life. He went every day at eleven to pay his respects to his neighbour; and they always dined together, and spent the rest of the day after that early meal in each other's society. There can be little doubt that it was the happiest time of Cowper's life. She talked to him, sang to him, told him stories, threw into his monotonous existence all the variety of her cheerful experiences and superior knowledge of life. She had "infinite vivacity," he says at one place; and at another, describes an exquisite susceptibility of feeling which makes her altogether charming. He quotes and refers to her in his letters with a mingled pride and admiration. It was as if some brilliant southern bird of brightest plumage and sweetest song had suddenly alighted between those two brown old sparrows in their narrow cage. They were dazzled, delighted, proud of her fashion, her accomplishments, her affection. When he was sad, she told him the story of John Gilpin, which amused him so much that he could not sleep all night for laughing. When his work had all come to an end, and he was as usual waiting for some suggestion to work upon, she gave that of the Sofa; and thus laughingly, gently, launched "The Task" into being. All the chains of ice that had been bound about the poet's mind and faculties seem to have been loosed under her influence. He ran over all the gamut of composition from grave to gay at her touch; now writing the lamentable yet merry episode of "Poor Mary and Me in the Mud," now knelling that dirge for the brave which has made many a nineteenth-century reader aware of the tragic fate of the Royal George. In short, Lady Austen seems to have played upon the poet as upon her harpsichord, swaying his fancy, and moving his genius almost as she pleased.

How did all this come to an end? Hayley had seen Lady Austen, and it is clear he thinks she meant to marry Cowper; or, as he says in his grandiloquent way, "she was willing to devote her life and fortune to his service and protection." Nobody ventures to say plainly that she made this proposal to him, and that it was rejected: and though Hayley undoubtedly infers this, yet he at the same time ascribes the breach to a "trifling feminine discord" and jealousy on the part of Mrs Unwin. The matter is one which probably will never be cleared up. Lady Austen seems to have had the impression that Mrs Unwin was to blame. Hayley had the impression that Lady Austen loved Cowper, and that it had been necessary for him to bring her to her senses. Both impressions are worth something, as being the result of actual observation; though how far they may have been biassed by mortified feeling on the one hand, and a foregone conclusion on the other, it is impossible to tell. Neither can we assert absolutely that Cowper's own statement of the matter may not be concocted with a view to shield one or both of his friends. He is, however, the only one who has left a clear account of it; he has indeed given two accounts, one to Mr Un-

win, the other to Lady Hesketh. To Unwin he had already reported the previous quarrel. Of the second he writes as follows:—

"You are going to Bristol. A lady not long since our very near neighbour is probably there. If you should chance to fall into her company, remember, if you please, that we found the connection, on some accounts, an inconvenient one; that we do not wish to renew it; and conduct yourself accordingly. A character with which we spend all our time should be made on purpose for us; too much or too little of any single ingredient spoils all. In the instance in question the dissimilitude was too great not to be felt continually, and consequently made our intercourse unpleasant."

To Lady Hesketh his explanation is more precise:—

"On her first settlement in our neighbourhood I made it my particular business (for at that time I was not employed in writing, having published my first volume, and not begun my second) to pay my devoirs to her ladyship every morning at eleven. Customs very soon become laws. I began 'The Task,' for she was the lady who gave me The Sofa for a subject. Being once engaged in the work I began to feel the inconvenience of my morning attendance. We had seldom breakfasted ourselves till ten; and the intervening hour was all the time that I could find in the whole day for writing; and occasionally it would happen that the half of that hour was all I could secure for the purpose. But there was no remedy. Long usage had made that which at first was optional a point of good manners, and consequently of necessity; and I was forced to neglect 'The Task' to attend upon the Muse who had inspired the subject."

These narratives, whatever amount of truth there may be in them, do not show the poet to us in his best. There is a feebleness about them more like the narrow village circle in which he lived—the gossipy small world where everybody is on his guard against everybody else, and where every disagreement brings out a host of petty grievances, than it is like the elevated mind and tender nature with which the popular verdict has credited him. To take it, however, on his own showing, is, in reality, we believe, the best way of arriving at the truth; for Cowper in reality always required more love and service than he gave; and it is quite in keeping with his character that he should have grown impatient of a friendship which demanded much return. But howsoever the case may be, here this last episode ended—this little break among the clouds. The bright and light-giving creature who had made his path so suddenly radiant, departed out of his life as suddenly as she came. In 1781 the friendship began—in 1784 it was ended. She went, whatever her cause for going might be, with nothing but gentle thoughts of him, full of regret and kindness. He threw an ungenerous handful of mud at her withdrawing figure. He had the greater reason for regret, and lost more than she did; and perhaps because he did so, was the more willing to show that he had dismissed her, and not she him. But, anyhow, in levity or in sorrow, in wounded love or more ordinary displeasure, she withdrew, and with her went the last hopes of Cowper's life. The abruptness with which it all ended—no point of transition being apparent between the pretty domestic scenes in which she figures so largely, and the valedictory words of the poet—points to some sudden quarrel. And it appears much more likely to us that Lady Austen retired in resentment at some misconception of what it seems absurd to call "her intentions," than that Cowper, perceiving these, found it necessary to dismiss her. Probably some village gossip raised the report of a coming marriage. Probably his Anna caught some sudden gleam of complacency in her William's eye, which showed her that he too thought he had made a conquest. It is all guess-work, and this is as likely a guess as any of the others. Anyhow, the fact remains that she went away, and

that a sore, solitary, wounded feeling of loneliness remained with those who stayed behind, mingled with a forlorn boast, repeated dismally and often, that "the cause of the many interruptions was removed, and now . . . we have seldom any company at all."

"The Task," which Lady Austen suggested to him—which was interrupted in its composition, according to his own account, by the formalities of politeness towards her—and which is full of the natural tranquillity and domestic pleasure to which she lent a double zest, progressed during this storm, and in the autumn of 1784, the year of the quarrel, was completed and sent to the press. It was the re-birth of poetry in England—the first bold departure from the well-worn channel in which all poetical compositions had flowed for many years. Cowper, in this new work, served himself suddenly heir to the old poets of the greater ages, and to the homely vigorous English which they had not found too common for their handling. He cast aside the worn-out moulds, threw the traditions of Pope's, and even Dryden's, era to the winds, and caught the old perennial stream from the fountain at which it flowed brightest and most full. When we think of it, it is impossible to over-estimate the courage and even hardihood of this step. Every poetical influence had been setting one way during the entire century. Cowper, at the end of that century, a man with no impulse of youth to help him, no new enthusiasm to animate, deliberately set his face against it and turned the tide. All the smoothness of versification, the artificial melody of rhythm in which his generation had delighted, and in which he too himself had imitated the other songsters of the age, he put aside to make his new venture. It was entirely new though it was so old. England had fancied herself to have outlived the lofty melody of blank verse. She discovered now that the old strain was her favourite—that it could charm her ear as well as rouse her soul. She found out that nature was as sweet as it had been in the days of Milton, the English fields as fair, the rural sights and sounds as fresh and tender. This worn-out sick man growing old, half fanatic, half madman, half recluse, drew the veil from her eyes, and threw open to her a new, sweet, dewy, fragrant world. It is difficult for us even to imagine the surprised delight with which the nation felt the sweetness of this new voice, which was so familiar, so homelike, so unpretending. After all, the shade of the Throckmorton elms, the woodman on his way to the forest, the peasant's nest perched on the hillside, the postboy, light-hearted wretch! twanging his horn across the bridge, were a thousand times more near the heart than the outpourings of a poet's malice, the impalation of a Sporus or a Sappho. Nobody had thought of it up to that moment; but when the moment came, all England saw it with that sudden enlightenment which is like inspiration. All through the conventional age—the period in which poetry had been a thing of the wits and coffee-houses, the production of a class, full of allusions and assaults which only that class could fully appreciate—Shakespeare and Milton had still been read in the silent corners, in those depths of the national heart which criticism and its artificial standard did not reach; and lo, these secret worshippers of the old gods rose up with a thrill of delight to greet the new light which carried in it all the marks of divinity which they could not recognise in its predecessors. Thus Cowper sprang at a bound into a place far more firmly established, more deeply set in the

popular heart, than Pope had ever attained. He had been the poet of the wits—his successor was the poet of the nation.

Could it be possible for us to ignore facts and history, and, taking the different poetic productions of that age simply on their merits, endeavour to predict of each of them what effect it would have on the popular mind, we scarcely think that we should be disposed to expect so great a result from "The Task" as that which followed its appearance. It is full of a sweet and real humanity, but it is entirely destitute of passion, that first and strongest element of power. It is not even emotional, but only reflective and observant. The nature which it reveals is nature at its calmest, the surface and exterior of things—not any of those deep thoughts that move a man's soul, but the external landscape through which he wanders, the sights that meet his eye, the homely domestic scene in which he finds rest when his meditative cheerful walk is over. All this, so calm, so unexaggerated, so like the scenes and thoughts of the ordinary Englishman, no one had ever attempted to set to music before. Thomson, indeed, had given a certain voice to the operations of nature; but it was by a very different method from that which put the woodman and his pipe and his dog bodily into the picture—not shaped into a sentimental Damon or love-sick Strephon, but just such as a hundred eyes had seen him, with heavy tread and homely looks. Cowper does not even avail himself of those episodes of story with which "bards" were accustomed to lure their readers on from page to page. He seeks no adventitious aid from sentiment or romance. He trusts to simplest nature, barest truth alone, as seen through the lucid magnifying of poetic eyes. And with one cry of sympathy and delight and recognition his country received the voice which spoke not only to her, but for her, expressing those broadest, simplest forms of feeling which comprehend the beautiful and true without being elevated to any height of tragic vehemence or passionate sentiment. Thus it is that the perfectly real and unexaggerated expression by genius of an uncomplicated and comparatively low level of true feeling may strike even a wider range of sympathetic hearts than when the sentiment is more elevated and necessarily confined to the few. Cowper did this as perhaps no other poet has ever done before or since; it may be even a matter of doubt whether any poet has ever so mastered the English mind as a whole. Many have moved it more deeply, but few have had so prevailing an influence. He gave an undreamed-of emancipation to the sober-minded, the religious, the serious; a whole world of people who were not aware that they knew anything about poetry, suddenly felt themselves surprised by it, and glowed with a novel softness, an intellectual awakening. If this was poetry, then they too, hard-working folk, common people of the soil, understood and felt it like their betters; and thus, like a new revelation, the new poet gladdened the universal heart.

It is very difficult for us to put aside the familiar fondness with which we have been accustomed to regard such a poem as "The Task," and to subject it to actual criticism—more difficult than it is to criticise the more supreme and impassioned creations of genius. For, in fact, it is not a creation: it is, if anything, a revelation; the opening up of things which are—not the making of things which were not, until the poet willed it. Even the revelation is not always a lofty one. Cowper's ideal

of life is, we cannot but feel, a low ideal. There are no great aspirations, no lofty duties in it. The curtains drawn, the sofa wheeled round, the tea-urn hissing on the table, and the recluse with his newspaper, congratulating himself no less on his exemption from all the toils and commotions of life, than on his cosy shelter from the storm-blast, or silent penetrating snow without, is not an elevated picture when we come to think of it. When he peeps at the world from his loopholes of retreat, he does it not only with a sense of snugness and comfort which is excusable, but with—what is much more curious—an unquestionable sense of superiority :—

"Thus sitting and surveying at my ease
The globe and its concerns, I feel advanced
To soar serene 'mid more than mortal heights
That liberates and exempts me from them all;
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations: I behold
The tumult and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me—
Grieves but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And avarice that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound."

As he sits thus upon the sofa and reads his newspaper and watches the needle ply its busy task, and "the well-depicted flower" unfold itself on the sunny lawn, he throws a half-contemptuous glance upon the distant and great world, and sings a complacent hymn of worship and praise to that smug goddess Comfort, the queen of British firesides. He does not so much as catch a glimpse of the grim shadow of selfishness which lurks behind her, and still less is he aware of the yawning dulness at her side. On the contrary, this picture of a useless, aimless, comfortable existence is the highest he can conceive. And the picture, as he paints it, is charming, we cannot deny; yet it is impossible to imagine any ideal of existence less noble or less satisfactory. This is its effect upon us who have had our fill of the domestic ideal; but it was new to the England which had been trained to find in a community of wits the highest development of humanity. When it is day, and he is abroad among the fields, we find it easier to forget that his pursuits are still those of an idler. Here he is in his element revealing the face and by times the heart of nature to his listeners. What, for example, could be sweeter, what more true and lifelike and melodious, than the following sketch?—

"The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue,
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tower,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppressed;
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books."

But yet those lovely lines, for which the whole world is his debtor, have scarcely died from his lips, when the poet erects himself once more to his full height, and magnifies the leisure, which is a necessity with him, and the obscure quietism, which is best for his shattered con-

stitution, into the highest of human blessings. The work which keeps the world going is either condemned as wicked or scorned as frivolous. The moment his glance falls upon human life, it grows narrow and intolerant. He sees the earth with heaven's own eyes of tender and wide appreciation, but man he judges by a narrower standard, seeing only temptation and evil in all his loftier occupations, and, for his own part, finding nothing better or sweeter than the sofa by the fire.

Thus Cowper's weakness and his strength mingle and interlace in his great work. "The stricken deer who left the herd" takes it upon him to make his narrow and bare existence a model for the strong, the brave, and the wise, and fails, as fail he must. But very different is the result when he takes upon him his noble and natural office, and lifts to the common eye that veil which hangs upon the face of nature. He shows her smiling, weeping, bearing her patient burden—every year dying, every year coming to life again, fulfilling in dumb faithfulness and steadfastness her Master's will. He makes us see the silent river flowing through those wealthy, homely, unpretending fields. He shows us how, while men fret out their little day, the great universe goes on; how God is faithful, and all His mighty laws stand fast. His eyes grow luminous, his voice expands, he rises to a prophetic fulness and noble force of speech. Small satire and personality, individual spite and cleverness, the babble of society, the keen encounters of wit, had made the world forget all higher objects of admiration; but now it recovered the power of vision with a surprised delight. Thus Cowper took his stand by himself in his humility in the literature of his country—not a maker, but a revealer, creating nothing, showing a new universe which was yet our oldest immemorial world.

His work kept him up as long as it was in hand; but the last shadows were already beginning to creep up from the autumnal fields. Out of the sudden light that had fallen upon his life he went back into his old monotony with a saddened, half-fretful, half-proud submission. "We have seldom any company at all," he says; and his letters to Newton, at least, sink deeper and deeper in the sadness of their tone. All through his halcyon time they had, however, been sad, and he had gone on speaking of his despair with little intermission; but it is difficult to believe in the despair of the man who spent his cheerful days by Lady Austen's side, who stuck in the mud with his Mary, who wrote "John Gilpin" after a night sleepless with laughter. Fortunately the blank left by Lady Austen's departure did not long remain unfilled. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, whom he had not corresponded with for years, one day wrote to him, moved by some sudden impulse of kindness; and with the eagerness of a man who was starving for friendship and society he flung himself upon her. "We are all growing young again, and the days that I thought I should see no more are actually returned," he cries. Lady Hesketh, however, did not confine herself to letter-writing; she offered him help should his circumstances require it: and he accepted the help with a frankness and simplicity which, no doubt, made the matter easier at once to him and to her; but which startles the reader, who perhaps has forgotten that all this time the poet had been the stipendiary of his family, living a life of contented dependence. In his explanations also on the subject, he tells his cousin that Mrs Unwin's income had been nearly double

his own during their earlier residence at Olney, although "we have had but one purse;" so that he had accepted not only her perpetual and devoted service, but even part of her living from his companion. These are facts which throw a strange and not very pleasant light upon the character of this man whom everybody served, and who accepted so amiably everybody's service. Lady Hesketh brought him into renewed intercourse with several members of his family, and his life seemed once more to brighten. Before a week had elapsed from his conclusion of the poem entitled "Tirocinium," which he added to "The Task" to make up the volume, he had begun his translation of Homer; driven thereto by a wise instinct of self-preservation and sense that occupation was his only or at least greatest safety.

These two facts, however, which one would have thought would have rejoiced all interested in him—his reunion with his friends, and his voluntary commencement of an important piece of work—seem to have alarmed and provoked the interference of Newton, who could not, it appears, give up his supreme spiritual authority over his whilom penitent. It was thought that Homer, a pagan, was "greatly beneath the attention" of a Christian poet, and not a becoming occupation for him; and also that the society of his carnal-minded relations would do him harm. Cowper, however, is not so humble but that he takes up arms for himself at this interference, though in a very gentle way. He cannot amuse himself now, he says, as he once could, with carpenters' or gardeners' tools, squirrels and guinea-pigs. A man's mind has been restored to him, and it must be occupied accordingly. Neither has he any connections at which any who love him or wish him well have occasion to feel alarm. So unwarrantable a pretension does not make the gentle poet angry, but still he repels the blame. A still more unwarrantable interference was attempted a little later, when Lady Hesketh had in her turn fixed her residence temporarily at Olney, in order to be near the lonely pair. She was Cowper's cousin, warranted by family ties and superior fortune to look after him, without fear of any misinterpretation of her conduct; and she soon perceived that "the cruel solitude" of the dreary little town, in which he had not only no congenial society, but was kept at a distance from the scenes of natural beauty which might have made him some amends, had the worst possible effect upon him. Accordingly she lost no time in renting for him a house in the neighbouring village of Weston, from which immediate access could be obtained to the Throckmorton grounds, which were his delight. Cowper's exultation over this new dwelling-place, its "genteel" aspect, its roominess, and airiness, and manifold attractions, is like the boundless satisfaction of a child; and he writes to Newton about it with a certain deprecatory explanatory fulness, as if to disarm comment. But his simple wiles were unavailing. Some weeks after, Newton let loose his thunderbolt: this time it was addressed to Mrs Unwin, and it seems to have plunged them both into trouble. "The purport of it," Cowper says, "is a direct accusation of me, and of her an accusation implied, that we have both diverged into forbidden paths, and led a life unbecoming the Gospel—that many of my friends in London are grieved, and the simple people of Olney astonished; that *he never so much doubted my restoration to Christian privileges* as now,—in short,

that I converse too much with people of the world, and find too much pleasure in doing so." This cruel accusation was founded on the fact that Cowper had got to be on friendly terms with the Throckmortons—and that Lady Hesketh took him and Mrs Unwin frequently with her in her carriage when she drove out! The poet condescends to go over all this ground again in another letter to his spiritual guide, which is full of explanation and proof that he does not deserve the chastisement bestowed upon him, but even now he does not assert his freedom of action, or do more than defend his "consistency" against an impertinent and cruel attack, which he never ventures to qualify by its right title.

The house at Weston did not long continue cheerful. Another short fit of insanity assailed him ere he had been long settled there; but again there was a rally, and things went well. He received two or three periodical visits from Lady Hesketh, which kept up his heart, and he made the acquaintance of several new friends, especially two youths whose enthusiasm was sweet to him, his relation John Johnson, and Samuel Rose. Hayley, too, his (as everybody then thought) brother poet and future biographer, came to Weston; and, what was still more wonderful, Cowper returned his visit with his inseparable Mary, now falling herself into the exhaustion of age, and enfeebled by some premonitory attacks of paralysis. This was the last gleam of sunshine that remained to him. Nothing could be more enthusiastic than Hayley's description of the pair who were thus tottering on the last verge of happiness. "Here is a Muse of seventy that I perfectly idolise," he says; and he describes the manners and conversation of Cowper as "resembling his poetry, charming by unaffected elegance and the graces of a benevolent spirit." With such guests coming and going about them, the two invalids kept up, propped by the love of their friends; and it was in this last glimmering of evening light that Cowper wrote two of the most exquisite poems in the language—his own most perfect productions—poems, every line of which is instinct with a profound and chastened feeling to which it would be difficult to find a parallel. These are the lines addressed to his mother's picture, and those entitled "My Mary." Poetry has never produced any utterances more gently deep and true. They are without passion, for passion does not belong to filial love. And there is not a phrase in them, not a word, which jars upon the most susceptible ear, not a tinge of exaggeration, not a touch that is excessive. This was the love he knew. Other affections had skimmed over him, calling forth here and there "a swallow-flight of song." This one love alone was fully possible to him,—the love half reverential, half protecting, without fear, or doubt, or possibility of delusion in it, which a son bears to his mother. The fact that he who gave forth these supreme utterances of filial love was himself old when he did it, brings into the relationship a strange tender equality which is marvellously touching. The two women whom he celebrates are above him, yet on his level, his companions, his saints, his servants. Gratitude in the one case visionary, in the other how real, a sense of dependence, a sense of superiority, mingle and blend as poetry never blended them before. Any true lover of Cowper who was asked to select his poet's best, would reply with one of these two poems. They are the expres-

sion of the master-feeling of his life.

But now his faithful guardian, his tenderest friend, was no longer able to lend her supporting arm or stand by him in his trouble. Love gave him a little strength to repay some of his obligations to her; but when helplessness fell upon Mary Unwin, Cowper's days of possible comfort had come to an end. In 1786 they went to Weston. It was in '94 that the final break-down came. Lady Hesketh arrived to find the household in wild disorder, the woman who had so long swayed it fallen into dotage, and the carefully-guarded master of the pleasant home, he whom everybody had concurred in watching over and keeping from all harm, acting as nurse in his turn, though himself hovering on the verge of madness. It is needless to follow to its end the sad and lingering story. When the circumstances were known, his cousin and all his friends gathered round him, each ready to help and serve. Some impatient bitter words fell from Lady Hesketh's lips in regard to the now helpless and burdensome companion from whom gratitude and decency alike made it impossible to sever the poet; but these were, no doubt, the mere petulant utterances of grief in sight of so sad a spectacle. One imbecile, babbling and laughing in her weakness, the other sitting "still and silent as death," speaking to no one, asking nothing, dwelling in an awful visionary world of his own diseased and morbid fancies,—such were the terrible charges whom Lady Hesketh undertook to guard. After a while a younger guardian stepped in and beguiled the poet and his helpless mate away from Weston, hoping as people always hope in vain for the benefit to be derived from change of air. But no benefit remained in this world for Cowper. When his Mary died he made no sign of feeling, being lost in the stupor of his own gathering malady. He sat silent with wild sad eyes in the Norfolk parsonage, to which he had been taken, and had novels read to him the livelong day, finding in them heaven knows what pitiful solace for woes that were never to be cured in this world. Sometimes the moaning of the sea would soothe him, sometimes he would rouse up to make a mechanical correction of his Homer; sometimes, even, he would write a cold and gloomy letter without beginning or end—for one of his delusions was that he had ceased to be capable of affection for any one—to his cousin. All that tender care and affection could do for him was done. His kind cousins the Johnsons gave themselves and their home up to his service, and no doubt hoped that when Mrs Unwin's death had been got over, new life might come back. But the only life that remained for him was a better than this. He survived his faithful companion more than three years, but they were years of darkness, without hope or consolation. A year before his death he wrote the "Castaway," the last of his poems, and perhaps the saddest. And there was not even reserved for him that gleam of light at the last which so often gives a pathetic gladness to a death-bed. He went down unconsoled into the dark valley. The last words he said were, when he was offered a cordial, "What can it signify?" What did it matter? one hour of weakness more or less, a pain the greater. By that time the gloom had reached its blackest, the light was near. What did it signify? Who can doubt that all the ceaseless sufferings of his life, all his miseries, some hours thereafter, had become as dreams to him in the great and new revelation which awaited him at the gates of heaven?

BURTON'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND: CONCLUDING VOLUMES.

Mr Burton has concluded in these volumes a worthy and noble labour. A spirit of indomitable and thoroughly honest research, an impartial judicial temper, and a bold, if somewhat rough, vigour of narrative, have distinguished his work throughout; but to those qualities are added, in the volumes now before us, an intenser interest, a more vivid and animated comprehension of historic data in themselves richer and more full of significance, and a style more fluent, easy, and accurate,—presenting in higher form the higher and more varied materials which he handles. In Mr Burton's volumes we possess at length a History of Scotland deserving the name, and, upon the whole, adequate to the subject. He makes no pretensions to rival the picturesqueness and enthusiasm of Sir Walter Scott, nor the patient analysis and elaboration with which Mr Tytler expatiates over certain details of Scottish history, disentangling with unwearying pertinacity what appears to him to be the thread of its involved and frequently obscure narrative; but he treats his subject as a whole with a deeper insight, a broader and more critical appreciation, and a freer, manlier, wider, and more penetrating intelligence than either of these writers. Sir Walter Scott, by the mere force of his genius, and the marvellous range of his dramatic insight into all the phases of Scottish character, has got in some respects nearer to the heart of his subject than any other writer; yet with all his genius and charm as a narrator, he was not an historical student in the modern sense: Mr Tytler, while nothing could exceed his industry and accuracy as a reader, and in some degree an interpreter, of State documents, yet lacked depth of historic feeling, and the capacity of finding beneath the mere letter of such documents all that they sometimes meant. Moreover, he was signally deficient in sympathy with the later religious aspects of his narrative. In all these respects Mr Burton is greatly superior. He is, by natural gift and the consistent persevering consecration of the industries of a lifetime, an historical student of the highest class, fitted to rank with the most distinguished of our recent historical school: he has looked with fresh and keen eyes, if not always with the requisite patience, at documentary sources; but, above all, he shows a living interest in almost every phase of his subject—an interest not bred of mere antiquarianism or literary research, but of hearty intelligence. On the political side, he recognises and brings into light, far more clearly than any one before him, the play both of national feeling and of social and constitutional forces working beneath the superficial current of events. On the religious side—to which so much in the history of Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth century turns—he has brought to his task a comprehensive knowledge and power of critical yet sympathetic judgment far beyond either of his predecessors, and even the most successful of those writers who have specially devoted themselves to this part of the subject. It is not too much to say that the volumes before us contain so far the

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The History of Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688. Vols. V. VI. VII. By John Hill Burton. William Blackwood and Sons: 1870.

best history of the Church of Scotland which has yet been written.

In the fourth volume, which concluded the first issue of his work, Mr Burton had brought the reign of the hapless Mary to a close. In the course of six brief years, this reign, so marvellous in romantic excitement, had come and gone. Mary reached Scotland in the autumn (August) of 1561; before the end of June 1567 she was shut up in Lochleven Castle. All the brightness of her early popularity had gone out in darkness and disaster unexampled. Her marriage with Darnley; Darnley's murder; her marriage and flight with Bothwell; her surrender and return to Edinburgh, amidst the insults of the streets crowded with indignant women and angry men,—had all passed in less than two years (July 29th, 1565—June 15th, 1567). It is impossible to conceive any succession of events more wildly tragical, or a fate more piteously urged to its doom. Whatever view we may take of Mary's character, or of her connection with her husband's death, the picture of her life during these years is equally pathetic. Guilty or innocent—schemer or victim—it is a direful story, only the more intense in its woefulness if we can believe her innocent of the charges imputed to her. Mr Burton's treatment of this problem of paramount interest in Scottish history is throughout in good taste as well as masterly. If we are not left in any doubt as to the conclusions he has reached, we are yet never pained by the bitterness of the polemic nor the coarseness of the partisan. He is dignified in his severity, and points his moral without blackening his portrait or raising the finger of insult at the prostrate figure. We miss, perhaps, here more than elsewhere, the charm of the story-teller—those graces of style and bits of living colouring which another pen has lavished upon the subject; but then we never miss a pervading sense of fairness, and the presence of that natural feeling which softens while it condemns, and drops a tear of sympathy for the fallen one, even while weighing her life in the balance of an unsparing judgment.

In the first volume of the concluding series—the fifth of his work—Mr Burton carries on the thread of the history with somewhat elaborate detail through the succession of regencies which followed the imprisonment of Mary and her final flight into England. With the withdrawal of the chief actor from the scene, Scottish national life sinks once more back into the confused obscurity from which it had emerged. Mary's six years of reign stand prominently betwixt two periods of nearly twenty years of regency, during which the events transacted are of great influence for the country, but involved and wearisome to the reader. The fluctuations of party movement are incessant but ignoble. It requires all the gravity of the interests at stake to redeem the picture from meanness, and cast over it any degree of attractive light. The latter period is, upon the whole, the least attractive of the two—for the great figure of Knox, although still present, is no longer prominent; and the "good" Regent, who, Mr Burton thinks, would have been the greatest king Scotland had seen since the days of Robert Bruce, is soon removed from the scene. The figures which remain and occupy the foreground are not destitute of picturesqueness, but they are altogether wanting in moral elevation and consistency of character. Lennox, Mar, and Morton in no degree rise above the ordinary level of Scottish nobles in the sixteenth century; and this level is not a high one. Seldom, indeed, has a country suffered more from the selfishness and

violence, the mean rivalries and lawlessness, of its feudal nobility. They produced but few great characters, and their interminable plots and counterplots are relieved by few touches of genuine heroism or public devotion. At times the course of the national history is little else than a succession of their family broils. The period which succeeded the reign of Mary was one of the most marked of these periods of feudal turbulence. The low revenge of the Hamiltons in the murder of Murray; the return-vengeance of the King's party in the execution of John Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, captured with Dumbarton Castle two years later (1571), and ignominiously hung on the common gibbet in the market-place of Stirling; the murder of Lennox in the same year,—present a picture of deplorable anarchy. It was only four years since Lennox's son had been miserably killed in the Kirk-of-Field, and now he himself was a victim to the lawlessness of a country which he had better never entered. There seems to have been something amiable though weak in Lennox's character. Mr Burton has evidently a tenderness for him; and the dying words of the wounded man, as he recalled his "poor wife Meg," surprise him into one of those snatches of genuine feeling which come out now and then in the course of his narrative, only the more touching that they are so rare, and evidently so sincere. No historian ever went less out of his way to foist in bits of sentiment. Lennox's wife was a daughter of Angus and Henry VIII.'s sister—the widow of James IV., and therefore the grandmother of Mary as well as of Darnley. "Some thirty years earlier," says our historian, "the love which Lennox and the high-born maiden bore to each other was an element of purity and gentleness in a household credited with dark political intrigues. In the after-life, which was so closely mixed with the horrible story of their son's career, this light still burned, and it brightened the last scene of all."

After Lennox's death the chief interest for a time centres round Kirkcaldy of Grange and the Secretary Lethington. It was a singular fate which in the end separated these two men from their old colleagues on the side of the people and the Reformation, and arrayed them in the interest of the Queen and the French party, against which the former, at least, had so long struggled. Kirkcaldy was a brilliant and noble character, "humble, gentle, and meek, like a lamb in the house, but like a lion in the field." * He was amongst the first to see the advantages of the English alliance, and one of the few laymen, according to Mr Burton, who had more than a self-interested attachment to the Reformed Church. His beautiful courtesy was conspicuous in a rude age. At Carberry, Mary selected to surrender to him when Bothwell retreated to Dunbar, and left her helpless in front of the Confederate Lords. From that day some have supposed his heart to have been touched, and Mary to have won a champion; but from whatever cause, there is reason to believe that he had begun to waver in his old allegiance even before Murray's assassination. He certainly gave the Regent ground to distrust him. And no sooner had the Hamiltons accomplished their murderous purpose, and the country been once more reduced to anarchy by the removal of the strong hand which had been laid upon its elements of misrule,

* Sir James Melville's Memoirs, p. 258.

than Kirkcaldy's attitude became unmistakable. Appointed Governor of Edinburgh Castle in room of the "dubious Balfour," he disappointed all the trust reposed in him, and declared on the side of the Queen. His manner of announcing his change of mind was "emphatic and picturesque. Morton was by force of circumstances the leader of the King's party. As he was riding with a train of followers along the fields under the Castle rock, a gun was fired, and a ball came bounding into the cavalcade. This was Grange's announcement that Morton and he were enemies."

No doubt there were deeper causes at work. Maitland had been received into the Castle in the previous year, when conveyed as a criminal to Edinburgh in connection with Darnley's murder, and his scheming brain seemed to see in the confusion following Murray's death an opportunity for a new movement. Many things looked favourable to such a movement—sympathy with Mary's misfortunes; the still unextinguished probability of her succession to the throne of England; and, above all, a new burst of patriotic feeling arising out of Elizabeth's Fabian and dictatorial policy. She had sent English forces across the Border professedly in search of the Earl of Northumberland and other leaders of the northern rebellion; but these forces had laid waste a great part of the country as far north as the Forth and the Clyde. This outrage stirred intensely the national pride and bitterness against the "auld enemy." "There were men," says Mr Burton, "still able to carry a pike, who had fought in the last war of extermination with the invader. Men yet in the prime of life remembered when the Scots bought English captives from the French for the sheer satisfaction of putting them to death. Hitherto the Queen's party had consisted of leaders without followers. It was said that among her supporters there were eighteen standing in precedence as nobles of the realm higher than the highest of the King's party. The strength of the King's party lay in the popular feeling, which had taken the shape of aversion to the Queen. But there was another and deeper-seated fountain of national feeling in hatred of England. The political conditions of the time enrolled those who felt this passion as supporters of Queen Mary: and thus, as it has appeared to some, a large body of the Scottish people had suddenly repented of their disloyalty and returned to their duty."

It was in such troubled waters that Maitland delighted to angle. He had never cared much for the Reformation, at least on its spiritual side. There is reason to doubt whether he cherished any positive belief at all. It was whispered that he had even spoken of God as "ane bogill of the nursery." Certainly he possessed no reverence for the Reformers, and the special claims to national influence which they put forward; and in the old days he had often encountered Knox on this and kindred subjects. His was a subtile, delicate, Machiavellian brain, without equal in Scotland; but he lacked any higher or generous principle which might have lifted him above the distractions of his time, and given his schemes of policy soundness and grandeur as well as cleverness and daring. He never more miscalculated than now, when the great idea of his life—to unite the two crowns under one monarch—seemed to him once more possible, and he had bent the brave and gallant Kirkcaldy to his purpose. Neither of these men realised, in fact, how much the Reformation had done for Scotland. A new power had arisen which was not to be manipulated by the most ingeni-

ous intrigue—which was to prove stronger than the old factious feudal spirit, and make itself felt above all the plotting of the great families whose struggles had so long rent the country.

Knox was the representative of this power, and Morton for the time its political leader. The Reformer's days were drawing to a close, but his spirit was still high; and, mourning as he did over Kirkcaldy's defection, he never wavered in his conviction as to the madness of the enterprise in which he had engaged. After various altercations with the holder of the Castle, it was judged expedient that he should seek safety out of Edinburgh for a time; but before his departure he held a solemn conference with both Maitland and his old friend. The conference, as might have been expected, led to nothing, "and the discussion ended in a contest of wits between Lethington and Knox in the old way." "There is something deeply interesting," says Mr Burton, "in the glimpse afforded to us of the scene in which these two men stand face to face for the last time. On former occasions, if there was a little dialectic skirmishing between them, yet they were in substance fighting together through common dangers for an honest cause. To both the danger had deepened; but it was not the danger of a common fate. To the one it was the question whether the cause he had in constancy maintained was strong enough to protect him; to the other it was the fear that in his desertion he had made a grand mistake, and all his subtle devices had gone to the creation of an engine destined to crush him. The two might almost be said to be in the balance, where the safety of the one was the destruction of the other. Both had given the days of their vigorous life to that common cause. Now both were, so far as the body went, decrepit, exhausted men, lingering on the edge of the grave. Knox had but a year before been prostrated by a fit of apoplexy; and the other was stricken with paralysis so deplorably, that even if we make large deductions from contemporary accounts of his state, his retention of his vivacious wit in so frail a tenement of clay must be ranked among marvels in physiology." They closed their discussion with some sharp fencing as to the comparative advantages of the English and the French alliance, and parted never to meet again. Knox retired for a time to St Andrews. Morton fortified Leith, and the siege of Edinburgh began. A civil war, one of the bitterest on record, raged from the beginning of October 1571 to the midsummer of the following year, when a cessation of hostilities took place. Knox's congregation longed to hear his voice once more, and he returned, after more than a year's absence, to Edinburgh in the end of August 1572. Any strength that the Queen's party had possessed was then effectually broken; but Grange and Lethington still held the Castle. The heart of the dying Reformer yearned towards his friend Kirkcaldy as he saw the hopelessness of his position, and could not help forecasting his doom. From his deathbed he sent him a last message. "Go to the Castle," he said, "and tell him, 'John Knox remains the same man now when he is about to die that ever he knew him when able in body, and wills him to consider what he was, and the estate in which he now stands, which is a great part of his trouble. Neither the craggy rock in which he miserably confides, nor the carnal prudence of that man [Maitland] whom he esteems a demi-god, nor the assistance of strangers, shall preserve

him; but he shall be disgracefully dragged from his nest to punishment, and hung on a gallows before the face of the sun, unless he speedily amend his life and flee to the mercy of God.' That man's soul," he said, "is dear to me; and I would not have it perish if I could save it." Knox's prophecy was remembered eight months later, when the Castle at last yielded to assault, and Grange and Lethington met their inevitable fate. The former, notwithstanding a somewhat pitiful appeal to Elizabeth, was hanged at the market-cross of Edinburgh on the 3d of August 1573. Lethington was found dead after the surrender: it was supposed that he had poisoned himself, or, as Sir James Melville says, that "he took a drink, and died as the old Romans were wont to do."

Following the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, the country enjoyed peace for a time. Morton, as Regent, did not possess the character or prestige of Murray; he was much less liked by the clergy, and gave them continued cause for disquiet; but he was courageous, powerful, and tenacious of purpose; and so for five years "the land was ruled with such a steady firmness as it had scarcely felt since the best days of James V." The nation in consequence prospered. Elizabeth desisted from interference in its internal affairs; Mary, in her English prison, was beginning to be forgotten; and even the dreadful days of Bartholomew, the news of which had given such an impetus to the Reformed party, were dying, if not out of memory, yet out of the waking consciousness of the alarmed Protestants. But all this proved but a temporary lull. The slumbering jealousies and rude violence of the Scottish nobles were destined to be soon stirred into as lively an activity as ever.

In the mean time Mary's son was growing up in quiet seclusion under the guardianship of Sir Alexander Erskine, the late Regent Mar's brother, and the tutorial care of the famous George Buchanan. There were three others who shared the office of tutor with Buchanan, but in the lustre of his name the rest are forgotten. Sir James Melville's Memoirs have bequeathed a pleasant picture of the royal pupil and his teacher, who held the King, we are told, "in great awe." "Mr Peter Young" (one of Buchanan's colleagues) "was more gentle, and was loath to offend the King at any time, carrying himself warily as a man who had a mind to his own weal by keeping of his Majesty's favour. But Mr George was a stoic philosopher who looked not far before the hand; a man of notable endowments for his learning and knowledge of Latin poesy; much honoured in other countries; pleasant in conversation; rehearsing at all occasions moralities short and instructive, whereof he had abundance, inventing when he wanted. *He was also of good religion for a poet*"—(whatever this may mean). According to all stories, Buchanan did not spare the rod even in its most ignominious inflictions on the person of the Lord's anointed; and it is not unlikely that the bitterness with which James afterwards spoke in his βασιλικον Δῶρον of Buchanan's opinions may have been in some degree due to the remembrance of what Mr Burton calls the "dorsal discipline" which he underwent at the hands of the great scholar. With all his stoic severity he certainly failed to imbue James with any conception of his own ideas of political justice and fair government, as eloquently depicted in his remarkable work 'De Jure Regni apud Scotos,' which was dedicated to the King. So far, like many a good tutor before and after him, he

failed in his task, but to a certain extent he succeeded. He made his pupil a ready scholar, with abundant Latin always at his command. It is not right, according to Mr Burton, to call James a mere pedant. He was really a scholar—"a ripe and good one;" and the authority of Dr Parr, "the man who in later times has had the greatest name for pure scholarship," is quoted in testimony of the extent of his learning and acquirements.

Morton's vigorous rule began to fail as King James grew into boyhood. The retention of the royal person became, as in former times, a source of constant intrigue and conflict. The royal will, moreover, began to show itself in the encouragement of favourites. Two men, both of the name of Stewart, rapidly rose to favour and power. The first, Esmé Stewart, Lord of Aubigné in France, was the son of a brother of old Lennox, the father of Henry Darnley. For him the earldom of Lennox was converted into a dukedom, and he is henceforth known under this title. The second was a son of Lord Ochiltree, and therefore brother of John Knox's widow. He soon became Earl of Arran, and is henceforth known as such. As Mr Burton truly says, "The rapid fluctuation of titles at this period is apt to perplex the reader, unless he is careful to keep the individuality of their owners in remembrance. We have had two conspicuous Lennoxes; here is another Arran, and presently there will come another Bothwell." James resigned himself to the influence of these favourites; and to their intrigues was due the final fall of Morton, whose power had been for some time tottering. He was accused before the King and Council of having been accessory to the murder of Darnley, seized and imprisoned, and at last, on the 2d of June, beheaded. We confess to a sincere regret for Morton's fate. Harsh as had been his own exercise of power, and uninteresting as his character is in some respects, he had been of real service to Scotland in quelling its disturbances, if nothing else. He had followed up the strong, and, on the whole, the just policy of Murray, and deserved better of his country than to be put to death as a malefactor. Murray, Lennox, Morton—all within twelve years—had come to a violent end. Of the succession of Regents, Mar alone had died in his bed. No wonder that the English ambassador,* somewhat in apprehensions of his own life, should write to Walsingham: "Your honour knoweth what a barbarous nation this is. . . . It is an easy matter to kill one out of a window or door, and no man able to discover who did it. Even their regents and kings have been subject to their violence."

At Morton's death James was only fifteen years of age, and little qualified to assume the reins of government. There was an alarm in England as well as Scotland as to the influence of Lennox. Elizabeth sent not only Bowes but Randolph to inquire and report as to the state of affairs. But the Scottish nobles took matters into their own hands after their usual fashion. They possessed themselves, by the Raid of Ruthven, of the person of the King, and drove Lennox from the country. For ten months the "Ruthven lords" held possession of the King and supremacy in the nation, when a counter-revolution swept them away. Of this counter-revolution Arran was the moving spirit; and James, having passed under his control, took vengeance against those who had roughly handled his anointed person, by expatriating them, and confiscating their estates. A little

* Wotton.

while afterwards, and the "banished lords," by the help of England, had their turn, and Arran fled "with a follower or two" towards the Highlands. This secondary period of revolution may be said to close with the formation of the league with England, which received the ratification of the Estates in 1585. Such a compact was the natural termination of the turn which Scotch politics had taken since the Reformation, and the growing influence of England in directing them. Still, however, the ancient alliance with France remained not only fresh in the mind of the nation, but a source of proud recollection; and security was taken, in contracting the new alliance, that the old should not be forgotten. The league with England was to "be without infringing or prejudice in any sort to any former league or alliance betwixt this realm and any other auld friends and confederates thereof, except only in matters of religion, whereanent we do fully consent the league be defensive and offensive."*

During the next three years the historical narrative finds all its interest beyond Scotland in the great events of Mary's trial and execution, and the loss of the Spanish Armada. Mr Burton wisely veils the last sad scene of the tragedy at Fotheringhay, which must ever excite deep feeling. The event itself belongs to English rather than Scottish history, and had less influence upon Scotland than has been generally supposed. There is no evidence of the often-repeated assertion that a reaction had taken place there in favour of Mary Stuart, and that the news of her death awakened a desire of vengeance against England. According to Mr Burton, "Her partisans, a feeble minority, had been dropping into the grave, and their cause was not of a kind that gains recruits. No doubt, of her old, faithful, and assured partisans, many there were to whom her death was an event full of bitterness and grief; but for the bulk of the nation to demand that she should be succoured, or, when that had become impossible, avenged, would have been to quarrel with Elizabeth for doing in her own quarrel what they would have done in theirs had the opportunity fallen to them."

When, eighteen months after Queen Mary's execution, the Spanish Armada entered the Channel, there was far more excitement in Scotland. "The Presbyterian clergy were in a state of intense activity, holding numerous meetings and passing resolutions. The Band or Covenant of 1581 was renewed, and signed all over the land, receiving in many instances the names of unwilling subscribers. A survey or census was taken of the amount of Popery still in Scotland; it brought out alarming results in the north-eastern district under the influence of the Gordons. A general fast was appointed for the purpose of averting the sufferings and dangers of the land from the following causes:—'The universal conspiracies of the enemies of the truth against Christ's Kirk, to put in execution the bloody determination of the Council of Trent; 2. The flocking home of Jesuits and Papists to subvert the Kirk within this country; 3. The defection of a great number from the truth; 4. The conspiracies intended against the same by great men, entertainers of Jesuits and Papists; 5. The coldness of professors; 6. The wreck of the patrimony of the Kirk, abundance of bloodshed, adulteries, incest, and all kinds of iniquity.'" There was a natural fear that some of the dreaded fleet might

* Act. Parl., vol. iii. p. 381.

find their way to the Scottish coast, and land troops, to which no effective resistance could be made. As it turned out, a vessel, not of the great fleet itself, but containing some of its crew who had been wrecked among the Orkney Islands, was cast on the Fife coast at Anstruther; but as James Melville, then minister of this ancient burgh, significantly says in his diary, they came not "to give mercy, but to ask." Melville's account of the reception of the Spaniards is very quaint and interesting, and has been more or less utilised by all historians of the event. He describes the captain as "a very reverend man, of big stature and grave and stout countenance, grey-bearded, and very humble-like, after meikle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground, and touching my shoe with his hand." He made known his sad plight, and was with his crew hospitably entertained. As yet he knew nothing of the general calamity which had befallen the Armada; but one day Melville brought him a news-sheet from St Andrews, "with the names of the principal men, and how they were used in Ireland and our Highlands, in Wales and other parts of England; the whilk when I recorded to Jan Gomez (the captain) by particular and special names, oh, then he cried out for grief, bursted, and grat."

In 1587 James attained his majority, and his thoughts began to turn to marriage. He entertained the matter very gravely, and even made it a subject of "advising and praying with God the space of fifteen days," after which he informed his Council that "he was resolved to marry in Denmark." * He not only made this resolution, but he carried it out, by sailing himself in search of the Danish princess, who, after being married by proxy, and setting out to join her husband, had been obliged by stress of weather to take refuge in a Norwegian port. He accomplished his purpose, and overtook his bride at Upsala on the 19th of November,† when we are told that "his majesty minded to give the Queen a kiss, after the Scots fashion, at meeting, whilk she refused, as not being the form of her country. After a few words privily spoken betwixt his majesty and her, there passed familiarity and kisses." This was the single romance of James's life, and deserves all the prominence which its gallant eccentricity claims for it.

It is unnecessary for us to trace in detail the remaining political incidents of James's reign in Scotland. From about this time, in fact, political interest may be said to merge in the ecclesiastical life of the country. Notwithstanding the intense force and influence of the Reformation in 1560, the question of the Church had not been hitherto all-engrossing. Not a little of the old feudal activity had remained, crossed and modified by powerful currents of religious enthusiasm, yet still surviving in its distinctive features. But onwards from the establishment of Presbytery in 1592, Scottish history for a hundred years becomes almost entirely ecclesiastical. The influence of the nobility is inextricably mingled up with that of the Kirk, which takes the lead, and gives the colour of its own thought and character to the national life. It is a great merit of Mr Burton's History, as we have already stated, that he has so clearly apprehended this, and taken the most earnest pains to understand the real spirit of the religious conflicts which henceforth moved Scotland, and the stern enthusiasm bred of which in the next century not only dominated it, but was destined

* Sir James Melville's Memoirs. † 1589.

for a time to exercise such a decisive effect upon England. We must glance at his way of dealing with this part of his subject; but before passing to it, it is due to him to give in some detail the sketch of King James which closes the narrative of his Scottish reign, and ushers him upon the scene of his English sovereignty. It is a very good specimen of the broad humorous sense and manly feeling with which Mr Burton seizes and presents character throughout his work. The lines might perhaps be more finely drawn, and the whole picture more skilfully compacted; but faithfulness and veracity of outline, with the expressiveness of a real if rough insight, are, after all, better in an historian than mere finish of art.

"The nature of the man [James] is one that can best be described after the Plutarchian method, by contrast, and the contrast shall be in this case with his mother. She has been renowned over the world for her wondrous beauty; and if it were not that the world, in the things it dwells on and celebrates, prefers grace to deformity, the son's ugliness might have been as widely renowned. It was a common tradition that Rizzio was uncomely and misshapen; and the recollection of this gave emphasis to the taunt that he was 'the son of the Senior Davie'—a taunt so much on the lips of that numerous body in Scotland who disliked their King, that it cannot but sometimes have come to his ear. His mother's beauty was adorned by natural dignity; she was fully endowed with the repose and self-assurance which are in becoming harmony with rank and power. The son, on the other hand, seemed ever to find it necessary to remind the world by word or deed that he was every inch a king; he was as fussy and pompous in expanding his rank and power before the eyes of the vulgar as the *bourgeois gentilhomme* of Molière. Queen Mary had learning and accomplishments, but they lay stored aside for important use. As she drew on them for help when she was throwing the bondage of her fascinations over any victim, pedantic display was not the shape in which they would serve her; and for the more serious business of a sovereign it was her policy not to seem learned above the usage of her sex, but yet to have the knowledge by which she could defend herself at hand in case of need. All the world knows what a bragging pedant the son was, and how he held his learning ever on his tongue, as one whose mind had been fed with meats too strong for its digestion. So it was in the use of duplicity. Perhaps no one in that age could handle it with such easy subtlety as Queen Mary, and that because she kept it for important occasions, and even then concealed it under that genial frankness which seemed to be not a mask but the natural face of her life. The son, on the other hand, was ever playing tricks, by way of exercising himself in that chronic system of mendacity and deception which he chose to nourish as kingcraft. Even in the evil repute that haunted both, there was the antithesis of the sublime and the ridiculous. The charges against the mother were of those great appalling crimes which frighten mankind; yet they had to be sought out under a covering of calm decorum and gentle elegance, such as might become unsullied virtue. Her son, on the other hand, wallowed in filth, moral and physical. His Court was the crew of Momus, without the seductive cup of Circe, that was employed to sink better natures to the level of its degradation. To whoever approached it, the eye and nostrils told of the abomination before he entered; and he made his election in full consciousness of what it was. The meanness of those about him, his loathsome familiarities with them, his diseased curiosity about the things that rightly-tempered minds only approach at the bidding of necessity and duty, his propensity to touch and stir whatever was rank and offensive, afforded to his malignant enemies the range over the whole scale of sensual vices as their armoury. And yet there is reason to believe that he was not an unfaithful husband, and that his only personal vice was in the bottle. Yet, although his indulgence in drinking was, like the other offences of his habits, not only undraped by any outward cover of decorum, but in a manner profusely thrust on the gaze of all men, it appears to have been superficial rather than deep; he seems to have indulged in continuous soaking, after the German fashion, rather than, after the manner of his own countrymen, to have reserved his powers for deep drinking-bouts. Scotland, as a poorer and ruder country than England, was naturally more tolerant of so grotesque a figure. His oddities, too, had grown up among the Scots; and as they were to some extent moulded on national characteristics, they were naturally not so

obvious and offensive to his own countrymen as to the people of his new dominion. Thus, although he had many enemies among his Scottish subjects, it is not until his oddities passed under the eye of the English wits of the day that we find them described with sarcastic picturesqueness. Among the many sketches of these, perhaps the most powerful is the following from the stinging pen of Sir Anthony Weldon. It may be doubted if there is in the English language a more thoroughly finished picture of a shambling lout:—'He was of a middle stature, more corpulent through his clothes than in his body, yet fat enough; his clothes ever being made large and easy, the doublets quilted for stiletto-proof; his breeches in great plaits and full stuffed. He was naturally of a timid disposition, which was the greatest reason of his quilted doublets. His eyes large, ever rolling after any stranger came in his presence, inasmuch as many for shame have left the room, being out of countenance. His beard was very thin; his tongue too large for his mouth, which ever made him speak full in the mouth, and made him drink very uncomely, as if eating his drink, which came out into the cup on each side of his mouth. His skin was as soft as taffeta sarcenet, which felt so because he never washed his hands—only rubbed his finger-ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin. His legs were very weak, having had, as was thought, some foul play in his youth, or rather before he was born, that he was not able to stand at seven years of age—that weakness made him ever leaning on other men's shoulders. His walk was ever circular, his fingers ever in that walk fiddling about his codpiece. He was very temperate in his exercises and in his diet, and not intemperate in his drinking: however, in his old age, and Buckingham's jovial suppers, when he had any turn to do with him, made him sometimes overtaken, which he would the very next day remember and repent with tears. It is true he drank very often, which was rather out of a custom than any delight; and his drinks were of that kind for strength, as frontenac, canary, high-country wine, tent, and strong ale, that had he not had a very strong brain might have daily been overtaken, although he seldom drank at any time above four spoonfuls, many times not above one or two. . . . In his diet, apparel, and journeys he was very constant. In his apparel so constant, as by his goodwill he would never change his clothes till almost worn out to rags—his fashion never; insomuch as one bringing to him a hat of a Spanish block, he cast it from him, swearing he neither loved them nor their fashions.'"*

The foundations of the Church of Scotland were laid as it were in one day. On the morning of the 25th of August 1560 the Roman hierarchy was supreme; in the evening of the same day Calvinistic Protestantism was established in its stead. This result, however, was the issue of a series of events which had been advancing for some years. The Reformed party, known as the Congregation, had been gradually gaining ground; and when the Queen-Dowager, Mary of Lorraine, who had headed the opposition to them, sickened and died at Leith on the 10th of June of the same year—"wearied with anxieties"—there was no life left in the Papal cause, and the whole fabric perished at a stroke. The Estates met in August; a Confession of Faith was prepared at their request in the space of four days, considered by the Lords of the Articles, and finally approved of on the 17th as "hailsome and sound doctrine, grounded upon the infallible truth of God's Word." Of all present there were only three temporal lords—Atholl, Somerville, and Borthwick—who expressed any dissent. "They would believe," they said, "as their forefathers had believed." "The Bischopis spak nathing." On the 25th the Papal system was formally overthrown, and the administration of the mass made punishable, in the last resort, by death.

But while the old Church was thus destroyed, and the Reformed doctrine approved and legalised, there was as yet, properly speaking, no new Church set up or established. The Protestants had presented to Parliament a new ecclesiastical policy and discipline, as well as a new creed.

* Vol. vi. p. 159-163.

They desired that the one as well as the other should become the law of the land. But the 'First Book of Discipline' encountered a very different reception from the 'Confession of Faith and Doctrine.' The Protestant nobles and lairds were ready enough to denounce Popery, and even to accept the Calvinistic doctrines. But those who were most willing to co-operate in the work of destruction, and who made little scruple in subscribing "propositions of theological metaphysics," were by no means forward to assist in the erection of a new ecclesiastical system. A Confession of Faith was one thing; a policy which affected not only their faith but their practice was quite a different thing. Accordingly, the 'First Book of Discipline' never became law. Some approved of it, and would have gladly seen it made legal; but Maitland was ready with a sneer, and others stood aloof, and even denounced the proposals which it contained as "devout imaginations." Knox himself relates this in his characteristic style, with some caustic hits at the greed of the nobles, especially Lord Erskine, "the chief great man that had professed Jesus Christ and refused to subscribe the 'Book of Discipline.'" But "no wonder," he adds, savagely; "for, besides that he has a very Jezebel to his wife, if the poor, the schools, and the ministry of the Kirk had their own, his reckin wauld lose two parts and more of that which he unjustly now possesses."* The 'Book of Discipline' had assumed the necessity of endowing not only the Protestant clergy, but the schools and universities—a necessity which involved the restitution of at least a portion of the Church's property. This was deemed something too preposterous even to be reasoned about by those who had laid hands on that property. To do the Scottish nobles justice, they made no hypocritical pretences. Their selfish rapacity stands forth undisguised. They would keep what they had got. And so the scheme was indefinitely postponed; and Knox's wise designs for the good of the Church and of education were unhappily frustrated.

Nor was any progress made for years in the establishment of a definite Church policy. During Mary's reign the Acts legalising the Reformed doctrine remained without royal sanction; and the new order of things held its ground, not so much by legitimate authority as by the strength of its supporters. In the crisis of her fate—the spring of 1567—she gave her ratification to the state of religion which she found in Scotland on her arrival. And on Murray's acceptance of the Regency, and the crowning of the infant James in the same year, the royal assent was formally extended to the Reformation in a remarkable oath which the Earl of Morton as sponsor for the infant took in his name. From this time only can the Protestant religion be said to have been fairly established in Scotland, while a legally-recognised Presbyterian Church was still in the distance. The Protestant clergy had hitherto exercised authority rather in virtue of their character and political position than as functionaries of an Established Church. But henceforwards they extended and organised their social and religious as well as political activity. Witches began to be looked after; a censorship was put upon the press; and offenders against the laws of morality and the Church were exposed to public penance "bare-headed and barefooted in linen clothes," as a condition of readmission to its bosom. With one class of offenders, however, all the power of the Protestant

* History, vol. ii. p. 128.

spirituality was still ineffectual. Although the Privy Council, in the autumn of 1566, had authorised the claims of the ministers to the "Thirds of Benefices," and the Parliament of 1567 had acknowledged, and even proposed to take means to enforce, their rights, they continued in great part defrauded of them. Even with the law on their side, the clergy possessed no practical means for carrying it into effect. For any zeal in the Reformed cause the powerful appropriators of the ecclesiastical funds might be reckoned on (for where otherwise would have been their interest in these funds?)—but when it was seriously proposed "to deliver over to the true Church what had been taken from idolaters," they were firm as fate. And this notwithstanding the extent to which the "lay interest," as it has been called, was represented in the Scottish Church. From the beginning certain persons of reputed character and position, but without any clerical function, were associated with the clergy, and exercised coordinate powers with them in their Assemblies. This appears on the face of it a highly popular and liberal feature in the ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland, and is to this day often exhibited in this light. But when more closely looked at, the liberal character of the arrangement disappears, as Mr Burton points out in one of those passages which show his higher insight into the meaning of Church affairs in Scotland, and places him above mere official or Church historians. "No doubt," he says, "ruling elders are laymen elected by laymen; but all who are elected in the higher courts must belong to the guild of eldership, and that guild is created by the clergy. Every one who sits at the table of the kirk-session—the fundamental Presbyterian court—has been ordained to the eldership by a clergyman; and whatever he may turn afterwards to be, he must have entertained principles acceptable to his ordainer. Those so ordained, too, have subscribed the articles of faith and discipline peculiar to the Church. All this is something very different from the election of laymen at large to sit in ecclesiastical courts, as the constituencies elect members of Parliament or of a corporation. As of other institutions connected with the Church, the features of this may be traced in the institutions of the French Huguenots, who guarded it even more strictly than the Scots from any disturbing element."

Deprived as the Church was of its temporal rights, it made steady progress during all the revolutions which filled up the space betwixt the close of Morton's Regency and the marriage of James. There were still complaints that the "preaching pastors" were left without adequate provision, while such funds as fell to the Church found their way into the hands of "dumb dogs," as Morton's titular bishops, known derisively as "Tulchans," * were called. But amidst poverty and turmoil the cause of Presbytery upon the whole advanced, and its form of worship and government became more settled. Our author has sketched the "organisation of the Church" in the opening of his fifth volume; and although the chapter contains nothing absolutely new, it sets the subject, at least in some of its features, in a more interesting light than it has ever yet been presented to the general reader. He explains everywhere the close historical connection between the Scottish Church and the type of "Reformed," or, as he

* "Tulchan," an old Scotch word, of unknown origin, was applied to a stuffed calf's skin set before a recently-calved cow, in order, as it was supposed, that she might give her milk more freely.

calls it, "Huguenot" Protestantism, from which it sprang. Its worship was in the main liturgical, just like that of the Genevan or the Protestant Church of France at the present day. When the Lords of the Congregation were first able to indulge their wishes as to a new mode of worship, they agreed "that the common prayer be read in the parish churches on the Sunday, with the lessons of the New and Old Testament, conform to the order of the 'Book of Common Prayer.'" There can be no reasonable doubt that this 'Book of Common Prayer' was the English Liturgy of Edward VI. But as soon as the Reformation was completed, the English Liturgy was superseded by the adoption of 'The Book of Common Ordour, called the Ordour of Geneva,' commonly known as John Knox's Liturgy—the curious history of which at Frankfort and Geneva is known to all students of the Reformation. This book is in some respects—the Confession of Sins, for example, with which it opens—a literal translation of the Huguenot Prayer-Book, and in other respects closely resembles it. One particular of similarity, which later practice has entirely departed from, may be mentioned. Not only were Baptism and the Lord's Supper to be administered in public before the congregation, but marriage evidently was also esteemed in both Churches a part of public worship. In the Scots form of marriage it is directed that "the parties assemble at the beginning of the sermon," and marriages as well as baptisms were to be celebrated only on Sundays;* and even after permission was given to marry on a "ferial" or ordinary week-day, it was required that a sufficient number be present, and "preaching joined thereto." The 'Book of Common Order' maintained its ground till the troublesome times when Charles and Laud sought to enforce a new service-book upon Scotland. It may be too much to say that its use was invariable, but there can be no doubt whatever that the reading of prayers was not only authorised but generally practised in Scotland till nearly the middle of the seventeenth century, when an extreme party, known from another cause as the Protesters, began to "discountenance read prayers," and to "scunner at the Lord's Prayer and Belief."†

Scottish Protestantism recalls its French origin in some minor matters of interest described by Mr Burton. The significant symbol of the burning bush, in allusion to the bush which Moses beheld burning but unconsumed, was a favourite among the early Huguenots. Farther he says, "The term Moderator was peculiar to the French Protestant Churches, as applied to the chairman or president selected by each ecclesiastical assembly or meeting, whether great or small. The term is familiar to every one in Scotland as of time-honoured use for the same purpose.‡ Any piece of business of the General Assembly and the other Presbyterian courts in Scotland is opened by an 'overture,' the direct descendant of a solemn form in the French Parliaments. On the occasion of the administration of the sacrament, there is to this day, in each of our Presbyterian communities, an address, which is called the

* Booke of the Universal Kirk, vol. i. p. 114.

† Baillie—quoted in the Introduction to the 'Book of Common Order of the Church of Scotland,' &c., by the Rev. George W. Sprott, B.A.—an admirable volume, deserving the attention of all students of Scottish ecclesiastical history.

‡ A Moderator seems to have been first formally appointed in the sixth General Assembly, 25th December—"for avoiding confusion in reasoning."—Booke of the Universal Kirk, p. 7.

'Action Sermon.' The name stands by itself, unconnected with anything in our own language or customs that can explain it. Its origin will not easily occur except to one familiar with the Huguenot prayer-books, in which he will find, occupying a similar position, the 'Action des Graces (de Grace)' or thanksgiving."

The main distinction between the Scottish and French Reformed Churches in their first formation relates to a point which the subsequent history of the religious struggles in Scotland would hardly lead us to expect. The Church of the Scottish Reformation preserved at least a semblance of Episcopacy. This much must be admitted by all parties without stirring the embers of an old controversy. The office of superintendent recognised by the 'First Book of Discipline,' and the frequent appointment by the first Assemblies of commissioners and visitors "to preach and plant kirks" in definite districts, proves beyond question that there was nothing obnoxious to the first Reformers in the essential idea of provincial supervision which Episcopacy involves. In the face of the Convention at Leith,* where the Church was represented by such men as Erskine of Dun, and John Craig, Knox's colleague in Edinburgh, it is hard indeed to believe that even a definite Episcopal government would have been unacceptable to a large portion of the Scottish ministers. No doubt, however, there were also those, and Knox among the number, who were strongly opposed to it. And the Presbyterian party was greatly strengthened in 1574 by the arrival of Andrew Melville, the best-known name, after that of Knox, in connection with the early history of the Church of Scotland. Melville was at once a great scholar and a religious enthusiast. He had been trained in the Paris schools; lived with Beza and Joseph Scaliger at Geneva; and to something of "the fierce fanaticism of the Huguenots he added the stern classical republicanism of Buchanan." He was, moreover, a man of ardent and determined spirit; and no sooner had he reached Scotland, and been appointed Principal of the University of Glasgow, than his influence began to tell decisively upon the course of Church affairs. He was in the main the author of the 'Second Book of Discipline,' and the real founder of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. From him until the present day may be traced a succession of "High Church" Scottish presbyters, who have stamped their influence upon the country, and given, if not always the predominating, yet the most distinctive character to its ecclesiastical activity. The 'Second Book of Discipline' is the charter of this school. It contains in full development all those principles of ecclesiastical power, "different and distinct from what is called the civil power," which lie at the basis of all High Church theories, whether Prelatical or Presbyterian. The book itself is a singular specimen of logical completeness, in strict harmony with the principles of the Huguenot discipline adopted at the first national synod of the Reformed Church, held at Paris in 1559. It shows in a high degree that love of system-making and theoretical conclusiveness—which so often breaks down in practice—in which the French and Scottish intellects resemble each other. The 'Second Book of Discipline' was finally adopted by the Church in the spring of 1581, and entered in its Acts, to remain there *ad perpetuam rei memoriam.* And after various

* January 12, 1571.

changes, and even a reversion in 1584—at the climax of Arran's power — to a distinct Episcopal jurisdiction, it was in its main parts incorporated in the great Parliamentary enactment of 1592, by which the Presbyterian Church was established, and its government in assemblies, general and provincial, presbyteries and sessions, formally ratified and approved.

From this epoch, triumphant as it was, the course of Scottish Presbytery was far from smooth. All its sternest struggles, indeed, were still awaiting it. But henceforth it had the strength of deliberate law on its side. The Act of 1592, in form at least, was a very grave and well-considered piece of legislation, as it remains to this day the Magna Charta of the Church of Scotland, and the fountain-head of all its legislative powers. Yet, according to Mr Burton, this great event in the history of Presbytery is not very intelligible to the general reader. It stands, he says, "in an isolated shape, without sufficient preparation, in a contest gained by the one party and lost by the other; while it is equally without result — the progress of events and the condition of the country showing no signs of so radical a religious revolution." This is true, looking at the external course of events, but hardly so if we look deeper. The legislative triumph of Presbytery was but of short duration, and the series of revolutions, in which now the Court party and now the Presbyterian party have the best of it, appear very much the same after as before 1592; but with all this there is a marked difference in the subsequent period. The triumph of Melville and his party, although short-lived, gave a consistency and vigour, and, so to speak, a national consciousness, to Presbyterianism which it never afterwards lost, however oppressed and overborne. It gave it, in short, a standing in the country, to which it always looked back with pride, and the patriotic recollection of which made its subsequent triumphs practicable. 1638 becomes intelligible in the light of 1592; and the later revolution could scarcely have been the national movement it was without the preceding legislation. It was possible to get rid of Andrew Melville, and leave him to end his days in lonely yet learned seclusion at Sedan; but the spirit which he implanted, and the principles for which he may be said to have gained legal sanction, could not be extinguished; and men like Calderwood, and Henderson, and Samuel Rutherford, were the legitimate offspring of a Presbyterianism which was not only enthusiastic in its convictions, but which had known national existence and had enjoyed civil sanction.*

It is curious from the beginning of the Reformation to contemplate the incessant ecclesiastical changes of Scotland. Even during the inchoate period now reviewed there are no fewer than five ecclesiastical transformations. There is, first of all, the Reformation itself, accomplished at a stroke, but in a state of fusion for seven years (1560-67); then there is Morton's degraded "Tulchan" Episcopacy; then Melvillian Presbyterianism, which had triumphed in the Church as early as 1581; then a reversion to Episcopacy under the influence of Arran in 1584; and, lastly, Established Presbyterianism in 1592. This last, and, as it might have been supposed

* See in evidence the famous 'Protestation' (in the preparation of which Calderwood had probably the chief share) given in to the Parliament of 1617, when King James revisited his native country, chiefly with the design of advancing changes toward a more developed Episcopal and ritual form of worship.

by those ignorant of the real motives at work, final adjustment of the ecclesiastical relations of Scotland, only continued in its full form and efficacy for four years. But these are halcyon years to the Presbyterian historian, to which "all true Presbyterians look back as the era of the greatest purity which the national Church ever attained."* It is sad to think that, according to the Church's own confession, this period of Presbyterian lustre was by no means equally conspicuous as a period of religious zeal and purity. The Assembly of 1596 prepared, with a view to reformation, certain statements as to offences in the ministry, in his Majesty's house, and even all the estates of the realm, in which the general "coldness and decay of zeal," along with "ignorance and contempt" of the divine Word and Sacraments, are loudly lamented. One must indulgently believe that the picture set before us in these statements of the clergy is overdrawn, and that there were but few to whom the description could apply of "being found swearers or banners, profaners of the Sabbath-day, drunkards, fighters, lyers, detractors," &c. We can more credit the somewhat amusing picture as to King James's own habits of "hearing of speeches in time of sermon;" his being "blottid with banning and swearing, which is too common in courteours also;" and, further, as to the Queen's not "repairing to the Word and Sacraments, night-waking and balling," &c.

Probably King James was not unaffected by the General Assembly's proposals to reform himself and his Court in the resolve which he made from about this time to subvert the Presbyterian polity. It is unnecessary to trace in detail the steps by which he proceeded in his design, from the Convention at Perth in 1597, to the Assemblies at Dundee and Montrose in 1598 and 1600, from whose meetings he managed to exclude Melville, on the ground of his not being a pastor of any congregation; and then again, after his succession to the English throne, from the Parliament at Perth in 1606, which restored the estate of the Bishops as it was before 1587, to the Parliament of 1617, and the famous Five Articles in the Perth Assembly of the following year. There is much in all this course of royal intrigue which must be condemned on every consideration of sound policy and patriotic principle. But here, as everywhere throughout this strange history, it must be remembered that there were two sides even within the Church itself. It is a great mistake of many writers to suppose that the spirit of Scottish Presbytery has been entirely uniform, and that its representatives are only to be found in such men as Knox, and Melville, and Samuel Rutherford. The truth is, that, even from the beginning, the Scottish Church has contained a line of able men of moderate and liberal tendency. Among Knox's own contemporaries, Erskine of Dun and John Craig—both of whom may fairly rank with Knox in personal repute, although not in genius—were men of this stamp. So in the succeeding period were men like Adamson of St Andrews, and Rollock, the first Principal of Edinburgh University, a man of distinguished learning and piety.† The latter presided over the Dundee Assembly in 1597, which may be said to have initiated the subversion of the Presbyterian government. Henderson himself, in the very crisis of Presbyterian ascendancy, was a man of

* Principal Lee's Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 121.

† Ibid., vol. ii. p. 142.

statesman-like moderation, without any of the extreme views of some of his colleagues, if he is rightly supposed to be the author of the 'Government and Order of the Church of Scotland,' published in 1641. In later times, long before the rise of what is called *Moderatism*, it is needless to point to such men as Carstairs, one of the few great statesmen, at once of wide and patriotic intelligence, which Scotland has produced. It was under Carstairs's inspiration and guidance that Presbyterianism was once more established at the Revolution, when its foundations, let it be remembered, were expressly laid, not on any dogmatic theory, but on a ground of practical compromise. So, in reference to the changes introduced by James, it cannot be denied that up to a certain point they received the approval of many of the clergy by no means the least pious and enlightened. Among the Commissioners of Assembly of 1597 and subsequent years, who bore the chief part in the commencement of the new system, were the names both of Rollock and of James Melville; and Rollock at least, probably the wisest and best man of them all, was no unwilling coadjutor with the King. Whatever may have been the intrigues accompanying its institution, the Episcopacy of which Rollock may be said to have been one of the founders, and of which Spottiswood and Lambe* were bishops, and Forbes of Corse and Barron theologians, was not in any sense an imposture. And there is some reason to believe that, if it had been only let alone, it might have gradually consolidated itself. It is evident that even men like Lord Kenmure, Rutherford's friend and patron, were inclined to a compromise until Charles's designs in 1633 became unmistakable; and administered, as the system was in the south and west, where it had little natural root, with leniency and good sense, it does not seem even there to have met with any active opposition; while in Aberdeen, Angus, and Fife it acquired a strong hold, the traces of which remain to this day.

But the policy of Charles and Laud was destined to overturn not only the Episcopacy which his father had laboured to establish, but many goodly institutions besides. We have left ourselves no room at all to review Mr Burton's treatment of the great Revolution of 1638; but there is no part of his History which is more fair, enlightened, and exhaustive. He brings out more clearly than we have seen elsewhere the complex series of influences—political, religious, and, not least, pecuniary — which contributed to give such comparative unity and energy to that great insurrection, and make the "Solemn League and Covenant" a national power, not only in Scotland, but in England. For Laud's Liturgy was, after all, only the exciting cause of a long-slumbering volcano; and it is melancholy to reflect, that Jenny Geddes and her famous stool disappear before the careful research of the historian. Among the most powerful causes of the movement—that which in the beginning more than any other banded the Scottish nobles together — was undoubtedly Charles's resumption of the Church revenues, and the indications which he gave, even after the Parliament of 1633, that he was determined that the Scottish hierarchy should have something of its old wealth restored. So that here again, in this famous crisis of Scottish history, the greed of the nobles, no less than the religious enthusiasm of the people, became one of its moving factors.

But we must refer our readers to

* Bishop of Galloway—a friend, as well as Rutherford, of Lord Kenmure.

Mr Burton's pages for his account of all this, and of the important part played by Scotland in the turmoil of the century; and finally to his narrative of the Second or Restoration Episcopacy, and the "killing times" which followed. Here he not only traces his way with his usual strong intelligence through complications of fact and character previously but ill understood, but by the mere force of his broad sagacity and his keen semi-humorous perception of the national life in all its aspects, throws light upon various points which had become obscured by the contests of narrow polemics on one side and the other. Some may desiderate a more cordial enthusiasm or noisier patriotism in the account which he gives of the religious struggles of the century; but Mr Burton is a man of sense as well as of patriotic feeling, and he is eminently right in the discriminating and cool judgment which he applies to this part of his subject. We could have wished, perhaps, a more softened and pathetic, but certainly not more righteous, feeling in depicting the sufferings of the Covenanters. Everywhere his sense of right and strength of manly feeling come forth in this part of his subject, and preserve him from the perversions to which some writers of great ability have yielded in dealing with it. It also would have been better, even for the comprehension of his narrative, if some of the prominent figures which represent at this time the religious thought and activity of Scotland had stood out more fully—in more graphic and intelligible outline—on his pages; such figures as those of Henderson, Argyle, and Rutherford; and again of Lauderdale and Archbishop Sharp. Henderson was in some respects a truly great man, in whom the higher religious elements of the struggle were embodied with a measure of sense and governing capacity which place him far above the crowd of enthusiasts which surrounded him. He appears once or twice conspicuously in Mr Burton's concluding volume, but his personality is, after all, dimly revealed. We gather indistinctly what the man really was, and how he came almost as a matter of course to take the lead in the great national movement. The singularly mixed character of Argyle and Rutherford—the union of craft and piety in the former, and in the latter of morbid sensibility, half sensuous, half spiritual, with an immense but arid erudition, and a coarse moroseness of temper towards his opponents — are but slightly sketched. Sharp receives more attention, but scarcely more explanation. He comes forth from our author's analysis very much the same traditionary traitor—false and vulgar in spirit—which Bishop Burnet has embalmed in his pages. Burnet's estimate of him, in fact, is quoted as upon the whole accurate. Such a combination of historical judgment is probably right; but looking at the result merely as a study of character and of evidence, we cannot say that we feel sure that it is.

Mr Burton might have lightened his narrative, and made it more attractive to a large class of readers, by giving more scope to such portraiture, and generally to that power of graphic delineation which he has shown elsewhere that he possesses. But such criticism is, after all, not much to the point. He has fully and admirably carried out his own idea of his historic task, and brought to it at once such stores of knowledge and such masterliness of intellect, as no contemporary writer on the subject could have brought. It is a great work well done; and we venture to congratulate him heartily on its close.

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